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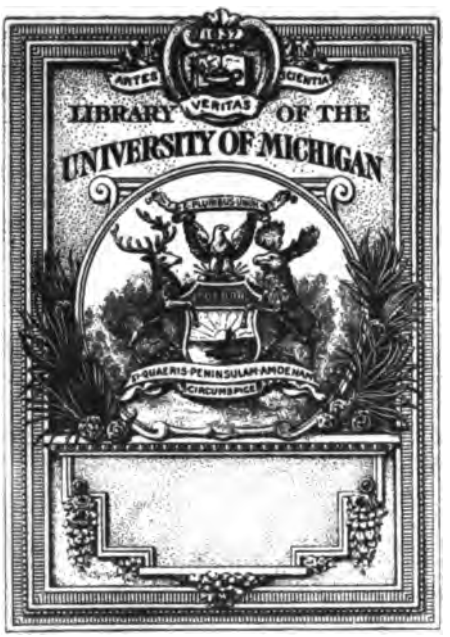
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CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

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EDITED BY G. MERCER ADAM.

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CONTENTS.

ARTICLES.

	PAGE.
A Phase of Modern Thought. By Prof. John Watson	457
All a Green Willow. By Charles Gibbon	37
American and Canadian Sonnets. By John Lesperance	449
Another Word or Two. By a Woman of Newfangle	296
Architecture in Canada. By R. C. Windeyer	482
Are Legislatures Parliaments? By Wm. Leggo	345
Book Reviews	106, 220, 331, 445, 555, 666
Brooks, Rev. Phillips, on Popular Scepticism. By Laon	26
Canadian Pacific Railway, The. By Gen. M. B. Hewson, C.E.	359
Criticism, A Few Words on. By W. D. Le Sueur, B.A.	323
Descriptive Music. By J. W. F. Harrison	271
Diary of Samuel Pepys, Esq. By the Rev. J. S. Stone	489, 580
Eckermann and Goethe. By *Fidelis*	230, 386
Education and Co-Education. By Principal Grant	509
Evangeline, The Scene of, By Geo. A. Mackenzie	337
Fallen Leaves. By Wilkie Collins	63, 170, 278, 370, 497, 602
Forest Destruction. By P. S. H.	136
Fresh-Water Cure, The. By N. W. Racey	242
How It Happened. By Elizabeth Campbell	396
Irish Beggars, Traits and Stories of. By Louisa Murray	51
Irish Minor Poets of the Last Century, Some of the. By the Rev. C. P. Mulvany, M.A.	130
Irish Parliament, The Last Days of. By the Rev. S. W. Young, M.A.	10
Indemnity and the Tax Exemptions Questions. By Wm. McDonnell	418
Iron, A Few Words About. By W. H. Merritt	32
Literary Notes	447
Medical Manias. By Daniel Clark, M.D.	255
Music and the Drama	567, 671
Newfangle and its Opinions. By a Non-Resident	200
Newfangle Again. By a Non-Resident	410
Northern Lakes of Canada, The	1
One Who Loved Him, The. By Mrs. Frances J. Moore	188
Ontario Elections, The. By M.	225
Papers by a Bystander. No. 4	207
Political Morality. By Carroll Ryan	402
Powers of Canadian Legislatures. By S. J. Watson	519, 561
Prospect of a Moral Interregnum, The. By Goldwin Smith, M.A.	651
Round the Table	103, 216, 329, 442, 552, 666
Scientific Spirit, The. By W. D. Le Sueur, B.A.	417
Seat of the War in South America, The. By Jas. Douglas, jr.	113
Servants and Employers. By Mrs. Frances J. Moore	302
Shakspearian Myth, The So-Called. By F. R., Barrie	76
Smith, Mr. Goldwin, on 'The Prospect of a Moral Interregnum.' By G. A. M., Toronto	663

PAGE.

Some Newfangle Notions. By a Woman of Newfangle 80
Spencer's 'Data of Ethics.' By A. W. Gundry 646
Toots, a Canadian Idyll. By Wm. Wedd 572
Under One Roof. By James Payn . . . 93, 146, 306, 421, 536, 627
Winnipegoosis. By W. F. Munro 473
Woman as a Nurse. By Mrs. Francis Rye 164
Woman Question, Some Last Words on the. By Our Old Friend of Newfangle 529
Woman Question, A Brief Summing-up on the. By a Non-Resident of Newfangle 620

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Sabbath Morning. By Electra 277
Ab Initio. By Isabella Sinclair 186
Across the Gulf. By *Fleurange* 294
An Old Story. By G. G. 145
Autumn Rain. By J. R. Wilkinson 488
Ballads of Fair Faces. By C. P. Mulvany, M.A. 455, 590
By My Fireside. By Frances J. Moore 62
Destiny. By Edwin Arnold 395
Dominion Day, 1879. By *Fidelis* 8
Emigrant's Farewell, The. By Geo. W. Field 344
Gates of Life, The. By St. Quentin 102
Gathered Roses. By F. W. Bourdillon 368
Give Me Thy Hand Forever. By A. W. G. 496
'Good Tidings of Great Joy.' By S. J. Watson, Toronto 645
In my Garden. By Frances J. Moore 129
I Hold within my Hand a Lute. By Dora Greenwell 385
July. By J. G. Whittier 75
Longings. By F. A. Dixon, Ottawa 581
'Messalina Speaks.' By C. P. Mulvany, M.A. 253
Neptune's Address to Hanlan. By R. Awde 168
Not yet, not yet, the Light. By Beatrix Tolemache 625
On the Beach. By Gowan Lea 358
Past and Present. By W. McDonnell, jr. 270
Saguenay Hunter, The. By M. E. B. 401
Say when every Zephyr Sips. By R. Marvin Seaton 198
Somewhere 528
Song of the English Labourer. By A. J. Lockhart 650
Song: O Love, Love, Love! *From Drift Weed* 601
Sonnet. By Gowan Lea 25
Speculum Vitæ 31
Thou Knowest. *From 'Friar Anselmo'* 645
Thoughts. By G. G. 241
Time. By Geo. E. Shaw, B.A. 481
Why? 92
Winter Nights. *From Alex. Smith's Poems* 619

ROSE-BELFORD'S

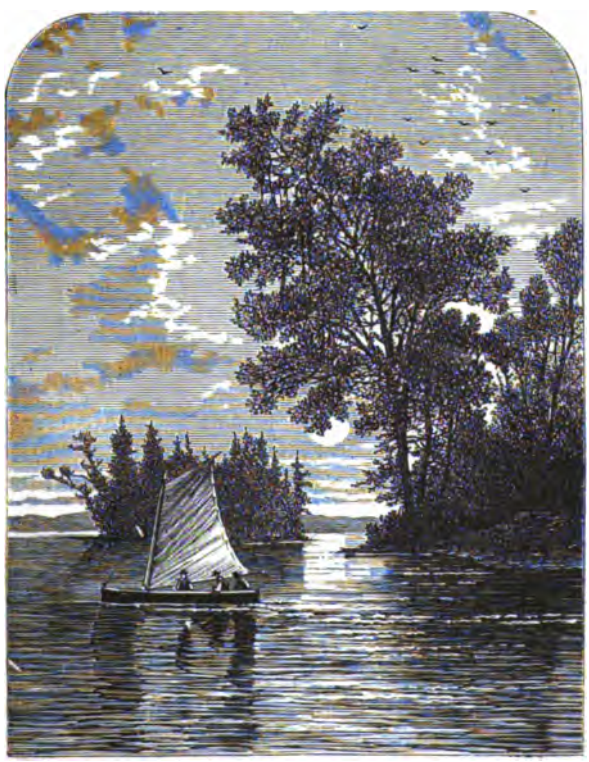
CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JULY, 1879.

THE NORTHERN LAKES OF CANADA.

TO emancipate oneself, at intervals, from the toils of business, to determine to turn one's back upon the depressing influences of routine occupation, is now happily a recognised necessity. Quitting commercial and industrial centres and hieing off to give a fillip to the mind by a few weeks' recreation amid nature's solitudes is, moreover, a wise and laudable act, the mental and physical refreshment of which is well-nigh incalculable. Of places of desirable resort there are many in Canada to which the wearied and over-worked business or professional man may hasten to take a *bain de vie*, and to reinvigorate his system, in a period of



EAGLE'S NEST ISLAND, LAKE ROSSEAU.

repose, by the restorative influences of a change of scene. Few of these resorts possess greater attractions than the Upper Lakes of Canada, in the bracing and invigorating atmosphere of which almost every essential will be found for the recuperation of exhausted strength, or for the delight and entertainment of robust vigour. In the following paper we design to give a brief itinerary of the points of interest in a trip from Toronto to the head of Lake Superior, to be followed at a future time by similar notes of travel in other parts of the Dominion. The reader will find no incidents to interest him in the tour, but simply a guide-book record of the places successively met with *en route*, with such information regarding them as may be useful, and as may tend to the enlightenment of those who are ignorant of what is to be seen in the region described. The trip, which occupies going and returning from eight to ten days, is, to our mind, the most delightful the traveller will find in Western Canada. It divides public favour with the steam-boat voyage down the St. Lawrence, to which many tourists unhesitatingly prefer it. The bracing air, the grandeur and beauty of the ever-changing scenery, and the tranquillity with which the absence of all hurry, bustle, or care infuses into the soul, are worth all the physic compounded by all the apothecaries.

Our present excursion will lead us by the Northern Railway of Canada, the oldest of the Toronto lines, to Collingwood, situate on Nottawasaga Bay, the point of embarkation for the tour before us. The Northern road traverses the neck of land between Lakes Ontario and Huron, and covers a distance of some ninety-five miles from Toronto to Collingwood; thence it branches off along the shores of Nottawasaga Bay to Meaford, about twenty-five miles further on. On leaving Toronto, the road passes through the old settled county of York; but the thriving character of the villages in the line of Yonge Street is hardly seen, as the railway runs rather wide of them. There is a constant ascent for about twenty-five miles, where we reach the watershed, the streams north and south of it flowing into Simcoe and Ontario respectively. Passing the pleasant little villages of Richmond Hill, Aurora, Newmarket, and the town of Bradford, we arrive at Barrie, the county town of Simcoe, which is delightfully situated on Kempenfeldt Bay, an inlet of Lake Simcoe. From Barrie, a branch of the Northern Railway extends along the shore of Lake Simcoe to Orillia, on Lake Couchiching; from whence, winding round the southern end of the lake, it projects itself into the Muskoka district, and after reaching Severn Falls, the next point on the route, terminates at Gravenhurst, at the foot of Muskoka Lake, and the key to the labyrinth of waters which lie to the northward. Here the tourist would doubtless fain arrest our steps, and bid us seek our holiday amid the wealth of picturesque islands and the charmingly varied coast lines that everywhere meet the eye in this delightful haunt of Nature. But for the present, turning our back on the attractions of this region, a specimen illustration of the scenery of which embellishes the first page of this paper, let us resume, at Barrie, our journey northward, and conduct the reader over the intervening ground between the latter place and Collingwood. Passing along the line between these points there is nothing that calls for particular attention. The railway has done great things for North Simcoe; villages are springing up on both sides of the line, the wilderness has been subdued, and agriculture and manufactures are making rapid progress. Collingwood, which is supposed to have derived its name from the great admiral, is situated, as we have already said, on Nottawasaga Bay, or the Hen and Chickens Harbour, as it used to be called,

from a group of small islands of that name a short distance from shore. The Indian name is said to mean "Mohawk river," and is still applied to the stream which enters the bay at this point. The town is not yet thirty years old, and certainly is still far from being an attractive place. The greater part of the dwellings are simply lumberers' shanties, and the principal branches of its trade are lumber and fish, both of which are carried on on a very extensive scale, although they scarcely afford much novelty to the Canadian tourist. Collingwood, however, possesses considerable importance from its shipping connection and trade with Chicago and other ports on Lake Michigan, in addition to its direct trade with the various mining and other settlements on Lake Superior, and with those nearer home on the Georgian Bay. Communication with these ports in the vicinity affords the opportunity of short excursions, which have become very popular, to those who cannot spare the time for the round trip to the Upper Lake. Steamers will here be found communicating with Penetanguishene, Byng Inlet, Manitoulin Island, and Parry Sound, and they enable the tourist to see, on a small scale, the beautiful and romantic scenery which forms the charm of the longer excursion we are about to describe. From Parry Sound the visitor can pass by stage to the head of Lake Rosseau, and thence by steamer through the Muskoka Lakes to Gravenhurst, and then by way of Orillia and Lake Simcoe, return to Toronto.

But to resume our journey, we board the steamer at Collingwood, which after setting out, and calling at Meaford and Owen Sound—the latter place being the northern terminus of the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway—heads nor'-nor' west, and traverses the entire length of the Georgian Bay. Having passed Lonely Island, with Squaw and Papoose Islands lying to the north-east, and the Fox Islands further inland, we at length come upon the Great Manitoulin, and sight a light-house on the rocks, apparently out of reach by water. Behind it rise, like petrified sea-billows, immense waves of granite of the Huronian formation. Still further in the rear lie the La Cloche Mountains, ranging from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in height and stretching along the whole northern shore. The whole coast from this point to the Sault Sainte Marie is full of craggy headlands, and rugged indentations and inlets. The channel is studded with innumerable islands of all sizes, forms, and degrees of elevation. There are said to be 3,600 of them between the points we have mentioned, and 23,000 altogether from Parry Sound to Fort William, on Lake Superior. On reaching the narrow coast of which we have spoken, we find there is a narrow passage—narrow, but deep and safe. The Indians call it Shebawanahning, that is to say, "here is a channel." Into the inlet we glide, with the high rocks of the island on the one hand, and the heavy masses of the La Cloche Mountains on the other, to find a very quiet little settlement called Killarney. This is a little fishing-place, not very interesting in itself—a quiet nook in the rocks, like some kindred spots, it is said, in old Normandy and Brittany. The Indians flock about on the arrival of the steamer with their little curiosi-

STEAMERS AT OWEN SOUND.

ties, which may be obtained here perhaps at better advantage than elsewhere. Baskets, boxes, and other trifles made of scented grass, birch-bark-work in fans, canoes, etc., with their trimming of coloured straw and beads of porcupine quills stained and arranged with the rustic taste of the squaw, are the articles eagerly vended. From Killarney we pass into a lovely bay studded with islands as the firmament is fretted with stars. On the right rise the sterile mountains of La Cloche; on the left is the Great Manitoulin—the abode, in the Indian mythology, of Manitou, the Great Spirit. Everywhere are the evidences of geological convulsion, during the reign of fire, earthquake, and volcano. Yet the islands have gathered soil to cover their gaunt bones of rock, and stand out like emeralds upon the glassy surface of the channel. The endless variety of these islands is absolutely enchanting. To one who has never visited them, the constant change of scene, the play of nature, infinite in her resources, can scarcely be conceived. Between the bit of angular rock just emerging from the surface, and the large islands of many thousands of acres, there is an infinite series. Some are barren or clad only with moss; others bright with the freshest verdure; on some the warmly-tinted foliage of the Canadian maple, the birch, and the pine, throw an air of cheerfulness even on the rocks of the main shore. Our next landing-place, about twenty-five miles west of Killarney, is Little Current. It is not quite so dull as Killarney, for it occupies a commanding position on the Great Manitoulin. The channel here is narrow, and the current runs at the rate of between four and five miles an hour. Opposite Little Current is La Cloche Island proper. The name is said to be derived from the fact that a peculiar kind of stone is found there, which, when struck, gives a sound like a bell. It is even hinted that, by a proper arrangement of stones, the notes of the scale in music may be produced. Here the visitor may meet with a few worthy successors of the early Roman Catholic Missionaries, who suffered and died for Christianity; and whether Protestant or Catholic, he will not be disappointed with a short interview with the Fathers on Manitoulin Island. They have nearly a thousand Indian converts, and boast of a stone church and regular service. There is also a convent with eight or ten Sisters.

Passing Spanish River, a post-office station on the Algoma side or mainland, and Lauzon's Mill, with its huge pile of timber ready for shipment, we arrive at the end of the first stage of our journey, the Bruce Mines, the village of which is the great depôt of the mining district of the neighbourhood. These famous copper mines are situated at the north-west angle of Lake Huron, not far from the mouth of the St. Mary River, the outlet of Lake Superior. The copper found here occurs in the form of the yellow sulphuret, running in veins through the quartz rock. In the Wellington mines, which are the most productive, some ten or twelve shafts have been sunk, and the yield is extremely good. The village of Bruce Mines is opposite the lower end of St. Joseph's Island, seven miles off, a beautifully wooded and picturesque spot. The island is twenty miles long by fifteen wide, and is well worth a visit if the tourist stops at the Mines. Coasting along between St. Joseph's Island and the mainland, over a fine inlet from the lake, with the usual complement of islets, and leaving Campement d'Ours to our left, we pass through a rather difficult channel called the Narrows, surrounded by barren islands. About ten miles west of this we reach St. Mary's River. This rapid and broken current is at once the outlet of Lake Superior, and the boundary line between Canada and the United States. At present, however, the course is smooth and pleasant. The La Cloche Mountains have

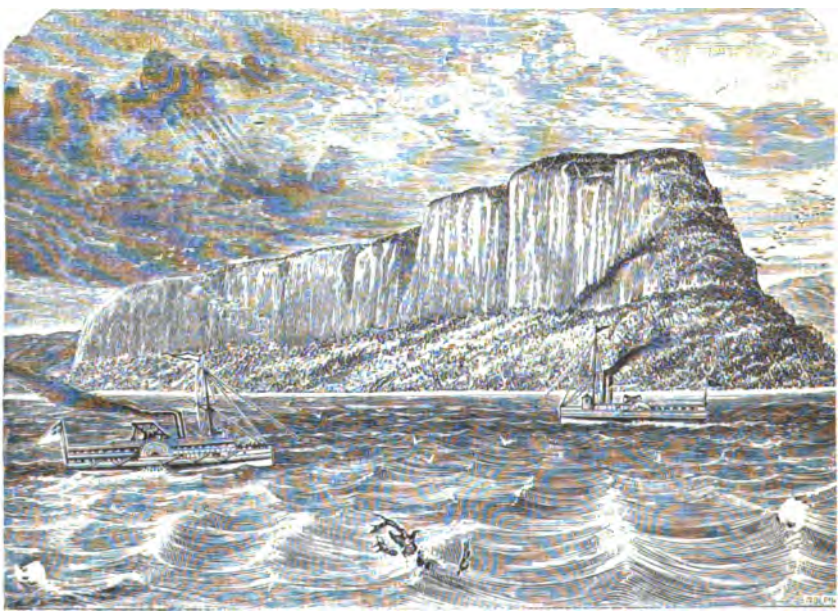
disappeared, and we appear to glide along, surrounded by scenery not altogether strange to us. Raspberry Jam, a settlement of the Chippewa Indians, is a pretty little place; and the soil about Garden River is rich and productive. Sugar Island, which we have passed to the left by this tortuous channel, belongs to the United States, the boundary line running through the centre of the main branch of the river. Twenty-five miles further on we reach, on the Canadian side, the village of Sault Ste. Marie. There are two villages bearing this name, one the capital of the Algoma District of Ontario, and, the other, on the opposite side of the St. Mary's River, the capital of Chippewa County, in the State of Michigan. Both are situated near the foot of rapids which obstruct the navigation between Lakes Superior and Huron. The current in the rapids runs at the rate of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, and forms an impassable barrier to the passage of vessels of any description. The Chippewa Indians, however, amuse tourists by "running" or "shooting" them in birch-bark canoes. The Canadian village is rather a scattered clearing than a town, although it boasts of a district judge, sheriff, court-house, gaol, post office, hotels, and the other appurtenances of civilized life. The churches are also represented in considerable numbers. The Sault is beautifully situated, and forms one of the favourite summer resorts in this healthy region. It was here in 1671, that Father Allouet planted the cross, and took possession of the country in the name of the French King, Louis XIV. The influence of these early Jesuit missionaries is still potent among the Indian tribes, even as far west as the Rocky Mountains.

Proceeding through the canal, to avoid the *Sault*, or rather the prolonged rapid, which, leaping over ledges of rock, descends about twenty feet in the three-quarters of a mile of its length, we enter a widening of the river, and, seven miles further on pass between Gros Cap (700 feet high) on the Canada shore, and Point Iroquois, in Michigan. Finally, we enter the waters of Lake Superior, the Indian name of which is Gitche Gumee, —the Big Sea Water—covering an area of 33,000 square miles. Its shores are almost uninterruptedly rockbound, the cliffs varying from 200 to 1,500 feet in height; the north, or Canadian, side being pre-eminently grand and rugged. On the southern side the

SAULT ST. MARIE FALLS.

objects of interest are the Pictured Rocks, Porcupine Mountain, The Twelve Apostles' Islands, and the town of Marquette, 170 miles from the Sault, the seat of the iron trade of the region, and the distant city of Duluth, in Minnesota. But having taken, as it is called, the Collingwood route, the preferable one, it will be admitted, for sight-seeing, we proceed to view the stupendous grandeur of the 'North

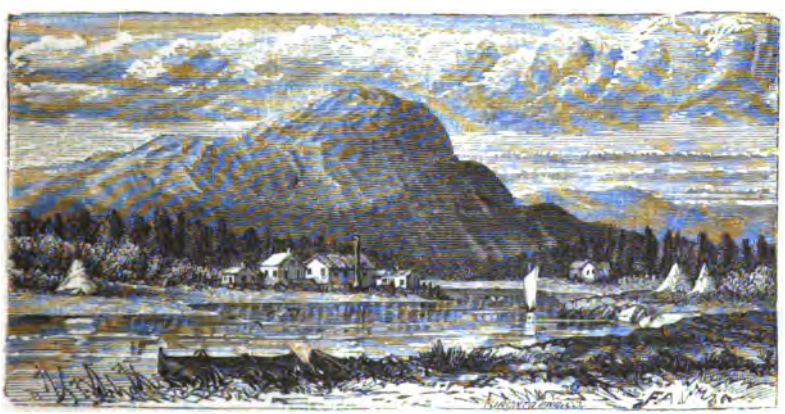
Shore. Soon we come upon Michipicoten Island (*Anglice*, the Island of Knobs or Hills), the loveliest spot on the great lake. It is from twelve to fifteen miles long and five or six wide, and rises to a height of between 700 and 800 feet above the surface of the lake. There is a commodious harbour on the south side. Geologically the island may be termed a mass of amygdaloidal trap, with beds of conglomerates, red sandstone, and shales. Crystals of red felspar, colourless quartz, pitchstone, and greenstone are also found on the island; and innumerable agates are picked up on the shores of the beautiful islets at the entrance of the bay and within it. At present Michipicoten Island is nearly in a state of nature; but when suitable accommodation is provided, it will probably prove the favourite summer resort of Lake Superior. Twenty-five miles north-west of the island is Otter Head, the neighbourhood of which abounds in game—the caribou, the deer, fox, bear, otter, marten, beaver, partridges, and pigeons. The whole shore, till we approach Nipigon Bay, is wild and rugged, with beautiful bays and lovely islets, as well as innumerable streams that force their way over the rocky barrier. Nipigon Bay, which extends for many miles between the rocky islands and the dark frowning cliffs of the mainland, is perhaps the wildest and most picturesque portion of the trip. We are in the region where fire, earthquake, and volcano have rent and melted and hurled about the strata near the surface of the earth. To the sportsman, whether with rod or gun, the artist, the geologist, or the pleasure-seeker, this wild archipelago presents unrivalled attractions. Nipigon River, which flows out of the large lake of the same name thirty miles to the north, enters the bay at its north-western extremity. Passing along the narrow peninsula which separates Nipigon from Black Bay, we round Point Magnet and Point Porphyry, with islands on every side of us; and, leaving the large American Isle Royale to the left, land at the now renowned Silver Islet, some miles



THUNDER CAPE, LAKE SUPERIOR.

off Thunder Cape. This insignificant speck upon the surface of the lake has of late years attained great importance in the estimation of the mining companies, for within its circumscribed space of some 80 feet square, there lies concealed untold wealth of precious metal. Several companies are now at work on the island, and the annual yield is enormous, the rock averaging in value $1,500 to $2,000 per ton. In some places the pure silver appears in belts in the wall of the mine, or forms a glittering floor beneath one's feet. But, reluctantly leaving this argentiferous spot, in which the needy man might well desire to possess an interest, a few hours' sail brings us in view of Thunder Cape, which notably marks the entrance to Thunder Bay.

This lofty promontory, 1,350 feet in height, is a very conspicuous object at a distance of many miles. It first rises rather gradually, but steeply from the water, but finally terminates in a bold wall of chert or quartz. Its great height is hardly appreciated from the water on account of the corresponding length. After rounding the Cape, we pass into Thunder Bay, which is studded with innumerable rocky islets, which may probably be as rich in mineral wealth as the one of which we have just spoken. About fifteen miles from the Cape we arrive at Prince Arthur's Landing, a settlement now rising to great importance, but which seems to have sprung up a few years ago, like Jonah's gourd, in a night. Its situation is a fine one, as the land ascends gradually, by ter



MCKAY'S MOUNTAIN, FORT WILLIAM.

races, to a height of 200 feet, from which elevation may be seen Thunder Cape, the islands in the bay, and the McKay range of mountains, at the foot of which lies Fort William. The Dawson road to Red River, by which, partly on land but mainly by river and lake, Winnipeg and Fort Garry are reached, terminates at Prince Arthur's Landing. The lumber trade here is immense; but there is no doubt the silver discoveries gave the first impulse to this promising settlement. Silver has recently been discovered only three miles from the Landing, and gold north of Lake Shebandowan, on the road to Manitoba. The mineral wealth, indeed, of the whole north-west country, from the Bruce Mines west to the Pacific, is incalculably vast; it is only to be regretted that as much spirit and energy have not yet been manifested in Canada as have been for many years displayed in Michigan and Wisconsin.

Fort William, which in the mean-

time must be our halting place, as the steamer here returns to Collingwood, is reached from the Landing by road, or by boat—a pull of about two miles —or by the recently constructed Prince Arthur branch of the Canada Pacific railway. It is an important Hudson's Bay Depôt for furs and stores of all kinds, and at one time was the head-quarters of the North-West Company, until its union, after a desperate struggle, with the old monopoly. McKay's mountain, immediately behind Fort William, is an abrupt eminence about 1000 feet in height, with a back ground of distant mountains still higher. The river Kaministiquia (Indian, "place of many currents"), upon the banks of which the settlement is formed, is navigable for ten or twelve miles from its mouth to where rapids occur. About eighteen miles further up there is a beautiful cascade, the Kakabeka Falls, about 200 feet in height. The name Fort appears to be a misnomer, for there is certainly nothing worthy of the name of fortification there now; but in early days, more than one hostile expedition set out from this quiet spot. Prince Arthur's Landing seems destined to throw the old trading-post completely in the shade; still it will always be worth a visit, if only for the tranquil beauty of its surroundings on lake, mountain, and river.

DOMINION DAY, 1879.

BY FIDELIS.

WITH *feu-de-joie* and merry bells, and cannon's thundering peal,
And pennons fluttering on the breeze, and serried rows of steel
We greet once more the birthday morn of our Canadian land,
From the Atlantic stretching wide to the far Pacific strand;
With glorious rivers, ocean lakes, and prairies wide and free,
And waterfalls, and forests dim, and mountains by the sea;
A country on whose birth there smiled the genius of romance,
Above whose cradle brave hands waved the lilied cross of France;
Whose infancy was grimly nursed in peril, pain, and woe,
When gallant hearts found early graves beneath Canadian snow;
When savage raid and ambuscade and famine's sore distress
Combined their strength, in vain, to crush the dauntless French *noblesse*;
And her dim trackless forest lured again and yet again,
From silken courts of sunny France, her flower, the brave Champlain:
And now her proud traditions boast four blazoned rolls of fame;—
Crecy's and Flodden's deadly foes for ancestors we claim,

Past feud and battle buried far behind the peaceful years,
While Gaul and Celt and Briton turn to pruning hooks their spears ;—
Four nations welded into one, with long historic past,
Have found, in these our western wilds, a common life at last !
Through the young giant's mighty limbs, that stretch from sea to sea,
There runs a throb of conscious life, of waking energy ;
From Nova Scotia's misty coast to the Pacific shore,
She wakes—a band of scattered homes and colonies no more ;
But a young nation, with her life full beating in her breast,
And noble future in her eyes—the Britain of the West.
Hers be the noble task to fill the yet untrodden plains
With fruitful many-sided life that courses through her veins ;—
The English honour, nerve, and pluck ; the Scotsman's love of right ;
The grace and courtesy of France ; the Irish fancy bright ;
The Saxon's faithful love of home, and home's affections blest,
And chief of all, our holy faith, of all her treasures best ;—
A people poor in luxuries, but rich in noble deeds,
And knowing righteousness exalts the people that it leads.
As yet the waxen mould is soft, the opening page is fair,
It rests with those who rule us now to leave their impress there,
The stamp of true nobility, high honour, stainless truth,
The earnest quest of noble ends, the generous heart of youth ;
The love of country, soaring far above all party strife;
The love of culture, art and song, the crowning grace of life ;
The love of science, reaching far through Nature's hidden ways ;
The love and fear of Nature's God, a nation's highest praise ;—
So in the long hereafter, our Canada shall be
The worthy heir of British power and British liberty ;
Spreading the blessings of her sway to her remotest bounds,
While, with the fame of her fair name, a continent resounds ;
True to the high traditions of Britain's ancient glory,
Of patriots, saints, and martyrs, who live in deathless story ;
Strong, in their liberty and truth, to shed from shore to shore
A light among the nations, till nations are no more.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

BY THE REV. S. W. YOUNG, A.M., T.C.D., TORONTO.

IT would be impossible in dealing with an historical subject with which are connected still living issues, to write so as to please everybody. The productions of a writer who has no back-bone, no opinions, whose mind is but a reflecting surface giving back the views of those who surround him, are likely to be worth little.

We have strong views about the subject which we are about to discuss, and we mean to speak fearlessly what we believe to be the truth, only being careful to do so courteously and so as to avoid giving legitimate offence to those whose views differ from our own.

The recent agitation for Home Rule, that is for the restoration more or less complete of the parliament at College Green, is at once the natural expression of the desire of a high-spirited nation for legislative independence in domestic concerns, and a protest against the long continued illtreatment of Ireland by England. The agitation may be a mistaken one, the desire may be unwise, but it deserves to be reasoned with and not, as is too often the case, to be scorned. The keeping up of bitter memories is assuredly unwise, but it is inevitable amongst a sensitive and sentimental people, and such memories will only die out under patient and long continued kindly treatment.

There is no possibility of denying the long and cruel misgovernment of Ireland by her more powerful sister; indeed it would be mischievous to ignore it, even more mischievous than for Ireland never to forgive it, for it is only so far as the Imperial Parliament is convinced of the evil of the past that it will steadily set itself to adopt, and to persevere in, a more beneficent and just system of legislation.

England in the past has practised in Ireland with much success the old Roman maxim, '*Divide et impera*;' and unhappily Ireland has never wanted traitors to the national cause. The spirit of faction and the vice of venality have been poor Ireland's curse. She has never been without men of the type of that member of the House of Commons who when asked 'Did you vote for the Union?' answered 'Yes;' 'What! did you sell your country?' 'Yes, sir, and very happy that I had a country to sell.' England has never maltreated Ireland worse than when she foisted even beneficent measures on an unwilling or unprepared country by the aid of the venality and vices of her own sons. The Act of Union is a flagrant case in point. Pitt meant well by the measure; but the foul means employed to carry it have brought after them their own retribution, and have rendered Ireland ever since the despair of English Statesmen.

'Why is it that the Sovereign hath no profit from his realm of Ireland?' has often been asked wonderingly, anxiously, sadly, by those who guide the destinies of the empire. Why? Because a nation outraged, misgoverned and insulted, has a long memory; it takes tedious years to cicatrize such scars, and much persevering and beneficent legislation to convince an often wronged people of the sincerity of their rulers, and to permit the growth of kindly brotherly feelings

Latterly, we gladly admit, a new spirit has animated the British Legislature, an anxious desire has been shown to redress even sentimental grievances and to pass wise and beneficial laws. We look forward accordingly with hope to the time when the old rancours will die away, and Ireland populous, prosperous, and contented will stand by her great sister's side, an integral part of that mighty empire on which the sun never sets, participating in its progress, claiming in right of her genius a full share of Imperial honours; no longer subjected but allied, helping to carry forward into the world the battle-flag of civilization and ordered freedom, helping to build up in the broad and yet unpeopled valleys and plains of America, Canada, and Australia, new communities rich and powerful through the application of the same principles of law-abiding self-government, industrial activity, and international honesty, which have been the architects of her own political edifice so stately, so beautiful, and so enduring. With this view, we wish Irishmen would study their own past history, not in a revengeful or partizan spirit, but gravely, dispassionately, and wisely, so that seeing their mistakes in the past they may shun them in the time to come; and observing where they used to be ill-treated and oppressed, determine to let no body of men tyrannize over them any more. Let them trace out those broad and wise constitutional principles embodied in the laws which are the precious gift to them of the great English nation; for they *were* a precious gift, even though the English, acting like conquerors in a vanquished land, were often false to their own teaching;—and learn from them how a wise and understanding people can govern themselves better than by throwing themselves at the feet of any despot, whatever his heaven-born genius. Thus putting Irish mettle into English solidity and tempering Irish rashness with English phlegm, they may at last take their rightful place as one of the leading and useful nationalities of the world. It is because we feel very strongly the need of looking back firmly but calmly on the past, that we shall venture to speak freely of some of the mistakes made by England in her attempts at governing Ireland, in matters which have left behind them burning recollections, and which are pregnant with warning for us in this new country with its grand but undeveloped destiny.

England's policy in checking and hampering the trade and manufactures of Ireland, through a too narrow and selfish regard for her own separate interests, provoked Ireland to seize the opportunity of England's distress and exhaustion consequent upon the Revolutionary and Continental wars, to demand and secure at the bayonet's point her legislative independence. But that independence from the sin of its origin survived not many years, and that which was won by the sword was stolen away by the purse. And why? because England's unfairness in the past had produced vivid resentment in the breasts of Irishmen, and they used their independence in such a way as to threaten the solidarity of the empire.

Then came the horrors of the Rebellion of 1798, daughter of French Jacobinism, and the Irish Parliament, paralyzed with horror and fear, let slip, from its nerveless fingers, the reins of power, and at last, committing suicide, its members retired into private life, consoled for the loss of their honour by the distension of their breeches pockets with English gold. The English Statesmen, with unfaltering tenacity of purpose and far-seeing wisdom, carried, by foul means, a measure which they felt to be for the safety and welfare of Imperial interests. But so carrying it, it is only now, after the lapse of more than three-quarters of a century, beginning to bear good fruit. The lesson should make Canadians wise, and teach them not to display in their commercial legislation a parochial

and peddling spirit; but to take large and statesmanlike views; not ignoring the special circumstances of their country; but regardful of the interests of the whole empire, and of the world at large. Forced to protect their own interests in consequence of being met by hostile tariffs, they should look upon such action as at best an expedient thrust upon them by the backward education of others, and be unwearied in striving to win them to a better way. But it was not only in her commercial legislation that England sinned grievously against Ireland in the past. If we go back to the time of the Reformation, we cannot but be astonished and grieved at the way in which the English Government endeavoured to plant the Protestant religion in the country. Prelates and priests of an alien race, often absentees, the Bible and Prayer Book concealed in a foreign tongue, partly as a device for imposing that language on the native population; tithes collected from a submissive but sullen peasantry; churches without congregations; the priest a state official appointed by the dominant race, yet paid by but rejected by his assigned flock; such a method as this of thrusting a religion down a people's throat, as castor oil is forced on a reluctant child, who is told, as he screams and struggles, that it is for his *good*, can meet with the approval of no honest man. We may regret that the Reformation failed to convert the Irish people, but we are in no way surprised at it. The English Government and the Irish Protestant Parliament proscribed the religion of the people; shut the Catholics out of office; slammed the doors of the Senate House in the faces of the Catholic nobility and gentry and people; forbad a priest to own a horse or an acre of land; forbad a Catholic to sit on a jury; discredited the testimony of the Papists, disarmed and kept them under heel; and with what result? They gave to Roman Catholicism the grandest position that any Church can covet, for they enshrined it in the heart of the nation. That religion became identified in the national mind with patriotism; that Church became the champion of a down-trodden nationality; and on her altars burned the sacred fire of a people's love. The barely tolerated priest, as he sprang from the ranks, so became the friend and counsellor of the despised and poor. Protestantism was, and remains to this day, the religion of the invaders. Protestantism has never had till recently a fair chance in Ireland, owing to the blindness and folly of the English Government and of the English settlers. Two hostile races, two hostile—or at any rate competing—religions were camped on the same soil; and then again and again, as a natural consequence, there were uprisings of the weaker and subject race, hideous massacres, brutal retaliations; then the exhaustion of despair, and then once more frantic and fruitless rebellion, the mutterings of which have not yet entirely died out.

We use plain and strong language, and we do so boldly because the English nation has at last acknowledged these things to be true. At last, for a high spirited nation cannot be kept for ever in bondage, the British Legislature admitted the Roman Catholics of Ireland first to the franchise and then to Parliament; at last, with generous solicitude for the removal of Irish grievances, they passed a bill to abolish the tithes paid to the Protestant clergy. We have lived to hear an English Premier talk of that Protestant Establishment, so fondly cherished and to some so dear, as a Upas tree which had to be cut down. At his bidding they cut it down, they have disestablished and disendowed, not, however, too greedily, the Protestant Church—to the great satisfaction of Ireland, and not at all to the detriment of the Church itself.

True, the establishment had ceased to be to the Roman Catholics more than

a sentimental grievance; but it was a relic of conquest, and as such was wisely swept away. The idea of a religious establishment is a noble one; in the alliance of Church with State, the State has perhaps most to gain; but an establishment is only justifiable when the established church embodies the views of the majority of the nation; when it ceases to do that, it must be cut adrift and live by virtue of what inherent energy it has. The English Church is still established because it fairly fulfils this condition; the Irish Church had ceased to fulfil it, or rather had never fulfilled it; and now she has to show what virtue is in her, and convert the Irish nation to Protestantism if she can, unhampered by State connection.

Yet it is interesting to observe that the disestablishment of the Protestant Church was received by the Irish Catholics with but slight applause; and so long enduring are the effects of wrong-doing that the representatives of Ireland in the Imperial Legislature have not yet learned to join heartily in working for the interests of the empire as a whole. Thus we see them banded together to agitate for measures dictated by the Church, or when they break loose from priestly control deluding the people with the cry of Home Rule, demanding a kind of parliamentary vestry to sit in College Green, and to emulate the fame of the remarkable corporation of the Irish Metropolis, or degrading themselves into mere obstructives like Parnell and Biggar, throwing rails across the parliamentary track like mischievous boys, but performing no useful legislative function whatever.

Such conduct is utterly undeserved by a legislature which has passed a liberal and well intentioned land bill, striking at the root of those evils of landlordism from which Ireland has suffered so terribly in the past, and holding out to the Irish peasant a prospect of owning his own potato garden, —perhaps the most passionate desire that agitates the Celtic breast. For an Irishman loves his native soil with a vehemence which may seem to a political economist absurd; but which is from another point of view most pathetic, we might almost add, sacred. At last then England shows a desire to be just to Ireland, and we look into the future with brightening hope for that fair but often unhappy country.

Perchance the time may come when sectarian animosities and national jealousies will only be remembered with a smile; when England will no longer be contemptuous, nor Ireland discontented; when the great Jupiter Tonans of the press will not dare to recommend that singular panacea for Irish troubles, that Ireland should be towed out into mid-Atlantic and submerged for twenty-four hours, and then be fished up clean and bare for Saxon settlers; when a Prime Minister will not humorously ascribe Irish sadness to the neighbourhood of the melancholy ocean; when that terrible condition shall cease to be appended to advertisements in English papers—'No Irish need apply;' and when, on the other side, an O'Donovan Rossa will no longer find any market for his nitro-glycerine explosives because the Irish will no longer want to blow into smithereens the English capitalist who will then be a familiar object in their cities; when in a land prosperous, contented and happy, Croppies will no longer be ordered to lie down, but to rise and go about their honest work; when the sturdy Orange mastiff will be too busy guarding the farmyard to have time to bite the legs of the farmers' sons, and when the good old gentleman who rules the Papal Church will be allowed cheerfully to fulfil the years of Peter without being desired to go down to a warmer climate than that of Rome. If the action of the Imperial Parliament shall be so just and beneficent as to hasten this millennium, then however much, on sentimental grounds, Irishmen may regret

the merging of the native parliament into the greater body at St. Stephen's, they will imitate the canny Scots and make the British connection profitable to their country, and begin to take a pride in the Union Jack, and in the wide empire over which it floats; and those in this new country will endeavour to avoid the mistakes of the old, and joining hand-in-hand with Englishmen, Scotchmen, and French Canadians, reserve all their wrath and bitterness for the Mackenzies, Blakes, and Macdonalds, according to which of them is 'in,' for they can follow their ineradicable propensity to fight by keeping perpetually in opposition, and being 'agin the government anyhow.'

Let us now before describing the closing scenes of the Irish Parliament, rapidly review its origin, the achievement of its short-lived independence, and perhaps dispel some illusions with regard to its dignity and power. No one can have even a superficial acquaintance with the City of Dublin without discovering that it has been the seat of a court and a legislature, the centre of a national life, the capital and metropolis of a country. Its venerable Castle speaks of royalty, its Exchange and Custom House of commerce, its Mint and Post-office of national trade and intercourse, its Cathedrals of a stately religious establishment, its Courts of Law of wealth and a vigorous life, its University of a keen appreciation of learning. Its shops tell in their signs of a resident nobility and gentry; whilst a somewhat frayed and faded splendour betrays the fact that these glories are, some of them at least, of the past. Issuing from the gates of Trinity College, that dear and venerable alma mater, from whose bounteous breast the present writer has sucked whatever milk of learning he possesses, we see before us a wide open space. To the right stretches D'Olier Street, and the eye wanders across Carlisle Bridge down Sackville Street, the 'finest thoroughfare in the world,' to Nelson's Pillar. To the left we see the end of the once fashionable Grafton Street. Away in front stretches Dame Street, handsome and broad, in the foreground the much gilded equestrian statue of William III., of 'glorious, pious and immortal memory.' That cold and sagacious sovereign, clad in very frigid Roman armour boldly faces the setting sun, and supporting his truncheon on his muscular thigh, sits serenely regardless that he has on, like an Irishman, only the *brim* of a hat made of leaves, and bestrides one of Guinness' brewery horses. That noble animal has apparently just trodden on a broken porter bottle, and is holding up the wounded foot with a snort of pain. Behind us in the College enclosure two noble statues, one of Burke, blandest and most dignified of statesmen, the other of Goldsmith, sweetest of poets and dearest of men, regard his Majesty as with an air of tireless amusement.

Away to the right, stands, or used to stand, an outrageous caricature of Tommy Moore, which looks as if swollen by death out of all recognition, and enveloped in a horse-blanket, apostrophizes the Parliament House opposite in one of his own melodies, 'Believe me if all those endearing young charms,' or is perhaps shouting to King William, 'Go where glory waits thee' —in the Castle beyond, or perchance it may be further off, in the Province of Ontario.

Now let us take a good look at the building opposite. Yes, that was the Irish Parliament House; those walls echoed its wit, rang with its eloquence, shook with its denunciations, witnessed its State, and beheld its dying agonies. Sweeping round from East to West, in stately curves, with rich semi-Corinthian pilasters, topped by an exceedingly graceful balustrade, on the east front is a noble portico of six Corinthian columns crowned by a tympanum and pediment, on which stands a statue of Fortitude, with Justice on her right and Liberty on her left hand.

The south front or centre of the edifice is a grand Ionic colonnade, occupying three sides of a square, with lofty and graceful columns resting on a flight of steps, which are continued round the court-yard to the extremities of the colonnades, which terminate in two noble arched entrances. The four central columns support a pediment on the apex of which stands a figure of Hibernia flanked ov statues of Fidelity and Commerce, whilst the tympanum displays the Royal Arms. Entering the building and turning to the right, we are ushered into the House of Lords, standing just as the Peers left it, stately, gloomy, and deserted. Passing the bar of the House, we observe the throne, and the battle scenes tapestried on the walls. Emerging, we seek the busier House of Commons, and find it still alive, but with a far different activity from that of old, for this chamber is now the principal apartment of the Bank of Ireland. Instead of repartee and declamations, we hear the clink of gold; the Speaker with his wig and mace has vanished, and we see only busy merchants depositing money, faded old ladies drawing annuities, and active clerks shovelling sovereigns about with an apparently reckless contempt which only great familiarity with money could enable them to acquire, or counting, handling, and paying sheaves of the crisp and beautiful notes of the Bank, with the long vanishing line of ladies' faces across the top, corresponding to the long vanishing perspectives of the same notes in a lady's hand, in a manner acutely tantalizing to a poor man. We leave the building with a curious sense of regret that it has come down in the world, and degenerated from a Temple of Government to a shrine of Mammon; but Fortitude looks down on us and bids us bear up; Justice, with bandaged eyes, still poises the even scale, and Liberty smiles as though to tell us she still maintains her ancient post; whilst, over the main entrance, Hibernia still keeps pointing hopefully to the west, and Fidelity and Commerce still appropriately crown the headquarters of Finance.

As we turn reluctantly away from the exquisite and majestic pile, let us review the history of the Parliament which is no more, and see what lessons it suggests for the present and the future. Edgar, Saxon King of England, in the tenth century, is said to have added to his dominions 'the greater part of Ireland with its most famous city of Dublin.' If he did, he left no traces of his conquest; it must have been like Julius Cæsar's conquest of Britain, 'he came, he saw, he conquered,'—or said he did—and went straightway home again. William the Red gazed from the Welsh hills at the green shore of Erin and vowed to conquer the island; but he never was able to keep his vow. Henry II. came over, invited the Irish chiefs to dinner, received their courteous homage, settled his followers in Dublin, and along the eastern coast, promulgated the English law; and then, he too went home again, and ever afterwards called himself Lord of Ireland. Henry is said to have sent into Ireland a 'modus tenendi parliamentum,' or writ explaining the method of holding a parliament, and John specially confirmed to Ireland the provisions of Magna Charta. But even as late as the reign of Henry VIII., the English pale only extended over a space twenty miles square, and no parliament equal in importance to a county council could have been summoned from such a limited area as that. The fact is that for a century and a half after the so-called conquest by Henry II. no parliament was summoned in Ireland.

The English Acts of Parliament were promulgated in such parts of Ireland as owned the English King's sway, under the great seal. Occasionally some of the Irish magnates, that is, be it always remembered—the Anglo-Irish—were summoned to England, and that was all. Parliaments were held in Ireland in the reigns of

Edward II., Richard II., Henry IV. and V.; no Acts, however, appear in the Statute Book between the reigns of Edward II. and Henry VI.

In the reign of Henry VII., a law was passed in the English Parliament called Poyning's Law, which made all laws and statutes, passed in England up to that date, binding upon Ireland, and provided that in future no Act should be passed in the Irish Parliament which had not previously been discussed and approved in the Privy Council in England; moreover, the English Parliament, by naming Ireland in any statute, made that statute binding upon Ireland without the intervention of the Irish Parliament at all.

Since then it appears that the Irish Parliament had no independence, that its business can scarcely have equalled in importance that of a municipal corporation, we may safely pass over its history previous to the period of the successful assertion of its legislative independence, although the narrative would not be without certain points of interests, one or two of which we will venture to notice.

The Irish Parliament consisted of three hundred members, of whom, said Mr. Grattan, 'above two hundred are returned by individuals, from forty to fifty are returned by two persons, several of the boroughs have no resident elector at all; and on the whole two-thirds of the representatives in the House of Commons are returned by less than one hundred persons.' Add to this, that by an English Act passed in the fourth year of William and Mary, Roman Catholics were excluded from the Irish Parliament, and by an Act of the first year of George II. they were prohibited even from voting at the elections, and it is plain that the Irish House of Commons, regarded as a representative assembly, was a cruel farce. In 1793 the Irish House of Parliament passed an Act permitting Roman Catholics to vote at the election, but still forbidding them to sit as members. Such was the so-called National Parliament, a fraction of the nation had alone the right to be elected, and about one hundred lords and gentlemen elected nearly all that *did* sit.

It is a matter of amazement that the nation was so long contented to endure such a sham and pretence of representation till we reflect on the impoverished condition and dreadful ignorance of the bulk of the people, and on the jealousy and weakness of the handful of Protestants encamped on the soil;—jealousy of the native Irish, dependence upon their fellow-countrymen in England, without whose protection they would have been speedily massacred.

We naturally ask why so able a man as Sir Edward Poyning did not complete his work by ordaining one Parliament for both kingdoms? Cromwell anticipated the Union and summoned an Imperial Parliament, allotting twenty-one members to Scotland and thirty to Ireland. No unfair proportion considering the poverty and sparseness of the population.

To recapitulate—for a century and a half there was only one legislature for both kingdoms in which Ireland was not in any way represented, during the Commonwealth there was a joint legislature. Previous to 1782 an old couplet well describes the sessions of the Irish Parliament—

> 'Little said, soon mended,
> A subsidy granted, parliament ended.'

We now, however, approach stirring times. England was at war with France; at war with her revolted colonies in North America; republican theories were being broached, and the French were threatening a descent in Ireland. Ireland was in a most distressed condition, her industries chained by repressive laws, her commerce in ruins; she had no money and she had no arms. Appealing to England for protection, she was told that Ireland must arm and defend herself. Instantly the nation sprung to its feet; a hundred thousand volun-

teers were marshalled in their country's defence, and England amazed and alarmed found herself fronting a nation of soldiers. So intolerable had the evils under which Ireland laboured been felt to be, that a legislative union had been more than once proposed as a remedy for them; now, however, a new idea presented itself, that of legislative independence. The sovereign rights of the nation were discussed by men with arms in their hands, and at a great meeting of the Ulster volunteers held at Dungannon, presided over by Col. Irwin, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

'Whereas it has been asserted that volunteers as such cannot with propriety debate or give opinions on political subjects, or the conduct of Parliament or public men, resolved unanimously—

'That a citizen by learning the use of arms does not abandon *any* of his *civil* rights:

'That a claim of any body of men, other than the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance.

'That the power exercised by the Privy Council of both kingdoms, under the pretence of the law of Poyning, is unconstitutional and a grievance:

'That the ports of this country are by right open to all foreign countries not at war with the king; and that any burdens thereupon, or obstructions thereto, save only by the Parliament of Ireland, are unconstitutional, illegal and a grievance:

'That a mutiny bill not limited in duration from session to session is unconstitutional and a grievance:

'That the independence of judges is equally essential to the impartial administration of justice in Ireland as in England; and that the refusal or delay of this right to Ireland, makes a distinction where there should be no distinction, may excite jealousy when perfect union should prevail; and is in itself unconstitutional and a grievance:

'That it is our decided and unalterable determination to seek a redress of those grievances; and we pledge ourselves to each other and to our country, as freeholders, fellow-citizens, and men of honour, that we will at every ensuing election support those only who have supported us therein, and that we will use every constitutional means to make such our pursuit of redress speedy and effectual:

'That as men, and as Irishmen, as Christians, and as *Protestants*, we rejoice in the relaxation of the penal laws against our Roman Catholic fellow subjects, and that we conceive the measure to be fraught with the *happiest consequences* to the union and prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland.'

The fiery spirit of independence spread from the Irish volunteers to the Irish Parliament. The Irish Roman Catholics, though forbidden to arm, loudly expressed their sympathy with their Protestant brethren, and thus with the nation at its back, Parliament established the Dungannon resolutions as the law of the land.

But we must now turn to that distinguished man whose eloquence and genius so largely contributed to the success of the national cause that he was called the Father of Irish Independence; and though his popularity suffered a reverse after the first glow of the national gratitude which voted him an estate of £50,000, yet he returned to Parliament to fight against the Union, and to shed the glory of his pathetic eloquence around the dying form of that assembly which he had baptized into independent life, and vindicated later still in the Imperial Legislature at once the cause of his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and his own reputation as a thinker and a statesman.

Henry Grattan was born in the year 1750, of respectable parents; his father being a barrister and his mother the sister of Dean Morley. In 1765

he entered Trinity College, and here his diligence and ability enabled him to carry off all the prizes. Leaving the University, he entered as a student of the Middle Temple, London; and such was his zeal for work that he invented an apparatus which compelled him by its curious ingenuity to rise early in the morning. A small barrel filled with water dripped into a basin which projected over Grattan's bed-head; the basin filled at a calculated time, and then ran over on to the sleeping student and drenched both him and the bedclothes; as a result, *he always got up.* In 1772 he was called to the Irish Bar, and being very poor, he, Irish like, determined to mend his position by matrimony. Accordingly he fell in love with and espoused a Miss Fitzgerald, a beautiful and penniless girl, and with her he had much poverty, much happiness, and by her thirteen children. Some one once said that with a light heart and a thin pair of breeches, an Irishman will get through the world; Grattan is a case in point. In 1775, Grattan entered Parliament as a member for the borough of Charlemont, and soon made his mark as a leading spirit of the opposition.

In person, Grattan was very small and ungainly, with a long angular chin, and a yellow complexion somewhat pitted with small pox. From a habit of walking on his toes, he was called 'the elastic boy.' Two distinguished American visitors calling on the celebrated orator, were surprised to find a little insignificant, ugly, yellow, stooping figure come into the room with a hop-step-and-a-jump gait, with a shoe on one foot and a slipper on the other, breeches unbuttoned at the knees, cravat untied, and an old hat on his head. His voice was shrill, harsh, and unmusical, and at times he sunk it so low as to be inaudible.

Here is a picture of him in the English Parliament in later years, painted by an eye-witness: 'You saw a little oddly compacted figure of a man, with a large head, and features such as they give to paste-board masks or stitch on the shoulders of Punch in the puppet-show, rolling about like a mandarin, sawing the air with his whole body from head to foot, sweeping the floor with a roll of parchment which he held in his hands, throwing his legs and arms about like the branches of trees tossed with the wind, every now and then striking the table with impatient vehemence, and in a sharp, slow, nasal, guttural tone drawling forth, with due emphasis and discretion, a set of little, smart, antithetical sentences, all ready, cut and dry, and polished, and pointed, that seemed as though they would lengthen out in succession to the crack of doom. Alliterations were tacked to alliterations, inference was dove-tailed into inference, and the whole derived new brilliancy and piquancy from the contrast it presented to the uncouthness of the speaker and the monotony of his delivery.'

On the 16th of April, 1782, the Irish Parliament assembled, and the speech from the throne recommended to their consideration the difficulties existing between the two countries for final adjustment. The House was thronged with members, and the spacious gallery running round the inner edge of the dome and supported by Tuscan pillars, was filled by some seven hundred ladies of rank, prominent citizens, and students of the University. Mr. George Ponsonby proposed a vague reply to the speech from the throne, and then Mr. Grattan rose and delivered his great speech, closing with an amendment to the address. The following are a few brief extracts from it:

'I admire, Sir, that steady progressive virtue which has at length awakened Ireland to her rights, and aroused her to her liberties. I am not yet old, but I remember her a child, I have watched her growth; from childhood she grew to arms, from arms to liberty.

Whenever historic annals tell of great revolutions in favour of freedom, they were owing to the quick feeling of an irritated populace excited by some strong object presented to the senses, such was the daughter of Virginius sanctified to virtue, such were the meagre and haggard looks of the seven Bishops sacrificed to liberty.

'But it is not the sudden impulse of irritated feelings that has animated Ireland. She has calmly mused for centuries on her oppressions, and has deliberately risen to rescue the land from her oppressors. For a people to acquire liberty they must have a lofty conception of themselves. What sets one nation above another but the soul that dwells within her? Deprive her of her soul, she may still retain a strong arm, but from that moment she ceases to be a nation. Of what avail are the exertions of Lords and Commons if unsupported by the soul and exertions of the people? Gentlemen will perceive I allude to the transaction at Dungannon. Not long ago the meeting at Dungannon was considered a very alarming measure, but I thought otherwise. I approved, yet I considered the meeting at Dungannon *an original transaction.* As such only it was matter of surprise. What more extraordinary transaction than the attainment of Magna Charta? It was not attained in Parliament, but by the barons armed in the field. A great original transaction is not founded in precedent; it contains in itself both reason and precedent. The Revolution had no precedent; the Christian religion had no precedent; the Apostles had no precedent. The Irish volunteers united to support the laws and constitution. The usurpations of England have violated both; and Ireland has, therefore, armed to defend the principles of the British Constitution against the violence of the British Government.

'Let other nations basely suppose that people were made for governments, Ireland has declared that governments were made for the people; and even crowns—those great luminaries whose brightness they all reflect—can receive their cheering fire only from the pure flame of a free constitution. England has the plea of necessity for acknowledging the independence of America; for acknowledging Irish independence she has the plea of justice. America has shed much English blood, and America is to be free; Ireland has shed her own blood for England, and is Ireland to remain in fetters?

'Is Ireland to be the only nation whose liberty England will not acknowledge, and whose affections she cannot subdue? We have received the civic crown from our people, and shall we, like slaves, lay it at the feet of British supremacy? I move, sir, as an amendment to the address, that "We assure His Majesty of our unshaken attachment to His Majesty's person and government, and of our lively sense of his paternal care in thus taking the lead to administer content to His Majesty's subjects in Ireland. That thus encouraged by his royal interposition, we shall beg leave, with all duty and submission, to lay before His Majesty the cause of all our discontent and jealousies; to assure His Majesty that his subjects of Ireland are a free people, that the crown of Ireland is an imperial crown, inseparably connected with the crown of Great Britain, on which connexion the interests and happiness of both nations essentially depend; but that the kingdom of Ireland is a distinct kingdom, with a Parliament of her own, the sole legislature thereof; that there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind the nation but the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland, nor any Parliament which hath any sort of authority or power whatever in this country, save only the Parliament of Ireland; to assure His Majesty that we humbly conceive that in this right the very essence of our liberty consists—a right which we, on

the part of all the people of Ireland, do claim as their birthright, AND WHICH WE CANNOT YIELD BUT WITH OUR LIVES."'

Mr. Grattan's amendment was seconded by Mr. Burroughs, member for the County of Armagh. Mr. Flood added fire to the debate by exclaiming, 'A voice from America shouted to liberty; the echo of it caught your people as it passed along the Atlantic, and they renewed the voice until it reverberated here.' The amendment was carried by acclamation, and the crown yielded to the demands of the Irish people by declaring the obnoxious acts repealed. In its joy and gratitude, Parliament voted Mr. Grattan an estate; but Mr. Flood disturbed the general harmony by declaring that the edifice was not crowned, the work was not completed. 'It is not enough,' he argued, 'for England to declare, under stress of circumstances, that she repeals Acts, which, by-and-by, she may re-enact; she must renounce the *right* to legislate for Ireland.' He said, 'Were the voice with which I utter this the last effort of expiring nature, were the accent that conveys it to you the breath that wafts me to the grave to which we all tend, and to which my footsteps rapidly accelerate, I would go on. I would make my exit by a loud demand of your rights; and I call upon the God of Truth and Liberty, who has so often favoured you, and who has of late looked down upon you with such peculiar grace and glory of protection, to continue His inspirings, to crown you with the spirit of His completion, and to assist you against the errors of those that are honest, as well as against the machinations of those who are not so.'

In the ensuing session of Parliament, Grattan twitted Flood with his bodily infirmity, and with having voted 4,000 men to butcher our brethren in America. Then Flood scarified his rival: 'I do not come here dressed in a rich wardrobe of words to delude the people. I am not the gentleman who subsists on your accounts. I am not the mendicant patriot who was bought by my country for a sum of money, and then sold my country for prompt payment. I object to no man for being in office—a patriot in office is more the patriot for being there. There was a time when the glories of the great Duke of Marlborough shrank and withered before the right honourable gentleman; when palaces superior to Blenheim were to be built for his reception; when pillars and pyramids were to be raised and adorned with emblazoned inscriptions sacred to his virtue; but the pillars and pyramids are now sunk, though then the great Earl of Chatham was held inferior to him. However, he is still so great that the Queen of France, I dare say, will have a song made on the name of Grattan.' Grattan winced, and poured out in reply a lava flood of invective. He said, 'It is not the bad tongue of a bad character that can defame me. I maintain my reputation in public and in private life. No man who has not a bad character can say I ever deceived him; no country has ever called me cheat. I will suppose a public character, a man not now in this House, but who formerly might have been here. I will suppose that it was his constant practice to abuse every man who differed from him, and to betray every man who trusted him. I will suppose him active; I will begin from his cradle and divide his life into three stages: in the first he was intemperate, in the second corrupt, and in the third seditious. Suppose him a great egotist, his honour equal to his oath; and I will stop him and say, "Sir, your talents are not as great as your life is infamous; you were silent for years, and you were silent for money. When affairs of consequence to the nation were debating, you might be seen passing by these doors like a guilty spirit, just waiting for the moment of putting the question that you might

pop in and give your venal vote; or at times, with a vulgar brogue, aping the manners and affecting the infirmities of Lord Chatham; or like a kettle-drummer lather yourself into popularity to catch the vulgar; or you might be seen hovering over the dome like an ill-omened bird of night, with sepulchral notes, a cadaverous aspect, and broken beak, ready to stoop and pounce upon your prey.

"You can be trusted by no man; the people cannot trust you, the Ministers cannot trust you; you deal out the most impartial treachery to both. You tell the nation it is ruined by other men while it is sold by you. You fled from the embargo, you fled from the Sugar Bill, you fled from the Mutiny Bill. I therefore tell you in the face of your country, before all the world, and to your beard, you are not an honest man."'

This was tall abuse, and we are not surprised to hear that a duel was with difficulty prevented. Flood defended himself in the House, and on the question of renunciation the country was with him.

In the twenty third year of George III., the English legislature passed a bill renouncing the right to legislate for Ireland, and the legislative independence of Ireland was finally complete. Grattan's star now waned, and Flood took his place for a while in popular estimation. George III's illness necessitated the appointment of a Regent, and the Prince of Wales was indecently eager for the post. To assert the complete independence of Ireland, Grattan and his friends most unwisely carried an address appointing the Prince, Regent of Ireland. The natural result of this was, that the possible danger of having a separate executive for each of the two countries, profoundly alarmed all moderate men. The king's recovery averted the danger; but the English Government from that time resolved to carry the union in order to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of such an alarming incident. Then came the rebellion with all its horrors; and at its close the subject of a legislative union between the two countries was mooted in the Speech from the Throne to the Irish parliament.

The House after an animated debate adopted Mr. Ponsonby's amendment to the address, declaring their intention of maintaining the right of Ireland to a free, independent legislature residing within the country. This was decisive of the temper of the Irish House of Commons; they would not even entertain the question of an union. The English Ministry were determined, however, to force the matter through. They believed it to be good and even necessary for Imperial interests, and they acted on, if they did not avow, the doctrine that 'the end justifies the means.' They surmised that the virtue of legislators would not be long proof against the solicitations of *private* arguments.

The recess accordingly was utilized for negotiations. Lord Cornwallis was sent over as Lord-Lieutenant, and Lord Castlereagh as Secretary, with instructions to buy up a majority of each house. The plain-minded soldier sickened at his work. Refractory Peers were promised an English, or at least a step in the Irish, peerage. Owners of boroughs were compensated with money to the tune of six millions of dollars; ambitious barristers were seduced with promises of place; and when Parliament met again and for the last time, the Government were able to outbid the Opposition, and to secure a small but servile majority.

Wonderful glories of oratory illumined the dying struggles of the Irish Parliament, glories which have thrown an unreal glamour over the transaction; the pathetic eloquence of Grattan touched every heart, and even at this distance of time makes the heart-strings tremble with emotion. The great orator was almost too feeble to stand; but the old ring was in his voice, the old sweetness in his rheto-

ric. We have, unfortunately, only space for his peroration. 'Identification is a solid and imperial maxim, necessary for the preservation of freedom, necessary for that of empire: but without a union of hearts, with a separate government but without a separate Parliament, identification is extinction, is disastrous, is conquest, not identification. Yet I do not give up my country. I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead; though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty:—

"Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheek,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

'While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of wind, I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall.' It was too late; the great speech had no effect in redeeming venal votes. The dying hour of the Irish Parliament had come. The Speaker, Foster, rose from his chair and put the question, 'That this Bill do now pass; as many as are of that opinion will say aye.'

Then, with eyes averted from the Bill, which he held in his hand, he said, in a subdued voice, 'the Ayes have it.' 'For an instant,' says an eye-witness, Sir Jonah Barrington, 'he stood statue-like, and then sunk into his chair with an exhausted spirit.' Then, when the House adjourned, he withdrew in silence to his own residence, followed by about forty members, also in silence and uncovered. The Speaker bowed to the crowd, and then the whole assemblage dispersed without a word.

On the 29th of July, 1800, the King, closing the Session of the English Parliament, gave his assent to the Act of Union, and said, 'This great measure, on which my wishes have long been earnestly bent, I shall now consider as the happiest event of my reign.'

The chief articles of the Act of Union were as follows:—

The Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland should, on and after January 1st, 1801, be styled 'The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.' Ireland was to contribute to the United Parliament twenty-eight Elective Peers, and four Spiritual Peers by rotation. There were to be a hundred members of the House of Commons from Ireland, two from each county and from each of the cities of Dublin and Cork, one from the University and each of twenty-one boroughs.

The Churches of England and Ireland were to be united.

Ireland was to pay two-seventeenths of the revenue for the next twenty years.

Certain commercial amendments were also made.

Such, very briefly, was the Act of Union.

We have already reprobated in strong terms the corrupt means employed to carry it; let us, however, endeavour calmly to judge of its wisdom, and see if a return to the old plan, even if possible, would be a benefit, and, finally, gather up the lessons of the whole story for our own political instruction.

George IV. humorously said, during his visit to Ireland, to some of the opponents of the Union, 'You made a mistake; you should have made terms, and you would have got good ones;' and there was a good deal of shrewdness in the observation. Had the Irish patriots had some Scotch prudence the countries would doubtless have been united on more equal terms. But, in all fairness, has Ireland gained nothing? Assuredly she has gained much, and will yet gain more. Consider what would have been the probable fate of Ireland as an independent nation. England, it has been well

said, probably owes her greatness to having been conquered by the Normans. Ireland, it may with equal justice be said, will yet owe her greatness to having been incorporated with England. Ireland is too weak to stand alone; it may be irritating to say it, but it is too true. Were her people of one heart and mind on all national questions, then perchance Ireland might dispense with the protection of England; but, divided in religion, unable to agree in politics, we should anticipate but a sorrowful future for her were she at this moment cut adrift from England. Imagine the blaze of sectarian animosity! Why, the famous battle of the Kilkenny cats would be the only parallel. Then think of the quack political nostrums that would be speedily in the market—the royal soothing syrup, the republican pills, the imperial elixir.

Faction would degenerate into civil war, and, at last, the nation, exhausted and bleeding from the wounds of internecine strife would be clutched in the strong hand of England in self-defence, or fall under the seductive patronage of France; and until France learns to respect her own liberties, she is hardly likely to preserve those of Ireland.

Look, on the other hand, at her present position as an integral part of the British Empire. Sharing freely in the noblest, wisest, freest constitution that the world has ever seen, every citizen, whatever his race, whatever his creed, elects the man of his choice to represent him in making those laws by which the country is governed, and finds open to his talents every office in the land, save only the throne. No prohibitory tariffs shut them out from the markets; they share in the commerce, and may traverse the seas of the globe protected by the might of the whole Empire. Moreover, Ireland can soon woo English capital to her shores, if only she can convince John Bull that the Irish won't tell him lies or shoot him.

England wants to atone for the past. She has shown it, and Ireland should not for ever nurse her wrath; she should grasp her sister's outstretched hand, and in that warm clasp all the bad old bitterness melting away, they should go forward united, loving each other, respecting each other, and therefore happy, to the accomplishment of the great work which God has given them to do in the world. England needs Ireland, for that is her vulnerable flank, 'tis there she might be mortally struck. England needs Ireland, for Ireland supplies her army with thousands of her best soldiers. England needs Ireland to produce for her, from its rich green pastures, the beef which is a necessity of life to John Bull.

And, on the other hand, Ireland needs England; she needs English capital, English manufactures, English law, English colonies, English common-sense, and English ballast.

Those that are loudest in denouncing the British connexion are generally those whose political education is deficient, and their political instincts a couple of centuries behind the time. Some folks object to order, cleanliness, and law. There was once an excellent English lady residing in Ireland, who tried to reorganize an old Irishwoman. She sent her servant to clean up the cabin, put in some decent furniture, hang some bright cooking tins on the wall, and lastly to wash the old woman herself and clothe her in new and wholesome garments. When all was complete, the lady went to see her protegée. She was alarmed to observe that the old woman looked very sullen and hostile. 'Well, Mary,' she said, 'how do you feel now?' 'Ah, thin, ma'am, I do feel horrid clane.' Now, is it not difficult to sympathize with those who want Ireland to go back to the good ould times, the grand ould times, of poverty, ignorance, and dirt, just because they feel 'horrid clane?'

This proposed Home Rule will not

satisfy the discontented people in Ireland; and we have a shrewd suspicion that its promoters have no belief in their own nostrum. Their secretary, Mr. Alfred Webb, has abandoned the cause, and the one really able leader they had is dead; and we imagine that it will be found a difficult task to galvanize the party into fresh life.

In the abstract, there is no reason why Irish local affairs should not once more be discussed at College Green by a local parliament. Westminster and Dublin might correspond to Ottawa and Toronto. But such a legislature would have hardly more dignity than the Dublin corporation; our experience here leads us to smile at the idea of so much enthusiasm being wasted upon so petty an object, and to infer that it cannot be such a Parliament as that that the Home Rulers really want. Yet more than that they will never get unless as a result of a successful war with the rest of the Empire; and even were they to succeed in battle, the permanence of their independence would be exceedingly precarious.

Irishmen may well be pardoned if they look back with pride to the eloquence and ability shewn in their native parliament; especially during its closing years; if they contemplate with sorrow the faded glories of their metropolis shorn of its senate, and deserted by its nobles. This is but natural, and yet they ought like wise men to look forward hopefully into the future and to accept the existing situation, rather than to dwell idly on the irrevocable past.

For the past *is* irrevocable; but the future may be big with treasures and triumphs for Ireland if only her sons prepare themselves to take advantage of its opportunities. They have a Parliament to which they contribute no insignificant proportion, a parliament which stands *facile princeps* among the senates of the world. They have a Queen, who is not only a pure and noble and charitable lady, but a most experienced stateswoman, and a most loyal and constitutional sovereign. With such a Queen, with such a constitution, with a share in fortunes so imperial, with a future of which, if she will, she can make so much, we should be false to education, to common-sense, to religion, if we did not supplicate Heaven to wipe away with pitying hand the evil past from the tables of Ireland's memory, and to bind her and England and Canada and the whole empire together with the chains of love, in one common interest and one glorious destiny.

And now, are there no lessons from the chapter of Irish history which has been lying open before us, which it would be specially good for us Canadians to learn? Let us see that while party government is the safety of a nation, faction is its bane and inevitable ruin. Whilst differing manfully, and often widely, from the opposite party as to methods, let us credit them with the same aim as ourselves, the glory and welfare of our common country.

A good deal of the bitterness of Canadian politics is probably 'from the teeth outwards;' our bark is worse than our bite; but we should reflect that it is degrading to our culture and bad for our morality to be always throwing dirt, and imputing rascality. Let us follow party for the sake of principle, never for the sake of men, let us be jealous of the honour of our public men; the patriots' cloak, the statesman's mantle should be as lustrous-white as the ermine of the judge; and those who habitually befoul their rulers deserve to be—and generally are—betrayed.

Let us learn, too, the incalculable evils of religious animosity. 'I come not,' said the Master, with the sad prescience of one who knew perfectly what was in man, 'to bring peace on earth but a sword.' How many have mistaken this, which was a prophecy of what man would do with the gospel, for an announcement of the divine purpose. Oh! how keen, how

heavy, and how long has been that sword forged by the wickedness and folly of man out of the gracious promises and gentle commands of Him whose very name is love, and how often has it dripped with blood! Poor Ireland has passed under the harrow of fanaticism, and it is much to be wished that Irishmen in this new world would be warned by the follies of the past, and be wise for the time to come. Catholics amd Orangemen, would to Heaven ye would cease to provoke one another, to envy each other. Does it run in the blood? Wise Paul of Tarsus rebuked just the same faults in the Galatians who were cousins, not far removed, to the Irish. Here all Irishmen have equal privileges before the law; and whilst they never should yield them but with their lives, they should not envy to each other their enjoyment. We trust that the coming twelfth may be signalized by no disaster, by the shedding of no fraternal blood. Irishmen ought to be Christians and patriots first, and then Catholics or Protestants, as the case may be. Let all Irishmen join to build up this grand new country, where all creeds and all nationalities are free with a common freedom; where all citizens are privileged alike to make their own laws, and to help each other to obey them. Let Irishmen pit themselves against the shrewd Scot and persevering Englishman, and then perchance their genius will give them the foremost place. Then with Irishmen in the van—their favourite place in battle, with the old cry, 'Faugh a ballah!' —clear the way!—down will go all obstacles physical, social, and political, and in fulfilment of their manifest destiny, Canadians shall march across this vast continent, the apostles of civilization, the champions of freedom, the architects of empire, and the missionaries of peace.

SONNET,

BY GOWAN LEA.

IN silence do ye gather, shades of night!
The sun in peaceful glory passed away;
As quietly arises the new day;
And gently fall the rays of the moon's light.
How doth the sparkling eye with glances bright
Make revelation more than tongue can say—
The inmost secrets of the heart betray!
No speech is needed for the soul's insight,
To thought, O silence, thou'rt a very sun;
Without thee, genius withers and grows pale,
And will not charm us with her faintest flower:
High born art thou; even the gods do hail
Communion with thee—consecrate thy hour.
In silence nature's grandest work is done!

MONTREAL.

THE REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS ON POPULAR SCEPTICISM.

BY LAON.

THERE is much that every candid and earnest mind must admire in the article contributed by the Rev. Phillips Brooks to the March number of the *Princeton Review*, under the title of 'The Pulpit and Popular Scepticism.' It is an article which, in the opinion of the present writer, does not seriously touch the intellectual position of sceptics, that is to say of unbelievers in the Christian scheme of doctrine; yet it will summon every serious sceptic to not unprofitable reflection, while the orthodox will find some of their own weaknesses exposed in a very faithful and effectual manner. Clergymen of all denominations are urged by Mr. Brooks not to pretend to believe more than they do—not to bind on men's backs burdens which they do not themselves touch with their little finger. 'How many men in the ministry to-day,' says Mr. Brooks, 'believe in the doctrine of verbal inspiration which our fathers held, and how many of us have frankly told the people that we do not believe it? I know,' he adds, 'the old talk about holding the outworks as long as we can, and then retreating to the citadel; and perhaps there has hardly been a more mischievous metaphor than this. It is the mere illusion of a metaphor. The minister who tries to make people believe that which he questions in order to keep them from questioning that which he believes, knows very little about the certain workings of the human heart, and has but little faith in truth itself.' A great many teachers and parents, Mr. Brooks thinks, are just now in this condition. Another serious evil lies in the partizanship which Christian teachers display, and which makes their ministry 'seem rather a scramble for adherents than a Christlike love for souls,'—which stamps their unanimity as the mere outcome of 'a professional mind.' These are brave and strong words which ought to cause a good deal of heart-searching. While evils like these are at all common in the Church there is but little need to seek an enemy outside; the enemy is within the gates, wearing the very livery of the defenders of the citadel. 'There is nothing so terrible,' says Mr. Brooks, yet more emphatically, 'as the glimpses we get occasionally into a minister's unbelief; *and sometimes the confusion which exists below seems to be great just in proportion to the hard positiveness of dogmatism which men see upon the surface.*'

Now Mr. Brooks hints at these evils as wide-spread; but a very important question is—how widely are they spread? Are the cases in which we observe them in any true sense exceptional, or are the exceptions the cases in which faith is so clear and strong as neither to vacillate nor temporize, so pure and fervent as to make nothing of worldly or professional success, in comparison with the vivifying of human souls by the power of the gospel? Each one would answer such a question in the light of his individual experience, but certainly many would say that the Christian ministry, speaking generally, is a profession like any other; that its members are professionally-minded; that the 'scramble for adherents,' and the ways and means, first of building, and then of maintaining,

more or less ostentatious church edifices, occupy more thought and absorb more energy than the 'saving of souls.' The average sinner is to the average minister, first a contributor, or possible contributor, to a church fund; second, a being with spiritual capacities and responsibilies and a somewhat problematical destiny in another world. And where the minister is actuated by a higher spirit, and desires to preach what he regards as a pure gospel, without respect of persons and free from all pecuniary calculations, the financial men of his church, churchwardens or trustees, often step in to tell him, not in so many words perhaps, but plainly enough for all practical purposes, that this kind of thing will not do, that ways and means have to be provided, and that the preaching must be of a character to fill the galleries and produce large collections. What effect such an insinuation must have upon a sincere and high-minded man, who had never before looked upon his ministry as, primarily, a means of raising revenue, may easily be imagined. Yet will any one who knows the facts deny that, in an ever increasing number of churches, the financial question is taking precedence of every other. The cry is not 'What shall we do to be saved?' or 'What shall we do to save the world?' but 'What shall we do to pay the interest on our mortgages?' And the ingenuity which this state of things calls into play is really in its way admirable. Time would fail to tell of the numberless devices employed to draw money from people's pockets,—some of an unobjectionable character, but many of them grotesque and vulgar in the last degree. I have before my mind at this moment a case in which, at a tea-meeting held in aid of the funds of a leading Methodist church, a platform scale was introduced, and the 'ladies' were weighed at so much a head, the weights being duly recorded, under initials, in the local papers. Whether the weigh-house fee was paid by the fair ones themselves, or by their adorers, or whether the charge was graduated according to the pressure exerted on the scales, I am not in a position to state.

It would seem, therefore, altogether questionable whether the Church, in any broad sense, is in a position to act aggressively towards scepticism, or to undertake its cure. Individual men of exceptional qualifications may be moved to do it, and anything that a good and wise man may have to say on a subject to which he has given earnest thought is deserving of serious consideration. The Rev. Mr. Brooks is a man with whom sceptics should be glad to have an opportunity of coming to an understanding, as it is well worth their while to know his view of their position and of his own. I shall, therefore, proceed to make a few remarks on Mr. Brooks's theory as to the causes of modern scepticism, and as to the best means of battling with it, in the hope, not of argumentative victory, but of some small increase of light, some slight gain to the cause of truth.

The first remark of any importance that I find in the article to which reference has been made, is that Christianity enjoys a perpetual advantage over scepticism in this, that the latter 'offers men no substitute for the religion it would destroy, and thus leaves man's religious nature unprovided for and hungry.'

Now, is it true that modern philosophy offers no substitute for the religion or rather the theology which it tends to supersede? If we consider for a moment what a vast and ever-increasing place in men's minds the modern doctrine of development holds; when we think how profoundly it has modified thought; what a light it has shed upon many questions upon which before no light could be obtained; when we think of the sustained intellectual interest it has power to create; we certainly find in it, I do not say a

substitute for the belief in a Divine government of the world, and a Divine purpose in all things, but much more than a substitute for religion in its popular forms, or, in other words, *for anything which it has a necessary tendency to destroy.* The belief in God not only survives the demonstration of the universality of law, but in many minds is only deepened and strengthened as the proof proceeds. On the other hand, the belief in perpetual miracle enfeebles and degrades the conception of the Divine Being, reducing Him to little more than a puppet, whose wires are controlled by a priesthood, or by the prayers of the individual. When, therefore, we think of the ordered condition of the thoughts of a liberally educated man of to-day, his rational confidence in natural law, his clear insight into the causes of many things which not long ago were insoluble mysteries; when we think of his well-grounded hopes of future progress, and above all, of his clear perception of cause and effect in the affairs of life, and consequently greatly increased chances of being happy himself and making others happy, we surely must conclude that he has obtained a glorious substitute for almost any amount of purely theological doctrine. Mr. Brooks would scarcely refuse to allow that, in this new conception of the universe as the theatre of law and order, there is much to stay the thoughts and even to inspire a faith which, in minds duly fitted, may rise to any degree of sublimity and enthusiasm. To see the full importance of this consideration, we have only to think of the chaotic condition of mind and the purposeless lives of many who have never lost their theological faith. What is the very idea of God to many but, as it were, the symbol of unknown and incalculable forces which each tries to coax, to wheedle, or to whine over to his own side? The fretting and grumbling of pious people, when things are not to their mind, has struck many a sceptic, I am sure, with astonishment. The same people who grumble and fret will, of course, have their seasons of prosperity and consequent exultation or self-complacency; and then they are prepared to dilate with great unction on the 'comforts of religion.' But we who watch such people through their various stages, know what their comfort of religion amounts to, and vastly prefer a system of thought, which, by taking away from us all sense of privilege, all pretension to command the unseen powers of the universe, except by obedience to law, removes all occasion of fretfulness, and enables us to take things as they come, 'the best of now and here.'

I pass now to the explanation offered of the causes of modern scepticism. 'Any man,' says Mr. Brooks, 'who has seen much of unbelief as it exists among our people now, knows that in general it does not consist of any precise and assignable difficulties. It is not the difficulty of this or that doctrine that makes men sceptics to-day. It is rather the play of all life upon the fundamental grounds and general structure of faith. . . . . The reason why my hearer, who sits moodily or sadly or scornfully before me in his pew, and does not cordially believe a word of what I preach to him, the reason why he disbelieves is not that he has found the evidence for inspiration or for Christ's divinity or for the atonement unsatisfactory. It is that the aspect of the world, which is Fate, has been too strong for the fundamental religion of the world, which is Providence. And the temptation of the world, which is self-indulgence, has seemed to make impossible the precept of religion, which is self-surrender; and the tendency of experience, which is hopelessness, has made the tendency of the Gospel, which is hope, seem unreal and unbelievable.'

This is impressively put, but it suggests to my mind many questions. First—Why should 'the play of life'

be so deadly to faith in these days particularly? Why should it not have been equally so in the Middle Ages, when social order was so imperfect, when Force stood so often in violent antagonism to Right, when passions were stronger than they are now, and hopelessness, so far as this world was concerned, more general and more profound? Mr. Brooks surely owes us some explanation upon this point. Before we can be asked to accept his theory, he must show us wherein the 'aspect of the world' to-day differs from its aspect in former days, and must also make it plain that the difference, whatever it may be, has a causal connection with the phenomenon under consideration. Until this is done the theory that the decline in belief is due to the greater spread of intelligence and education is entitled to hold its ground. Comparing present times with past we *do* find a more enlightened condition of public opinion now than formerly, and why should we not say that this is the explanation of the abandonment of so large a portion of the theological belief of our forefathers? We explain a modern phenomenon by a modern phenomenon, and it is for those who do not like the explanation to bring forward one more profound and philosophical.

Secondly—When Mr. Brooks says that 'any man who has seen much of unbelief as it exists among our people now, knows that, in general, it does not consist of any precise and assignable difficulties,' is he not aware that, allowing this to be true, the unbelief to which he refers may still be the result of a true intellectual instinct, such as led to the abandonment of the belief in witchcraft so strongly held by our forefathers. He has probably not forgotten Mr. Lecky's celebrated chapter on the belief in witchcraft and its decline; and, if so, he must know that some beliefs perish from the world not on account of the 'precise and assignable difficulties' connected with them, but because the evidence for them gradually fails, and because men's thoughts take a direction that leads them insensibly away from such beliefs.

Thirdly—When Mr. Brooks says of a typical unbeliever that the reason why he disbelieves is not that he has found the evidence for inspiration or for Christ's divinity, or for the atonement unsatisfactory, does he not pronounce judgment where he ought to investigate? Is Mr. Brooks in a position to say that the evidence for these things *cannot* be found unsatisfactory? If so, the only thing to say of popular scepticism is that it is a popular delusion. If Mr. Brooks admits that there is room for argument in regard to these matters, he must allow a chance, at least, that 'the hearer who sits moodily or scornfully or sadly in his pew,' and doesn't believe a word of what he hears from the pulpit, may have his own quite satisfactory reasons for not believing—reasons, perhaps, which, for logical coherence, would favourably compare with those which his neighbour in the next pew has for believing everything. I fear it would prove a somewhat dangerous thing for our orthodox friends to insist that every person who either believes or disbelieves should have pointed and conclusive arguments by which to establish his scheme of thought. Such a rule would, no doubt, embarrass a portion of the unbelieving world, but what confusion and dismay would it spread among the believers!

It is, however, the wear and tear of life, according to Mr. Brooks, that produces scepticism. But surely, if the Christian religion is meant for this world, it should not only be able to stand the wear and tear of life, but the wear and tear of life should be the very thing to bring it home more intimately to men's minds and hearts. But what, let us ask most seriously, can the wear and tear of life, or, as Mr. Brooks calls it, 'the play of life,' have to do with such a dogma as, for example, the infallibility or inspiration

of the Bible, which is one of those which the unbelieving pew-holder before referred to is supposed to reject? How are we to escape 'the play of life?' And if it is a misleading influence, how are we to know that it does not as often incline men to belief as to unbelief, to orthodoxy as to heterodoxy? There is no doubt that many cling in the most wilful manner to their religious opinions because, as they say, they find comfort in them. What is this but the play of life making belief on a vast scale? Evidently we must leave a general influence of this kind out of the account, and try and weigh a doctrine of the kind in question in the balance of enlightened reason. The Bible is either infallible or it is not; it can either be proved to be so or it cannot. To say that the pew-holder cannot have good reasons of his own for rejecting the Bible as a specially inspired book—that he is the victim of his own life-experiences—is to prejudge the whole case, and put a stop to all argument.

Mr. Brooks tells us, in effect, that for his own part, he has got bravely over any belief that *he* ever had in the *verbal* infallibility of the Bible. But this word verbal is very vague. How much does it cover? Are we to limit its application literally to *words* here and there, or may we extend it to sentences, verses, chapters, books? It is very doubtful if Mr. Brooks would attempt to draw the line showing where fallibility ends and infallibility begins. But, in that case, somebody may go a little further than Mr. Brooks in the recognition of fallibility, without being accused of having had his whole judgment perverted by 'the play of life.' That is too summary and convenient a way altogether of disposing of an opponent. The Supreme Being did not intend, as Mr. Brooks allows, to give to the world an absolutely infallible book; but, if so, how are we to know that He meant the Book to be infallible in any sense? How do we know, in fact, that the pew-holder is not right, and that the play of life, especially the past life of the world, with its abounding superstitions, has not been too much for the minister?

At the outset of the essay we are told that scepticism, 'offering men no substitute for the religion it would destroy, leaves man's religious nature unprovided for and hungry,' and, therefore, gives to Christianity a perpetual advantage. At the close we are told that 'We need to remember how irreligion has invaded religion, and to imitate its methods. It has got hold of the passions and enthusiasms of men; and there has been its strength.' These two statements do not seem very compatible. When a man's passions and enthusiasms are roused to activity he is not likely to feel very hungry. I do not know, of course, in what precise sense Mr. Brooks intended to use the word 'enthusiasms,' but I should think he meant it in a noble sense; and it certainly says something for scepticism if religious teachers require to be pointed to the sway which it exerts over men's 'enthusiasms,' in order that they may be stimulated to try and do as much.

Mr. Brooks, however, as every thoughtful liberal will readily agree, does well to point to character as the great means of influencing men for good. There is no preaching so powerful as that which comes direct from a man's life, and, if a man cannot preach in this way, the rest of his preaching is vain. These are days when all who have any higher light require to be very faithful in letting it shine forth; for there is a scepticism abroad which threatens to sap the foundations of both private and public morality—*a scepticism as to whether it is worth while to do the right thing at any great inconvenience to yourself.* Such a scepticism, we will freely concede, is not to be met by arguments, but only by the power of an intense conviction—a religious faith—*that it*

is worth while. A morality that calculates is no morality; it is mere police regulation of the appetites and impulses. We want a morality the vital power of which lies, not in self-interest, however refined, but in a reverential sense of the eternal beauty of holiness. It would be sad to think that there could be any doubt as to the issue of the conflict between the powers of good and evil, but in the prevailing and, as it would almost seem, extending, relaxation of all moral sanctions, there is sore need that all who can help the right cause should put on 'the armour of faith,' and manfully contend for the highest interests of humanity. And, in this warfare, the conscientious 'sceptic' and the faithful minister of the Gospel will meet, not as enemies, but as comrades, pressing on to a common victory over evil, and, in the stress of the fight, casting aside more and more of mutual suspicion and misunderstanding, until, at length, their essential moral agreement in sentiment, purpose, and life shall stand fully revealed.

SPECULUM VITÆ.

LET us look in the glass for a moment,
Let us brush off the mist from the face—
The mirror of life that is broken
When Death in our ear knells the token
To crumble in space.

We must fall whether praying or pining,
Whether fearing or mocking the blow,
Brush the mist from the mirror, then, trembling:
The grave is no place for dissembling—
There vaunting lies low.

The eyes, as they gaze to earth's glory,
Peer into that mirror of pain
Where the slain of our years lies all gory,
Bent over by grim shadows hoary
Recording each stain.

Not a blot nor a blemish escapes them,
The sins of the lone and the crowd,
The crime where we pandered or paltered,
The dark things that lips never faltered,
There cry out aloud.

They are there, and no tempests can hide them;
They glow with accusing and shame.
Tho' the years be all dead, they are living,
'Mid the silence they cry for forgiving
With direful acclaim.

On the wreck-plank of life is there pardon
When joy is worn hollow in sin?
When the heart sees no light in the sparkle
Nor gloom where the drowsy waves darkle
O'er foeman and kin?

Then brush the world's mist from the mirror
While life in our bosom is sweet,
And turn, with a love of the purest,
O'er pathways the fairest and surest
The trace of our feet.

From 'Public Opinion.'

A FEW WORDS ABOUT IRON.

BY W. HAMILTON MERRITT, ST. CATHARINES.

Member of the Iron and Steel Institute.

THE true philosopher's stone of the nineteenth century, which rules the financial destiny of the principalities of the world, is a very homely looking object, varying from a dingy shade of white to red, brown, or sombre black, scattered abundantly in every land, and found in more or less quantity in each handful of soil we take up.

Why then can we not seize this treasure and fill our pockets with gold? Because, unfortunately, our philosopher's stone requires long and tedious intermediate processes at the hands of adepts ere it is metamorphosed into the golden product. In like manner the El Dorado of to-day is singularly devoid of bird and flower, crystal stream and cloudless sky; it is usually uncommonly prolific in dearth and barrenness, turbid water, and volumes of smoke, which entirely obscure the heavens and renders breathing no longer an unconscious operation, but attendant with many varied sensations and surprises to the gustatory and olfactory organs.

If my reader will not grant that iron rules the nineteenth century, then a fresh start is necessary to substantiate our supposition that it does. No better example is afforded than that of England. With the rise of her iron smelting, and a concomitant increase in general manufactures, she was able to declare free trade and throw open her markets to the world.

Of late years, with the depression in her iron, 'hard times' and general distress throughout the kingdom soon followed. Again, since manufacturing her iron, though at less advantage than in Great Britain, the United States have turned the balance of commerce from a large import to a large export trade. Also those who were at the last Paris Exhibition, could see that hand in hand with the present great prosperity of France, gigantic strides have been taken in the smelting and working of her iron ore in a thoroughly systematic and scientific manner.

Belgium, the most thriving of all the small European States, has lately exported a small quantity of iron to England; her most important works, those of John Cockerill & Co., at Seraing, being unsurpassed by any it has been my good fortune to see. Sweden, who is leaving her sister, Norway, behind in the race for prosperity, helps to supply her neighbours with excellent iron. Then on the other hand, Germany and Spain (which together supply half Europe at present with pure hematite ore), Russia, Austria, Italy, &c., are only beginning to make all their own iron, and at the same time we do not see signs of great prosperity in any of these states. No doubt a hundred and one other reasons might be given as to the cause of local depression, but as seen from the above facts, none exercise such a broad dominion as the iron trade.

Now that this question is beginning to excite no slight attention in the Dominion, it might be of interest to some of the readers of this magazine to learn the brief outlines of iron manufacture; after which it is my intention to give a sketch of a typical English district, taking North Stafford (perhaps the most successful in Great

Britain), for an example, then, in comparison, the United States region about Pittsburg, where the American Institute of Mining Engineers, have lately held their annual meeting. The facts, it is hoped, will help the reader to form an opinion for himself of the chances Canada would have to exclude these two giants from her markets, and to produce her own iron, under the present tariff.

The smelting of iron differs from that of most other metallurgical industries, in that the only minerals used for its extraction are limited to the group of oxides, or compounds of iron and oxygen. To get the metallic iron we must, therefore, remove this oxygen, and that is done by carbon (or carbonic oxide) in the form of coal and coke, which, uniting with the oxygen, carries it off in the form of a gas,—carbonic acid gas. Notwithstanding the numberless processes that have been and are in use, this simple reaction is at the root of all. Iron smelting is, perhaps, the most ancient of the arts, dating back to the rival metallurgists, Vulcan, and Tubal Cain, if indeed they were not the same personage.

The primitive furnace, yet seen in Burmah and in Africa, consisted of a hole dug in the ground, in which an easily reducible iron ore was mixed with charcoal, the blast being supplied by the wind. A spongy mass of metal resulted, which was hammered into the shape required. A slight advance on this is the Catalan forge, used in Spain, the East Indian forge, and the American Bloomary process, seen in the States of New York and Vermont.

In these three the iron ore is reduced in hearths by charcoal; a blast of air being directed on to the smouldering mass through tuyeres or iron nozzles. In the latter the resulting 'blooms,' or porous masses of iron, are sometimes as large as 300 lbs. The fine 'Otis Steel Works,' at Cleveland, use many of these for producing the excellent mild steel, by the Siemens-Martin process, out of which their splendid boiler plates are made; this steel contains frequently as little as twelve hundredths of carbon.

No fuel but charcoal has ever been employed in these 'direct' processes, or processes by which malleable iron is produced at once, without any intermediate manipulation. The amount of fuel used, however, is enormous, and, though the product is generally very pure, no process for the direct production of iron has proved successful. Many attempts have been made of late years; but as mild steel is now beginning more and more to take the place of wrought iron, to which it is undoubtedly in every way superior, it is to be feared that such efforts are more futile than ever.

It was first discovered in Sweden that by raising the height of their hearths to the dimensions of furnaces, and by feeding from the top, there was a decided increase in the saving of fuel, but that, owing to the longer contact between the reduced iron and the hot charcoal, a notable quantity of a molten compound of iron and carbon was formed, along with the wrought iron 'bloom' obtained from the process. This compound of iron and carbon, containing from two to six per cent. of the latter, is 'cast' or 'pig' metal, and it is more brittle and easily melted than the purer or 'wrought iron.'

The next step was yet higher furnaces, a still greater economy in fuel, and now, owing to the much longer contact between the reduced metal and carbon, a product consisting entirely of 'pig' or 'cast' metal. This is run out of the furnaces in the liquid state into the 'pig beds' or straight moulds made in a bed of sand; or, as in some works, the metal is run directly into Bessemer converters for the manufacture of steel, which, in this way, is produced at an equal or less expense than wrought iron.

The following great improvements were: first, the use of coal and coke in the place of charcoal, then the im-

mense saving effected by heating the blast on the way from the blast-engine to the furnace to about 1000° F; and still later, the partially burnt gases from the top of the furnace were collected and made to do the work of heating the blast and the boilers which supply steam for working the engine.

The blast-furnace varies in height from 50 to 100 feet, but the most modern averages from 70 to 80 feet. The interior is somewhat the shape of a soda-water bottle, and is composed of the most refractory fire-brick; the outside being generally cylindrical, and of iron plates rivetted together. The ore, coal, and limestone are lifted in a cage by a little engine, or by the force of the blast, and thrown, at the top of the furnace, on to an inverted iron bell, which is lowered when enough is on it, the charge falling into the furnace; this accomplished, the bell is brought back and the top closed again.

Great care has to be taken in mixing the charge; for by using different ores and varying quantities of limestone, a slag is obtained which flows easily, and in no way impedes the working of the furnace;—the limestone being added with this sole object in view. By altering the condition of the charge and blast, a different class of pig ore is obtained, but this part of iron manufacture needs more than the average skill and manipulation to bring about the desired result. The slag above referred to, is practically composed of all the foreign matter associated with the ore, and this floats above the metallic iron, which lies in the hearth at the bottom of the furnace. The iron is drawn off through a tap hole at its lowest part, as a rule, twice a day of 24 hours, and run into pigs. In this state the iron is used for making all sorts of castings, such as stoves, ornamental work, etc., by being poured into moulds in a molten condition.

After the 'pig,' or 'cast' metal is obtained, another process has to be gone through, by which the carbon in the cast-iron is eliminated. This is necessary ere it arrives at the state of 'wrought' metal, which can be rolled, welded, or beaten, at a red heat, into any required shape. This decarburation is accomplished either by 'puddling,' wrought iron being the product, or by the 'Bessemer process,' by which the Bessemer steel is made, and which now furnishes the world with rails.

Even those among the readers of this magazine who take the smallest possible interest in iron, will have associated the name of Bessemer with a great revolution in the iron trade, and not unjustly, for no discovery in this century has so affected the markets of the world. In puddling, the 'pig' is melted in a small reverberatory furnace, and either by hand or by machinery, stirred about to bring the metal in contact with a pure ore, or oxide of iron, which, helped by the air, oxidizes and removes, as carbonic acid gas, the carbon in the iron. It then 'comes to nature,' or assumes the infusible 'wrought' condition, and is gathered into a glowing white mass, which is taken out and hammered and rolled to the required shapes.

In the Bessemer process, on the other hand, the cast-iron is decarbonized by running it into a 'converter,' or big pot, and then blowing in air, which again carries off the carbon as carbonic acid gas. As steel differs from wrought and cast iron in containing more carbon than the latter, and less than the former, and as the Bessemer product will not work unless in some form of steel, a little carbon is added by running some 'spiegel-iron,' or 'pig,' containing manganese, into the molten mass before pouring out.

Hitherto, a 'pig' free from phosphorous was essential, which, of course, necessitated using a very pure iron ore. This very serious limitation is being rapidly swept away, from results obtained within the last few

months in England, with the phosphorescent ores of Cleveland, by Mr. Thomas. Hence, we shall very shortly see the so-called steel, which is in truth pure wrought iron, take the place of its weaker brother. The old method of making steel (yet used in knife manufacture, where the finest quality is necessary) was by adding the carbon to wrought iron by means of charcoal.

Many other methods than the two mentioned above have been brought before the public, but none have been thoroughly successful except the Siemens'-Martin, which, however, is only economical where there is a great deal of old scrap-iron. In this process, scrap wrought iron is melted down in a bath of the requisite amount of cast iron, samples being taken out of the reverberatory furnace used for the purpose until the desired product is arrived at.

Having, in the above short description, given the broad, original outlines of, first, the manufacture of iron by the old 'direct' method; second, the manner by which cast metal is made; third, the conversion of cast into wrought metal and steel; and fourth, the most usual methods of steel-making, I shall proceed to my sketch of the North Staffordshire coal and iron district, and of that in the neighbourhood of Pittsburg.

The northern part of the former field, with which I was for some time intimately connected, converges to a narrow tongue in the neighbourhood of Congleton, and here, at Biddulph, one of the most successful iron centres in the kingdom is located. The coal and iron lie directly beneath the blast furnaces; the former consisting of thirty-two workable seams, shewing an aggregate thickness of one hundred and thirty feet, and the latter an average thickness of twenty-four feet. Not only is the location, theoretically and practically, almost perfect, but, added to this, the coal is of an exceptionally pure character, containing little or no sulphur, and working admirably in the furnace.

In 1877, before wages went down, it cost a little under $1 a ton to mine the coal. The iron-stone, worked about half a mile from the furnaces, cost from about 75 cts. to $1.15 a ton to get it out; in the raw state, it contains thirty-five to fifty-eight per cent. of protoxide of iron, but, after calcining in heaps with slack, it averages as high as ninety-one per cent. of the peroxide It contains about one per cent. of phosphoric acid, which has hitherto prevented its use for Bessemer steel, but there is little doubt that it will shortly be made in North Staffordshire, as well as at Cleveland, (Eng.).

Limestone is also obtained close at hand; and to increase the perfect independence of the great iron masters, besides owning and working their raw materials, they make everything they use, from pipes and boilers to the railway trucks for carrying their products. To give an idea of the cost of manufacture; for every ton of pig produced there is consumed about—

Ton.	Cwt.	Qrs.	
1	15	3	of coal.
1	14	4	of ironstone.
0	8	2	of limestone.
0	4	2	of fluo cinder.

The cost of smelting the 'pig,' taking the immediate wages into consid eration, was, in 1877, a trifle over $1 a ton. Therefore, we see that $5 would about cover the production of a ton of 'cast iron' in that year, but with the present reduced wages, it could be made for considerably less.

At Pittsburg, which I visited last month, I shall take the Lucy furnaces, than which there is no finer pair in America, as examples. These two furnaces cost about $520,000 a few years ago, but possibly could now be built for nearly half the price, if economy were an object. The coal is obtained from the neighbouring hills, through which it runs in horizontal beds of about four feet thick; hence

the working is comparatively easy. This coal is highly bituminous, and the coke made from it, and used in the furnaces, contains eighty-seven per cent. carbon, ten per cent. ash, and one per cent. of sulphur, and costs, at present, but four and one-fourth cents per bushel. The iron ore is obtained from Lake Superior; that from the Republic mine costing $8.80, and that from the Menominee mine, $7.40 per ton. Both of these are very pure ores and contain but little phosphorus, the resulting pig being used for Bessemer steel at the Edgar Thompson Steel Works. The analysis of these ores show—

	Republic.	Menominee.
Iron	67·943	64·633
Phosphorous..	0·041	0·007
Alumina	0·237	2·203
Insol. Residue.	2·750	4·349

Besides the enormous cost of the ore, limestone (which is brought thirty-five miles) costs $1.25, labour $1.25, besides fuel, $3 for every ton of pig produced. Therefore we cannot wonder from the above figures that the price per ton of steel rails in the United States is from $43 to $44, while in Great Britain it is $22.50, which latter figure will be considerably reduced as soon as the phosphorescent ores are used. Great as the difference between the cost of production in these two countries may appear, it is owing entirely to the natural circumstances under which the mines in the two countries are situated.

From the experience of these examples what encouragement can we gather for smelting iron in this part of Ontario with a protection of $2 a ton? I shall leave my reader with his knowledge of the country to work out his own answer; but one thing is certain, we cannot build our furnaces on coal and iron seams, and though we could get nearer to good ore than our neighbours in Pittsburg, we should still be almost hopelessly distant from the needed supplies of fuel. I have seen lately some very promising looking figures in some of our publications,—nine and a half per cent. profit worked out with a large margin, and that sort of thing,—therefore I may be all wrong, but, as I have said before, I leave this part of the problem to my intelligent reader.

In closing this paper, I might mention that I hope to supplement it by one on iron-smelting by lignite, which is successfully carried on in Austria and Sweden, and which may play no small part in the future prosperity of our Dominion.

ALL A GREEN WILLOW.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

Author of 'Robin Gray,' 'For Lack of Gold,' &c.

I.

SHE sat down carelessly at the piano, and, as if without thinking of what she was doing, her fingers touched the keys, bringing forth the pathetic air of the Jacobite song:

> 'Hame, hame, hame, O, hame fain wad I be,
> O, hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!'

and she contrived to throw more sadness into the sad air than John Aylmer had ever heard before.

Yet the sun was shining, and through the open French window of the Doctor's little drawing-room you could see the light glowing upon the red, yellow, and fading green tints of the autumn foliage. Here the bright yellow of the chestnuts, blending with the transparent red of the beech, and the berries on the rowan trees holding their place whilst the leaves fell with every gust of wind and with other leaves carpeted the garden paths.

She was looking, whilst she played, at the green lawn, then at the heavy-laden apple-trees, the many-coloured beeches, elms and oaks, above which was a pale blue sky; and she seemed to be dreaming, rather than playing for the pleasure of her companion or herself.

'Why do you always play these melancholy airs, mostly ending in minors?' said John Aylmer, turning over the pages of a large album of photographs and paying very little attention to the portraits it contained.

She continued to play as she answered: 'I don't know—do you not like them?'

'No, they always end as if there were something else which ought to come, and as it doesn't, one feels uncomfortable and dissatisfied.'

'Is not that like our lives?' she said, still playing the sad air dreamily. 'There are so many things which we fancy ought to come that do not: and so, we go on in periods of unfinished chords.'

'Give it up,' cried Aylmer, laughing at the droll problem which the girl had presented to him. 'I don't see why we should play music without a comfortable finish any more than I can understand why we should not make a satisfactory and harmonious finish to our lives. The notes are all on the instrument, why should we not strike them as we please?'

'Because we cannot always strike the notes which please us most. Have you ever known anybody who has been able to live the life he or she would have chosen if permitted to do so?'

She had wheeled round on the piano stool, and looked straight in his face as she put the question.

'Yes,' he answered boldly; 'there's Dr. Humphreys: I believe he will end his days harmoniously—contented with the life he has led, the work he has done, and followed to the grave by a long row of patients—mind, I say patients—who will remember him with gratitude. What do you say to that?'

She did not say anything, for she was serious and he was inclined to make fun of the whole question. She turned again to the piano, and with a very soft touch proceeded to play the plaintive air of 'Hame, hame, hame,' as if to herself and as if seeking some

consolation from it for the absence of sympathy in her companion.

Aylmer closed the album, got up and stood behind her.

He was a handsome young fellow of about twenty-five, with sandy-coloured hair, the shadow of a moustache, and bright laughing eyes. He was only beginning life, and, blessed with a sanguine disposition, he scouted its shadows and believed in its sunshine.

She was about his own age, tall, graceful, and with a face that was beautiful, whilst the lines indicated firmness of character. The hair was dark, but the eyes were a soft blue-green when in repose; they appeared to become gray when she was moved by any strong emotion. Looking in her face with its strangely sad, yearning expression, one would feel that there were depths of affection in her nature which had not yet been reached, but that once sounded would never be calm again.

'Miss Richardson,' he said, with his hands clasped tightly behind him, as if he feared that the temptation to clasp her in his arms would otherwise prove too great for him, 'you are too deep in philosophy for me.'

'I know nothing about philosophy. Why do you say that?'

'Because you are always asking me riddles which I cannot solve to your satisfaction. After I have left you, I often think of such clever things I might have said; but they never turn up at the right moment, and so I know that you must think me an ass.'

'Your ears are not long enough,' she said, so quietly that even if he had been a man of a 'huffy' nature he could scarcely have taken offence. Very likely she would not have spoken so to any one else.

He only laughed and answered in kind, with a mock severity of politeness: 'That is my misfortune, Miss Richardson, for it is better to be a dull ass than a stupid man.'

'I do not think you are either.'

'Thank you. Then suppose you were asked to give me a character—say by your most intimate friend, and in strict confidence of course—what would you say?'

'That is scarcely a fair question.'

'It is fair and interesting, too, if you will answer without doing me the injustice of thinking that I can't stand hearing myself abused.'

'I am not so much your friend as to abuse you.'

'Then do not be so much of a mere acquaintance as to flatter me.'

'Well, I should say in strict confidence'—and her words seemed to keep time to the air she was playing—'that you were a man so hopeful as to be too trustful, so earnest as to be too jealous.'

'Another conundrum!' exclaimed Aylmer, laughing at this description of his character, 'and somewhat of a paradox besides. Now, how can I be trustful and jealous at the same time?'

'Wait,' was the reply.

He would have sought further explanation, but he was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Humphreys. She was a little dark woman whose eyes seemed to be always gazing into futurity, never by any chance indicating a consciousness of the persons or circumstances around her; yet she was always nervously anxious to do whatever might be most pleasing to others. She formed the most singular contrast to her husband—a big, robust, ruddy-faced, jovial man, who would contentedly get out of bed a dozen times of a night, whether the summons came from pauper or peer.

She had been called away to attend to some household duties and thus the young people had been left alone. Now she appeared with the proposal that as the Doctor had not yet returned, they should proceed to luncheon without him.

'Are you hungry, Miss Richardson?' said Aylmer, making a terrible descent into the commonplace question of appetite; 'because, if not, I think we should give the Doctor another

half-hour. I know the case, and unless something extraordinary has happened, he cannot be detained longer than that.'

Miss Richardson of course assented to the adjournment, and Aylmer continued merrily: 'Then I propose that we all go out to the garden and take a tonic in the shape of one of those red-cheeked apples, and that it may taste the sweeter we will try to imagine that we are schoolboys and stealing it.'

'Oh, fie, Mr. Aylmer,' said Mrs. Humphreys; but she smiled at his boyish absurdity.

'I am afraid Mr. Aylmer's morals require correction,' observed Miss Richardson, in her calm, grave way.

'Never mind, get your hats and come along,' cried he.

He marshalled the ladies out through the French window, and when they were about to cross the lawn he became commonplace and practical; he warned them that the grass was damp, and that they would be much safer if they walked on the path.

Miss Richardson lifted her dark eyebrows, and her lips formed an unuttered 'O!' of surprise.

'You have not lived much in the country, Mr. Aylmer.'

'No, and that is why I enjoy its beauties and avoid its dangers. To walk on damp grass in thin shoes is simply a deliberate way of catching cold, resulting probably in bronchitis, consumption, and an early grave.'

'Dear me, I wonder there is anybody alive in the country.'

'You forget the doctors.'

'I would not like to have you for my doctor.'

'And I should be sorry that I or anyone else had you for a patient.'

His eccentricities did not end in the warning about the damp grass. Instead of going straight to the apple-tree as he had proposed, he went to an old-fashioned rose-tree which almost covered the white walls of the house, and cut two roses. One he presented to Mrs. Humphreys with becoming respect, the other to Miss Richardson—but there was a subtle difference in the manner of the presentation, and she was conscious of it. There was a faint colour on her pale cheeks as her eyelids drooped and she pinned the rose on her breast. He was watching her, smiling and yet eager to note how she received the offering. When he saw its destination—'Now for the apples,' he cried, with boyish glee.

He tried to reach them, but the branches were too high, and leaping towards them, he became hot and very red in the face. He was chagrined too at his failure.

'I used to be able to climb a tree,' he said gaily; and without considering how ridiculous he would appear, he clambered up the tree and seated himself on the first branch, much to the amusement of the ladies.

'Do come down,' said Mrs. Humphreys; nervously, 'the branch will break.'

'There's one for you, Mrs. Humphreys, and one for you—and one for me——'

'What in heaven's name are you doing, Aylmer, climbing a tree like a schoolboy when you are wanted immediately at Mrs. Carson's?'

The words were addressed to him in the loud clear voice of Dr. Humphrey's, who had just returned and had followed the party into the garden.

Aylmer slid down the tree, and with his handkerchief dusted the green mould from his knees.

'We were waiting for you, Doctor, and it is rather hard to send me off to Carson's without my lunch, when it was on my plea that we waited half an hour for you.'

'And the Carsons have been waiting an hour for you.'

'Very well; I'll go to the Carsons.'

'And we'll go into luncheon,' said the Doctor with a malicious twinkle in his merry eyes, as he offered his arm to Miss Richardson.'

She smiled demurely amd glanced

sideways at the disappointed hero of the apple-tree. He observed the smile, and it sent him off in hot haste to minister to his patient.

Dr. Humphreys chuckled much at some secret joke which he would not explain to anybody.

'What do you think of my young colleague?' he inquired as the walked towards the house.

'He seems to be very light-hearted,' she answered calmly.

'Too light-hearted, I sometimes think, and yet he can be serious too, when occasion requires it. I have heard him talk with the gravity of a judge pronouncing sentence of death. But the impression never lasts long with him. As soon as he escapes from the surroundings which made him serious, he seems to forget them entirely.'

'But it is a great blessing to have a light heart, Doctor.'

'So it is, and I hope he will long retain his.'

The Doctor was very merry at table, and whilst he ate heartily he expatiated on the miseries of the life of a medical man who never had a moment that he could call his own, by night or by day, and never was allowed time to take a proper meal.

'A message from Mrs. Doldrums, sir,' said a servant entering the room, and would you please go at once.'

'All right.'

'The servant disappeared; the Doctor quietly finished his meal, took ten minutes' nap, and then obeyed the summons of Mrs. Doldrums. He knew, however, that the lady's ailments were more imaginary than real, and therefore could afford to take his ease.

II.

WHAT was the mystery of this girl's life? There was a mystery, John Aylmer felt sure: the pale face, the dreamy inquiring eyes, the self-possession, and the self-repression of the lady confirmed him in the idea. But what was it?

That was the question he harped upon all the time he was riding along the green lanes to the farmstead where his patient lay. The question haunted and confused his mind even when he was in the presence of the invalid, and sensible of the responsibility which rested upon him. Whilst he was feeling the woman's pulse and examining her tongue, Margaret Richardson was in his mind. He made severe efforts to recall himself to the duties he had to perform, and he succeeded so far that he made no blunder. The case was a simple one, although at times the weakness of the woman alarmed her husband and caused him to send post-haste for the doctor. Aylmer's blithe manner and hopeful nature communicated hope to the patient, and so helped towards her recovery.

But as soon as he was on the road again, Margaret Richardson took full possession of his mind. 'Madge' the Doctor always called her, and it was as Madge that Aylmer always thought of her. It was the prettiest name he knew, and it always conjured up the pale earnest face which had fascinated him.

At dinner he was more silent than usual, although he made palpable efforts to be agreeable. In the drawing-room he tried to sing, but he was husky and the higher notes were painfully flat. He excused himself. Miss Richardson remarked that the voice frequently failed after driving about in an autumn evening. He retired to his room with the uncomfortable feeling that he had made a fool of himself when he had most desired to appear particularly bright.

He filled his pipe, took up the last copy of the *Lancet*, but he read nothing: Madge was still the centre of his thoughts.

She had come there only a few days before, and her pale, grave face had attracted him at once. On the first evening of her arrival he had entered

into a lively discussion with her on the merits of Comte's philosophy and the Life of John Stuart Mill. It is always dangerous when a young and pretty woman and an impressionable man begin to discuss philosophy.

They became friends immediately, and philosophy soon gave place to lighter themes in their conversation—music, theatres, novels. She played the piano with skill and feeling, and he, with a superficial knowledge of the notes, was able, by watching the music, to turn the leaves for her at the proper moment without requiring any sign. Utterly unconscious of what he was doing, he entered into a violent flirtation with her, which threatened to become something more—but the flirtation was all on one side. She was kindly, but always maintained her calm manner.

In two days he talked to her with a kind of chaffing earnestness about everything she did, as if he had been her intimate friend for years. He proposed wild excursions to the sights of the district which they were to make alone in the teeth of all propriety, and she did not say 'No.' She had even accepted his invitation to accompany him one fine moonlight when he had to drive five miles to see a patient. Of course the plea was that it would be such a splendid thing to watch the effect of the moonlight amongst the trees as they drove through the Earl's Park. The Doctor was not at home, and Mrs. Humphreys was too feeble a person to make any strong objection to the plan, although she did not like it. Besides, Madge had once said to her that she felt quite competent to take care of herself.

Aylmer was very particular about the rugs, very anxious to see that she was sufficiently wrapped, and that her pretty feet should be kept warm. She accepted his attention as a matter of course, only requiring the one word 'thanks' in return. They started, and they were very merry on the way, and he at any rate saw very little of the beautiful moonlight effects amongst the trees in the Earl's Park. More than once he had been tempted to kiss her when she turned to him with those soft yearning eyes, as if wondering at some of his absurd sayings; but there was always that serious reserve in her manner which he respected in spite of his way of becoming familiar with everybody in half-an-hour to the extent of using the Christian name. Perhaps some thoughts of his own position, also, restrained him from making deliberate proposals.

She was the daughter of an old schoolmate and friend of Dr. Humphreys. Her father had died recently, leaving her a small annuity of fifty pounds a year. Her mother had died when Madge was only ten years old. Now she had come to stay at Dr. Humphreys' house until her future course should be decided upon. She had often lived with the Humphreys before, when their son Jack had been at home.

John Aylmer had received his degree of M.B. at the Edinburgh University, and for a year he had been acting as the assistant of Dr. Humphreys—the oldest established and principal medical man in Dunthorpe. Aylmer lived in the house, and his merry spirits soon made him a welcome addition to the family. The jovial old Doctor found in him not only an active assistant, but almost a substitute for the son who *should* have been with him. Except in the few quiet curtain hours allowed to the busy country practitioner, Dr. Humphreys never spoke of the absent son; but his absence had made a deeper scar on the old man's heart than anyone who saw his ruddy, genial countenance would have imagined.

Aylmer was the son of a widow, who had been a patient of Dr. Humphreys, and he was made welcome. The young man's bright and kindly nature not only won the affection of the Doctor and his wife, but obtained the esteem of the patients to such a degree that they never grumbled when the

assistant appeared instead of the principal.

He was a robust, cheery follow who at once became an authority amongst the local cricket clubs, and as soon as his play had been witnessed each club competed eagerly to make him a member. He was fond of a gun, and never lost an opportunity that was offered him to use one, no matter what the game might be. He often wished to get off to the jungles of India in order that he might feel what real sport was —sport in which there was danger to the sportsman as well as to his quarry. But he turned away from the thought of leaving England, because his mother would be left alone. She had struggled hard enough to make a small income meet the expenses of his education for the profession to which he was devoted with the enthusiasm that makes many men sacrifice their lives to their work.

When a child and standing by the death-bed of his father, watching the physician who was powerless to save the life so dear to his mother, he made up his mind to be a 'doctor.' And the source of his inspiration was the hope of being able to do something to save life. That idea never left him, although, as he grew up, his mirthfulness often blinded people to the noble impulse which had guided him in his choice of a profession.

He had been all along aware of the struggle his mother had made on his behalf, and there had been many a bitter day of regret that he had been the cause of so much sacrifice. But the thought quickened his energies. Then came the happy day on which he passed his examination with honour, and from that moment his whole ambition was to repay his mother for all that she had done by providing ease, and if possible luxury, for her declining days. Therefore he had resolved never to marry.

But now—'Madge, Madge, Madge' was the burden of his thoughts, and his step became quicker when he walked, with that sweet face and the sad eyes haunting him.

Occasionally he would pull himself up, and speak as if he were addressing a love-sick friend.

'This is nonsense. You know you can't marry her—at any rate you couldn't do so for a good many years, and she might get tired of waiting.' (Even to himself he qualified the statement 'you can't marry her.') 'No, no, my lad, you must think about other things and keep out of her way. It's all very well to make love in fun, but this is beginning to be love in earnest. I won't go near her to-day until dinner-time.'

With which brave resolve he marched on as if strong ropes could not draw him from it. But he happened to turn his head towards the meadow, and he saw Miss Richardson walking slowly down the footpath towards the river.

He instantly altered his own course, and followed her hastily. A lover's consistency!

'I am glad to see you out this splendid afternoon,' he said, as he approached.

There was a kind of startled expression in her eyes as if she had been caught doing something wrong.

'Oh, Mr. Aylmer! I thought you were at the other end of the village.'

'So I was, but I have been called to the blacksmith's.'

'Then why don't you go?'

'I would like to walk as far as the river with you first.'

'And I would rather you went to the blacksmith's first. Duty before pleasure, you know.'

And she meant it: he saw that she did, and yet the words were spoken in such a quiet, sweet voice that he loved her all the more.

'Upon my word, Miss Richardson, you are a tyrant, and, I suppose I must give in?'

'If you wish to please me—yes.'

'That settles it—I'm off.'

He retraced his steps hastily to the road, glancing back occasionally to

watch the tall graceful figure walking slowly towards the bridge. Presently he turned into the road and the high hawthorn hedge hid her from his sight.

What a droll girl she was! And what could her solitary meditations be about?

III.

THE drawing-room was lit by the glow of a bright fire, and the last glimmer of the autumn twilight. Far away on the horizon there were still a few streaks of pale gold, bordered by fiery red; hitherward, the sky was rapidly darkening.

Miss Richardson entered the room. She took up the album of photographs, opened it at a place which her fingers seemed to know by instinct. There was a portrait on each page; she removed the one on the right, and put another in its place.

It was the portrait of a tall man, with somewhat soft features so far as they could be seen, for the face was almost covered with bushy whiskers, beard and moustache; and he was dressed in a uniform. The portrait on the left was that of a pale-faced young fellow with only the shadow of hair on his upper lip. The large horseshoe pin in his breast, and the white hat crossed by a riding whip, at once suggested a 'horsey' man. The face of the portrait which Miss Richardson had just inserted indicated some suffering and a general gravity of character.

She left the album open on the little table, which she placed near the head of the couch. Next she lit the gas, took her work-basket, and resumed the knitting of a stocking which had been begun in the morning. She had no taste for fancy work: she liked to be doing something useful, and she was now knitting a pair of thick warm socks to be presented to the Doctor on the anniversary of his birthday, which was drawing near.

Dr. Humphreys got home earlier than usual this evening.

'All alone, Madge,' he said, entering the room, 'and those busy fingers as busy as ever. What is this you are at now?—Socks, and for a man. Who is the lucky fellow?'

'You must not ask just now.'

'I think I can guess.'

'You would deprive me of the pleasure of giving my friend a surprise if you did.'

'Let me whisper—Aylmer?'

And his ruddy face was bent close to hers as he laughingly made this guess.

'Oh, no, you are quite wrong.'

'Well, I won't try again. I am tired, and as it is still half an hour from dinner-time, I'll employ it wisely in taking a rest.'

He went to the couch intending to lie down, but saw the open album and he paused, his eyes fixed on the portrait of the young man with the horseshoe pin. The cheery expression faded from his face, and he sat down, murmuring sorrowfully:

'Five years!'

He rested his elbows on the table and his brow on his clasped hands. Madge's needles moved rapidly, but she did not look up. Presently he said:

'You might play something, Madge.'

She stuck her needle into the sock, rolled up her wool, put away the work-basket and went to the piano. She began her favourite air, 'Hame, hame, hame'—but she had only played a few bars when he stopped her.

'Not that, Madge, not that—something merry, something to make one's feet move, and one's heart light.'

She immediately began the blithesome old English air of 'Now, lasses and lads, take leave of your dads, and away to the maypole hie.' But the merry tune had no better effect upon him than the sad one, for in a few minutes he interrupted her again.

'There is a new photograph here. Whose is it?—Why, surely, it can't be Jack!'

She came to his side.

'Yes, that is Jack, only he has allowed the hair to grow all over his face.'

'But they can't have made him an officer already—I see, he must have got on to the medical staff. Well done, Jack!'

The Doctor rose, and agitatedly walked to the window, looked out on the darkness, and returned to the album.

'He must have sent that to his mother, and the poor old wife takes this way of showing it to me—as if there were any reason to suppose I would not be glad to see it! I wonder if he has written to her?'

He walked up and down, his plump hands clasped at his back, his head bowed.

Madge was relieved of one difficulty—that of explaining how the portrait came there. The other difficulty—how to answer the question had Jack written—she avoided.

'Are you sorry he went away?' she said, softly.

'No, Madge, no—if I may judge from that photograph, the banishment has done him good, although it has caused us much more pain than I care to think about.'

'Suppose he were to come in just now?—what would you say?'

The Doctor halted and lifted up his head: there was a sad firmness in his expression, although his lip trembled.

'I would say to him, Have you kept your promise this time, Jack? Have you lived an honourable life—have you worked?'

'And if he answered Yes—would you believe him?'

The Doctor took off his glasses, wiped them, and when he had replaced them, looked again at the new photograph.

'I don't know,' he said, slowly and as if speaking to himself; 'he deceived me so often, that I came at last to doubt everything he told me. He never knew how hard it was for me to endure that feeling—he never knew how long I endured his extravagances before I allowed it to take possession of me.'

She was silent; he resumed his march up and down the room, with head bowed.

'I never told you how it was he had to go away,' the Doctor went on, and his husky voice showed that he was deeply agitated. 'Whilst he was a student he spent more of his time at horse-races than at his studies. Again and again I had to pay debts for him amounting to sums which I could ill afford, and each time he pledged his word that he would never bet again. He passed his examination fairly well, as I was astonished to learn ——'

'But he was very clever,' she said, quickly.

'I suppose he must have been, or he would never have lived as he did and contrived to pass. I agreed that he should act as my assistant, and implored him to remember the responsibilities he was entering upon, and to shun horse-races and betting as he would shun the devil. . . . He was not a bad lad at bottom, and there were tears in his eyes as he promised to obey me to the letter.'

The Doctor paused, wiped his glasses carefully, and proceeded in a tone that became gradually firm and even stern, whilst she listened calmly, her eyes never moving from his face.

'Things went on well enough for about a year, and on several occasions the lad's knowledge astonished and delighted me. We had a difficult case of a poor woman in the village: she required constant attention, and I trusted Jack to see her whenever I might be absent. One day I had to go to Chelmsford, not expecting to be many hours away, but I gave him special instructions about this case. An urgent message came from her husband begging that the doctor would come at once. Jack sent some medicine back with the answer that he had to catch a train, but that his father

would call as soon as he returned. It was late at night before I reached home; Jack had not been seen all day. I went to the poor woman. She died that night.'

The Doctor wiped his glasses more vigorously than ever.

'But might she have recovered if—if ——'

'If she had been attended to at once? I do not know. At any rate the scandal went abroad that she had died in consequence of the doctor's neglect. The scandal became louder when it was known that the train Jack had been so anxious to catch was to take him to London so that he might start early next morning for the Derby.'

Her eyes drooped for the first time, and she whispered to herself, 'Oh, Jack!'

'He came back two days after with a shamed face and repentant enough, for he had lost a large sum of money. He had received what they call the "straight tip" from Sir Montague Lewis's trainer, and he had been secretly betting heavily on the event. His anxiety to learn the result overcame all prudence, all sense of duty, and all remembrance of his promise to me. The disgrace was too much for me, and it was impossible for him to remain here after such conduct. No one would trust him—even I could not. I was angry, perhaps too angry. I paid his debts, gave him fifty pounds, and told him to go, and I desired him neither to see me nor write to me until he had atoned for the past by working his way to some position of trust and respectability in his profession or anything else. He was sullen, as I thought then, and made no answer. He did not even say he was sorry for the disgrace he had brought upon me. Now, I think his silence was owing to remorse; he felt that there was no excuse for his conduct, and he did not attempt to make one. He went away without speaking, without coming to say good-bye, although I waited for him here—God knows with what an aching heart. Then, when I knew that he had gone, without giving me one sign of regret or repentance, I felt angry—indignant. I heard that he had enlisted under an assumed name, and that was all for five years. . . . Poor lad, poor lad, he was not bad at the bottom.'

He went to the window and now looked out upon utter darkness.

She drew a long breath; there was sadness but no tears in her gentle eyes. She looked down at the photographs, and did not speak. Glancing at him, without raising her head, she could make out that the old man's broad shoulders were moving strangely.

By-and-by he turned towards her again. His face was not so ruddy as usual, neither was his voice so firm.

'Do you know, Madge,' he said, with an attempt to smile so pitiful that it made her breath come quick—'Do you know, I sometimes think that we are often harshest to those whom we love most.'

'Perhaps it is because we expect so much more from them than from others.'

'Maybe,' he answered wearedly. Then he gave himself a shake, like a Newfoundland dog who has just stepped out of the water, and he spoke in something like his ordinary tone. 'We won't talk any more about this; you understand it all now, and talking about it only puts me out. In future let us be silent on this subject. Close the book.'

She did so, and his face seemed to brighten as if the unhappy thoughts were shut out with the photographs.

'I wonder if dinner is ready—I'm hungry.'

IV.

JOHN AYLMER was bold in his advances—in fun; but he was shy to a degree when in earnest. The considerations of his position which had controlled him at first had imper-

ceptibly disappeared, and all his future hopes seemed to circle round the sun-hope of winning Madge. But for the life of him he could not tell her his real feelings. That graceful calmness, that sweet smile which seemed always to welcome him, and seemed always friendly, still seemed to keep him at a long distance from her,

Once he had solemnly taken her hand in his, and, holding it up as if he were disposed to kiss it, he said,

'What a pretty little hand you have got.'

'Yes, sixes fit me easily.'

She always brought him back to the earth with some common-place like that, just when he thought courage and opportunity to speak had been granted to him.

Some outlet for his feelings was necessary; so, as he tramped along the by-paths of the roads, crushing out the pleasant odour of the autumn leaves at every step; he was constantly writing imaginary letters to her.

'May I tell you, Madge (that is the name by which I always think of you —may I use it?); may I tell you, Madge, how you have taken possession of me—heart and soul? May I tell you how amidst all our chaffing I am painfully in earnest? I love you. It is wrong. I have duties to perform; I am poor, and cannot offer you a home at once. It is wrong to ask you to wait, but, oh Madge, my darling!——

'Well, I don't want to go into rhapsodies—if I can help it; but the thought of your hand resting in mine makes me feel as strong as a giant—aye, two giants—and ready to meet any mortal difficulty that might turn up. The thought of losing you, of you going away to somebody else, makes me feel as weak and hopeless as that poor old man in the lower village who is in the last stage of typhoid fever. And——'

But he didn't like that professional simile, and on consideration he began another letter as he tramped onward through the green fields and up to the farm where he had to see a patient.

Dr. Humphreys saw quite well what was going on in the mind of his young colleague. He was sorry to see him take the affair so much to heart, as was apparent to friendly eyes, in spite of his show of mirth. Mrs. Humphreys was nervous and did not like the affair. Then the doctor laughed and said:

'Why, wifie, we married on nothing a year, and it didn't turn out such a miserable business after all.'

Then Mrs. Humphreys looked straight in the eyes of a human being, for once in a way, and smiling, rested her frail faded little hand in his large palm.

'Very well, we'll leave them to settle it between themselves,' said the Doctor, cheerily.

At the foot of the garden there was a substantially built summer-house, in which one was secure against rain, and a large willow which shadowed the entrance afforded considerable protection against wind. The interior was large enough to hold ten or a dozen people, and besides the usual seats at the sides, there was a little table and a wirework rocking-chair. Here, in his few hours of leisure, the Doctor was fond of sitting in the chair, rocking himself slowly, while he read the 'Lancet,' or some new medical work. He used to say that he was as quiet here as if he had 'a lodge in some vast wilderness,' for which he had often pretended to sigh.

Madge, too had discovered that when the sun was shining, the hut was a very pleasant place indeed, in which either to work or to read, even in autumn. She had a fancy for being alone at times, and she found that here she was rarely disturbed. She was not afraid of cold, but she had the practical turn of mind which induced her to take plenty of warm wraps with her when she went out to the hut on these cold days.

There John Aylmer found her at noon on the day after her conversation with the Doctor. The sky was aglow with heat, and misty exhalations were slowly rising from the earth. The trees were beginning to look bare, and brown was the predominant colour of the foliage around; but the bower was covered with ivy, and it presented to the eye a fresh green, sparkling in the sunlight.

She was imitating the Doctor as far as rocking herself to and fro in the wirework chair might be considered an imitation; but the book she had taken out to read lay on her lap unheeded. Dreaming, dreaming, and she saw nothing of the fading leaves and the brilliant colours they displayed all around her, glancing and flashing with strange beauty as the rays of the sun fell upon them.

For a moment she did not see Aylmer as he stood in the doorway.

'May I come in?' he said, laughing at her abstraction.

She started and hastily snatched up her book as if she meant to pretend that she had been reading, but she met his merry eyes, and she laughed with him.

'Certainly, come in, Mr. Aylmer. I was away sweeping cobwebs off the moon—sun, I ought to say, perhaps, at this time of day.'

'Day dreams, and what sort of dreams were they and what about?'

'Very pleasant, and about—nothing.'

'Do you often dream about nothing?'

'Very often,' she answered, with that quiet smile which made her appear to Aylmer angelic, and yet kept him so far away from her.

'I dream, too, but then it is always about something.'

He was still standing in the doorway, and half unconsciously he caught one of the willow branches and broke it off.

'That must be a great satisfaction.'

'What?'

'To dream about something. My dreams are all chaos.'

He glanced at her wistfully and seated himself on the form nearest to the chair, twirling the willow branch between his fingers.

'I have had such a strange dream lately,' he said, nervously; 'it was just like a story—only it did not finish before I wakened. Shall I tell you?'

'If you please.'

He bent towards her and timidly placed his hand upon hers—the one she was resting on the arm of the chair.

She did not withdraw the hand, and he was pleased.

'Well, once upon a time——'

'A very original beginning!' she exclaimed, laughing, and under pretence of clapping her hands withdrawing the one he held.

'But you know a story is no good unless it begins according to the regulations of style and form.'

'Well?'

'Well, once upon a time there was a poor young man. But he was an ambitious young man and he wanted to make his way in the world. He was always repeating to himself the axiom—"What man has done, man may do," and he wanted to do a great deal. He had a mother who had helped him forward by much self-sacrifice, and he wanted to repay her. So he resolved that he would never, never marry under any temptation. But it came to pass that he saw a beautiful princess, and his heart went away from him, and he was no longer master of himself.'

He paused: there was a quiet earnestness in his voice and manner, which became more and more intense as he proceeded.

She rocked herself gently in the chair, a smiling expression as of wonder and amusement on her face, her eyes looking straight into his.

'Well, when he saw the princess?'

'Ah, then he did not know what to do. He reasoned with himself;

he told himself again and again that it was madness to imagine that the beautiful princess would ever cast a look of favonr upon him; he recalled the serious duties he had to perform, the debt he owed to his mother, and he sternly resolved to escape from this folly. But whenever he saw the lady, reason forsook him, and his love made him blind to all consequences. Was it not a mad love?'

'Decidedly: why did not his friends send him to an asylum?'

'He was very cunning—or thought he was, and his friends did not know of his madness. But he did think of putting himself into an asylum or of running away on board a man-of-war just to escape her fascination—fascination which altered the whole course of his life.'

'Was she so very terrible?'

Madge felt her heart beating quick, for she began to understand, although she pretended still to believe that he was only telling a story.

'She was very terrible to him, because of his fear that he could never win her. Night and day her eyes—strange, quiet, tender eyes—her face, her form haunted him. He was often near her always yearning to tell her how he loved her—and yet he dare not.'

Madge gradually ceased rocking the chair, and her smile was slowly giving place to a look of anxiety. She would have been glad to escape if she could have done so without causing him pain.

He suddenly altered his tone from that of earnestness to one of heroic burlesque. But she saw quite clearly that the burlesque was only a very transparent mask.

'One day he found her alone—as it might be here, in this arbour. She was very kind and gracious—just like you—and he could restrain himself no longer. He felt that he must speak or go raving mad. So, he dropped down on his knees just like this—very ridiculous, isn't it?—and he cried, "MADGE, I LOVE YOU."'

She would have sprung back from him, but he had clasped her round the waist and held her in such a passionate grasp that she could not move.

'Mr. Aylmer!' she gasped in a degree of terror for which the circumstances did not seem to account.

He released her instantly, and rose, at the same time picking up the willow branch which had fallen on the floor.

She, too, rose, but quietly, although there was a wild startled look in her eyes.

'I beg your pardon, he said huskily, and somewhat incoherently. 'I did not know—I thought—or rather, I hoped—but that's no matter now. I beg your pardon.'

She was trembling as if with sudden cold; her book had dropped upon the floor. He stooped, and placed it on the table. She seemed to be suffering pain as great as that of Aylmer.

'Forgive *me*,' she said in a low voice, her hands resting, or rather clutching the back of the chair, her eyelids with their long dark lashes screening her eyes.

'Forgive you!' he said sadly: 'I cannot forgive you for being beautiful; cannot forgive you for being the woman who would have made my life complete and happy. There is no forgiveness needed for that. By-and-by I shall think of you as a sweet vision which inspired me with new strength and new courage to dare the worst that I might encounter in the world. Just now!—Oh, Madge, let me tell you what you have been and are to me.'

'No, no!' she cried, excitedly; 'do not speak any more, do not tell me any more. Forgive me, forgive me if I have done anything to mislead you—I am married and my husband lives.'

The ghastly whiteness of his face showed that the pulsation of his heart had stopped for an instant at that confession which killed all hope. He dropped the willow branch on the floor; he bowed in silence, and walked hurriedly away.

V.

MARRIED! . . . He did not care to inquire to whom? or when or where? The one fact was enough for him; and a kind of superstitious horror seized him at the idea that he had fallen headlong in love with the wife of another man! But how was he to know?

He did not blame her. No doubt she had good reasons for concealing her position; and looking back on all her conduct towards him, he at once acquitted her of anything like coquetry. She had never led him on; she had never played any of those tricks which in mere fun women are apt to play in order to enjoy the triumph over the man they have attracted. On the contrary, she had been always severely practical; and he was able to see now the many kindly ways in which she had endeavoured to warn him off.

And he had thought it was just her way, and that when she knew how much he loved her, she would pity him, and, by-and-by, come to love him in return. How he had dreamed about that—how he had hoped!

And now!—

Miss Richardson did not appear at dinner, the excuse being a severe attack of cold and headache.

There was silence at the meal, except when the Doctor, in the course of carving, told one of his old jokes, which he enjoyed more thoroughly than anybody and always laughed as heartily as if he had never heard it before.

Mrs. Humphreys left the table as soon as possible in order to see what she could do for Miss Richardson. The Doctor was eating apple and cheese at the time. Aylmer was cracking a walnut with singular deliberation. In the midst of the operation he suddenly spoke.

'I am going to give you a surprise, Doctor.'

'Don't spoil my digestion, whatever you do,' was the laughing exclamation.

'I hope not. You know that I have always been anxious to see a bit of the world before I settle down to steady practice.'

'Of course, of course—we all have that notion at your age.'

'Well, I have an offer from the P. and O. Company, and I leave here to-morrow.'

The Doctor did look as if this news would interfere with his digestion.

'To-morrow! nonsense: you can't.'

'I must!'

The Doctor peeled his second apple in silence. Then: 'I don't understand this sudden move. Been quarrelling with Madge—eh?

'Oh no! I shall never quarrel with her.'

His unusually grave face and manner puzzled the kindly Doctor.

'It's lucky we are not busy just now, or this would have put me about.'

'I would not have gone so suddenly if you had been busy. But I want to spend a few days with my mother, and I lose the appointment if I don't start in a fortnight.'

'At any rate, you'll stay to drink my health to-morrow night at dinner, and you can take the late train up. Come, now, there's a good fellow,' he added, seeing Aylmer hesitate, 'Don't deny me that favour.'

'I cannot, when you ask me that way.'

'That's right. We'll square accounts in the morning; dinner shall be early, so that we can have as long an evening as possible, and I'll ask Brown to take a turn for me if I happen to be wanted. But is there nothing about Madge in this?'

Again hesitation, and then reluctantly:—'Yes.'

'I thought so; but I see you don't care to explain, and I won't press you, although I suppose the whole thing is, that she has refused you.'

Aylmer nodded.

'I am sorry, for she will make a

capital wife to somebody, and I wish you had got her.'

Aylmer said nothing; he had a secret to keep; but he wondered in a dreamy way what the Doctor would say when he, too, learned that Madge was married. He packed his portmanteau that night, and before breakfast on the following morning he had ordered a trap to be at the door in time to enable him to catch the 9 p.m. train for London.

The party in honour of the Doctor's birthday was to consist simply of the family. Madge was late; Mrs. Humphreys was very nervous. The drawing-room was cold, and the Doctor proposed that they should at once go into the dining-room, where there was a blazing fire. There were only four of the party, but after being a few minutes in the room, the Doctor observed that the table had been laid for five.

'Why, who is our guest?' he said. 'I thought there was to be nobody here but ourselves?'

Mrs. Humphreys fidgeted, looked confused, and was relieved by the opening of the door, and the entrance of Madge, accompanied by the fine-looking fellow the Doctor had seen in the photograph album.

'It's Jack—my son!'

And the old man took him in his arms, with a low muttered—'Thank God!'

'A birthday present,' said Madge, quietly, 'and we ask your forgiveness.'

'For what?'

'For disobeying you and pleasing ourselves,' said Jack calmly; 'she is my wife.'

The Doctor was staggered at this revelation. Aylmer stood by quite calm, but rather pale. Presently the Doctor said, with an emotional gulp: —'God bless you both!—I am glad you have come back, lad.'

Then they sat down to dinner, and the story of Jack's career was told, and the details repeated often. He had not gone away as a soldier, but as one of the medical staff appointed to attend the army in Abyssinia; he had earned distinction in the campaign, and he had won the right to come back, having fulfilled his father's angry demand that he should do something to prove himself capable of work. But before going he had induced Madge to become his wife. They both asked forgiveness, and it was given.

Jack was the hero of the evening; Alymer was very silent, although he tried to appear cheerful. When he spoke, however, they all noticed a curious hesitation in his speech, as if he were trying to keep down something that was rising in his throat. He gave Jack a hearty grasp of the hand, which meant plainly, 'You are a lucky fellow.' He seldom looked at Madge, and when he did speak to her it was with an effort to appear cheerful which was painfully evident to those who understood the position of the two.

The Doctor was happy beyond measure, and his wife was proportionately happy. The reconciliation was complete, and she felt that now her home would be glad indeed.

After dinner, Madge was asked to sing, and she chose the old song, 'Hame, hame, hame;' but there was a lightness in the touch, as if the final couplet was uppermost in her thoughts.

'Yet the sun through the mirk, seems to promise to me,
I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.'

And when the last lingering notes of the pathetic but now pleasant air were hushed, Alymer hastily said 'Good-bye' to all. He took her hand very gently in both his own, and there was a fervent 'God bless you' in his eyes, although he could not speak. In her expression there were respect, regret, and gratitude.

They all stood at the window to watch him as he mounted the gig: he waved his hand, and said again faintly, 'Good-bye.'

As he was driven to the station he

realised the meaning of what he had called Madge's conundrum :—

'There are so many things which we fancy ought to come that do not: and so, we go on in periods of unfinished chords.'

TRAITS AND PORTRAITS OF IRISH BEGGARS.

BY LOUISA MURRAY, STAMFORD, ONT.

IN the early ages of Christianity and till long after the days when St. Francis embraced Poverty as his beloved bride, beggary was far from being looked upon as the disgraceful mode of life it is now considered. The parable of Dives and Lazarus was understood in the most literal sense, and the representatives of Lazarus profited accordingly. It was only natural that when alms-giving was held to be the greatest of virtues and the surest passport into Paradise, the sins and shortcomings of those who gave opportunity for its exercise should be complacently regarded. In the sixteenth century, in the Netherlands, the revolted nobles did not disdain to assume the title of *Les Gueux*, and to carry the beggar's wooden dish as their badge. It is a popular tradition in Scotland that James V., called the King of the Commons, and said to be the author of the ballads of 'The Jolly Beggar' and the 'Gaberlunzie Man,' used to wander among the common people in search of adventures, disguised as a beggar. Similar traditions are to be found in every land. Old ballads tell us that lords and ladies of high degree have concealed themselves beneath the mendicant's tattered garb, and mystical legends teach that those who have charitably entertained beggars have sometimes found them transformed into celestial visitants. The legend of the mysterious beggar, with whom St. Martin divided his cloak, the ballad of 'The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green and his Pretty Daughter Bessie,' the story of that barefooted beggar maid 'more beautiful than day,' whom King Cophetua made his queen, and Tennyson has placed among the immortals of poetry, are well-known examples. Nor is the craft destitute of classical associations. There is the story of Belisarius begging an obolus, and Augustus Cæsar's strange custom of sitting one day in every year at his palace gate in the dress of a mendicant to receive alms from the passers by. Above all, has it not been suggested that Homer was a beggar?

Even in practical and matter-of-fact England, long after the Catholic faith had ceased to be the dominant form of worship there, and the example of the Brethren who wore the cord of St. Francis ceased to give an odour of sanctity to mendicancy, a prestige of mingled piety and romance still lingered round the poor pensioners of charity and commoners of air in the eyes of fanciful and unconventional natures. 'There was a Yorick once,' says Charles Lamb, 'whom it would not have shamed to sit down at the Beggars' Feast, and to have thrown in his benediction, ave, and his mite, too, for a companionable symbol.' What

reader does not know that delightful essay, 'A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars?' Yet who could write about beggars without quoting some of its exquisite bits of humour? 'In tale or history,' says Lamb, 'your beggar is ever your just antipode to your king. . . Rags, which are the reproach of comparative poverty, are the beggar's robes and insignia of his profession, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning. He is the only man who is not obliged to study appearances.'

'He that is down need fear no fall,'

sang John Bunyan, who, it has been surmised, may have had gipsy blood in his veins; and Charles Lamb, though never suspected of any hereditary vagrant taint, dilates in his whimsical and inimitable manner on the freedom from all the cares and responsibilities of respectable people enjoyed by him who takes his stand on the lowest rung of the social ladder, or rather on no rung at all, but on the bare ground. 'The ups and downs of the world concern not him; the price of stock or land affects him not; no man goes to law with him; he is not expected to become bail or surety for any one; no man troubles him with questioning his religion or politics; he is the only free man in the universe. . . There is a dignity springing from the very depth of his desolation, as to be naked is so much nearer to being a man than to go in livery.' And in that vein of playful mockery, which in Lamb so often reminds us of Cervantes, he declares, 'If I were not the independent gentleman I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captive, or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the true greatness and delicacy of my mind, to be a beggar!'

Scotland tolerated beggars much longer than England. Burns, with all his pride and independence, often in his poems and letters adverts to the possibility of his being reduced to beggary in his old age, and seems to think such a fate had its compensations. In his dedication to Gavin Hamilton, he says:—

'And when I downa yoke a naig,
The Lord be thankit I can beg.'

Again, in his 'Epistle to Davie,' he stoically contemplates beggary as the last resource for himself and his brother poet, and contrasting the hardships of such a life with what he chooses to consider its advantages—the free enjoyment of nature, the absence of worldly care, and the certainty that—

'Nae farther we can fa','

makes them turn the scale in its favour. No doubt a certainty that precluded any farther struggle with fortune would have a grim attraction for Burns, harrassed as he continually was with the dread of social defeat and downfall. 'The Jolly Beggars' is his only attempt at dramatic representation, and in it he depicts the vagrant crew whom he had often seen at Poosie Nansie's, in the midst of their reckless revels, with a vigour and vividness which have made some critics consider it the most perfect of all his poems. Walter Scott, who, like Burns, had sympathy with every phase of human nature, looked with no unkindly eye on the 'auld gaberlunzie man,' who was in bondage to no master, and took his alms as a loan which God Himself had undertaken to repay with interest. The genial portrait of Edie Ochiltree sufficiently shows this.

In Goldsmith's exquisite picture of the village preacher, his kindness to the well-remembered beggar and to all the vagrant train, is given a conspicuous place. But Goldsmith was an Irishman, and had some vagrant propensities and experiences of his own, and perhaps it was only as a

concession to the prejudices of the English public, for whom he wrote, that he made his model pastor chide the wanderings with which it is to be feared he sympathised in his heart.

Ireland, almost to the middle of this nineteenth century, was, in truth, a land of beggars. Half the population, at least, were, more or less, mendicants. When the old potatoes had given out, and the new ones had not come in, many of the peasant holders of small lots of land habitually shut up their cabins, and, with their wives and children, turned out to beg for 'a bit and a sup and a night's lodging' from those who were somewhat better off. These poor travellers, as they were called, were regarded with peculiar sympathy, and when the new crop of potatoes was fit to dig they went back to their homes, having lost neither their own respect nor that of their neighbours by their temporary lapse into beggary. Where it was religiously believed that the privations of poverty in this world render lighter the penitential fires of Purgatory in the next, and that the luxuries of wealth, on the contrary, require a prolonged period of expiation, which copious charities are supposed to abridge, alms were asked for without hesitation, and given with cheerful alacrity. 'Poor travellers' made but a small part of the great body of mendicants which overspread the land. It was composed chiefly of the large host of professional beggars, brought up to the trade from infancy, and the crowds of amateurs who, from old age, idleness or infirmity, were constantly swelling its ranks. This great fraternity of unprofitable parasites included every age, from the old crone of 'ninety odd' years to the babe just born, and every degree of rags and wretchedness from those who kept up some remains of decency in their apparel to 'Paddy the Patch' or 'Moll Tatters,' whose garments were little more than bundles of rags fastened with wooden skewers and tied together with ropes of straw; from the rosy, healthy 'slip' of a girl or boy to the old man or woman on crutches, dragging palsied limbs painfully along. In the towns, beggars were always to be seen crowding about public offices, hotels, shops and churches, craving charity from all who passed in or out; and when, as often happened, they became particularly noisy and troublesome, some servants or officials of the place, round which they were congregated, would rush out and, with many threats and great brandishing of cudgels, drive them away—to return again when peace and quietness seemed restored. They followed well-dressed strangers through the streets with impassioned prayers for sixpence, or a penny, or even a ha-penny, to buy milk for a starving babe, or a drop of whiskey to keep the life in some poor fellow down with the fever. Always quick-witted, they varied their begging tactics according to the appearance and manner of those they addressed, trying, when pathos failed to hit on some chord of humour in the victim they had chosen which might open his purse, and mingling tragedy and comedy together in a way that was at once pathetic and grotesque, till the bewildered stranger was driven into throwing a handful of coins among them, and in the scramble and free fight which ensued making his escape into the first place of refuge that presented itself.

Irish beggars, however, were seldom guilty of open robbery or any form of violence. As a rule, they practised the 'theological virtues' of charity, faith, piety and patience; the 'moral virtues' of justice, truth, temperance and prudence were unknown to them. Their vices were born of want, ignorance and idleness; lying and petty pilfering were their greatest offences. Lazy, ragged, filthy, story-telling they undoubtedly were, but decidedly religious in their own way, and with little but what they considered venial sins to trouble their careless consciences.

In the country the beggars always had their old time-honoured patrons, besides being sure of a meal of potatoes and buttermilk at any farm-house or cabin. They hung about wayside inns and public houses all the year round, and in summer gathered at the places visited by tourists and picnic parties, hovering at a respectful distance till luncheon was over, when, if no money was to be had, they would at least get the remnants of the feast. In those days a land-owner who shut his gates against the beggars was looked upon by the common people as worse than a Jew, a Turk, or an infidel. No one, indeed, except some recent English settler, or some travelled Irishman who had learned English ways, ever attempted to outrage public opinion so daringly. And such a churl, whatever his rank and position might be, was always declared to be *no gentleman*, the worst thing an Irish peasant could say of any one who, in his opinion, ought to have deserved the name. 'Sure there must be a dirty drop in his blood, wherever it came from, and them that looked into his pedigree would find it.'

That part of Ireland of which I now write is famous for the beauty of its lakes and glens. It is not very many miles from Dublin, and since the evil days of 'ninety-eight' its people have been noted for their peaceful and industrious character. The large land-owners generally lived on their estates most of the year, but it was not then the fashion for employers to provide their workmen with model cottages, and the labourers usually inhabited miserable hovels, as much out of sight as it was possible for the gentry to keep them. The villages were supposed to be much superior to those seen elsewhere in Ireland. There was a straggling street putting itself forward openly, '*en evidence*,' as it were, containing the dwellings of half a dozen tradesmen and mechanics, a couple of pretty shops, and the inevitable public house, all with slated roofs, white-washed walls, and doors and windows in tolerable repair. This was all that met the eye of the traveller on the public road, but hiding behind in dark nooks, and clustering in stony hollows were groups of wretched mud cabins, roofed with thatch, grown rotten from age and covered with moss and house-leek, walls black and grimy with age and dirt, doors kept in their places by ropes, windows stuffed with rags, and foul-smelling 'kitchen-middens' piled up at every threshold. Here the great bulk of the labouring population, living with their wives and children on tenpence a day, had their abodes, in close proximity to beggars, thieves, poachers, and other lawless inhabitants. It ought to be said that in the country the chapel (all Catholic churches were chapels then) was usually built in some lonely and often wild spot midway between two or three villages. Bare and shabby little buildings they were, without spire or belfry, or anything to mark their sacred character except the plain stone cross above the door. No bell was allowed to ring

'—— the glad summons to the house of God,'

but no such summons was needed. On Sundays and holidays the chapels were always crowded to overflowing, and those who could not find entrance thronged the chapel-yards, kneeling bare-headed among the graves, telling their beads aloud, beating their breasts in penitential contrition, sighing, groaning, even weeping (the men as well as the women), with true Celtic effusion.

Not the least devout of these worshippers were the beggars, and far from being despised or avoided, they were always treated with the utmost kindness and consideration. Wholly supported by private charity, they were the licensed pensioners of the rich, the welcome visitors of the poor. A share of the homely fare on which the farmers and cabin-keepers lived was always at their service, with a seat by the fire in cold weather, and,

if they required it, a lodging for the night. At the kitchen doors of the middle-class gentry they received broken victuals, a few handfuls of meal, or a penny or two to buy snuff and tobacco. The rich landowners and great people of the district distributed meal, potatoes and skim milk once or twice a week to all applicants, and two or three families of the old stock gave alms on a munificent scale, which could hardly have been surpassed in mediæval times.

One house, above all others, was famous for the number of beggars fed daily at its door. It was rather a grand mansion, built in the style of an Italian villa, with pillared porticos and terraces with stone balustrades and stone steps leading down to a garden laid out in formal *parterres*. Behind this modern building was part of a much older one, surrounded by a walled court-yard, in which some pious ancestor, in days gone by, had built covered stone seats for the special purpose of giving rest and shelter to wandering mendicants. Here, every day after the servants' dinner at noon, a plentiful meal was given to all who came for it, and, though sometimes there were almost as many applicants as could get into the yard, not one was ever sent away hungry. In that motley crowd every age and every degree of rags and wretchedness might be seen. Young women with infants in their arms and older children clinging to their skirts, palsied old crones with shaking heads and tottering limbs, old men bent nearly double and supported on crutches, young men with bandaged hand or foot as a reason or an excuse for idleness and beggary. The daughters of the house superintended and assisted the servants in distributing the food, especially the youngest, a fair, fragile creature, with pale, gentle face, as sweet as it was pure, who might well have sat for the portrait of Tennyson's

'Sweet pale Margaret,
Rare pale Margaret.'

Her name, however, was not Margaret, but the sweetest of all names, Mary. By degrees the duty of attending to the beggars' wants was wholly given up to her, and she might daily be seen, winter or summer, sunshine or rain, moving among the crowd of ragged and dirty mendicants, like a ministering angel, taking anxious care that none were overlooked or forgotten, herself carrying dainty morsels to the sick and aged, and feeding the little children with her own fair hands.

This saint-like girl died in the bloom of her youth and delicate beauty, and her funeral was long remembered and talked about in the country. Every poor creature whom she had fed and clothed, and their name was legion, was permitted to follow her to the grave, and many were allowed to see her as she lay in her little white bed, wreathed with pure lilies and spotless white roses, looking even more angelic in death than she had looked in life. Her coffin, covered with a white velvet pall, was carried to the family vault in a lonely old burial-ground at the foot of the mountains, by genuine mourners, not hired ones. No carriages or vehicles of any kind were allowed to break the solemn silence of the long procession on foot which followed the coffin. It was a soft serene November day, with gleams of light breaking through a rainy sky, and the slow, solemn tolling of the death-bell came heavily through the still, damp air, and mingled with the sound of the swollen and turbid mountain river. As the coffin was borne into the graveyard, the rain, which had been threatening to fall all day, came down in a sudden shower. At the same moment the sun broke out, lighting up mountain and glen, resting on the mourners, the coffin, and the open grave, and shining through the falling rain like the glories of heaven brightening the sorrows of earth, while the least superstitious remembered the old world traditional belief, 'Happy is the dead that the rain rains on!'

Every poor woman, including the beggars, was given a white linen hood and handkerchief, and a black cloth cloak; every man a coat and hat, and a linen scarf and hat-band. An unlimited supply of provisions was provided for the guests of every degree. A plentiful repast was served out to the beggars in the courtyard; the tenants and work-people were liberally entertained in the servants' hall; in the reception rooms the most expensive delicacies were laid out for the gentry. Thus it may be said that in the barbarous fashion of the time the whole community feasted over her grave.

Soon after her death, her only brother was killed by a fall from his horse, the poor father and mother, already half broken-hearted by the loss of their sweet saint Mary, never recovered from the shock, and the old place became the property of the sole survivor of the family, a daughter, no longer young. With a weakness not uncommon in lonely and tender-hearted women to whom in youth, love and marriage have never been more than romantic abstractions, she accepted the addresses of a suitor much younger than herself who had been educated in England and had imbibed English ideas and habits. Under his rule old ways were altered, and old customs done away with. The beggars were no longer allowed to enter the courtyard, and the few to whom a weekly pittance was doled out declared they had first to undergo a course of cross-questioning from the new master just as if they had been on their oath before a judge and jury. 'Tell me where you live, my good woman,' he said to old Peggy the Trip, who had come to beg for some money to buy tea for her sick daughter, but who not having any daughter, sick or well, would certainly have spent any money she got on tobacco and whisky. 'Tell me where you live and I'll visit your daughter some time to-day, and see myself what food and medicine she requires.' 'Is it visit her your honour is saying?' cried Peggy. 'Does your honour think a poor crature like me has a house for the quality to be visiting? Troth it is in the bottom of a ditch, or under the warm side of the hedge the likes of us has to make their beds; it's under a shelter of two or three sticks and a wisp of straw my poor calleen is lying this minute.' Then in a muttered aside to a grinning compatriot, 'Visit me, alanna! Faix and he may do that when he can find me. Did Miss Mary, God rest her soul, ever ask me where I lived, and say she was coming to visit me? Not she, indeed, visiting and spying was not her way; she was far above any such meanness. Sure to see such a negur (niggard) reigning in the poor ould master's place is enough to make that blessed saint turn in her grave?'

Another house well known to all the vagrant train was a much smaller and less imposing dwelling, but one that had an old-world charm and a wealth of quiet homely beauty which I have never seen equalled. It was a curiously crooked, straggling, uneven, old building, half hidden among sheltering evergreens, blossoming shrubs, and bright groups of flowers, with all sorts of old fashioned doors and windows peeping out at odd corners from screens of monthly roses, jessamines and passion-flowers, and with all its heterogeneous parts so blended and harmonised by the gentle touches of time as to form an absolutely perfect picture in its way. Its orchards and gardens, in which vegetables, fruits, and flowers, all grew together, had those mingled charms of use and beauty, of orderly culture and graceful wildness, never seen except in 'old and antique' gardens where the labours of man are not obtrusively prominent, but mingling with the luxuriant verdure and bloom which many summer-suns have developed and unfolded seem part of the spontaneous life of nature. Even the boundaries of these gardens seemed naturally or-

dered and assigned: in one place an old red brick wall held together by the fruit trees which clung to it; in another a gnarled and twisted hawthorn hedge; then a high bank or terrace on which old ivy-covered trees grew, hanging their thick branches over the deep ditch below; finally a crystal streamlet running over its pebbly bed. Within these limits were great beds of vegetables and flower-borders filled with all sorts of old-fashioned flowers. There grew magnificent magnum bonum plums, jargonelle pears, black heart and white heart cherries, apples bearing a hundred dear old names now never heard; even peaches and nectarines ripened on the old brick wall. There strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and currants, grew in profuse abundance, and fine old filberts dipped their laden branches into the brook. There was choice of walks, on turf soft as velvet, under the shade of leafy boughs, or on shining sea-sand full in the open sunlight; with rustic seats and bowers in every nook and corner. There were tall rose-trees, red and white, huge clusters of lovely white lilies and great lavender bushes spicily scenting the air. There were rows of straw bee-hives whence stores of rich honey emerged every autumn, and in the long summer days it was pleasant to lie on the warm grass lulled to repose by the ceaseless hum of the bees, as they hurried in and out of the hives, industriously improving the shining hours which the lazy loiterer on the grass was heedlessly wasting. Near the bee-hives stood an ancient grey stone dial which had once displayed on its front a figure of Time with his customary emblems, but Time's own handiwork had long ago broken and destroyed his sculptured image. It was still possible, however to make out the motto round the dial's face, 'Redeme ye Time;' a lesson, as far at least as worldly affairs were concerned, but little heeded under the gentler indulgent *régime* of that happy place where no one ever seemed in a hurry, and every one appeared to have plenty of time to spare.

In an angle of this picturesque old house was a patch of green sward on which one of the doors of the big kitchen opened, to which a well-worn path, branching off from the road to the farm-yard, led, sheltered by the farm-yard wall, over which a maze of Travellers' Joy clambered; it was a warm spot even in winter. In the centre was an old budlea tree in which, when its golden balls were in their glory, the bees buzzed all day long. Beneath this old tree was a circular wooden bench, the undisputed possession of the beggars, and there were few hours of the day in which some of the fraternity were not to be found seated there. Two or three favoured ones always came at the early dinner hour, and received a plentiful supply of fragments from the table; all others were given a measure of meal, a piece of griddle bread, or some remnant of cold meat. The master of the house, a kindly, genial, easy-tempered old man, often passed by the beggars' bench on his way to the farm-yard, and always stopped to say a few words to those whom he considered his poor pensioners. To the children of the house it was an intense delight to steal to the kitchen door and look out at the changing and motley group under the old budlea; still greater to hold grandpapa's hand and listen to his chat with the beggars; and to be allowed to distribute the pennies for snuff and tobacco, which the old gentleman slily slipped out of his pocket and put into their hands, would have been the greatest of all, if it had not been sometimes dashed.

Generally these Irish beggars were merry enough, and without anything frightful in their appearance, but there were some exceptions which could not fail to make a painful impression on a child's mind. Among these was a paralytic old woman whom her son, a strapping young fellow of twenty, carried about on his back wrapped up in

a blanket. Lazy Lanty, as he was called, used to prop up his mother against a warm corner of the wall, and then stretching himself lounge over the bench, and sit down to have a gossip with whoever was there till a comfortable meal was given to the old woman with something to spare which she always managed to stow away in the wallet tied round her waist, mumbling as she did so, "It's for Lanty's supper, poor boy; it's for Lanty's supper." Then Lanty would take up his burden again, and stand quietly for a few minutes, whilst his mother raised her withered, shaking hands, and in a hoarse, quavering, inarticulate voice, which terrified the children as if her words had been curses instead of blessings, prayed for a blessing on the house and its inmates "to the farthest seed, breed, and generation."

Another great trouble to the children was Crazy Biddy who carried her twin children of a year old on her back as Lanty carried his mother. Poor Biddy had gone mad from grief and shame when the father of her children went off to America, refusing to acknowledge her as his wife as he had sworn to do. She was a very young creature, and though the beauty she had once possessed in a remarkable degree was darkened and distorted by her frequent fits of frenzy, its traces were still there, and there was an inexpressible pathos in the hopeless anguish of her eyes. Sometimes on a cold winter's night one of the servants would rush into the parlour, crying out that Crazy Biddy was sitting on the bench outside, raving and screeching like mad, and knocking her babies heads together as if they had been wooden balls. Then the kind old master would hasten out, and the children trembling in the parlour would hear her frantic cries through the open door. "Her babies! God forbid! What had a poor girl without a ring on her finger to do with babies? They were fairy changelings, devil's brats, and not hers. They kept her awake at night crying and wailing, and gave her bad dreams; but she'd knock their brains out that very minute, and see if that wouldn't quiet them." But the master with his gentle voice and soothing words would calm her frenzy by degrees, her ravings would cease, and for that time the fit would be over. Then he would take her into the kitchen, make the servants give some warm new milk to the crying babies, and some bread and hot tea to the shivering mother, and when all were well fed and warmed, and the twins had fallen fast asleep, send them to the barn to lie snug and warm among the bundles of straw till daylight; then, before any one else about the place was up, poor Biddy would take up her babies, and be off on the tramp again. The good old master always declared that though, in her wild fits, Biddy made a pretence of thumping and beating her babes, she would not for the whole world have hurt a hair of their heads, and I have no doubt he was perfectly right. Scarcely any depths of misery or degradation can destroy the mother's instinct in an Irishwoman's heart.

The children's greatest *bête noire*, however, was Paddy the Patch—not called so in the sense of fool, as Shakspeare and his contemporaries applied the word, but because his garments were composed of patches of every sort of stuff, and every shade of colour. He was a large, bony old man with a shambling walk, a hideous red face, and a perfectly bald head. He always had a wisp of straw protruding through the top of his crownless, brimless, hat; his feet were bare, and straw ropes were twisted round his ankles; he carried a heavy cudgel as a crutch, and mumbled and muttered to himself as he shuffled along. The poor old man was imbecile and quite harmless, but the children fled from him as if he had been a veritable ogre.

Some of the beggars were regular itinerants, and only visited their patrons two or three times a year. One

of these, known as Billy the Weaver, was a great favourite with the children, chiefly on account of a magical stick which he carried. The head of this stick was carved into a grotesque likeness of the human face, and when Billy applied his mouth to its protruding lips he brought forth a succession of comical notes which perfectly enchanted the little folk. He went a regular round once or twice a year, and when he came to the hospitable house I have been describing, he was received almost as an old friend, was given a good dinner in the kitchen and a present of sixpence or a shilling when he was going away. He was a tall, erect, handsome old man with finely formed aquiline features, a patriarchal white beard, an eye as keen as a hawk's, and a kindly smile always playing round his mouth. He never asked alms, and was never seen in rags, his wallet divided into many compartments, which he carried with an air of dignity, being the only sign of his profession visible.

Another well-known wanderer was Barney Branigan, a little withered old man, with a small puckered-up comical face, who was famous for his ballads and stories. He too was privileged to enter the kitchen, and the children were allowed to go and listen to his favourite ballad of 'Kilruddery Hunt,' which commemorated a wonderful fox-hunt, long celebrated in the district. I give the first verse as a specimen :—

'In seventeen hundred and fifty and four,
The sixth of November I think 'twas no more,
About five in the morning by most of the clocks,
We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox.'

Afterwards some kind patron made Barney a present of bagpipes, which he could play very well, and he gave up the *rôle* of mendicant and assumed that of humble bard or minstrel.

A wanderer of a very different species from merry little Barney Branigan was mad Molly Turpin, a poor woman whose husband had been shot at his own door in sight of his young wife, by the soldiers in the terrible year of '98. Maddened with grief and horror, poor Molly had snatched a bayonet from one of the soldiers and wounded him fatally. She was taken to jail, but being found hopelessly insane, though perfectly quiet and harmless, she was released after a term of imprisonment. She had relations who would have supported her, if she would have stayed with them, but she was possessed with an irresistible spirit of restlessness which drove her continually from place to place. When hunger compelled her to seek for food, she entered the first cabin or farm-house she came to, and sitting silently down waited till something to eat was given her. Then she eat ravenously and, when her hunger was satisfied, she got up and went away. She would never take food to carry away, and never accepted money. Clothing, if good and clean, she took willingly, but rejected anything ragged or dirty; and she was always decently clad and scrupulously clean and neat. She never spoke except to answer a question, and always, if possible, limited her answers to monosyllables. She never slept in a house, sheltering herself at night under hay-ricks or straw-stacks in fine weather, and in winter in some old ruin or deserted lime-kiln. She was quite an old woman then, but she had a tall, commanding figure, and an erect and stately bearing, and her dignified carriage and awful face of tragic gloom exactly answered to my childish conception of Lady Macbeth.

The last of my well-remembered beggars was Ally Buy, or Yellow Ally, so called from the colour of her skin, which was really not unlike the hue of a dusky orange. She was said to be upwards of seventy, but was hardy and active, and did not look more than half that age. She came from a part of Ireland where many traces of Spanish blood are to be found in the forms and faces of the people, and in her youth Ally must certainly have looked not unlike a handsome Spanish donna. Even in old age her black eyes were singularly bright and piercing, her fea-

tures of a fine and delicate type, her teeth perfect, her hair black as jet, and so thick and long that when she took out the 'skewers' with which she fastened it up, it fell down almost to the ground in heavy silken masses. Ally, however was not a beggar pure and simple. She sold Wicklow pebbles, which in those days it was the fashion for Irish ladies to wear set in Irish gold. These pebbles were washed up by the tide and were only to be found on the shores of the beautiful Wicklow Bay. Early in fine summer mornings she might be seen coming back from her pebble-hunting expeditions along the shores, her long black locks loosened by the wind and streaming from under the red handerchief she wore on her head, her scanty grey cloak and green petticoat, old and patched but never ragged, fluttering in the breeze. There were other pebble-hunters besides Ally, but no one was ever able to be on the shore before her, and no one was so successful in finding the pebbles that were most prized. Yet she often had to experience the truth of the proverbs, 'There is many a slip between cup and lip,' and 'All is not gold that glitters.' Not seldom when her fingers had almost grasped a pebble, looking exquisitely bright and beautiful under the wash of the tide, a wave would suddenly interpose and bear the coveted treasure out to sea again, or bury it in the shifting sands. At other times—when she had discovered, as she thought, a perfect gem lying wet and glistening on the sands, over which the little wavelets left by the receding tide rippled gently—it would turn out that when it was taken away from the glamour of its surrounding it was only a dull commonplace stone, its beauty and brightness all vanishing as it dried in her hand. Indeed, all the pebbles, when taken from their surroundings of glittering sand and shimmering water, seemed to suffer an earth-change much for the worse, and never again displayed the brilliant hues with which they had gleamed beneath the crystal wave. This vanished sea-splendour Ally attempted to revive by rubbing them with some mixture of oil and sweet herbs compounded by herself, and many an hour she spent seated under a clump of magnificent ash trees which grew by the roadside just in front of a certain inn somewhat widely known in its day, anointing and polishing her pebbles, and arranging them for sale in an old willow-patterned saucer, which she covered with a greasy rag. This old inn from time immemorial had been a favourite honeymoon resort for Dublin brides and bridegrooms. It was surrounded by woodland glades and green lanes to stroll in; it had a charming old garden, and a river running under the garden wall, where skiffs were moored, in which, on moonlit nights, boating excursions might be made. Situated in the midst of scenery of great natural beauty, old ruins full of historic and legendary interest, and mountains, lakes, and glens, famous in story and song, the Bridge Inn was constantly visited by tourists in search of the picturesque, poets and artists seeking for inspiration, and other genuine or assumed lovers of nature. It could boast of having entertained, besides all the rank and fashion of Dublin, many celebrities small and great—Daniel O'Connell and Sir Robert Peel, Lady Morgan and Archbishop Whately, Tom Moore and Edward Lytton Bulwer, and even, once upon a time, Sir Walter Scott. It need scarcely be said that such a place attracted all the beggars within reach, and there was always a group collected around the old ash trees. At one time, indeed, the whimsical benevolence of a gentleman, who for several successive years spent a few weeks there every summer, drew extraordinary crowds of mendicants to the place. Every Monday morning, precisely at eight o'clock, he gave sevenpence to every beggar, including the smallest child, who was in waiting under the old ash

trees. Exactly as the eight-day clock in the hall of the inn struck the appointed hour, Mr. W., a portly, jolly-looking old gentleman, not unlike Mr. Pickwick, leaning on a gold-headed cane and carrying a canvas bag filled with pence, came out through the hall door, crossed the road, and, walking round the circle of assembled beggars, sometimes numbering more than a hundred, gave seven pennies to each, and then, in the midst of an almost deafening chorus of prayers and blessings, walked calmly back and re-entered the inn.

Of course old Ally was one of the recipients of Mr. W.'s bounty. The inn was always her best market, and she frequently found liberal customers among its guests. She has been known to sell all the contents of her saucer to the occupants of a carriage while the horses were being changed, and the highest price she ever obtained for a pebble was given her by a celebrated writer on political economy, after he had spent a quarter of an hour lecturing the beggars sitting under the trees on the sin and shame of idleness and beggary. I don't think she had ever kissed the blarney-stone, but she could coax and wheedle and flatter to any extent, and she magnified the beauty and worth of her wares with true Irish fluency and exaggeration; but she was never noisy or troublesome, and no provocation could make her uncivil. Brides and bridegrooms were her chief victims. She would waylay them coming back from a quiet walk, and hold out her saucer of pebbles with an air of mingled mystery and importance. 'Good evening, my lord; good evening, my lady—may the good God in heaven bless your lovely face! Sure, you've heard tell of the pebbles that's found on the sea shore here, and no where else in the wide world; in course you have, and here's some of the beautifulest ones that ever lay under the waves; many's the drowning I get going after them in the swish swash of the tide. Look at these two darlings, my lady; they're just as even matches as your own two beautiful eyes. Look at the little bits of moss growing under the clear crystal, and isn't one stone the very pattern of the other. Them's mocos'—(mochas)—'rale mocos, the best I ever had—I found the two of them lying side by side this morning. I did, indeed, as sure as I'm a living sinner; and your ladyship's pretty blue eyes is the first ever looked at them, except my own old ones. Now, your honour, wouldn't they make an elegant pair of bracelets set in Irish gold for her ladyship's lovely white arms? Is it the price you're asking? Sure I got half a crown apiece last week for a pair that wasn't fit to hold a candle to these from a gentleman that was buying them for a young lady he was going to be married to. Will I take three shillings apiece? Indeed will I, and thank you, too. A beautiful pair of stones they are; as long as I've been pebble-gathering, I never saw their fellows. God send her ladyship health and long life to wear them, and your honour the same to see her do it. Now, my lord and my lady, just look at the rest of my little collection. Sure, a glance from her ladyship's bright eyes will give me luck with them. See here now—this is a cat's eye; they do say there's great vartue in a cat's eye. That's a a wine-stone, your honour; the very colour of red wine. This is a cinnamon-stone; a brown cinnamon. Here's a red cunalian'—(carnelian),—'and here's a white one, and here's a green jasper. This is a maggot'—(agate)—'a striped and banded maggot. Is it where did I learn the names? Sure it was a young gentleman from Trinity College, that was staying down here for the sake of his health, that learned me. He was very knowledgeable about all kinds of stones, and a power of pleasure he took in my pebbles, and a nice young man he was, and a born gentleman. That one your honour's looking at is a blood-stone, look at the

red veins running through the green. I sold the very ditto of that to the great Dan O'Connell to make a seal ring. Oh! many a great man and grand lady has bought my pebbles; even the Lord-Lieutenant himself, when he stopped here on his way to Lord Wicklow's place. It was a bloodstone he bought, too, and sure if your honour likes to take that one I'll let you have it at your own price.'

Poor old Ally; a humbug, no doubt, and with little regard for truth, but not without her good points; always cheerful, patient and hopeful, always kind and helpful to the poor, among whom she lived and whose burdens she faithfully shared. She would walk miles to beg 'a drawing of tea' and 'a drop of whiskey' for a sick neighbour, or 'a bit of white bread and a sup of new milk' for a motherless baby, and she would give her last penny to any poor creature who wanted it worse than she did herself. Peace to thy shade, old Ally, and the shades of thy vagabond compeers, tragic and comic; forever in my memory blended inextricably with scenes of romantic beauty, with kind, loving friends, and the happy days of childhood.

BY MY FIRESIDE.

BY FRANCES J. MOORE, LONDON.

AS I sit alone by my fireside—
Sad thoughts come home to me;
Thoughts of those I have known and loved—
The loved I cannot see.
I still am here, but they are gone—
As the fairest flowers will go—
The flowers we tend with loving hands
And watch them bud and blow.
Ah, loved and lost! at eventide,
I think of you all—by my fireside.

Then, as the embers flicker and fade,
And anon the bright flames start—
It seems as if they've a story to tell,
The story that lies in my heart.
Time heals our griefs, for God is good,
But the memories linger yet,
And though fresh joys may come to us,
Our hearts cannot forget.
Ah, loved and lost! at eventide,
I think of you all—by my fireside.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XII.

IN an interval of no more than three weeks, what events may not present themselves? what changes may not take place? Behold Amelius, on the first drizzling day of November, established in respectable lodgings, at a moderate weekly rent. He stands before his small fireside, and warms his back with an Englishman's severe sense of enjoyment. The cheap looking-glass on the mantelpiece reflects the head and shoulders of a new Amelius. His habits are changed; his social position is in course of development. Already, he is a strict economist. Before long, he expects to become a married man.

It is good to be economical; it is (perhaps) better still to be the accepted husband of a handsome young woman. But, for all that, a man in a state of moral improvement, with prospects which his less-favoured fellow-creatures may reasonably envy, is still a man subject to the mischievous mercy of circumstances, and capable of feeling it keenly. The face of the new Amelius wore an expression of anxiety, and, more remarkable yet, the temper of the new Amelius was out of order.

For the first time in his life, he found himself considering trivial questions of sixpences, and small favours of discount for cash payments —an irritating state of things in itself. There were more serious anxieties, however, to trouble him than these. He had no reason to complain of the beloved object herself. Not twelve hours since, he had said to Regina (with a voice that faltered, and a heart that beat wildly), 'Are you fond enough of me to let me marry you?' And she had answered placidly (with a heart that would have satisfied the most exacting stethoscope in the medical profession), 'Yes, if you like.' There was a moment of rapture, when she submitted for the first time to be kissed, and when she consented (on being gently reminded that it was expected of her) to return the kiss— once, and no more. But there was also an attendant train of serious considerations, which followed on the heels of Amelius when the kissing was over, and when he had said Goodbye for the day.

He had two women for enemies, both resolutely against him in the matter of his marriage.

Regina's correspondent and bosom-friend, Cecilia, who had begun by disliking him (without knowing why), persisted in maintaining her unfavourable opinion of the new friend of the Farnabys. She was a young married woman; and she had an influence over Regina which promised, when the fit opportunity came, to make itself felt. The second, and by far the more powerful hostile influence, was the influence of Mrs. Farnaby. Nothing could exceed the half-sisterly, half-motherly, good-will with which she received Amelius on those rare occasions when they happened to meet, unembarrassed by the presence of a third person in the room. Without actually reverting to what had passed between them during their memorable interview, Mrs. Farnaby asked questions, plainly showing that the forlorn

hope which she associated with Amelius was a hope still firmly rooted in her mind. 'Have you been much about London lately?' 'Have you met with any girls who have taken your fancy?' 'Are you getting tired of staying in the same place, and are you going to travel soon?' Inquiries such as these she was, sooner or later, sure to make when they were alone. But, if Regina happened to enter the room, or if Amelius contrived to find his way to her in some other part of the house, Mrs. Farnaby deliberately shortened the interview and silenced the lovers—still as resolute as ever to keep Amelius exposed to the adventurous freedom of a bachelor's life. For the last week, his only opportunities of speaking to Regina had been obtained for him secretly by the well-rewarded devotion of her maid. And he had now the prospect before him of asking Mr. Farnaby for the hand of his adopted daughter, with the certainty of the influence of two women being used against him—even if he succeeded in obtaining a favourable reception for his proposal from the master of the house.

Under such circumstances as these—alone, on a rainy November day, in a lodging on the dreary eastward side of Tottenham-court-road—even Amelius bore the aspect of a melancholy man. He was angry with his cigar because it refused to light freely. He was angry with the poor deaf servant-of-all-work, who entered the room, after one thumping knock at the door, and made, in muffled tones, the barbarous announcement, 'Here's somebody a wantin' to see yer.'

'Who the devil is Somebody?' Amelius shouted.

'Somebody is a citizen of the United States,' answered Rufus, quietly entering the room. 'And he's sorry to find Claude A. Goldenheart's temperature at biling-point already.'

He had not altered in the slightest degree, since he had left the steamship at Queenston. Irish hospitality had not fattened him; the change from sea to land had not suggested to him the slightest alteration in his dress. He still wore the huge felt hat in which he had first presented himself to notice on the deck of the vessel. The maid-of-all-work raised her eyes to the face of the long, lean stranger, overshadowed by the broad-brimmed hat, in reverent amazement. 'My love to you, miss,' said Rufus, with his customary grave cordiality. '*I'll* shut the door.' Having dismissed the maid with that gentle hint, he shook hands heartily with Amelius. 'Well, I call this a juicy morning,' he said, just as if they had met at the cabin breakfast-table as usual.

For the moment at least, Amelius brightened at the sight of his fellow-traveller. 'I am really glad to see you,' he said. 'It's lonely in these new quarters, before one gets used to them.'

Rufus relieved himself of his hat and greatcoat, and silently looked about the room. 'I'm big in the bones,' he remarked, surveying the rickety lodging-house furniture with some suspicion; 'and I'm a trifle heavier than I look. I sha'n't break one of these chairs if I sit down on it, shall I?' Passing round the table (littered with books and letters) in search of the nearest chair, he accidentally brushed against a sheet of paper with writing on it. 'Memorandum of friends in London, to be informed of my change of address,' he read; looking at the paper as he picked it up, with the friendly feeling that characterised him. 'You have made pretty good use of your time, my son, since I took my leave of you in Queenston harbour. I call this a reasonable long list of acquaintances made by a young stranger in London.'

'I met with an old friend of my family, at the hotel,' Amelius explained. 'He was a great loss to my poor father, when he got an appointment in India; and, now he has returned, he has been equally kind to

me. I am indebted to his introduction for most of the names on that list.'

'Yes?' said Rufus, in the interrogative tone of a man who was waiting to hear more. 'I'm listening, though I may not look like it. Git along.'

Amelius looked at his visitor, wondering in what precise direction he was to 'git along.'

'I'm no friend to partial information,' Rufus proceeded; 'I like to round it off complete, as it were, in my own mind. There are names on this list that you haven't accounted for yet. Who provided you, sir, with the balance of your new friends?'

Amelius answered, not very willingly, 'I met them at Mr. Farnaby's house.'

Rufus looked up from the list with the air of a man surprised by disagreeable information and unwilling to receive it too readily. 'How?' he exclaimed, using the old English equivalent (often heard in America) for the modern 'What?'

'I met them at Mr. Farnaby's,' Amelius repeated.

'Did you happen to receive a letter of my writing, dated Dublin?' Rufus asked.

'Yes.'

'Do you set any particular value on my advice?'

'Certainly!'

'And you cultivate social relations with Farnaby and family, notwithstanding?'

'I have motives for being friendly with them, which—which I haven't had time to explain to you yet.'

Rufus stretched out his long legs on the floor, and fixed his shrewd grave eyes steadily on Amelius.

'My friend,' he said quietly, 'in respect of personal appearance and pleasing elasticity of spirits, I find you altered for the worse—I do. It may be Liver or it may be Love. I reckon, now I think of it, you're too young yet for Liver. It's the brown Miss—that's what 'tis. I hate that girl, sir, by instinct.'

'A nice way of talking of a young lady you never saw!' Amelius broke out.

Rufus smiled grimly. 'Go ahead!' he said. 'If you can, get vent in quarrelling with me—go ahead, my son.'

He looked round the room again, with his hands in his pockets, whistling. Descending to the table in due course of time, his quick eye detected a photograph placed on the open writing-desk which Amelius had been using earlier in the day. Before it was possible to stop him, the photograph was in his hand. 'I believe I've got her likeness,' he announced. 'I do assure you I take pleasure in making her acquaintance in this sort of way. Well, now, I declare she's a columnar creature! Yes, sir; I do justice to your native product—your fine fleshy beef-fed English girl. But I tell you this: after a child or two, that sort runs to fat, and you find you have married more of her than you bargained for. To what lengths may you have proceeded, Amelius, with this splendid and spanking person?'

Amelius was just on the verge of taking offence. 'Speak of her respectfully,' he said, 'if you expect me to answer you.'

Rufus stared in astonishment. 'I'm paying her all manner of compliments,' he protested, 'and you're not satisfied yet. My friend, I still find something about you, on this occasion, which reminds me of meat cut against the grain. You're almost nasty—you are! The air of London, I reckon, isn't at all the thing for you. Well, it don't matter to me; I like you. Afloat or ashore I like you. Do you want to know what I should do, in your place, if I found myself steering too nigh to the brown Miss? I should—well, to put it in one word, I should scatter. Where's the harm, I'll ask you, if you try another girl or two, before you make your mind up? I shall be proud to introduce you to our slim and snaky sort at Coolspring. Yes. I mean

what I say; and I'll go back with you across the Pond.' Referring in this disrespectful manner to the Atlantic Ocean, Rufus offered his hand in token of unalterable devotion and good-will.

Who could resist such a man as this? Amelius (always in extremes) wrung his hand, with an impetuous sense of shame. 'I've been sulky,' he said, 'I've been rude, I ought to be ashamed of myself—and I am. There's only one excuse for me, Rufus. I love her with all my heart and soul; and I'm engaged to be married to her. And yet, if you understand my way of putting it, I'm—in short, I'm in a mess.'

With this characteristic preface, he described his position as exactly as he could; having due regard to the necessary reserve on the subject of Mrs. Farnaby. Rufus listened, with the closest attention, from beginning to end; making no attempt to disguise the unfavourable impression which the announcement of the marriage-engagement had made on him. When he spoke next, instead of looking at Amelius as usual, he held his head down, and looked gloomily at his boots.

'Well,' he said, 'you've gone ahead this time, and that's a fact. She didn't raise any difficulties that a man could ride off on—did she?'

'She was all that was sweet and kind!' Amelius answered, with enthusiasm.

'She was all that was sweet and kind,' Rufus absently repeated, still intent on the solid spectacle of his own boots. 'And how about uncle Farnaby? Perhaps he's sweet and kind likewise, or perhaps he cuts up rough? Possible—is it not, sir?'

'I don't know; I haven't spoken to him yet.'

Rufus suddenly looked up. A faint gleam of hope irradiated his long lank face. 'Mercy be praised! there's a last chance for you,' he remarked. 'Uncle Farnaby may say No.'

'It doesn't matter what he says,' Amelius rejoined. 'She's old enough to choose for herself; he can't stop the marriage.'

Rufus lifted one wiry yellow forefinger, in a state of perpendicular protest. 'He cannot stop the marriage,' the sagacious New Englander admitted. 'But he can stop the money, my son. Find out how you stand with him before another day is over your head.'

'I can't go to him this evening,' said Amelius; 'he dines out.'

'Where is he now?'

'At his place of business.'

'Fix him at his place of business. Right away!' cried Rufus, springing with sudden energy to his feet.

'I don't think he would like it,' Amelius objected. 'He's not a very pleasant fellow, anywhere; but he's particularly disagreeable at his place of business.'

Rufus walked to the window, and looked out. The objections to Mr. Farnaby appeared to fail, so far, in interesting him.

'To put it plainly,' Amelius went on, 'there's something about him that I can't endure. And—though he's very civil to me, in his way—I don't think he has ever got over the discovery that I am a Christian Socialist.'

Rufus abruptly turned round from the window, and became attentive again. 'So you told him that—did you?' he said.

'Of course!' Amelius rejoined sharply. 'Do you suppose I am ashamed of the principles in which I have been brought up?'

'You don't care, I reckon, if all the world knows your principles,' persisted Rufus, deliberately leading him on.

'Care?' Amelius reiterated. 'I only wish I had all the world to listen to me. They should hear of my principles, with no bated breath, I promise you!'

There was a pause. Rufus turned back again to the window. 'When Farnaby's at home, where does he

live?' he asked suddenly—still keeping his face towards the street.

Amelius mentioned the address. 'You don't mean that you are going to call there?' he inquired, with some anxiety.

'Well, I reckoned I might catch him before dinner-time. You seem to be sort of feared to speak to him yourself. I'm your friend, Amelius—and I'll speak for you.'

The bare idea of the interview struck Amelius with terror. 'No, no!' he said. 'I'm much obliged to you, Rufus. But, in a matter of this sort, I shouldn't like to transfer the responsibility to my friend. I'll speak to Mr. Farnaby in a day or two.'

Rufus was evidently not satisfied with this. 'I do suppose, now,' he suggested, 'you're not the only man moving in this metropolis who fancies Miss Regina. Query, my son: if you put off Farnaby much longer—' He paused and looked at Amelius. 'Ah,' he said, 'I reckon I needn't enlarge further; there *is* another man. Well, it's the same in my country; I don't know what he does, with You: he always turns up, with Us, just at the time when you least want to see him.'

There *was* another man—an older and a richer man than Amelius; equally assiduous in his attentions to the aunt and to the niece; submissively polite to his favoured young rival. He was the sort of person, in age and in temperament, who would be perfectly capable of advancing his own interests, by means of the hostile influence of Mrs. Farnaby. Who could say what the result might be if, by some unlucky accident, he made the attempt before Amelius had secured for himself the support of the master of the house? In his present condition of nervous irritability, he was ready to believe in any coincidence of the disastrous sort. The wealthy rival was a man of business, a near city neighbour of Mr. Farnaby. They might be together at that moment; and Regina's fidelity to her lover might be put to a harder test than she was prepared to endure. Amelius remembered the gentle conciliatory smile (too gentle by half) with which his placid mistress had received his first kisses—and, without stopping to weigh conclusions, snatched up his hat. 'Wait here for me, Rufus, like a good fellow. I'm off to the stationer's shop.' With those parting words, he hurried out of the room.

Left by himself, Rufus began to rummage the pockets of his frockcoat—a long, loose, and dingy garment which had become friendly and comfortable to him by dint of ancient use. Producing a handful of correspondence, he selected the largest envelope of all; shook out on the table several smaller letters enclosed; picked one out of the number; and read the concluding paragraph only, with the closest attention.

'I enclose letters of introduction to the secretaries of literary institutions in London, and in some of the principal cities of England. If you feel disposed to lecture yourself, or if you can persuade friends and citizens known to you to do so, I believe it may be in your power to advance in this way the interests of our Bureau. Please take notice that the more advanced institutions, which are ready to countenance and welcome free thought in religion, politics, and morals, are marked on the envelopes with a cross in red ink. The envelopes without a mark are addressed to platforms, on which the customary British prejudices remain rampant, and in which the charge for places reaches a higher figure than can be as yet obtained in the sanctuaries of free thought.'

Rufus laid down the letter, and, choosing one among the envelopes marked in red ink, looked at the introduction enclosed. 'If the right sort of invitation reached Amelius from this institution,' he thought, 'the boy would lecture on Christian

Socialism with all his heart and soul. I wonder what the brown Miss and her uncle would say to that?'

He smiled to himself, and put the letter back in the envelope, and considered the subject for a while. Below the odd rough surface, he was a man in ten thousand; no more single-hearted and more affectionate creature ever breathed the breath of life. He had not been understood in his own little circle; there had been a want of sympathy with him, and even a want of knowledge of him, at home. Amelius, popular with everybody, had touched the great heart of this man. He perceived the peril that lay hidden under the strange and lonely position of his fellow-voyager—so innocent in the ways of the world, so young and so easily impressed. His fondness for Amelius, it is hardly too much to say, was the fondness of a father for a son. With a sigh, he shook his head, and gathered up his letters, and put them back in his pockets. 'No, not yet,' he decided. 'The poor boy really loves her; and the girl *may* be good enough to make the happiness of his life.' He got up and walked about the room. Suddenly he stopped, struck by a new idea. 'Why shouldn't I judge for myself?' he thought. 'I've got the address—I reckon I'll look in on them, in a friendly way.'

He sat down at the desk and wrote a line, in the event of Amelius being the first to return to the lodgings: 'Dear Boy,—I don't find her photograph tells me quite so much as I want to know. I have a mind to see the living original. Being your friend, you know, it's only civil to pay my respects to the family. Expect my unbiassed opinion when I come back. Yours, RUFUS.'

Having enclosed and addressed these lines, he took up his greatcoat—and checked himself in the act of putting it on. The brown Miss was a British Miss. A strange New Englander had better be careful of his personal appearance, before he ventured into her presence. Urged by this cautious motive, he approached the looking-glass, and surveyed himself critically.

'I doubt I might be the better,' it occurred to him, 'if I brushed my hair, and smelt a little of perfume. Yes. I'll make a toilet. Where's the boy's bedroom, I wonder?'

He observed a second door in the sitting-room, and opened it at hazard. Fortune had befriended him, so far: he found himself in his young friend's bedchamber.

The toilet-table of Amelius, simple as it was, had its mysteries for Rufus. He was at a loss among the perfumes. They were all contained in a modest little dressing-case, without labels of any sort to describe the contents of the pots and bottles. He examined them one after another, and stopped at some recently invented French shaving-cream. 'It smells lovely,' he said, assuming it to be some rare pomatum. 'Just what I want, it seems, for my head.' He rubbed the shaving-cream into his bristly iron-gray hair, until his arms ached. When he had next sprinkled his handkerchief and himself profusely, first with rose-water and then (to make quite sure) with eau-de-cologne used as a climax, he felt that he was in a position to appeal agreeably to the senses of the softer sex. In five minutes more he was on his way to Mr. Farnaby's private residence.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE rain that had begun with the morning still poured on steadily in the afternoon. After one look out of the window, Regina decided on passing the rest of the day luxuriously, in the company of a novel, by her own fireside. With her feet on the fender, and her head on the soft cushion of her favourite easy-chair, she opened the book. Having read the first chapter and part of the second, she was just lazily turning over the leaves, in

search of a love-scene—when her languid interest in the novel was suddenly diverted to an incident in real life. The sitting-room door was gently opened, and her maid appeared in a state of modest confusion.

'If you please, miss, here's a strange gentleman who comes from Mr. Goldenheart; he wishes particularly to say ——'

She paused and looked behind her. A faint and curious smell of mingled soap and scent entered the room, followed closely by a tall, calm, shabbily-dressed man, who laid a wiry yellow hand on the maid's shoulder, and stopped her effectually before she could say a word more.

'Don't you think of troubling yourself to get through with it, my dear; I'm here, and I'll finish for you.' Addressing the maid in these encouraging terms, the stranger advanced to Regina, and actually attempted to shake hands with her! Regina rose—and looked at him. It was a look that ought to have daunted the boldest man living: it produced no sort of effect on *this* man. He still held out his hand; his lean face broadened with a pleasant smile. 'My name is Rufus Dingwell,' he said. 'I come from Coolspring, Mass.; and Amelius is my introduction to yourself and family.' Regina silently acknowledged this information by a frigid bow, and addressed herself to the maid, waiting at the door—'Don't leave the room, Phœbe.' Rufus, inwardly wondering what Phœbe was wanted for, proceeded to express the cordial sentiments proper to the occasion. 'I have heard about you, miss; and I take pleasure in making your acquaintance.' The unwritten laws of politeness obliged Regina to say something. 'I have not heard Mr. Goldenheart mention your name,' she remarked. 'Are you an old friend of his?' Rufus explained with genial alacrity. 'We crossed the pond together, miss. I like the boy; he's bright and spry; he refreshes me—he does. We go ahead with most things in my country; and friendship's one of them. How *do* you find yourself? Won't you shake hands?' He took her hand, without waiting to be repelled this time, and shook it with the heartiest good-will. Regina shuddered faintly: she summoned assistance in case of further familiarity. 'Phœbe, tell my aunt.'

Rufus added a message on his own account. 'And say this, my dear. I sincerely desire to make the acquaintance of Miss Regina's aunt, and of any other members of the family circle.'

Phœbe left the room, smiling. Such an amusing visitor as this was a rare person in Mr. Farnaby's house. Rufus looked after her, with unconcealed approval. The maid appeared to be more to his taste than the mistress. 'Well, that's a pretty creature, I do declare,' he said to Regina. 'Reminds me of our American girls—slim in the waist, and carries her head nicely. How old may she be, now?'

Regina expressed her opinion of this familiar question by pointing, with silent dignity, to a chair.

'Thank you, miss; not that one,' said Rufus. 'You see I'm long in the legs, and if I once got down as low as that, I reckon I should have to restore the balance by putting my feet up on the grate. And that's not manners in Great Britain—and quite right too.'

He picked out the highest chair he could find, and admired the workmanship as he drew it up to the fireplace. 'Most sumptuous and elegant,' he said. 'The style of the *Renay*sance, as they call it.' Regina observed with dismay that he had not got his hat in his hand like other visitors. He had left it, no doubt in the hall; he looked as if he had dropped in to spend the day, and stay to dinner.

'Well, miss, I've seen your photograph,' he resumed; 'and I don't much approve of it, now I see You. My sentiments are not altogether favourable to that art. I delivered a lecture on photographic portraiture at Coolspring; and I described it briefly as

justice without mercy. The audience took the idea; they larfed, they did. Larfin' reminds me of Amelius. Do you object to his being a Christian Socialist, miss?'

The young lady's look, when she answered the question, was not lost on Rufus. He registered it, mentally, in case of need. 'Amelius will soon get over all that nonsense,' she said, 'when he has been a little longer in London.'

'Possible,' Rufus admitted. 'The boy is fond of you. Yes! he loves you. I have noticed him, and I can certify to that. I may also remark that he wants a deal of love in return. No doubt, miss, you have observed that circumstance yourself?'

Regina resented this last inquiry as an outrage on propriety. 'What next will he say?' she thought to herself. 'I must put this presuming man in his proper place.' She darted another annihilating look at him, as she spoke in her turn. 'May I ask, Mr. —Mr.?'

'Dingwell,' said Rufus, prompting her.

'May I ask, Mr. Dingwell, if you have favoured me by calling here at the request of Mr. Goldenheart?'

Genial and simple-minded as he was, eagerly as he desired to appreciate at her full value the young lady who was one day to be the wife of Amelius, Rufus felt the tone in which those words were spoken. It was not easy to stimulate his modest sense of what was fairly due to him into asserting itself; but the cold distrust, the deliberate distance of Regina's manner, exhausted the long-suffering indulgence of this singularly patient man. 'The Lord, in his mercy, preserve Amelius from marrying You,' he thought, as he rose from his chair, and advanced with a certain simple dignity to take leave of her.

'It did not occur to me, miss, to pay my respects to you, till Amelius and I had parted compan.;' he said. 'Please to excuse me. I should have been welcome, in my country, with no better introduction than being (as I may say) his friend and well-wisher. If I have made a mistake ——'

He stopped. Regina had suddenly changed colour. Instead of looking at him, she was looking over his shoulder, apparently at something behind him. He turned to see what it was. A lady, short and stout, with strange wild sorrowful eyes, had noiselessly entered the room while he was speaking: she was waiting, as it seemed, until he had finished what he had to say. When they confronted each other, she moved to meet him, with a firm heavy step, and with her hand held out in token of welcome.

'You may feel equally sure, sir, of a friendly reception here,' she said in her steady self-possessed way. 'I am this young lady's aunt; and I am glad to see the friend of Amelius in my house.' Before Rufus could answer, she turned to Regina. 'I waited,' she went on, 'to give you an opportunity of explaining yourself to this gentleman. I am afraid he has mistaken your coldness of manner for intentional rudeness.'

The colour rushed back into Regina's face—she vibrated for a moment between anger and tears. But the better nature in her broke its way through the constitutional shyness and restraint which habitually kept it down. 'I meant no harm, sir,' she said, raising her large beautiful eyes submissively to Rufus; 'I am not used to receiving strangers. And you did ask me some very strange questions!' she added, with a sudden burst of self-assertion. 'Strangers are not in the habit of saying such things in England.' She looked at Mrs. Farnaby, listening with impenetrable composure, and stopped in confusion. Her aunt would not scruple to speak to the stranger about Amelius in her presence—there was no knowing what she might not have to endure. She turned again to Rufus. 'Excuse me,' she said, 'if I leave you with my aunt —I have an engagement.' With that

trivial apology, she made her escape from the room.

'She has no engagement,' Mrs. Farnaby briefly remarked as the door closed. 'Sit down, sir.'

For once, even Rufus was not at his ease. 'I can hit it off, ma'am, with most people,' he said. 'I wonder what I've done to offend your niece?'

'My niece (with many good qualities) is a narrow-minded young woman,' Mrs. Farnaby explained. 'You are not like the men she is accustomed to see. She doesn't understand you—you are not a commonplace gentleman. For instance,' Mrs. Farnaby continued, with the matter-of-fact gravity of a woman innately inaccessible to a sense of humour, 'you have got something strange on your hair. It seems to be melting, and it smells like soap. No: it's no use taking out your handkerchief—your handkerchief won't mop it up. I'll get a towel.' She opened an inner door, which disclosed a little passage, and a bath-room beyond it. 'I'm the strongest person in the house,' she resumed, returning with a towel in her hand, as gravely as ever. 'Sit still, and don't make apologies. If any of us can rub you dry, I'm the woman.' She set to work with the towel, as if she had been Rufus's mother, making him presentable in the days of his boyhood. Giddy under the violence of the rubbing; staggered by the contrast between the cold reception accorded to him by the niece, and the more than friendly welcome offered by the aunt, Rufus submitted to circumstances in docile and silent bewilderment. 'There; you'll do till you get home—nobody can laugh at you now,' Mrs. Farnaby, announced. 'You're an absent-minded man, I suppose? You wanted to wash your head, and you forgot the warm water and the towel. Was that how it happened, sir!'

'I thank you with all my heart, ma'am—I took it for pomatum,' Rufus answered. 'Would you object to shaking hands again? This hearty welcome of yours reminds me, I do assure you, of home. Since I left New England I've never met with the like of you. I do suppose now it was my hair that set Miss Regina's back up? I'm not quite easy in my mind, ma'am, about your niece. I'm sort of feared of what she may say of me to Amelius—I meant no harm, Lord knows.'

The secret of Mrs. Farnaby's extraordinary alacrity in the use of the towel began slowly to show itself now. The tone of her American guest had already become the friendly and familiar tone which it had been her object to establish. With a little management, he might be made an invaluable ally in the great work of hindering the marriage of Amelius.

'You are very fond of your young friend?' she began quietly.

'That is so, ma'am.'

'And he has told you that he has taken a liking to my niece?'

'And shown me her likeness,' Rufus added.

'And shown you her likeness. And you thought you would come here, and see for yourself what sort of girl she was?'

'Naturally,' Rufus admitted.

Mrs. Farnaby revealed, without further hesitation, the object that she had in view. 'Amelius is little more than a lad still,' she said. 'He has got all his life before him. It would be a sad thing, if he married a girl who didn't make him happy.' She turned in her chair, and pointed to the door by which Regina had left them. 'Between ourselves,' she resumed, dropping her voice to a whisper, 'do you believe my niece will make him happy?'

Rufus hesitated.

'I'm above family prejudices,' Mrs. Farnaby proceeded. 'You needn't be afraid of offending me. Speak out.'

Rufus would have spoken out to any other woman in the universe. *This* woman had preserved him from ridicule—*this* woman had rubbed his head dry. He prevaricated.

'I don't suppose I understand the ladies in this country,' he said.

But Mrs. Farnaby was not to be trifled with. 'If Amelius was your son, and if he asked you to consent to his marriage with my niece,' she rejoined, 'would you say Yes?'

This was too much for Rufus. 'Not if he went down on both his knees to ask me,' he answered.

Mrs Farnaby was satisfied at last, and owned it without reserve. 'My own opinion,' she said, 'exactly expressed! Don't be surprised! Didn't I tell you I had no family prejudices? Do you know if he has spoken to my husband, yet?'

Rufus looked at his watch. 'I reckon he's just about done it by this time.'

Mrs. Farnaby paused, and reflected for a moment. She had already attempted to prejudice her husband against Amelius, and had received an answer which Mr. Farnaby considered to be final. 'Mr. Goldenheart honours us if he seeks our alliance; he is the representative of an old English family.' Under these circumstances, it was quite possible that the proposals of Amelius had been accepted. Mrs. Farnaby was not the less determined that the marriage should never take place, and not the less eager to secure the assistance of her new ally. 'When will Amelius tell you about it?' she asked.

'When I go back to his lodgings, ma'am.'

'Go back at once—and bear this in mind as you go. If you can find out any likely way of parting these two young people (in their own best interests), depend on one thing—if I can help you, I will. I'm as fond of Amelius as you are. Ask him if I haven't done my best to keep him away from my niece. Ask him if I haven't expressed my opinion, that she's not the right wife for him. Come and see me again as soon as you like. I'm fond of Americans. Good-morning.'

Rufus attempted to express his sense of gratitude in his own briefly eloquent way. He was not allowed a hearing. With one and the same action, Mrs. Farnaby patted him on the shoulder, and pushed him out of the room.

'If that woman was an American citizen,' Rufus reflected, on his way through the streets, 'she'd be the first female President of the United States!' His admiration of Mrs. Farnaby's energy and resolution, expressed in these strong terms, acknowledged but one limit. Highly as he approved of her, there was nevertheless an unfathomable something in the woman's eyes that disturbed and daunted him.

CHAPTER XIV.

RUFUS found his friend at the lodgings, prostrate on the sofa, smoking furiously. Before a word had passed between them, it was plain to the New Englander that something had gone wrong.

'Well,' he asked; 'and what does Farnaby say?'

'Damn Farnaby!'

Rufus was secretly conscious of an immense sense of relief. 'I call that a stiff way of putting it,' he quietly remarked; 'but the meaning's clear. Farnaby has said No.'

Amelius jumped off the sofa and planted himself defiantly on the hearth-rug.

'You're wrong for once,' he said, with a bitter laugh. 'The exasperating part of it is that Farnaby has said neither Yes or No. The oily-whiskered brute—you haven't seen him yet, have you?—began by saying Yes. "A man like me, the heir of a fine old English family, honoured him by making proposals; he could wish no more brilliant prospects for his dear adopted child. She would fill the high position that was offered to her and fill it worthily." That was the fawning way in which he talked to me at first! He squeezed my hand in his horrid cold slimy paw till, I give you my word of honour, I felt as if I was going to be sick. Wait a little; you haven't heard the

worst of it yet. He soon altered his tone—it began with his asking me if I had "considered the question of settlements." I didn't know what he meant. He had to put it in plain English; he wanted to hear what my property was. "O, that's soon settled," I said. "I've got five hundred a year; and Regina is welcome to every farthing of it.' He fell back in his chair as if I had shot him; he turned—it was worse than pale, he positively turned green. At first he wouldn't believe me; he declared I must be joking. I set him right about that immediately. His next change was a change to impudence, purse-proud impudence. "Have you not observed, sir, in what style Regina is accustomed to live in my house? Five hundred a year? Good heavens! With strict economy, five hundred a year might pay her milliner's bill and the keep of her horse and carriage. Who is to pay for everything else—the establishment, the dinner-parties and balls, the tour abroad, the children, the nurses, the doctor? I tell you this, Mr. Goldenheart. I'm willing to make a sacrifice to you, as a born gentleman, which I would certainly not consent to in the case of any self-made man. Enlarge your income, sir, to no more than four times five hundred pounds; and I guarantee a yearly allowance to Regina of half as much again, besides the fortune which she will inherit at my death. That will make your income three thousand a year to start with. I know something of domestic expenses; and I tell you positively, you can't do it on a farthing less." That was his language, Rufus. The insolence of his tone I can't attempt to describe. If I hadn't thought of Regina, I should have behaved in a manner unworthy of a Christian—I believe I should have taken my walking-cane and given him a sound thrashing.'

Rufus neither expressed surprise nor offered advice. He was lost in meditation on the wealth of Mr. Farnaby. 'A stationer's business seems to eventuate in a lively profit in this country,' he said.

'A stationer's business?' Amelius repeated disdainfully. 'Farnaby has half a dozen irons in the fire besides that. He's got a newspaper, and a patent medicine, and a new bank, and I don't know what else. One of his own friends said to me, "Nobody knows whether Farnaby is rich or poor; he is going to do one of two things—he is going to die worth millions, or to die bankrupt." O, if I can only live to see the day when Socialism will put that sort of man in his right place!'

'Try a republic, on our model, first,' said Rufus. 'When Farnaby talks of the style his young woman is accustomed to live in, what does he mean?'

'He means,' Amelius answered smartly, 'a carriage to drive out in, champagne on the table, and a footman to answer the door.'

'Farnaby's ideas, sir, have crossed the water and landed in New York,' Rufus remarked. 'Well, and what did you say to him, on your side?'

'I gave it to him, I can tell you! "That's all ostentation," I said. "Why can't Regina and I begin life modestly? What do we want with a carriage to drive out in, and champagne on the table, and a footman to answer the door? We want to love each other and be happy. There are thousands of as good gentlemen as I am in England with wives and families, who would ask for nothing better than an income of five hundred a year. The fact is, Mr. Farnaby, you're positively saturated with the love of money. Get your New Testament and read what Christ says of rich people." What do you think he did, when I put it in that unanswerable way? He held up his hand, and looked horrified. "I can't allow profanity in my office," says he. "I have my New Testament read to me in church, sir, every Sunday." That's the sort of Christian, Rufus, who is the average product of modern times! He was as obstinate as a mule; he wouldn't give way a

single inch. His adopted daughter, he said, was accustomed to live in a certain style. In that same style she should live when she was married, so long as he had a voice in the matter. Of course, if she chose to set his wishes and feelings at defiance, in return for all that he had done for her, she was old enough to take her own way. In that case, he would tell me as plainly as he meant to tell her, that she must not look to a single farthing of his money to help her, and not expect to find her name down in his will. He felt the honour of a family alliance with me as sincerely as ever. But he must abide by the conditions that he had stated. On those terms, he would be proud to give me the hand of Regina at the altar, and proud to feel that he had done his duty by his adopted child. I let him go on till he had run himself out—and then I asked quietly, if he could tell me the way to increase my income to two thousand a year. How do you think he answered me?'

'Perhaps he offered to utilise your capital in his business,' Rufus guessed.

'Not he? He considered business quite beneath me; my duty to myself, as a gentleman, was to adopt a profession. On reflection, it turned out that there was but one likely profession to try, in my case—the Law. I might be called to the Bar, and (with luck) I might get remunerative work to do, in eight or ten years' time. That, I declare to you, was the prospect he set before me, if I chose to take his advice. I asked if he was joking. Certainly not! I was only one-and-twenty years old (he reminded me); I had plenty of time to spare—I should still marry young if I married at thirty. I took up my hat, and gave him a bit of my mind at parting. "If you really mean anything," I said, "you mean that Regina is to pine and fade and be a middle-aged woman, and that I am to resist the temptations that beset a young man in London, and lead the life of a monk for the next ten years—and all for what? For a carriage to ride out in, champagne on the table, and a footman to answer the door! Keep your money, Mr. Farnaby; Regina and I will do without it." What are you laughing at? I don't think you could have put it more strongly yourself.'

Rufus suddenly recovered his gravity. 'I tell you this, Amelius,' he replied; 'you afford (as we say in my country) meaty fruit for reflection—you do.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'Well, I reckon you remember when we were aboard the boat. You gave us a narrative of what happened in that Community of yours, which I can truly cha*ract*erise as a combination of native eloquence and chastening good sense. I put the question to myself, sir, what has become of that well informed and discreet young Christian, now he has changed the sphere to England and mixed with the Farnabys? It's not to be denied that I see him before me in the flesh when I look across the table here; but it's equally true that I miss him altogether in the spirit.'

Amelius sat down again on the sofa. 'In plain words,' he said, 'you think I have behaved like a fool in this matter?'

Rufus crossed his long legs, and nodded his head in silent approval. Instead of taking offence, Amelius considered a little.

'It didn't strike me before,' he said. 'But, now you mention it, I can understand that I appear to be a simple sort of fellow in what is called society here; and the reason, I suspect, is that it's not the society in which I have been accustomed to mix. The Farnabys are new to me, Rufus. When it comes to a question of my life at Tadmor, of what I saw and learnt and felt in the Community—then, I can think and speak like a reasonable being, because I am thinking and speaking of what I know

thoroughly well. Hang it, make some allowance for the difference of circumstances! Besides, I'm in love, and that alters a man—and, I have heard some people say, not always for the better. Anyhow, I've done it with Farnaby, and it can't be undone. There will be no peace for me now, till I have spoken to Regina. I have read the note you left for me. Did you see her, when you called at the house?'

The quiet tone in which the question was put surprised Rufus. He had fully expected, after Regina's reception of him, to be called to account for the liberty that he had taken. Amelius was too completely absorbed by his present anxieties to consider trivial questions of etiquette. Hearing that Rufus had seen Regina, he never even asked for his friend's opinion of her. His mind was full of the obstacles that might be interposed to his seeing her again.

'Farnaby is sure, after what has passed between us, to keep her out of my way if he can,' Amelius said. 'And Mrs. Farnaby, to my certain knowledge, will help him. They don't suspect *you*. Couldn't you call again—you're old enough to be her father—and make some excuse to take her out with you for a walk?'

The answer of Rufus to this was Roman in its brevity. He pointed to the window, and said, 'Look at the rain.'

'Then I must try her maid once more,' said Amelius resignedly. He took his hat and umbrella. 'Don't leave me, old fellow,' he resumed as he opened the door. 'This is the turning-point of my life. I sadly want a friend.'

'Do you think she will marry you against the will of her uncle and aunt?' Rufus asked.

'I'm certain of it,' Amelius answered. With that he left the room.

Rufus looked after him sadly. Sympathy and sorrow were expressed in every line of his rugged face. 'My poor boy! how will he bear it, if she says No? What will become of him, if she says Yes?' He rubbed his hand irritably across his forehead, like a man whose own thoughts were repellent to him. In a moment more, he plunged into his pockets, and drew out again the letters introducing him to the secretaries of public institutions. 'If there's salvation for Amelius,' he said, 'I reckon I shall find it here.'

(To be continued.)

JULY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE summer harvest day begun
With cloudless dawn and flaming sun;
Ripe grain the sickle flashes through;
The sweep of scythes in morning dew;
The nooning underneath the trees
Made cool by sea or mountain breeze;
The thunder shower, the clearing sky,
And sunset splendour of July.

THE SO-CALLED SHAKSPEARIAN MYTH.

BY F. R., BARRIE.

IT is surprising how little wit and less knowledge is required, as the stock-in-trade of a writer on the Shakspearian Mythology! To resolve WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE into an actor and nothing but an actor, an occasional writer of doggrel verses and nothing but doggrel verses, a jolly boon companion of limited wit, and more than questionable morality, would be regarded by most men as an arduous task. To take all the rich product of imagination, fancy, judgment and dramatic insight which has ever gone by the name of Shakspeare's plays, and to endow Sir Francis Bacon, or some unknown gentlemen of his time with their authorship, appears also no light undertaking. And yet Mr. Appleton Morgan, in the June number of *Appleton's Journal*, accomplishes the first achievement entirely to his own satisfaction, and, apparently, only refrains from the other through a superabundant modesty. Let us see what is the method he employs, and what are the arguments with which he would fain have us convinced.

Certainly the method is a simple one, and can be easily imitated by any person who wishes to get rid of the obtrusive personality of any other of the world's great poets. Probably, to our too-sensitive age and to etherial minds such as Mr. Appleton Morgan's, the physical existence of the poet is a blemish on his poetry. The idea of the creator of a Hamlet eating his dinner or buying a house, or a quarter of malt, is too disgustingly material to be endured with patience. Away with such nauseous embodiments from our sight! If we cannot hope to prove that the poems or plays wrote themselves, in mercy's name, let us assure ourselves that we don't know who *did* write them; let us attribute our Iliad and our Othello to companies of anonymous minstrels and gentlemen; let us at all hazards sublime away the hand of flesh which has been reputed to have traced these glowing words, and gift our devotion, our gratitude, and our love, on a wreath of rose-coloured mist which may (or may not) be supposed to envelope Bacon or Raleigh!

If we set this end before us, we shall find Mr. Appleton Morgan's plan the best, nay, the only one open to us. We shall take a sheet of paper and draw a line down the middle. On the one side of this imaginary line we shall copy down from all the Shakspearian collections that suit our purpose, such facts as relate to Shakspeare's private life, his slight education, his deer-stealing expedition, his holding horses at the theatre door, his playing minor parts on the stage, his comfortable burgess-like retirement in after life, and all the little scraps of doggrel that wooden-headed compilers have gathered together and attributed to him. This array of fact and fiction we shall label with a flourish of trumpets, the *Real* Shakspeare. Lest it be thought I am exaggerating, I will quote the last words of Mr. Morgan's paper, when he sums up his conclusion that the ideal Shakspeare is a mere creation of the stage: 'Let us not rob the stage of its own creations; and whatever he was—poet or actor—philosopher or country gentleman—*that*—out of *a vagabond, a nobody, a nothing at all* — the stage created William Shakspeare!' an inelegant and badly constructed sentence, it is true, but one

which tells too clearly what the whole paper has been labouring to prove, that, in Mr. Morgan's eyes, the living Shakspeare was a 'nobody,' who could not have written the plays that have gone by his name except by a miracle.

But, I hear some reader exclaim, what does Mr. Appleton Morgan do with the other half of his sheet of paper? Are there no facts to go down on the *per contra* side, no flattering allusions to Shakspeare's fame by his contemporaries, no references to his inner and his higher life, no traces of friendship and acquaintanceship with the great? How does Mr. Appleton Morgan get over these?

I am much afraid, good reader, you will never make a promising myth hunter. The born sleuth-hound, nosing a mystery where none exists, will follow his own red-herring track, though it were a month old, and though the real game had crossed the path a few yards before his nose. Mr. Appleton Morgan is not easily 'thrown out' into the right line, and he manages this, partly by ignoring facts, and partly by quibbling away those which he does not think fit to ignore. Let us come down to examples.

Ben Jonson wrote ten lines as a dedication to the first folio edition of Shakspeare's works (1623) referring to a portrait of the author. They are too well known to need quotation, but I may remind my readers that they refer to Shakspeare as the writer of the book, which they inferentially extol by saying that could the author's wit have been expressed in the engraving, it would have surpassed

'All that was ever done in brasse.'

The testimony afforded by these lines is sufficiently wiped out, according to Mr. Appleton Morgan, by a comic description of the engraving, which is certainly somewhat wooden in its lack of expression and texture. Unfortunately, however, for the myth, this wretched Ben Jonson was not satisfied with writing these abominably mistaken verses. He actually wrote a longer poem on the occasion of Shakspeare's death, containing no less than eighty verses. The whole of it bears upon the point at issue. Mr. A. Morgan ingenuously quotes three lines and a half of it, and those by no means the most destructive of his theory. Let us see what this poem does tell us about Shakspeare. In the first place it is addressed 'to the memory of my beloved master William Shakspeare *and what he hath left us.*' It tells us that, in the opinion of Jonson (no mean judge), Shakspeare's writings cannot be praised too much. It calls him soul of the age! a hyperbole, if addressed to an actor, but no hyperbole addressed as it was to an immortal author. It proceeds to show how needless it were to bid Chaucer, Spenser, or Beaumont crowd their bones together to make room for his monument, for none is needed, Shakspeare lives 'while we have wits to read' his book. In short it dares compare him with 'thund'ring Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles,' or any 'that insolent Greece or haughty Rome sent forth.' 'He was not of an age, but for all time.' After paying a tribute to the share both of nature and of art in his poetry, it dubs him 'Sweet Swan of Avon,' 'Star of poets,' and refers to his

'* * * flights upon the Bank of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James.'

Jonson was one of Shakspeare's most intimate companions. No one contradicted the assertions he made in this poem, and we must, therefore, presume that it fairly embodied the opinion of his age. How does Mr. A. Morgan get rid of this testimony? He quotes Brougham, and the remark is worthy of that great would-be critic's superficial style of thought, 'oh, these fellows always hang together; or its just possible Jonson may have been deceived with the rest.'

Fellows, forsooth! Is even a Brougham, let alone a Mr. Appleton Morgan,

to be allowed to treat the tribute of a 'rare Ben Jonson' to a SHAKSPEARE in the same spirit as an old Bailey lawyer would the testimony of one gaol-bird swearing through an *alibi* for another? Even Mr. Morgan's not over-squeamish stomach prefers the other alternative, but the quibbling spirit of the pettifogger clings to him and he adds, 'and these poets *do not swear* to their verses.' In future, no doubt, poets will be more careful. It is a great pity that the hint did not come before. Shelley's Adonais, and Milton's Lycidas would have been much improved, *crede* Mr. Appleton Morgan, by the introduction of the verbose phraseology of the chancery practitioner,—his "as I am informed and believe," "to the best of my knowledge," and the jurat at the end of all by way of peroration! Faugh! the bare idea sickens one, and nothing but a draught of nectar can take the taste from off offended lips.

Mr. Appleton Morgan gives, in a note, a passage of Grant-White's containing quotations from Spenser, Meres, and Digges, all alluding to Shakspeare as an author, in terms of high eulogy, and in the case of Meres distinctly speaking of him as the author of the plays. This is really the first piece of straightforward behaviour on his part that I have met in his paper. The manner in which he attempts to meet it is not very creditable to him. It amounts to this. History has, most culpably, omitted to preserve (on affidavit of course, nothing less would have availed) the statement of the messenger or printer's devil who took the "copy" of the plays to the publishers. That is the missing link. Never mind how many hundreds of men *thought* Shakspeare wrote them, no matter how many of his contemporaries *said* that he wrote them, disregard the fact that no one contradicted this, and no one else claimed to have been their author—in the absence of an intelligent witness (always on oath) who saw Shakspeare write them and took them to the press, we can believe nothing at all about their origin. This is a pretty conclusion to come to and possibly accounts for much of Mr. A. Morgan's wilful shutting of his eyes to contemporary evidence. For besides the writers mentioned in the footnote already referred to, Aubrey refers to his wit, Drummond (who knew them both) contrasted him favourably with Ben Jonson, and that pestilent fellow, Jonson himself, has left it on record in another place that "he loved the man and honoured his memory *on this side idolatry* as much as any." Nor are these all. William Basse, in his short elegy, makes use of the figure about Spenser, Chaucer and Beaumont, making room for Shakspeare which, as we have already seen, Ben Jonson afterwards turned to account in his elegy, by declaring such a proceeding quite unnecessary. Hugh Holland's sonnet is addressed to 'the famous scenic poet'—calls him 'the poet first, then poets' king,' and prophesies that though his life is expired, the life of his lines 'shall never out.' Digges' verses, on the publication of the first folio, are pregnant and instinct with the belief that the book was Shakspeare's own. Shakspeare, he says, will never really die until some "new strain" outdoes his Romeo and Juliet or the quarrel scene in Julius Cæsar. That new strain has never yet been heard, but we have some amongst us who would fain have us believe that Shakspeare never "really" lived. Yet once again, Chettle, in his 'Kinde Hart's Dreame' (1592) commends Shakspeare's "facetious grace in writing, that approves his art," and acknowledges that "divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing." These men of quality who knew and loved him were, of course, all mistaken.

Mr. Appleton Morgan, who has, naturally, infinitely better materials for arriving at a just conclusion, has convicted this 'upright' man of swallowing all this praise, and presumably some substantial pudding to boot, while well knowing that all his part

in the plays was possibly the characters or some of the speeches of Nym, Bardolph, and the Porter in Macbeth.

This brings us to consider a grave charge against Mr. Appleton Morgan. His paper teems with expressions such as Shakspeare's 'vagrom youth,' 'the drunken grave of the Stratford pretender,' 'the scissorer of other men's brains,' and, as we have already seen, 'the vagabond, nobody, nothing-at-all.'

How does Mr. Morgan reconcile this with the 'vagabond's' intimacy with the great and good of the Court of Elizabeth? He reconciles these facts by ignoring them. Still, I, for one, will believe Chettle's and Ben Jonson's testimony in spite of Mr. Morgan's contemptuous silence, the more especially as I find the 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece,' both preceded by dedications to the Earl of Southampton, signed by Shakspeare and containing clear evidence of love and respect on both sides, not to be in any way confounded with the stereotyped phrases of a later day when patrons paid for so much meaningless compliment by the epithet. Mr. Morgan is therefore in this dilemma. Either the 'scissorer of other men's brains' had such a hold over his unknown author, the possible—probable—Bacon—Raleigh—dramatist, that he could at pleasure get such poems as these or the sonnets from him, besides the plays—or else the absurd farrago of scraps (such as Shakspeare's epitaph), which Mr. Morgan would fain see published as the 'Complete Works of W. Shakspeare,' must be enlarged by these noble poems. I will not now expatiate on the difficulties he will land himself in if he claims that one hand wrote the plays and another hand the poems, but will leave him to chose his horn and perch on it

' With what appetite he may.

One point more I will touch upon: and that is the argument derived from Shakspeare's ignorance, or rather supposed ignorance. 'Granted his poetical genius,' says Mr. Morgan, and 'where did he get the classical, philosophical, chemical, historical information, &c., —the facts that crowd his pages?' Mr. Morgan's difficulty is self-imposed.

To prove Shakspeare was not a genius he postulates that he was an ignoramus, and conducts his syllogism to a triumphant close. Has he never heard of the vast impetus to learning that had just struck England as with a wave? Has he never read any of our great descriptions of the awakening effect of the Renaissance on men's minds? Does he think that girls and ladies could saturate their minds with Greek and Roman literature, that translations of classical masterpieces could pour from the presses of Holland and England, of Italy and France, and yet that a poet, living among the most educated and enterprising courtiers of the civilised world could have escaped the contagion?

Is he unaware of the mass of knowledge as to history and philosophy that had been made public in the one department of the drama before Shakspeare so much as touched a pen? Has he never read a single sermon of our English divines, of Latimer or Lever, or reading them has he failed to notice the wealth of thought and illustration that is conveyed, and the intelligence which such oratory presupposes the audience to possess? Has he never been told that Shakspeare had a copy of 'Montaigne' in his library, or does he flatter himself that, because no other books bearing his sign manual have been preserved to us, no others existed on his shelves? If he is aware of these facts, how dare he stigmatise Shakspeare as ignorant; if he has been unaware of them until now, how had he the presumption to attempt such a subject?

Luckily, his endeavours are about as successful as his deserts, and before he seeks again to demonstrate Shakspeare's ignorance he had better walk round the base of the great Pyramid and thence look down upon its summit.

SOME NEWFANGLE NOTIONS.

BY A WOMAN OF NEWFANGLE.

YOU ask me, my dears, to give you my opinion of your aunts and some other women—very few, not one in fifty, that is one comfort—agitating for the right, as they call it, of voting for members, and of sitting as members themselves, of the township council. I think I am competent to give an opinion. I was little more than seventeen when I first came to Newfangle, which was then an unbroken, uninhabited wilderness. It is now one of the finest townships in the Province, supporting in great comfort and plenty—luxuries not wanting—a population of more than two thousand souls. The whole process of the transformation has passed under my own eye. I am now seventy-seven. I know how it has been done, and by whom it has been done. I know, therefore, in what consists the right to any part or voice in its government.

These ladies are so solemnly serious, and seem so honestly sincere, they are so earnest, in what they say—it is very hard to understand it, but so it is—that one would not wish to throw ridicule on them, if it could be helped. But it is certainly extremely difficult to listen with gravity to some things that they say. I can hardly keep my countenance when they get up on the table in the town hall and harangue the people. They expatiate pathetically on the shocking wrongs that have been inflicted by man upon woman. It is always 'man' and 'woman' with them. They give us an imaginative history of our sad sufferings since the creation, only that I notice they never go quite so far back as Eve and the apple.

They tell us that woman was first a 'slave,' then a 'toy or an idol,' and lastly—so late indeed as 1863—could 'be taken to market and sold by a "brutal husband," like a sheep or a cow.' I see a parcel of meek men standing around with their lips popping open in stupid wonder to find themselves lords of the creation, when they had no more idea of it than of being lords spiritual or temporal. I notice that some of them begin to plume themselves, hold themselves very erect, and throw their chests open. But I see, too, and it makes me creep, an expression breaking out on the face of some 'brutal husband,' when the selling in the market is spoken of, which shows that he is saying to himself 'By George, what a chance lost! Bless my milky stars, if I had but known it in time!'

Whose slave, I wonder, was the Queen of Sheba? Whose Boadicea? Can it be that Elizabeth was ever any body's toy, or Anne anybody's idol? Catherine, one of the examples of great women brought forward by these ladies (there is no accounting for choice), was, to be sure, the toy of a good many, and rather a dangerous one too, I should imagine. And I do not know where you would find idols much more cruel and bloodthirsty than Mary and, I fear we must add, Isabella of Castile, gorging themselves with sacrifices of flames and blood. Did it ever enter into the head of George IV., we may wonder, to put a halter round his wife's neck (she was a sad thorn in his side) and lead her to Smithfield and sell her for a shilling—that, I believe, was the ruling figure—to some drover?

He could have done it, you see. 'The law allows it and the court awards it,' at least it did, as late as 1863, so these Portias tell us.

The names of these Queens are brought forward to show that women are capable of ruling men. Shall we alter the phrase, and say that men are capable of being ruled by them? But, my dears, could the bitterest opponents of these ladies desire anything better? The very fact that men have made queens of women—and of even such women as most of them were—to be ruled by them and have their royal heels placed upon their necks—the royal axe at times and the royal faggot—disposes at once of all such inventions as slaves, toys—not idols, perhaps, as we have seen—and cows and sheep. You cannot eat your apple and have it. Will you keep your slaves or your queens? Which?

The same fatal exposure awaits the production of the names of other great women to show how great women can be. The fact that there have been great women, and that they have shown themselves to be great, proves positively that the opportunity to become great was not denied them. We shall be told, no doubt, that they became great in spite of their trammels and chains. To be sure. That is how genius forces its way, whether in men or women. Let us mention one or two of each at random. Faraday and Charlotte Brontë and Dickens the blacking-boy. Beat those instances if you can. Or George Stephenson, or Madame Albani, one of our own Canadian girls. Oh, sad, sad! Downtrodden, enslaved woman! Your wings cruelly clipped; access to your kind denied you, a fair field for your genius closed with iron doors against you! The passionate Charlotte chained to a rock on a bleak Yorkshire moor! Shocking! And done, too, of set purpose and with malice aforethought by the men of Yorkshire! And 'Jane Eyre' lost to the world! For how long may we look for its like from any Girton College in Christendom? 'George Eliot,' with whose name the world would have rung, robbed of her five thousand pounds for her second novel! The countless gains of Madame Patti is no more than what might have been! And then, oh, thou tyrant man, what dost thou not thyself lose by all this! What unheard of fatuity!

This, my dears, is the sort of thing which is offered to your young intelligence from the platforms of Newfangle. This is by way of improvement in the education of women. But this is not all. One of these ladies once told the men to their faces, with some other compliments of the same kind, that they were the 'lower and coarser half of humanity.' At least, it was said in some way or other interrogatively, I believe, but it comes to the same thing. It is affirmed, they were told, that men are less 'pure and noble in their moral instincts,' whatever that may mean, than women. But, my dears, I would contrast those speeches with the purity and nobility of the men, who, under such gross provocation as that, refrained from any rude or indecent retort. Perhaps you might hear them muttering, 'Come, that is *rather* strong,' or 'coarse yourself, what do you call that for coarse?' or 'how will you set about to prove that, my lady, it is not quite so clear as that two and two make four; you may *say* that nine is a greater number than ten, if you like, but that will not make it so.' Such things as these, but nothing in the way of retaliation.

We have taken a long flight out into the great world and we shall have to do so again, no doubt, in our examination of this subject in all its bearings, but, for the present, let us come back to Newfangle. I think you can all understand this simple principle—that the ownership, and the right and capacity to the management, of anything belongs to him who has made it, so long as he does not put it out of his own possession. Upon this simple principle hangs the whole question of

the right and the capacity to govern Newfangle. Who has made Newfangle? Men or women? When I first set eyes on this township, it was an untouched mass of huge trees, which must be destroyed off the face of the earth before men and women could live on it. The amount of herculean labour which you saw staring you in the face was absolutely appalling. There were no houses, no fields, no fences, no barns, no roads, no bridges, no stock, no implements, no household goods, no schools, no churches, no mills, no money; in short, there was no anything but the ground and the trees which grew on it. The estate was there indeed, but it was most heavily, one might almost have said most hopelessly, encumbered. Look around you to-day. What do you see? Every thing that man or woman could reasonably desire. Comfort, wealth, luxury, refinement, books and pictures, fine clothes, fine houses, fine stores, fine carriages, orchards, gardens, fruit. You see it all. It is plain enough to be seen. You see men, women and children enjoying it in common. More than two thousand of them, where perhaps a score of wretched savages picked up a half-starved existence. How has this wonderful transformation been brought about? Whose brains have thought it, whose hands have done it? Whose money has paid for it? Who have wrought the monstrous labour, enough, we would really think, to have daunted any but heroes? Who have been the choppers, the clearers, the labourers, the mechanics, the masons, the bricklayers, the carpenters, the painters, the tinsmiths, the founders? Who have made the implements, who have built the waggons, and the carriages, and the sleighs, who have shod the horses and cast the stoves? Who have dug the canals, built the railways, the steamboats, the wharves, the lighthouses? Whose heads and whose hands have done all these mighty things? Men's or women's?

My dears, you look astonished, as if you were told for the first time, and I dare say you are, facts so plain and evident that those who run may read. Well then, tell me, if men have done all this, who but men can have either the capacity or the right to keep all these things going safely and surely? Who can govern Newfangle?—but the men. Who have made Newfangle?—but the men. Set women to navigate a steamboat, to work a railway. What happens? A blow-up, a wreck, a smash. Set women to govern Newfangle. What happens? A blow-up, a wreck, a smash.

'Ah, grandmamma,' you say 'you need not tell us all that. We have never heard it put so plainly before, but the youngest of us can see at once that it is all true. But then women, do you not think, have done their full share. They have done all the household work.'

I expected that, my dears, I am ready for you there. The question is, what is the value of household work, and what does it produce? Could it ever have produced the township of Newfangle? Over what household work produces let women hold absolute sway. Over what men's work produces let men hold absolute sway. Women cook the meals, but men provide them. Women keep the houses clean, neat, and tidy, but men build them. Women live in and enjoy the township of Newfangle, but men have created it. Without men there would be no meals, no houses, no Newfangle. No, no, my dears, I know as much about household work as any woman breathing; I should think I ought to. I know all about it; where it begins and ends; and what it accomplishes. I should be the last to undervalue it. It has all its own value in its own place and degree. But I have also seen and known what men's work accomplishes, and what is the enormous disproportion between its results and the results of women's work. It seems to me scarcely gener-

ous or grateful in us women not to acknowledge the immense benefits that we derive from men's work, and I cannot, for my own part, imagine a more delicious feeling than the ample acknowledgment of benefits received, let them come whence they may. It is next to being able to repay them. *That* we can never do, but let us do what we can. I am simply amazed when I hear these women talk as they do. I wonder where all we women of Newfangle would have been now, if it had rested with women to have built up Newfangle, if the men and women had changed works. No, there is no wonder or doubt about it, I can tell you. In the township of Nowhere. Women might as well have attempted to bring down the sun to boil their kettles, or to build the railway with knitting needles as to have made Newfangle. There would have been no townships, no husbands, no children, 'no nothing.' Take away, to-morrow, the work of men, and Newfangle relapses into the barbarism from which men brought it out. No, no, my dear girls, and thrice no, never let me hear one of you say a word about the rights of women in Newfangle. Deserve all you can, show what capacity you may, but, till you have brought yourselves up even with men, demand nothing. Have too much spirit to do it.

One word more. You will tell me that men could not have done what they have done without the help of women, so that it comes to the same thing. My dears, that is as great a fallacy as all the rest of it. Men can do without women under conditions which make it necessary or desirable. Without men women perish. Remarkable proofs of both were afforded by our township. A lot of foolish young women, who thought nature a very poor contrivance, and they could amend it, attempted a settlement by themselves, into which no tyrant man should ever enter, and where they would make their own institutions and laws and obey no others. 'New Virginia' it was to have been. What could come of it? They were found, by mere accident, perishing, by inches, by starvation from cold and hunger, one of their number already dead and lying unburied. Some of our men, on a distant hunting expedition, came upon them, huddled together in a wretched hovel, squalid, unclean, half-clothed, starving, shivering, and shuddering. The men had enough to do to supply their wants as well as their own and it was not without difficulty or danger that they were brought into our settlement. Never, my dears, can I forget the appearance of that mournful procession, as it filed slowly in among us, the men walking in front and carrying the frozen corpse, on a sort of litter, for Christian burial, and some of them, cold as it was, stripped of their coats to cover the poor creature's nakedness; the crestfallen women tottering behind, ashamed to be seen. Righteously ashamed of having ever applied the word tyrant to such men as had rescued them, with every kindness, consideration, and delicacy—they said so often enough while their hearts were full; righteously ashamed of ever having thought that the sex to which those men belonged was less pure or noble than their own. And now came the turn of their own sex, of the women of the settlement. They received the poor outcasts with a holy charity. They tended them, fed them, clothed them, nor slackened until the blood was once more seen in their cheeks.

> 'When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!'

We will omit the preceding lines, my dears, for this once at least.

On the other hand, there is the village of Manly. Some men who first settled thereabouts and gave it the name, as foolish as the New Virginia women, only not so helpless, chose, like Colonel Talbot, whom you have all heard of, not to allow a woman within their doors. They got on, to

all appearance, just as well as Colonel Talbot did. But, if you want that proved among a hundred instances, take a man of war. There are some five hundred souls on board, but no woman. I have read minute descriptions of them. They are the very perfection of method, order, cleanliness; not an inch of the decks but you might eat off; not a bit of metal but you might do your hair by. Captain's table first-rate; wardroom table little inferior; men's table all that they require. The men are very handy with the needle.

Well, my dears, if all this that I have been telling you is true of Newfangle, a little out of the way bit of the world, it is a great deal more true—if there are any degrees in truth—in the great world beyond. If it would have been impossible for women to have built up such a community as ours, it would have been much more impossible—if there are any degrees in impossibility—for them to have built up such communities as exist out in the great world. *A fortiori*—I have heard men say that, and I know what it means—*a fortiori*, women have less right to interfere in the public affairs of the great world than here in Newfangle. Just as the work of men there is greater and grander, by so much greater is the disproportion between their work, and its results, and that of women. My dears, I beseech you, let us hear no more of 'rights;' as much indulgence as men choose, but no rights, unless the dictionary is to be turned topsy-turvy.

I have sometimes heard these ladies declaim very bitterly against certain phrases in the marriage ceremony. They cannot abide the idea of being 'given away,' nor of having to promise to 'obey.' It is to be sure, my dears, generally their own father who does it; still, it is a great indignity to be given away even by him out of his own protection and support into the protection and support of another man. It is extraordinary how little objection women generally make to the change. As for the obeying, as only those who choose to do so perform their vow, we need not much complain, perhaps, but the indignity is the same, for all that. There is, however, something much worse than either of these affronts, and I marvel that these women should not notice it. I mean 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow.' I greatly marvel that they do not see the degradation of that. Endowed indeed! Not a bit of it! Dollar for dollar on both sides, and no more about it. Why, my dears, do you not see what an enormous disproportion is inflicted upon us poor women here? Take this township of Newfangle. It contains about 40,000 acres, worth at, say, forty dollars an acre, $1,600,000. Add personal property, say $400,000, together $2,000,000. The interest of this at 6 per cent. is $120,000. I am bad at reckoning, like most women, but I believe that is right. See, then, my dears, what dreadful tales figures tell, and these figures are moderate, within the mark. Now this is Newfangle, and Newfangle, as I have already shown you, belongs to the men who have made it, so that we poor insulted wives of Newfangle are endowed to the tune of $120,000 a year. Unbearable! strike it out! Let us bring our own $2,000,000 and make it even, or, if we cannot do that, let us give up all the fine things we enjoy, and go back to log-shanties, blue flannel dresses, of our own spinning and dyeing, and ox-sleds for carriages—*I* know all about that—and be under no such degrading obligation. Come, that would be something *like* a cry! Something *like* equal rights! Bella, my love, Jack will be here, this evening. Tell him there are insuperable objections to him. He has a fine farm, a fine house handsomely furnished, a fine carriage, I do not know what all. Why, he must be worth altogether some $8,000 or $9,000, at least, not a cent less. It is out of the question. You can never consent to

be endowed with all that. You must say to him,

'I am so sorry, Jack, but I have only my clothes and five hundred dollars that papa means to give me—you know he is not well off, and there are five of us girls, which will run into money. And look at you! Rich and making no end—so people say. You must go away. I can *not*, you see. It is asking too much of me. Don't cry, Jack, oh, pray don't cr-cry! and ki-kiss me once more, just once, for the last time, my poor J-Jack! Oh-o-ho!' Something of that sort, my love, just to ease him down gently, because it is no fault of his, you know; he cannot help it, But we *must* hold out, or else these men will be saying next, 'who taketh' or 'who buyeth this woman.' Think of *that*.

And would that I could end here. The presumption of these men knows no bounds. They actually assume to take us under their protection—to allow us I do not know what of indulgences, privileges, and immunities. I could not begin to enumerate them for very shame. From a seat in a street car to the saving of life itself, we women must have the preference. Let us fling off this thraldom. Let us do whatever men do, and breast the world along with them, shoulder to shoulder. Let us put on a leather apron and take a horse's foot in our laps and nail on his shoe. Let us drive cabs. We use cabs, and horses must be shod to draw them. Let us navigate ships. They bring us tea and sugar—what do they not bring us? Let us build railroads and cathedrals. Let us carry cables across the Atlantic. Let us be butchers and bakers and candlestick makers. How—I must do men that justice—how can we pretend to an equality with them so long as we are indebted to them for all these things? Let us dive for pearls and dig for diamonds, as well as wear them; get our ostrich feathers ourselves, and humming-birds for our hats; let us earn the money to pay for all these things. How can we pretend to independence or equality unless we do? These men have the impudence to save our lives before their own. Let us put on the fireman's helmet and save men first. Let us man—I beg your pardon—let us woman the life-boat, and rescue men first from the hungry waves. Let us stand on the deck of a sinking ship which we command, with no idea but to go down with her, take a pistol from our pocket and threaten to shoot the first woman who dares to stir while one man remains on board; fold our husband in our arms for the last time and force him away. My dears, this would only be doing exactly what men do to us. Let us see how they would like these indignities—this denial of equal rights. Now, now is the time! Up and be doing! We have borne all this too long! Let us fling the flag of Woman's Rights to the breeze, and swear never to fold it round the staff till men have admitted us to an equality in all those things!

My dears, you look curiously at me. You hardly know what to make of it. Little wonder! Go, repeat all this to these Newfangle women, and see what they will say to it. Ask them how it comes about, if they have been starved, as they say, in their education, that they can write and speak so extraordinarily well as they do on this subject. If they have derived all their great cleverness and information from school-teaching, it is clear they have had it. If they have not derived these high qualities from that source, it is equally clear that it is from something within themselves, and not from school-teaching, that all this is obtained. That, my dears, is what we call a dilemma. We have already gone into this. School-teaching, with cramming 'at that,' will make a school-teacher of perhaps one in a hundred, will enable average boys and girls to go through all the ordinary business of life. A college or university course will produce a higher

class—will give a certain stamp in the few cases in which it is taken full advantage of. It will never make clever or distinguished men or women. That comes from elsewhere. Woful disappointment awaits those who expect more than this from what is called the 'higher education' of women. In all that these Newfangle women say there is too much promise, too much expectation, too much future tense. A little past would be better, a little pointing to performance. It would be wiser to wait for that. This agitation has been on foot, with a lively gait, for at least fifty years in the United States. Is there any appreciable result? Have women there taken a higher tone; have they distinguished themselves more than formerly? If they have, it is certainly hidden from the outside world. Have they raised themselves in the estimation of men? It may be a small sign, but it is significant—a straw will show which way the stream flows—you can hardly take up an American paper without coming upon some paragraph which either speaks slightingly of women, or exhibits an antagonism between men and women, more particularly between husbands and wives. I continually see such paragraphs—vulgar if you will, but there they are. Whence comes the spirit which inspires them? To whom are they addressed? To the readers of newspapers, who are the million. I read in a late American paper that 'the Massachusetts House, on the same day, rejected *without a count* a bill granting women the right to vote and be voted for on municipal affairs.' And this, after fifty years, in the very head-quarters of this agitation! And we are asked to believe that it is making assured and rapid progress! The 'on the same day' refers to a privilege which *was* granted to women, namely that of taking part in *school* committees, which is making exactly the very distinction of which I have just been speaking. School teaching and school learning and the capacity to do the work of the world are two totally different things. I say, therefore, my dears, that we must not build too much on the promises made here on these Newfangle platforms.

By-the-by, speaking of life-boats, I remember one of those ladies bringing forward Grace Darling as superior to an 'effeminate exquisite,' but forgetting that here effeminate was used in a disparaging sense, whereas, according to this Newfangle theory, the nearer men rise to the effeminate standard the better, as they are now the 'lower and coarser half of humanity.' But, more than that, Grace Darling was celebrated because she was not *like* but *unlike* a woman. She might, with a very good show of reason, have demanded her right to take her place in a life-boat. But it would be far to seek to woman our life-boats, all round the coast, with Grace Darlings. Surely all such arguments as this founded on the famous Grace, are transparently shallow. A cause that is driven to them is half lost already. The question is of the sexes and the difference between them at large, not of one solitary woman.

I come, now, my dears, to the consideration of a part of the subject which I very much wish it were possible to avoid, and I shall not dwell on it further than necessity compels me—the comparative intellectual strength of the sexes. My work is partly done for me. One of these ladies has said that 'it is not by any means sought to deny or underrate the mental difference.' Very well, then there is a mental difference. So that, if women were given a half-share in the direction of public affairs, the sum of mental strength brought to bear upon them would be diminished by that difference, be it less or more. And to that extent it would act disastrously on the general welfare. I shall endeavour to show you presently how great that extent would be. Another says, 'no matter to the point I now make, whe-

ther she have all these' (intellectual) 'powers and capacities in equal degree with man or not. It suffices that she has them.' Here again is a virtual admission of an inferiority of intellectual powers and capacities. So far from being 'no matter,' it is the *whole* matter. If a party of passengers are about to start on a difficult and dangerous journey, by a stage-coach, the comparative skill of the proposed drivers is everything.

My dears, we women of Newfangle fall into a great error. We compare our capacity with that of men within that narrow sphere only in which we have entered into any competition with them. This consists of literature (mainly light literature) and art. No more. We forget that there is a vast expanse beyond, in which man stands alone, or next to alone. I need merely mention agriculture, handicraft, trade, commerce, navigation, locomotion, architecture, mechanism, the amassing of wealth, science, learning, enterprise, invention, discovery, and so on. All, in short, which forms the real work of the township, and without which it would not stand still but relapse into barbarism. I cannot be expected to speak of the world of women generally; I must leave it to others to determine what difference, if any, there may be between them and the women of Newfangle. I can see no reason whatever why, within the limited range which I have indicated just now, women should not equal men. I can see reasons why they might be expected to excel them. But how stands the fact? We have had Newfangle women who, as writers (of novels I speak chiefly), have approached very near to men, and have deservedly highly distinguished themselves. But, even in this one department, they cannot be said to have equalled men. In all others there is no comparison. A rare exception here and there, if there be one, makes no rule. We have a few good female painters, but they are very few, and, upon this point, any comparison between them and our male artists would be out of the question, even in those departments of art most fitted to women. We have admirable executive musicians among our women, but not a single composer. Capital actresses, but no dramatist. These last facts are not a little curious. In sculpture there are sufficient reasons why our women could hardly be expected to do anything great. To have done what they have is greatly to their credit. It is another very remarkable fact that, among our women here, the faculty of invention or discovery—and what does our township not owe to it—seems to have no existence whatever. Many of our men have earned for themselves a world-wide celebrity in this way, but our women have done absolutely nothing. I speak of Newfangle where I am at home. Whether this be the case in the outside world I cannot tell you. *Here*, you see, the amount of mental power and activity of our women is immensely exceeded by that of our men. And our public affairs, if entrusted to the management of women, would suffer in proportion. In all practical experience too, the disproportion is quite as great. May such a misfortune be far away from our township, say I!

And what then?

If we may presume to judge of the intentions of the Creator by any human test—for that is all we have by which to judge of anything—they must have been that men should do the work of the world, *because they have done it.* Why should women repine that He has given men a superior bodily and mental capacity wherewithal to do it? It seems to me that men might as well repine because they have not been made so beautiful as women, or so big as the elephant, or so strong as the horse, or because there is scarcely a single faculty that they possess in which they are not inferior to some one or other of the poor brute

beasts as we call them. A Higher Power has ordered it all, and it is our place to play our several parts without murmuring. How much more beautiful has one woman been made than another! How does one poor fellow go grovelling in the dust through life, while he sees his brother expanding his wings in higher regions, simply because he has been gifted with genius denied to himself! To the plain woman, to the common man, nature may appear, as it did to the women of New Virginia, a very poor contrivance, but it was not in them, nor is it in us, to change it, and it never will be. Inequality of every possible kind prevails universally throughout all nature. It is a Standing Law.

My dears, as I go on talking to you, recollections of certain things that I have heard these Newfangle ladies say, from time to time, come into my mind. I remember one of them saying 'it may well be doubted whether we should ever have had the steam engine or the electric telegraph, Hamlet, or Paradise Lost, if woman's care had not watched over the helpless childhood of the infant geniuses.' Surely it may be doubted, and full surely also it may be doubted, if their fathers had not provided them with bread and butter and a bit of meat to build up their bodies sound, and sound minds with them. I am very sure, my dears, that we women of Newfangle have never been wanting in every motherly love and devotion to our children. There you see the bright and shining side of our lives. What is all else compared with it? But we have certainly never succeeded in moulding a Shakespeare, or a Milton, a Watt, or a Wheatley. And it is much to be lamented, if the women of the outer world possess the secret, that they have been so exceedingly sparing in their efforts. But my dears, I am afraid it is hardly good policy to set up any such claim, because, if we are to be credited with the wise, I cannot very well see why, by a parity of reasoning, the boobies too should not be placed to our account. The balance would be against us. Besides, why not *all* the sons of the same woman Miltons or Shakespeares? No, my dears, beautiful, almost holy, as is the sight of a baby sleeping in a mother's lap or on her bosom, sanctified as is her love for it, exquisite as is the infant-tie which binds father and mother together, the making of genius is not for them. It is one of the wonders of Creation.

Again, there is a saying, more pertinent perhaps than choice, about 'letting the cat out of the bag.' Through all the utterances of these ladies there runs a predominating grievance—that the education and the opportunities of learning of women are dwarfed. I am afraid, I might say, purposely dwarfed. It is not, perhaps, broadly stated that this has been the doing of men, with any unworthy objects, or for any unworthy purposes, of their own, still there is, through it all, a vague and intangible charge that it is so. Now, it seems to me, I must say, that one of these ladies once let the cat out of the bag, as they say, and allowed her to escape so completely that there is no hope of getting her back again. I will give you the precise words as nearly as I can, of this Newfangle lady, though possibly I may emphasize one or two of them, where she may not have done so. 'But the daughter's studies, after her short school life is over, are usually,' she said, 'at the mercy of the most trifling hindrances. If nothing else intervenes, the mother likes to see her daughter "amusing herself." She is impatient of anything like (her daughter) "shutting herself up"—neglecting "society" for study. It is *natural* for every mother to wish and expect to see her daughter "well married"—equally *natural* for her to take slight account of a different contingency—and so if the daughter misses what has been *set before her as the end of her being*, she is but ill fitted to find other interests to replace it.' Oh, my

dears, my dears, what a fatal mistake was here! If this lady had desired to undo every word she was at such infinite pains to say, she could not have done it to more fatal purpose. So, you see, the influences which dwarf the education and opportunities of daughters, are the *nature* of every mother, not of the father—few fathers but know only too well how impossible it is for them to stem the tide of this evil—but of the mother. The daughters, and their daughters, and their daughters, becoming mothers, in course of time, from generation to generation, have the same nature, and so it has gone on, and will go on, in a never ending series, from great grandmother Eve to Susan Smith of Newfangle and her female posterity to the end of time. Well, my dears, I suppose it is our nature. Your mother, Bella, does not discourage Jack. I have sometimes heard women say 'we are what God has made us.' No doubt about it, my dears. And I, for one, humbly bless him for His work. When I look at you, my girls, and at the mothers who bore you—when I think of the great talent displayed by these lady writers and speakers—and it is very great, if they would only, for their own sakes, chop away at a little bit of logic now and then by way of mental exercise, like dumb bells for the arms and chest—I think we have stood this long process of deterioration wonderfully well.

Even as I speak to you, I hear more of the doings of these indefatigable ladies. Here is one who now tells us that the chivalry of men towards women is a fiction, that it may pick up scissors or hand to a carriage ('especially if there be a footman in attendance,' which points the sarcasm, I suppose,) but that it will bear no 'tougher strain.' Well, my dears, I have already pretty well disposed of that. The pistol is historical; a man was shot. It would be easy to multiply such facts; they are legion: But you remember the story and the pictures in the *Illustrated News*, not long ago, of the wreck, on a rocky desert island, far down in the southern ocean, where the women were saved, succoured, and favoured in every possible way (while two men, as I remember, died from the hardships to which they were exposed) and were ultimately all rescued by men. Now not one of those men would ever waste a second thought on it; it was all matter of course; but it ill becomes us women, I think, to be so forgetful. There was rather a tougher strain there than the scissors and the carriage. Then we are told that men make a 'certain show of deference' in conversation, 'to be too often exchanged for a very different tone in the freedom of the smoking room.' I do not know what it is that these ladies miss in the conversation in which that deference is observed, nor do I know what is the talk in smoking rooms, as I do not frequent them, nor do any other women that I know of. But I should have thought *any* deference towards women would have its degree of merit.

Again, we are told, till we are sick of hearing it, that women are paid less than men for the same work. This too has been pretty well disposed of. A thing will fetch what it is worth. That is an admitted maxim of commerce. There is nothing more sensitive than capital. It will invariably find its level. Whatever will produce most will be paid most. When men are paid more than women it is because they do more work or do it better. A master in our schools can command $400, while we can get a female teacher of the same class for $275. Why do we hire the master? Is it for the pleasure of making him a present of $125? Do we tax ourselves for his benefit? Is there not many a male singer or actor paid less than a female on the same stage? Why? Because the lady is the better performer. No doubt there are isolated cases of hardship, possibly more with women than with men, but we cannot deal with exceptions.

Then again, I find it not a little amusing that, with these ladies, every thing that tells in their favour is so much gospel, and their case is 'packed' with a most creditable ingenuity and perseverance—let us give them all the credit for that which they so well deserve—there is any amount of 'the glory of *ideal* womanhood—*real* were better; while all that tells against them is 'scoffing, vulgar, and flippant.' I am quite prepared to find myself called a vulgar, flippant scoffer, but women do not much mind what women say. Why, even such men as Milton and Luther, when they do not happen to suit exactly, are pooh-poohed. We have them both.

And now I am ashamed of what I have to repeat, but it must be done. One of these ladies has lately said that 'the moment that the principle of self-interest comes into play, the average man is more ready to grind down, to over-reach, to underpay, to cheat outright a woman than a man, just because he thinks he can do it with more impunity.' As this is a curiosity in its way, my dears, let us dissect it somewhat minutely. In the first place, the principle of self-interest is a pretty generally prevailing one; these ladies themselves are not bad examples of it. Then, men, who are *more* ready to cheat at one time than another, must be supposed to be ready to cheat at all times, more or less. And these average men are more ready—there are about ninety-nine average men in every hundred—to *cheat outright*, to *under-pay*, to *over-reach*, to *grind down a helpless woman* because they can do it *with impunity*. Then observe how these odious misdoings are piled up in an ever-increasing agony of indignation. Well, my dears, what do you think now of these average men of Newfangle, of these men, out of whom are made your fathers, your brothers, your husbands, your sons? As you have not yet got husbands and sons, perhaps you are not quite so well able to judge of them as those who have. For that you must wait awhile. But if you are to give birth to such average men as these, I think you had better not try the experiment at all—and I less wonder now that, for the most part, these ladies have not—but let the human race come to a stand-still, and the sooner the better, and then we shall have no women nor any woman's rights to quarrel about.

And let me ask you, do you think that this sort of thing is safe or wise, is it good policy? With what sort of audacity are challenges like these thrown down? Are not we women ourselves vulnerable at fifty points? It is trusting a great deal to the forbearance and generosity of men. What good end is this rating of one sex by the other expected to answer?

For you, Bella, my love, I am particularly sorry. Your case gets worse and worse. There is no hope left for you and Jack now. When he comes, stammering and blushing like a school girl—I wish they blushed a little more—to ask for your hand in exchange for his own, you must say to him: 'What means this presumption, sir; do you suppose that I can take for a husband—for better or for worse, when it would be all worse—a creature who is inferior in the scale of humanity to myself, who is less pure and noble, lower and coarser? Take your dismissal, sir, once for all.' Set this example to all your young lady friends. Preach to them this doctrine. Converts will flock in. You will become the priestess of a new religion, the first abbess of Newfangle. Or, if you prefer it, which I think not unlikely, marry Jack. Then, when you have lived long years together, when you have seen children and grandchildren grown up around you, when he has been faithful and true to you, when he has been addicted to no vices, when he has toiled from morning to night, from year's end to year's end, that you may all rise in the world together, when he has done his duty public and private, when he has visited the widow and the fatherless, and fed

the poor—and all this, I think, may be safely predicted of Jack, as he promises to follow in his forefather's steps—then say to him, 'We must part Jack, we cannot go down to the grave together, you are less pure and noble than I, lower and coarser.' Go, say it to the doctor, who eases your pain, or takes off a crushed limb that life may be saved. Go, say it to the humble, pious minister who comforts you in your affliction, and says to you, 'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; Blessed be the name of the Lord.' Go say it of her husband or of her father to the exalted lady who now graces Canada by her presence. Go, say it of the 'good' prince, whom the widowed queen has mourned as rarely woman mourned before.

Ah, my dear children, away with all such mischievous comparisons! Men and women are good or bad to most of us as we find them. We must have our individual feelings. But the world is wider. Comparative virtues and vices can never be proved. It can never come to more than an idle wrangle. As for woman's position in the world, the higher they rise the better for man. The more they add to the world's stores the better for man. The more they share his work the better for man. The more they relieve him of his responsibilities the better for him.

My own opinion is, however, that women will find their greatest obstacle in women, here, in Newfangle, and elsewhere. I know the women of Newfangle well. Who better? I know that their natural instinct is to call upon men to help them in their trouble, of whatever kind, and not women. We have turned out some female medical students, but there is not one practising female doctor in the township. This is a poor account to give after twenty-five years. Women, at least our women here, are not disposed to place confidence in women; and it would appear to be the same elsewhere. The female medical student agitation must have been going on in the States for at least twenty-five years. There is in New York an admirable Women's Hospital. It is managed by women, by some of the principal ladies of the city. There is not belonging to it one single female surgeon, one single female student, nor is there any idea entertained of either. In short, *comparatively*, it has come to nothing. So I think, myself, it will be found in other professions and employments where women will have the choice between women and men. It has already been proved in a great many instances.

There are no better women in the world, I firmly believe, my dears, than our women here in Newfangle. They are good daughters, good sisters, good wives, good mothers, good housekeepers, good friends, good neighbours. That is enough for me and for them. That is enough for most people. But they have their peculiar feminine failings, as every human being, be it man or woman, has failings, not to call them by a harsher name, and it is exactly those feminine failings which will prove the greatest obstacle in this Woman Question, as it is called, should it ever come to a real trial. There are, to be sure, a few women in Newfangle who are not wives or mothers. They desire, these ladies tell us, to make their way in the world—to achieve an independence for themselves. There is no royal road. Men find none—women will find none. It is sheer hard work that does it. Even genius has been defined (improperly) as no more than a capacity for work, though it is in great part true. When women have genius, their path is smoothed for them, as it is for men of genius; there are very few indeed of either sex. For all the rest sheer hard work is the lot, the condition of success. We are told by these very ladies that there are many, a great many, employments in which women now succeed. A vast many more are

open to them, if they can show that they can do as well in them as men can; the more the better for them and for men too. But it seems they want to be professional women—that is doctors, lawyers, ministers of the Gospel, statesmen. Here we are met by one of those contradictions which puzzle us in the speeches and writings of these ladies. They tell us that 'with women professional efforts must always be reckoned secondary to their peculiar duties as women, from which even professional women cannot claim immunity;' and yet with their next breath they would have us believe that they are just as capable of all or any professional duty as men are. Of course the first is true, and may indeed almost be said to be fatally true. Observe that no exceptions are made. By all means, as a matter of grace, throw open all professional careers to women; mix up men and women, married and unmarried, in an heterogeneous confusion; let it not be said that it is denied to them, but *mark my words*, my dears, the 'feminine writer in the *Contemporary Review*' was *right*. The consequences could not, by possibility, be anything but mischievous and disastrous. 'The whole existing scheme of human affairs would be thrown into confusion,' but the frenzy would work itself off, and all would come right again in the end; the human nature which has asserted itself for more thousands of years than we know anything about would assert itself again. From the very earliest times of which there exists any record, the differences between man's nature and woman's nature stand out in high relief. It is neither more nor less to day. Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, one and the same, from the beginning to the end.

Good night, my dears; and do you kiss me again, Bella, my love. Cheer up. Take Jack as you find him. Do not call him less pure or less noble than yourself, low or coarse; do not tell him that he is a cheat, that he grinds down, that he over-reaches, that he underpays, and that in the worst possible form. Take him as you find him, and hope that he may do the same by you, and rely on the word of your old grandmother, who knows a thing or two, that you will be no loser by the bargain. What! Tears! Ah, my dear child, may you never shed more unhappy ones!

WHY?

WHY does the bud that is near to its breaking
Wake sweeter smiles than the fully-blown rose?
Why does the dream on the verge of awaking
Stir deeper truths than a deeper repose?

Why does the love that is broken with parting
Lift itself higher by the fulness of pain?
Why is the incomplete rapture of starting
Close on completion we never attain?

Why? for a boundless, unsatisfied longing
Lies deepest down in a warm human heart;
Ever with this are the sympathies thronging,
Ever by this do the heaven-flowers start.

Grow with our spring—we can follow you wholly
Only as far as its instincts are sent;
Summer's a fact that is hidden and holy,
We have not seen it—We are not content.

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXII.

A COURT-MARTIAL STORY.

IT was not without some anxiety—such as unhappily, even the innocent often experience in this world—that Frederic Mayne sat down to the morning meal after that misadventure in the arbour; he knew that, though Ferdinand Walcot could wear a mask to conceal his feelings, Sir Robert was incapable of such deception, and his courteous and hospitable greeting at once informed him that no 'leprous distilment' of prejudice or scandal had, for the present, at least, been dropped into his ear.

Knowing, however, or fancying that he knew, the nature of the man with whom he had to deal, he was by no means set at ease, and, like any other threatened man, felt much in need of 'counsel's opinion.' For Gresham's advice he was debarred from applying, because of the secret he had discovered concerning him, and his knowledge of which a feeling of delicacy (not unmingled with resentment) prevented him from revealing; a natural shrinking from making unpleasantness in the house prevented him from making a clean breast of it to his host; and in this perplexity he resolved to confide in a third, and comparatively disinterested party.

From the first, Mayne had greatly taken to the Rev. John Dyneley; there was a frankness about him that appealed strongly to his own open nature, and a modesty in regard to self-assertion which he admired none the less that he was conscious that he did not share the possession of that virtue. His opinion of Dyneley, had he been asked to express it, would have been 'a right good fellow, and, though a parson, with no nonsense about him.'

Moreover, confidential relations had been already established between them on a certain matter soon to be made public, so that he felt less of embarrassment than he would otherwise have done in consulting him on a subject so delicate as his adventure of the morning; lastly, although Dyneley had been becomingly reticent as to the members of the Halcombe family, Mr. Mayne had a suspicion that he entertained no very high opinion of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot.

Mr. Raynes and his wife—from whose house Frank had been returning home when he encountered that incredible giant—were coming to spend the day at the Hall, and little preparations were going on in consequence which afforded Mayne an opportunity of slipping unobserved away from the house, and paying a visit to the Manor Farm. He found the Curate with his foot in the stirrup, on the point of setting out for Archester on his grey mare—the only luxury which he allowed himself.

'I was just off,' he said, 'on my expedition of discovery; for to-day is the day to tell our tale—if, unlike the Needy Knifegrinder, we have one to tell.'

'Quite right; I had forgotten for the moment because of an occurrence

which has just happened that concerns myself more nearly. That is only human nature.'

'It is very human,' answered the Curate, smiling, 'which you must allow rather corroborates my theory.'

These two had had some friendly arguments, not, indeed, of the high philosophic kind, 'of Fate, Freewill, Foreknowledge absolute,' but of a quasi-theological sort, in which they had very wisely agreed to differ.

'I will acknowledge an error in logic, Mr. Dyneley, if you on your part will give me your advice upon a matter, in which I have committed no error, but the consequences of which may be serious to me. In the first place, however, I must ask to believe that, if I am not so orthodox as could be wished, I am incapable of what is unbecoming a gentleman.'

'I do not claim to be a great judge of character,' answered the Curate, but 'you may certainly take that much for granted.'

'Thank you, Dyneley. Then this is my story,' and thereupon he told him, without any reference to Gresham, how he had been led by a sneeze to enter the arbour, and had been found there, under ridiculous, but somewhat embarrassing, circumstances, by Mr. Ferdinand Walcot.

'That the man means to do me a mischief,' he concluded, 'if the opportunity should occur, I feel certain, though for the present he keeps his mouth shut.'

'I cannot conceive,' observed the Curate, thoughtfully, 'how this young woman—her name is Annabel Spence—came to be in the arbour at all, and especially at such an hour in the morning. You have no theory, I suppose, to account for her presence there?'

Mr. Mayne had a theory to account for it, as we know, but he did not feel justified in saying anything that might implicate Gresham, so he shook his head.

'I have never seen the girl but once,' continued the Curate, 'but I have learnt from the young ladies that she is very peculiar; she does not mix with her fellow-servants, and is very reticent about herself.'

'Is she educated above her class, do you know?' inquired Mayne.

'Yes, I believe so.'

'I thought that from her manner,' replied Mayne, carelessly; he did not dare ask, what he most wanted to know, whether she could speak German.

'You ask me for advice in this matter, Mr. Mayne,' said the Curate, 'and I need not say my best services are at your disposal; but upon my word I have no action to propose. To take the initiative is dangerous, in such a case; you know the proverb, "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse;*" and since you are not only innocent of offence, but there is no accusation to the contrary, I should recommend—'

'A masterly inaction,' put in Mayne, laughing. 'Very good. I feel, however, that I have done right in consulting you, so that in case any imputation—"frivolous and vexatious," as the court-martials call it—is made against me at any time, perhaps, in my absence, you will be in possession of the actual circumstances. In my opinion, Mr. Ferdinand Walcot is capable of anything.

'Because he shut the garden door in your face?' said the Curate smiling.

'On no; though, mind you, that was not a pleasant trait in him. He would not have dared to do it but that he felt I could not make a row about it. Gresham knows him down to his boots, and calls him all sorts of names; well-deserved ones, I have no doubt. To my eyes, in his influence over Sir Robert, and in his general goings on in the family, he resembles Tartuffe.'

'You think him a hypocrite, then?'

'Certainly; that to begin with. It is what his hypocrisy conceals, however, that one most objects to, of course.'

'And what is that?'

'Heartlessness, nay worse, cruelty, malevolence, greed—but I fear I am shocking you.'

'It is certainly painful to me,' said the Curate slowly, 'to learn that you have so bad an opinion of the man whom Sir Robert—whom we all love and respect—delights to honour. I will confess to you at once that Mr. Walcot is not a personal favourite of mine; but such imputations—'

'My dear Mr. Dyneley, I impute nothing,' put in the other, laughing; 'I only give you my own opinion of the gentleman; he may be the kindest and most disinterested creature upon earth—only if he is, I'll eat him. I am detaining you, however, from your errand.'

'Not at all. I am glad to have seen you,' said the Curate, though his tones were far from glad. He seemed almost unable to rouse himself from some unpleasant reflections. 'I shall be back by luncheon time,' he added, as he mounted his horse, 'and I hope with some good news. Good morning.'

And the two young men shook hands with much cordiality.

In less than an hour after they had parted, Mr. Ferdinand Walcot was in possession of the fact of their interview which seemed to have some significance for him, to judge by the manner in which he received it from the lips of Gilbert Holm.

'He comes to the Curate, does he, instead of his friend Gresham, to repose this confidence?' was the muttered reflection. 'Now, why is that, I wonder?' He paced for some minutes the little garden before the farmhouse ere he thought this out, and even then his furrowed brow, in place of becoming clearer, grew dark as night. 'So, so, he loves her, this salt-water fool, and believes Gresham his rival; that has sundered friendship. So much the better; when the fagot is unbound, the sticks are snapped the easier.'

As a matter of fact, however, Walcot saw some cause for disquiet in the fact of this intimacy between Frederick Mayne and the Curate, both of whom as he well knew, were hostile to him; but like other men of strong will and self-dependent habits, he never admitted, even to himself, that matters were going against him.

In the country, persons of both sexes are often fond of their own free will to drive ten miles and back to a dinner party; the motive (for the attractions of the banquet can never account for it) is gregariousness. Their own company and that of their family has become intolerable, and they put themselves to this enormous inconvenience, as Sir John Plumpudding did, who hung himself one morning 'for a change.' At the same time they are not unaware of the discomforts they thus incur; the little outbreaks of temper on the road out, from hunger or other causes, the exhaustion on their return journey, and the snatch of sleep rudely broken by the jolt at their own hall steps. Therefore, neighbourly folks in the country often ask their friends to spend what (with some secret doubt, perhaps, of having much means of amusement at command) they call a 'long day' with them. Mr. and Mrs. Raynes had received an invitation of this kind from Lady Arden. Perhaps it had not been given altogether with the philanthropic motives I have hinted at. The fact is her ladyship was very particular as to the social proprieties, and the guests in question were not quite in a position to be asked to meet the county families at dinner. Nobody knew where Mr. and Mrs. Raynes had sprung from: they had taken the only gentleman's residence there was upon Mirton Moor, about ten years ago, which in the eyes of county society is but the life span of a mushroom; and though they had wonderfully adapted themselves, as it were, to the soil—Mr. Raynes was, on the one hand, very popular as an employer of labour, and on the other, was the Rector's churchwarden at Mirton—still there was

something about them that the drawing-room folks of these parts described as 'peculiar.' The gentleman quoted Shakespeare, but was quite ignorant of the usual topics of general conversation, to which he listened with a good-natured face, that was occasionally convulsed by the most comic of grins. The boys and girls were enchanted with this peculiarity, but their elders disapproved of it, and one of them had even contemptuously nicknamed him the Cheshire cat.

His lady spoke still more seldom, but she had a beaming face which gave every one who talked to her the impression that she was entranced by their conversation, unless they happened to cross-examine her about it, when to their chagrin they found she had not understood one word of it. Of her genuine kindness of heart, however, there was no doubt, and the manner in which, though forty-seven and fat, she tripped in the children's dance always given at 'The Lilacs' at Christmas would alone have guaranteed it. 'Hung upon wires,' was, indeed, an observation that had been applied to her mode of progression at all times, which, in connection with Mr. R's contortions of countenance, had caused this honest pair to be known among their intimates as 'the Marionettes.'

They were, nevertheless, of the most genuine flesh and blood, and were warmly appreciated by those who had any sense of proportion, and could forget eccentricities of conduct and appearance in the presence of real worth—among whom I need not say was Sir Robert Arden.

His greeting to them on the present occasion was only less warm than that of Frank who had been always welcome to 'The Lilacs,' and whose greatest 'chum' was their son and heir, Master Richard Raynes, at present at a boarding-school at Cheltenham. It was to that school that his own hopes had turned, as an escape from the vengeance of John Groad and Son, before they were nipped in the bud by Mr. Ferdinand Walcot's veto.

The luncheon party was a large one, the great Baba, having, at Mrs. Rayne's request, who doted on babies, honoured it by his august presence, and the Curate being also among the invited, though he did not join the company till they had sat down. At first the conversation, led, of course, by his Serene Diminutiveness, to whom every one listened as to a pocket oracle, turned upon the approaching Fifth of November, on which certain fireworks were to be displayed, and was, therefore, of an historical character.

The great Baba would have it that Guy Fawkes (as to whom he felt he would be indebted for the entertainment in question) was by no means censurable, a position from which the whole strength of the company failed to dislodge him. Even when convinced of the heinousness of his attempt to blow up his Sovereign with gunpowder, he hazarded the idea, 'but perhaps he was a nasty King,'—which was incontrovertible.

At the moment of his triumph the Curate entered.

'This is unlike you, Dyneley,' remonstrated Sir Robert, with his usual stickling for punctuality.

'And unlike the Church,' added Gresham; 'his reverence did not know there were oyster patties.'

'I have been over to Archester,' said the Curate simply; 'and as it has turned out, on a very pleasant errand.'

'I did not know she lived at Archester,' observed George with an involuntary glance at Elise.

But the Curate took no notice of this ribald behaviour.

'I am glad that you are all together,' he said gravely; 'and especially that Mr. and Mrs. Raynes are with you, because it is my pleasant duty to clear the character of a certain young gentleman—dear to all of us, and especially to you, Lady Arden—which has suffered under an unjust suspicion.'

Here Lady Arden's eyes began to glisten and her face to glow with pleasure; for she (and one other present) alone knew what was coming.

'You remember, Sir Robert, that a certain tale of Master Frank's about his having met a giant with six legs, on his return home from "The Lilacs" one evening, a year or so ago, was much discredited. Now I am in a position to prove that he was really favoured with that spectacle.'

Mr. Walcot looked at his brother-in-law and smiled an incredulous smile.

'My dear Dyneley,' said Sir Robert reprovingly, 'is it not better to let bygones be bygones, than to attempt to reconcile impossibilities with truth?'

'I did see that giant,' said Frank vehemently; 'and he had six legs, just as I told you all.'

'It is quite true,' continued the Curate; 'although it would probably never have been found out but for Mr. Mayne here.'

Every one turned to the person thus indicated. It surprised them that the key to this household problem should be discovered by a comparative stranger.

'Nay, no praise is due to me,' said Mayne; 'only when I was told of Master Frank's strange experience, I thought it worth while to inquire if a giant—whether with six legs or ten—had been in these parts at all, at the time in question. From an investigation in the old files of the county newspaper in your library, Sir Robert, I found that this was the case. A caravan, with a giant in it, was located at Mirton at the date of this alleged occurrence. He was, no doubt the monster that Frank saw.'

'I don't quite see the *sequitur*,' observed Mr. Walcot, drily.

'I shall, however, have the pleasure of showing it to you,' replied the Curate, with some curtness. 'Armed with the information obtained from Mr. Mayne, I rode over to Mirton this morning, and made enquiries respecting this giant's habits. It was his custom it seems—in order doubtless that he should not be seen for nothing—to take his exercise after dark; and being, like most caravan giants, very weak in the legs, two men accompanied him, to serve as supports, when necessary, on either side of him. It was thus no doubt that Frank fell in with him; and in the twilight, it was natural enough that the four legs of his companions should have seemed to the boy to belong to this Goliath as well as his own two; while his head so far over-topped the others (which, indeed, were mere props under his arms) that they escaped observation altogether.'

'I like that 'tory,' exclaimed the great Baba, drumming on the table with his silver fork and spoon with great enthusiasm; 'now tell Baba another about another giant, Dyney.'

But, for once in his life, an observation of the little household god passed unheeded. Everybody was crying out, 'Good boy, Franky,' and expressing their pleasure that his innocence of the imputed falsehood had been thus established.

'I told you the other day, my lad,' said Mayne,

> "That ever the right comes uppermost,
> And ever is justice done."

And here you see an example of it.'

Frank said 'thank you,' gratefully, and as soon as he could escape from the embraces of his family took Mr. Mayne's outstretched hand; but still he looked far otherwise than one who is enjoying a moral triumph. That notion of justice being always done to people chilled his blood. Moreover, he felt that Mr. Walcot's eye was piercing him like a bradawl.

Even when his stepfather beckoned to him and gave him a kind caress, his pale thin face wore as much pain as pleasure.

'I am afraid you have not quite forgiven us all,' said Sir Robert, 'for having done you wrong so long, Frankie.'

'Yes, yes, papa, I have,' said he, 'but I am so very——' here he was going to say 'miserable,' and the next moment would have made a clean breast of all his woes, but a glance full of warning from 'Uncle' Ferdinand stopped him short; the unfinished sentence was kindly concluded for him by that gentleman himself.

'The poor boy means he is quite upset with everybody's kindness, Arden.'

'Good lad, good lad,' said Sir Robert, and he stroked his stepson's head with tender approval.

Curiously enough, not only he, but Lady Arden herself, was persuaded that Mr. Walcot's explanation of Frankie's tears was correct; the scene had been certainly enough to upset the nerves of any sensitive boy.

But Mr. Walcot's glance of warning had been caught by another beside him to whom it was addressed.

'The boy is afraid of him,' mused Mr. Mayne to himself. 'He has got the whip-hand of the poor child in some way, as he thinks he has of me. I'll take the whip out of your hand,' he muttered, his lips pale with passion, 'and then if I don't lay it about your own shoulders, Ferdinand Walcot, call me a land-lubber.'

It is a mistake made by many persons of too masterful a disposition to only consider the wrong they do in relation to those they wrong. There are natures capable of being roused to very active antagonism by tyrannies committed against others, and with which they have no sort of business.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SOME INDOOR GAMES.

THE afternoon was wet, so that the party at Halcombe were thrown upon its internal resources for amusement. In ordinary cases of the kind the males would have repaired to the billiard-room, and, perhaps, even enlisted a fair recruit or two; but on the present occasion it was felt that 'Fifie' (as the girls called Frank, when in especial favour or in trouble) was deserving of especial honour; and it was decided with the consent of the good-natured visitors that he should choose his own game, and be the Lord of Misrule until dinner-time.

For myself I love children, but I hate their games; my knees are too stiff to take a share in their athletics; I can't rise from the ground when at full-length 'without touching anything,' even to oblige a lady of the most fairy-like description; as to that 'Here we go round, round, round,' the very remembrance of the exercise as practised by others gives me the vertigo; while the notion of 'weighing sacks' is to a person of my build both dangerous and preposterous. Bad as these things are, the 'sitting down' games of children are infinitely worse; they require a readiness of mind which has long deserted me, and an indifference to public criticism which I have not yet acquired. The propositions of the little Misses, however, are on the whole much more alarming, because more subtle and exacting, than those of their playmates of the other sex, and the party at Halcombe Hall might well congratulate itself that it had placed itself so unreservedly at least in the hands of a male.

Frank decided on 'Robber King' as the amusement for the afternoon, a choice which might, perhaps, have been appealed against by the young ladies as being somewhat of a hoydenish—not to say rompish—nature, had not the Great Baba at once expressed his approval of the idea, which was necessarily final.

'I ike wobber kings,' he shouted, 'and murders and ghostisses—tum along.'

Sir Robert, though he too liked 'playing at ghostisses' as we have reason to know, was excused on the score of indisposition; 'Uncle Ferdinand,' we may be certain, did not re-

ceive an invitation; and Lady Arden, protesting it was 'one of her bad days,' retired to the drawing-room sofa and the last novel of fashionable life. But the rest, even including the Curate—who was impressed (not willingly) by Mayne on the ground that it was his duty to convert the Robber King—were all included in the proscription. This game consists in all but one person going to hide, and remaining *perdu* till discovered by the King, who carries them off to durance, where they remain till rescued by some member of the party who has not been discovered, and who steals out of his hiding-place with the noble intention of releasing the captives.

The prison was a painted oriel in the great hall which threw 'warm gules' and other mellowed hues upon its tenants, who were immured behind a curtain of tapestry.

This mediæval retreat was found, singularly enough, to be generally inhabited by but one pair of victims at a time; and that pair were for the most part Mr. and Mrs. Raynes (who remained in captivity for such long intervals, that they were dubbed Baron and Baroness Trenck), and George Gresham and the German Governess.

'It is a most extraordinary thing,' observed Mayne to the Curate, who found themselves for once thus incarcerated together, 'that I have relieved Gresham and Miss Hurt from this blessed dungeon about half a dozen times.'

'So have I,' replied the other gravely.

'Then it is my opinion they get caught on purpose. Perhaps he wishes to improve himself in the German tongue.'

'Perhaps,' said the Curate; 'I always find them talking together.'

'I suppose it's quite understood that he and Miss Nicoll are engaged to be married,' observed the other.

'It is understood so,' returned Dyneley, upon whom a crimson light had suddenly descended, though he was under a blue pane; 'but the engagement has never been publicly acknowledged.'

'It seems very odd, don't it.'

'Oh, I don't know,' said the Curate dryly. 'The mere fact of being found in an oriel window—or an arbour—alone with a young lady, proves nothing.'

Mr. Mayne laughed disconcertedly.

'Well, it seems to me that there's another game beside "Robber King" being played in this house, called "Cross Purposes" —— Hush! here's Baron Trenck; for this relief, small thanks.'

'Who would have thought of seeing you two? I always find Mr. Gresham and Miss Hurt here.' And Mr. Raynes grinned a grin so significant, and at the same time so exquisitely comical, that the other two burst out laughing.

'Dear me,' cried Mrs. Raynes, suddenly appearing at the curtain (she was the most active of the band save the King himself, and the most devoted to the cause of the captives), 'only think of finding you three here; and what a noise you make! I generally release but two, and find them sitting as quiet as mice. Lor, Milly, how you frightened me! I thought it was the Robber King.'

'Nay,' said Milly, breathlessly, her bright face aglow with exercise, and her hair streaming behind her like a comet. 'You frightened *me;* I am not accustomed to come upon such batches of prisoners: it's like "La Force" in the French Revolution. I generally find only George and Miss Hurt, who —here is another Deliverer!'

There was indeed one and a half, for it was Evelyn with the Baba on her shoulder, whom she carried perched there with the same ease and grace with which Moorish, and other pictorial maidens, bear their pitchers to the well. This little pitcher had not only ears, but a very active tongue, and (since silence was an imperative necessity of the game) it took all Evelyn's

authority to keep him still, as she flitted from room to room. She never ran, but glided, and was always stately even at topmost speed. Mayne noticed that she had none of the high spirits of her younger sister, though there was so slight a difference in years between them. Like one who takes a hand at whist to oblige others, she did not seem to enjoy the game, though she played it very much better than the volunteers in question. Ere she could speak to the rest, the dreaded form of the Robber King withdrew the curtain, and, in a voice that was meant for one of 'Murder,' cried 'all caught.'

'Nay, sir, you are wrong,' said Evelyn. 'There are two more yet to find—Miss Hurt and George.'

'They count as one, for I always catch 'em together,' replied Frankie, and off he flashed to complete his victory.

At this speech, so corroborative of what all had been saying, or thinking, every one instantly glanced at Evy, except Mr. Dyneley, who wheeled round and stared at the painted window, as though he would have stared through it. This delicacy of conduct (as is often the case) cost the Curate dear, for if he had witnessed, like the rest, the calmness and unconcern with which Evelyn received this compromising intelligence, he would have been well assured that George Gresham, at least, was not a rival to be feared.

After this it was agreed by tacit consent that Robber King had been played out, and the more so since the Great Baba was clamorous for 'Ghostisses,' in which the game had been to his mind hitherto shamefully deficient.

So in the deepening dusk they all repaired to the library and told terrible tales from which the Baba, in Evy's arms, snatched a fearful joy.

For my part, I dote on Ghosts, but the common sense and practical sagacity of the world have become so great that I dare not repeat these stories. One of them, however, is worth recording, first because it took the unusual course of demonstrating that inanimate as well as animate objects are subject to supernatural influences, and secondly, because it was told by the very last person in that part of the country who would have been suspected of telling stories, namely, Mr. Raynes. Moreover it had the very rarest and most valuable attribute that a ghost story can have, it was the record of a personal experience of the narrator,

'It was in the afternoon of this very month some ten years ago,' began Mr. Raynes, 'that I entered the Great Western express at Minden to go down to Exeter. I was late, and hurried at the station, and in my confusion left behind me on a bench on the platform a little black bag full of papers of great importance. I had just retired from my profession——'

'What's dat?' inquired the Great Baba, who wished to have every particular explained to him at all times, but especially regarding so important a subject as Ghostisses.

A great many people besides this intelligent infant would also have been glad to learn what Mr. Raynes' calling had been previously to his undertaking the *rôle* of a country gentleman, so that the question was as full of interest as of pertinence.

'When people are wise, Baba,' observed Mr. Raynes, 'and have made a little money to live upon, they proceed to enjoy themselves for the rest of their lives without working one bit more, and that is called retiring from their profession.'

This explanation, accompanied as it was by one of the most tremendous grins of which the human muscles are capable, was apparently found satisfactory by his interlocutor. So Mr. Raynes continued as follows: 'In that bag, I say, I had the title-deeds of The Lilacs, of which I had become possessed that very day; and, being in very good spirits, I was not at all in a humour to be frightened by ghosts, or anything else, until I found myself alone in the railway carriage without

the bag. The instant I had taken my seat, and the train began to move, I knew that I had left it behind me, and the sense of loss was most acute and depressing. I did not reflect at the time (being quite unused to business matters) that no one could easily make use of the deeds but myself, but really felt as if I had become suddenly beggared. The change from gaiety of heart to despondency was overwhelming. Had there been any communication between guard and passenger at that epoch, which there was not, I think I should have stopped that down express for the purpose of informing its custodian that I had left a black bag at Minden station, and would be obliged to him to reverse the engine and fetch it.

'A prey to these anxious thoughts, I happened suddenly to look up, and there, in the opposite corner of the carriage, stood the very bag, before me, with a copy of the *Evening Standard* half thrust into its mouth, as I well remember to have left it. The carriage was a first-class one, and tolerably well lighted, so that there could be no mistake about it, although five minutes before I could have taken my Bible oath that no bag was there. I verily trembled with agitation, and I must needs confess with something like superstitious fear, so confident was I both that there it was and there it had not been. I had not a doubt that it was my bag and no other, and yet it was some seconds before I could compose my mind, and assure myself how it had got there; namely, that I had flung it there myself as I hurriedly entered, but that in the gloom of the carriage, as compared with the light from which I had come, it had escaped my observation. My mind gradually calmed down from excitement to content and gratitude, and presently I got up, walked to where the bag lay in its corner, and was about to take the newspaper out to read, when that journal was suddenly drawn down into the bag as though by some hidden hand within it, and its half-open mouth was closed in my very face with a sharp snap.

'Anything more surprising it has never been my lot to experience, and very few things more alarming; if it had been a black dog instead of a black bag that had thus snapped at me I should not have been half so disconcerted. I suddenly felt cowed and uncanny, as though in an unseen presence that had some connection with the bag, and as different from the proud possessor of that desirable estate, The Lilacs, as he had been half an hour ago as it is possible to conceive. It was my own bag, to all appearance, and yet it had never snapped its faithful lips at me before, or shown any external symptoms of vitality. I am ashamed to say that I left the thing where it was untouched, and without making any further attempt to establish its identity, till the train stopped at Swindon, when I stepped out with great alacrity —almost into the arms of the guard. "What is it sir?" inquired he, as I stared back into the carriage.

'"Well, there's a bag," said I, not liking to say "*My* bag,' which, as it turned out, was lucky.

'"Ah, yes; I was coming for that," said he. "There's a sad story about that bag, or at least its owner. He had put it in this carriage, with his newspaper in it, but delayed to get in himself till after the bell rang. The train started at the same moment, and he was caught between the wheels and the platform and killed on the spot. Leastways, so the telegram says. So, if one may say so, the bag belongs to a *Dead Man*."'

When the audience had recovered from the shock of this recital, and were asking, according to custom, what became of Mr. Raynes' own black bag (as if *that* were the object of interest), Mr. Frederick Mayne was trying to remember under what circumstances he had heard this story before. That he *had* heard it he felt certain, and also that he had not read it. Some one

had told it to him, and, what was very singular, was that after that narration some one had grinned at him, just as Mr. Raynes had done at the assembled company when he came to his conclusion. It was impossible that Mr. Raynes himself, whom he had never seen until that afternoon, could have been the previous narrator; and yet the whole thing, including the grin, seemed not so much to have been presented to his eyes as reproduced. Was it possible that in a previous state of existence the Cheshire Cat and he had met and told ghost stories to one another, and that this was one of them?

(To be continued.)

THE GATES OF LIFE.

BY ST. QUENTIN.

HE ever loves that knoweth
The heart that love enshrines;
He ever knows that loveth,
For love with that entwines.
Wisdom is but in loving,
And love is to be wise;
For each doth give to other
That without which each dies.

He only lives who giveth
To love its fullest due;
He only loves who liveth
With wisest end in view.
This still is all the story:
'To love and know are one;'
And living wins its glory,
When loving is its sun.

Thus in the olden legends,
When time and the world were new,
The Gods, the ever wise ones,
Were ever lovers too.
By loving strove to wisdom;
Through wisdom strove to love;
Through both to Life,—thus only,
These being the gates thereof.

TORONTO.

ROUND THE TABLE.

Copyright, and American Magazine Literature.

IT is interesting, yet rather sad, to notice how the evil effects of an iniquitous copyright system are re-acting upon our neighbours in the States. One by one their magazines are ceasing to afford a field for native talent, and are becoming mere reproductions of essays and articles from the English periodicals. Take for example the June number of *Appleton's Journal*. It contains a critical paper on the 'Shakspearian Myth' and a short tale, both by American authors. All the other articles are foreign. Justin McCarthy's new history is laid under contribution. Senor Castelar is honoured by a translation, and Froude by the excerption of a chapter from his life of Cæsar. The periodical novel is by Besant and Rice (who, by the way, are now imitating Wilkie Collins' style in telling their tale by means of 'The Deserted Wife's Narrative,' and the 'Injured Sister's Story'), and the remaining papers are taken impartially from *Fraser* and *Blackwood*. I do not deny that the magazine is a very readable one, but if all the American periodicals are to become eclectic selections for which nothing is paid, it is a bad outlook for American authors. Depending as the *Journal* does on extraneous aid, no wonder that its home-made departments show a terrible falling off in ability. One in particular, styled 'Imitation in Art,' is a delightful specimen of outspoken ignorance as to what is meant by the canon that art is not imitation. Apparently the writer's standard is *what will pay?* for he mentions that such and such a painting is the only one that can be engraved *with profit!* It is rather pitiable to see such trash find refuge in the only remaining national corner of the magazine.

Barrie.

Titles in Canada.

I wish some competent authority would inform us what good purpose is supposed to be served by the creation in Canada of titles borrowed from the feudal institutions of England. We have now a new batch of Knights and Ladies. What does it all signify? Sir Samuel Leonard, Sir Richard John, Sir Charles, Sir Alexander—— are we to understand that Her Majesty, recognising the pre-eminent merits and public services of these gentlemen, has singled them out for this mark of her favour? Or are they the mere nominees of their respective parties for the purpose in question? If so, how often will a batch of new names be sent home? Has the thing any natural limits of its own that are not likely to be passed? Is Knighthood the highest honour to which a Colonist can aspire? If titles serve any good purpose, why not raise Sir John A. Macdonald to the peerage, and let Canadian society have whatever benefit may come of being able to boast a live lord of home growth? It is quite possible there are some serious arguments in favour of the creation of a titled aristocracy in Canada; but I confess myself wholly ignorant as to what they are. Is it supposed that Canadian loyalty will be stimulated by the bestowal of such distinctions on our leading men, and on some who are not

leading men at all? It is possible that the recipients of titles might feel themselves bound more closely to the fountain of honour, and that their gratitude might take the shape of a lively expectation of further favours to come; but how about their relations and duties to the country here that has made them what they are? Is it safe or proper that our politicians should always be on the side of the Court? What is wanted in a public man is, that he should have a lively sense of what is due to his own constituents—using that word in its widest signification—not that he should be captivated by honours conferred by a power across the sea. We want men who can gaze upon honours *irretortis oculis*, and who do not require titles to give them a due sense of their own dignity. As to stimulating the loyalty of the Canadian people at large by this decoration of their public men, the idea is most chimerical. I am mistaken if four Canadians out of five do not see more to laugh at than anything else in the whole business. What has So-and-So ever done, they will say, that forthwith I must 'Sir' him and 'Lady' his wife? The answer to such a question might not be easy to give.

I would, therefore, object to these titles as tending to divide the allegiance of our public men, and make them hover, as it were, between their simple duty as Canadians and the temptation to flatter Imperial ideas! There is, however, another consideration which seems to me even more important, and that is, that all imitation, in a new country, of the forms of an old aristocracy is socially corrupting. The root idea of aristocracy is privilege founded on might, or at least upon *fait accompli*, not right, and wherever aristocracy is imitated there will be a similar development of the idea of privilege. 'Society,' in the narrow sense, will set up its interest against those of society in the wide sense, and we shall have a language and sentiments which, to any one brought up in liberal traditions, are offensive and nauseating in the highest degree. We shall have a wretched little class, thinking that all the world exists simply to furnish it with its luxuries, its leisure, its vicious idleness, its inane enjoyments. The whole spirit of the age is opposed to such a development of class feeling, and tends more and more to stamp all superiority in wealth, education, or talents, with the serious legend, 'Responsibility.' If we in Canada wish to march in the front of civilisation we should put away from us all devices that tend to cultivate individual egotism, to stimulate social rivalries, and to obscure the truth, that only as a man places his superior gifts in all simplicity at the service of his fellowmen—is he really entitled to honour? Titles, as tending to increase all the illusions of personal vanity, and to corrupt society by the institution of false ideals and a false worship, should be repudiated by an intelligent and self-respecting people.

VOX CLAMANTIS.

THE MORAL NATURE AND INTELLECTUAL POWER.

I have been very much struck by the following remarks in Dr. R. M. Bucke's recent work on "Man's Moral Nature:" "The activity and efficiency of the intellectual nature is largely dependent upon the degree of development of the moral nature, which last is undoubtedly the driving-power of our mental mechanism, as the great sympathetic is the driving-power of our bodily organization. What I mean is, and I think everyone will agree with me here, that, with the same intellectual power, the outcome of that power will be vastly greater with a high moral nature behind it than it will be with a low moral nature behind it. In other

words, that, with a given brain, a man who has strong and high desires will arrive at more and truer results of reflection than if, with the same brain, his desires are comparatively mean and low."

I think that a very little reflection on our common daily experience will suffice to convince all of us that Dr. Bucke is right. He has indeed only thrown into a more developed form the well-known sentiment of Pascal that great thoughts come from the heart; but it is well that the idea should be developed, for we are thus enabled to judge more adequately of its scope and value. We see now why it is that some men whose heads are mines of facts, and who have, in their own way, a great thirst for knowledge, produce so little impression on their fellows, and count for so little in the world. Having no distinct moral aims, or never rising above conventional conceptions of morality, they do not aspire to moral influence, they are not impelled to any enterprises of moral conquest, they do not appeal to the emotional side of any one's nature; and consequently, though we know them as industrious, well-informed men, we take nothing from them in the shape of moral direction or impulse. We know other men not so studious, not such absorbers of book-knowledge, not such insatiable collectors of facts, yet whose intercourse is to us a source of the highest profit. They awaken thoughts in us which men of the other class have no power to stir. They give us a deeper insight into ourselves and into the world. They enrich and invigorate our minds by the broad disinterestedness of their views. The men of facts may sometimes be surprised at the influence exerted by comparatively unlearned men, or by men who perhaps only get credit for a little "culture;" but it is not easy to see how they are going to help it. The truth is that the men of culture and of broad humanity see what the others do not see, and, have a learning which the others can never grasp. *They see into themselves*, and, seeing into themselves, they see into others. They are at home, so to speak, in the region of the soul. Minds of the other order, being habitually occupied with external objects, may be said to be always abroad. You can only catch them in the field, or on the highway, or in the market place, and then your talk must be of outward things. The chief source, I am inclined to believe, of the power exerted by modern men of science is that the leaders amongst them are men of strong emotional nature, men who are alive to all the poetry of the universe, and who are thus enabled to speak to the hearts as well as to the heads of men. Such a man is Tyndall; such a man, in spite of a little harshness of manner, is Huxley; such a man was the late lamented Clifford; such a man was Sir John Herschell. Dr. Bucke's book shows in a very striking manner how natural is the connection between "sweetness" and "light;" and it ought to make certain hard calculators and reasoners consider whether the very keenness and hardness of their intellect does not imply, on one side, a serious limitation of power, and furnish an explanation of their comparative lack of influence in the world.

W. D. LeS.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Ruskin on Painting. Appleton's Handy Volume Series; New York, 1879: Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

This is perhaps the most valuable number yet issued of this pleasant little series. It consists of a selection of extracts from the great work on 'Modern Painters,' with which Ruskin took the artistic and critical world by storm. All the faults of a collection of excerpts it naturally possesses; we would rather have seen half, or a third, of the original work printed verbatim, than have to endure this jotting from one fine passage to another. The publishers, however, aim to please the general, and not the critical, public, and they deserve our thanks for what they have done in this direction. Ruskin's works are almost a sealed book to many, on account of the English editions, originally high-priced, being, in some cases, out of print. All proposals for cheap authorized editions have been steadily declined by him, on the avowed ground that he does not wish that his works should be obtainable without an effort of sacrifice that will make their value afterwards appreciated the more. While acknowledging the ground-work of sound sense in this view—for who can deny that the men who wrought hard and lived scantily, to scrape together the means to buy a copy of Tyndale's or Coverdale's Bible, loved and prized it with a more ardent feeling than we experience now-a-days for our Bible-Society's editions, sold under cost price for eightpence? we think that it is well for the many to read Ruskin in a cheap form, such as this, in order to acquire the taste that may lead them to wish to have all his works on their shelves, in the shape of editions which have been prepared and published (for he is his own publisher) under his own eye.

That such a desire will spring up, there is no doubt. For Ruskin is the most captivating of modern writers. We may be told a dozen times over that he is partial, but when we recur to his pages he takes us along with him, not after a struggle, but by a species of winning clarity of thought, that makes us surrender our volition to his guidance. We may be convinced that he is wrong. Garbett, in his delightful 'Rudimentary Treatise on the Principles of Design in Architecture,' does so convince us in one instance. We rise from his pages convinced that Ruskin was in error in attributing the value of ornaments in architecture to the amount of manual labour expended on them. We see that the true test is the quantity of mental labour embodied, and that it is essential that this shall not be exceeded by the manual labour bestowed, or the latter will appear to be thrown away. Yet all the same we feel an inward misgiving, lest the next time we come across the heresy in Ruskin's pages, the spell of that mighty enchanter enchain our senses and lest our mental powers fall into a slavish obedience to his behests. Luckily enough, these behests are always purely and honestly intended, and are almost always artistically correct.

Ruskin wrote well on pictures, because he had learnt to look at Nature with his own eyes. Not all the world bowing down before Poussin's landscapes could hinder him from seeing and proclaiming aloud, that these so-called tree-trunks were, in fact, carrots and parsnips. He appreciated Turner, because Turner also had drawn his inspiration direct from the sky-depths and the sea-distances. How fine is his explanation of the reason, a reason perhaps which Turner would have found it difficult to put in words, of the peculiar position, some twenty or thirty yards from the shore, which was chosen as Turner's standpoint in his great sea-pieces. Looking from the beach out to sea, he well observes that each succeeding wave appears a new entity and the curl of the breakers somewhat monotonous. Seen from behind we recognise the fact that each new wave is 'the same water constantly rising, and crashing, and recoiling and rolling in again in new forms and with fresh

fury, we perceive the perturbed spirit, and feel the intensity of its unwearied rage.'

This little book is full of such lessons as this. The description of the sea in Turner's 'Slave Ship,' upon which Ruskin would have preferred to rest the painter's claim to immortality, if driven to select one single work, is as masterly a piece of word painting as its subject is, or alas, was, of oil painting. We must leave the book here. But at the close we may refer with some amusement to the absurd remarks of the *Literary World*, a Boston critical paper of some reputation, which in reviewing this same passage discloses its utter ignorance of the fact that Ruskin took the last words of his description 'incarnadines the multitudinous seas' from a celebrated passage in Macbeth!

Tabor Melodies, by ROBERT EVANS, Hamilton. Toronto: Samuel Rose, 1878.

This little book contains some two hundred and fifty sonnets, chiefly on religious subjects, written with very considerable care and showing occasional tokens of a real poetic spirit. As a rule, religious poetry does not rank high in the scale. Correctness of feeling and orthodoxy of thought usually predominate in it over the more etherial and essential elements of poetry. The result is that while each sect and school of thought has its peculiarly favoured book of religious verses, there is seldom, if ever, apparent in such works the glow of genius that would make the whole world, regardless of theological differences, resort to them for pleasure and instruction. It is not so with all religious prose works. The Pilgrim's Progress, for instance, does not and never will depend for readers upon the peculiar sect to which its author belonged. Something of the genius of Bunyan must be acquired before the numerous writers of sacred poetry can aspire to be known beyond the pale of their own churches.

Mr. Evans does not escape from the force of this rule. Too many of his sonnets are merely the records of an ordinary, some of a very commonplace, religious experience, couched to a considerable extent in the usual technical language of English Protestantism. Such expressions as 'mediator,' 'type of Christ,' 'Sabbatic year,' &c., which we find used in this book, are very proper phrases for sermons or theological works, but are not and never can be fit material to build into the delicate structure of a sonnet. Nor are these the only blots in the pages before us. The line

'Tis nature's spirit *photographed* in art,'

betrays the fact that Mr. Evans is not an artist, or even a connoisseur in art. He would not otherwise have used an expression the reverse of eulogistic when the context shows he intended it as the highest praise. The ideas conjured up by the word 'photograph' moreover, are too raw and modern, and withal too 'base and mechanical' to be fitted for use in poetry.

We should also advise Mr. Evans to change the title of a rather pretty sonnet on p. 13. The idea is a fine one, namely the ample space and absence of crowding on the upper rounds of the golden ladder reaching between heaven and earth. It is a truth that holds good of all the many golden ladders raised before us into the lofty domains of virtue, of art, of science, of religion. But to call this sonnet 'There's Room On Top,' is to desecrate the subject by calling up ludicrous recollections of omnibus conductors hailing a fare on a wet day.

We do not propose to pursue the thankless task of fault-finding any further. It is with much more pleasure that we turn to those passages which we can indicate with praise. This is a fine line,

'As the loud thunder *tramps adown the night*,'

and in the sonnet entitled 'the Meteor,' we find much beauty, marred however by the absurd conceit of calling the falling star

'A *Shadrack* flashing out, then hid from view.'

This is a very typical sacred poet's fault. There is no object to be attained in calling the star a Shadrack, beyond giving the sonnet a quasi-Biblical flavour, and no reason that we can see why Shadrack, rather than Meschach or Abed-nego should have been singled out for this dubious honour. But for this blot we should the more admire the poet's aspiration after the meteor's transient brightness and his desire to emulate it in some 'one grand act—'

'E'en though I knew when its quick gleam was gone
That high in heaven the stars would still shine on.'

Such occasional passages as these, or again a happy expression such as

'Truth in the bold minority of one,'

induce us to encourage Mr. Evans to continue his pleasing labours. As it stands, his book deserves a welcome from the many families whose reading-leisure is to a considerable extent confined to Sundays. But if, as we should hope, he aspires to a wider audience, he must be proportionately more severe upon himself. His choice of the sonnet proves him to be somewhat ambitious, and is favourable inasmuch as it will permit him to remove whatever sonnets are condemnable as mediocre without injuring the rest. Let him in future be careful to select for publication only such poems as embody a novel thought, or an important truth clothed in a new and happy form, and we can almost promise him that recognition which he must not expect although to his present two hundred and fifty sonnets he had added twice two hundred and fifty more.

Hours with Men and Books, by WILLIAM MATHEWS. LL. D. Toronto, Rose-Belford Publishing Co. 1878.

Those who love a chatty book, full of interesting and quaint facts, couched in an easy style and that lead to no unpleasant agitation of mind or unwonted exercise of brain, will admire this work of Mr. Mathews. We may not feel inclined to turn to his pages for a deep criticism on even the style, to say nothing of the matter, of DeQuincy's writings,—but any one who relishes a pleasant farrago of anecdote, quotation, and biography will enjoy a dip into his opening paper on that great essayist. Certainly, no lover of De Quincey will find cause to complain that a grudging meed of praise has been there dealt out. He may, probably however, remark that there is little in the writer's observations beyond the feeling of an ordinary fairly appreciative reader, put into rather better shape than such a reader formulates his thoughts in.

This lack of insight and originality is, in fact, Mr. Mathews' besetting sin. No doubt it is hard for an essayist of this stamp to be original. He wants to show his reading, and forthwith lugs in quotations from every side, more or less appropriate, and more or less humorous. This leads to a jerky style, inverted commas rule the roast, and you never know, when commencing a sentence, whether the sting in its tail is going to be the author's own, or someone else's. But worse consequences flow from it than this. To quote may be thought an easy task, but your real quotation is not a bird to be caught with salt. The most refined taste is required for the highest class of quotations; a taste that selects its material from the treasuries of a well-stored memory. Such delicacy, however, cannot be expected in essays or papers of a fugitive nature, often consisting of a string of foreign passages slightly connected together. The temptation in these cases to refer to other men's collections on the same subject is almost irresistible.

In the days when classical quotations were in vogue Montaigne's 'Essays' and Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' were the stock books of reference. This pillaging is often done very innocently. The essayist looks out for one to start himself with, and, while copying it down, another on the opposite page catches his eye and really *is* so appropriate that our author can't help appropriating it. The salve he applies to his conscience is this, that after all it really is a true quotation and he has only saved himself the trouble of a hunt through the original book, just as a reference to a directory aids us in the search for a house in some street we are not acquainted with.

Now, with all respect to the essayist, his salve only serves to hide his fault, and his illustration is a vicious one. His true position is more akin to that of the man, who, knowing that there is a good directory of such and such a town, issues a pirated edition with some arbitrary alteration in the arrangement and some trifling additions of his own. We must accuse Mr. Mathews of this conduct. The greater part of the paper in this volume on 'Literary Triflers' has been transferred neck and crop from the elder Disraeli's 'Curiosities of Literature,' without one word of acknowledgment. This is not fair. Those who do not happen to know the previous work will naturally credit Mr. Mathews with a labour and a research which are in no sense his own. This is not the only instance in

which Disraeli suffers. We venture to say that every illustration, on p. 60 of the paper on Robert South, was taken from the same scource as the bulk of that on Literary Triflers.

That this method of working would lead to a careless style of argument might be expected. Among the graver errors we would point out one at the commencement of the paper on 'The Morality of Good Living.' According to our author 'the theory of Hippocrates that the mental differences in men are owing to the different kinds of food they consume, has been very plausibly illustrated by the late Mr. Buckle.' A more misleading sentence has seldom been penned. We do not mind confessing that we have no more acquaintance at first hand with Hippocrates than Mr. Mathews has, but we do know that the foolish old fancies to which he refers, such as the eating of hare's flesh having a direct and immediate effect on a man's mind and rendering him timid and prone to sudden, panicky terrors, are nothing akin to any theory which Mr. Buckle ever illustrated. He would have laughed to scorn the notion that he ever credited such old wives' tales. All *he* said was that the available quantity, the price and the quality of a national food affected the question of population, which, in turn, acted upon the accumulation and distribution of wealth, and might therefore be said to form a remote and primary element in the building up of a national character. Not less extraordinary is the statement, on p. 176, that 'Sallust says that a periwinkle led to the capture of Gibraltar.' It is some time since we read our Sallust, but it strikes us forcibly that he must have been somewhat of a prophet to have accounted so neatly for the success of an attack on a place which did not exist in his time. But what are we to say of the man who is so densely obtuse as to think that because he demonstrates the extreme difficulty which Archimedes would have experienced and the very long lever he would have required to move the world, even if he *had* the desired fulcrum, therefore he has exposed the philosopher's saying as a 'colossal absurdity'! The absurdity remains with the man who is unable to perceive that Archimedes was merely enunciating a principle, and who imagines that by translating that principle into a concrete form he has successfully refuted it.

Under One Roof. By JAMES PAYN. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co., 1879.

There seems to be but one opinion in English literary circles as to the success of Mr. Payn's latest story. The *Academy* praises it both for its story and the manner in which that story is told. The *Times* speaks in laudatory accents of the 'indefinable freshness' which exists in all Mr. Payn's works, and which 'no fertility of production seems to stale.' We can unfeignedly give in our adhesion to these opinions, as far as concerns Mr. Payn's framework of plot, which seems to us to be carefully constructed. As the *Academy* points out, he is one of the first in the field in taking advantage of Spiritualistic belief as a potent motive power for his machinery. Since he exposes the worldly and deceiving conduct of the chief Spiritualist, and shows up the complete state of blindness into which the other believer falls; it would, perhaps, be amusing if we could get hold of some of the reviews of his book which will probably appear in those nondescript newspapers which affect to espouse the Spiritualistic faith. Such notices will, in all likelihood, fall foul of his novel altogether, and in particularly point out some blemishes in the elaboration of the plot. Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, known to the readers of the tale as a finished hypocrite of the most consummate depth of design, certainly commits some slips in his villainy which appear inexcusable from a detective's point of view, inasmuch as they tend to make one consider him in the light of an overrated villain and one who has some considerable share of the bungler (as well as the burglar) in his composition. It would not do for us to expose these slips in detail, as it would require an explanation of the *dénouement* which would be manifestly unfair to those readers who are now following the book through our pages. We will leave it, therefore, to their discernment to discover these blots in due course for themselves.

Geier Wally, a Tale of the Tyrol, by WILHELMINE VON HILLERN. Appleton's Handy Volume Series, 1879. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

This is a pleasant little tale, with a decidedly fresh flavour of its own about it. Wally, nicknamed the Vulture, is

the only child of one Stromminger, a rich peasant of the Tyrol, feared by all who knew him for his fierce courage and overbearing arrogance of behaviour, and cringed to by them as well for the sake of his wealth. The conflict between his hard nature, and the equally strong obstinacy of his daughter, is very powerfully related. While loving her heroine, the author has never in the slightest infringed on the probabilities of the case, or toned down the fierce outbreaks of stubborn passion which proclaim that the young vulture, Wally, is the true child of old Stromminger. After these bursts of passion are over, when better influences return, her spasms of fitful heart-rending repentance are as typical of her nature as are her daring deeds of violence when constraint is sought to be put upon her. Perhaps the most truthful portion of the tale is that in which Wally, become by her father's death the mistress of his large farm and the inheritor of his position and wealth, falls unconsciously into his overbearing ways, acts tyrannically, and disturbs even the house of God by obtruding her pride and jealousy upon the notice of her neighbours. Through all this, however, we never cease to love Wally, to make excuses for her, and to dwell on the better points of her character. The little tale ends happily, and too abruptly to place the author in any awkward predicament as to the behaviour of Wally under altered and happier circumstances.

Are Legislatures Parliaments? A Study and Review. By FENNINGS TAYLOR, Deputy Clerk and Clerk Assistant of the Senate of Canada; Montreal: John Lovell; Toronto: G. M. Adam, and Willing and Williamson, 1879.

It is gratifying to note that Mr. Fennings Taylor has not yet abandoned the literary field in which he has already approved himself a valuable labourer. The Civil Service of Canada is sensibly dignified by the work achieved by so many of its members outside the circle of ordinary routine. The public servants of the Dominion have shown that in more departments of authorship than one they can emulate with success the thoughtful energy and industry of the Mills, Lambs, Gregs, Trollopes, and Mays of England. The little work before us is rightly described as a "study," since it unfolds *in petto* the whole scheme of responsible or representative government as it obtains in these British North American Colonies of Great Britain. It is also "a review," since in seeking a solution for the crucial question submitted in the title-head, much of the political history of the country is surveyed with accuracy, and in an impartial spirit. At first sight, the inquiry may seem to be a mere logomachy. Everyone is supposed to know that a legislature is a law-making institution, and that a parliament is a talking or deliberative one. Yet, as Mr. Taylor points out, there is a technical distinction, from a constitutional point of view, of superior importance. If our Provincial Legislatures are not Parliaments, the practical results are of no little moment. The "privileges, immunities, and powers" of the Imperial House of Commons do not attach to them, and however closely they may imitate the forms and assert the prestige of Parliament, they want the essence of its authority and power. Early during the course of Ontario's first legislature, the question was raised by Mr. Blake, who contended that the use of Her Majesty's name in the enacting clause of Statutes was, constitutionally speaking, an error. The Ontario Legislature was not, in any sense, the hon. gentleman contended, a Parliament, and had no proper, and could lay no legitimate claim to its dignity. At the time, the objection raised was regarded as captious, if not factious, on Mr. Blake's part; but as our author shows, the question raised cannot be resolved into a mere quibble about words; it affected a matter of substantial moment in Colonial self-government.

It would be impossible, in the brief space allotted to this notice, to attempt a sketch of the historical precedents Mr. Fennings Taylor lays before us. Our only purpose must be the modest one of referring the reader to the work itself for the reasons, which seem to be irrefragable, in favour of a decidedly negative answer to the question set out on the title-page. Apart altogether from the actual facts, there is much *d priori* cause for taking the same view. It must not be forgotten by those who compare our free colonial system with the plan of government settled in the United States' Constitution, that the divergence between them is not a mere matter of form, as between monarchy and a re-

public; it is one of substance. The federal authority, Executive and Congressional, at Washington, is a delegated authority, conceded by sovereign States; nor has the civil war altered their relations materially. In Canada, the source of authority is the Crown, and powers are delegated by it to the Dominion Parliament in the first place, and subordinately to the Local Legislatures. By the Crown, of course, we mean Her Majesty acting by and with the advice of the two Houses of the Imperial Parliament—that is by Statute.

In our constitutional charters, as they may be called, of 1791 and 1840, there is no mention of a Colonial Parliament; and although we are inclined to think that Mr. Taylor has laid too little stress upon the tacit understanding between Governors and Legislatures, it is impossible to doubt that he is substantially right. Strange as it may appear, the British North America Act of 1867—which so far as most people know, merely united the Provinces by a tie which secured perfect freedom of self-government to each of them—actually gave this portion of the British Empire a Parliament for the first time. Then, and then alone, in the constitutional history of Canada, were 'all powers, authorities and functions,' as well as all 'privileges, immunities, and powers,' of the Commons House of Parliament in England conferred upon a legislative body in Canada. The Local Legislatures remain, like the old *quasi* Parliaments, with limited dignity and narrow jurisdiction.

It seems desirable now, in conclusion, to refer briefly to two aspects of the subject which may indicate, rather than fully develop, the value of Mr. Fennings Taylor's work. The first is—and it is missing in most of our professed historians—the insight it affords with regard to the struggle for 'responsible government.' Of all the men who fought the battle in the days of Lord Metcalfe, none were more strenuous in their assertion of the Parliamentary character and dignity of the Provincial Legislature than the Hon. Robert Baldwin and Mr. James Small, and yet the fathers of both these gentlemen—Dr. W. W. Baldwin and Mr. John Small—denied *in toto* that Assemblies were Parliaments. It was their misfortune that it was to their interest to take up the ground they did—for they were both civil servants, nevertheless, they were right on higher grounds. The other feature of the work is the exceedingly dispassionate view of the struggle for 'responsible government' given in chap. vi. especially. One can see in Mr. Taylor's clear, and strictly honest review, what most of us have hardly been clear upon—the *locus standi* of Lord Metcalfe and his champions. No one can read this calm 'study and review' of a by-gone struggle, deep and deadly for the time, without admiring the skill of a writer who has survived the passions of the past generation without losing aught of the intellectual vigour and well-balanced judgment which must always have been his at command.

The Ontario Legal Directory; a Complete Law List for the Province of Ontario. Compiled by W. E. Hodgins, M.A. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison. 1879.

The Canadian Conveyancer and Handbook of Legal Forms, Comprising a Selection of Conveyancing Precedents, with an Introductory Treatise on the Law of Real Property in Ontario. By J. Rordans. 3rd Edition. Revised. Toronto: J. Rordans & Co.

The literature of the professions has in Canada found more scope, and consequent encouragement, than that issued in the interest of the general reader. The range of native legal literature is an especially wide one, and does credit to the activities and importance of the profession. Mr. Hodgins' Legal Directory, though a mere compilation, is yet a worthy specimen, in its sphere, of the honest, laborious work now and again turned out by the legal fraternity. It may not rank very high as a piece of literary work, and it has no pretensions to originality; nevertheless, it has its manifest uses, and possesses a value all its own. Besides the roll of Provincial Barristers and Attorneys, the Agency Register, list of County and Judicial Officers, Division Court Clerks, &c., the present editor has appended a list of foreign correspondents and legal agencies, which must have been compiled at great outlay of time and trouble. Prefixed to the work are to be found the Rules of the Law Society, the Acts relating to the profession, and other matters of interest to the student and the practitioner.

Mr. Rordan's Manual of Conveyancing Precedents is so well and favorably known that it is unnecessary to do more than announce the appearance of a new and revised edition of the work. The compiler in preparing a third edition has adapted it to the present state of Canadian practice, based upon the recent statutes and decisions upon the subject. In addition to what the author, from his long experience, has been enabled to put into the book, for the service of the conveyancer and legal practitioner, some original matter on the laws relating to Real Property, which has had the advantage of revision by a Toronto barrister, has been incorporated into the manual—a feature which further commends the book to those who have occasion to make use of it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Rose-Belford Publishing Co.:—Mrs. Brassey's 'Voyage in the Sunbeam,' cheaper edition, 510 pp., 12 mo., cloth; 'Our Religion as it Was and as it Is,' by Rev. R. J. Laidlaw, 12mo., cloth; 'Science and Theology,' a Series of Papers, by James A. Froude and other writers, collected into one 12mo. volume, cloth; 'The Rose Library,' Nos. 1, 2 and 3, embracing 'Tom Sawyer,' by Mark Twain; 'Under One Roof,' by James Payn; and 'Children of Nature,' by the Earl of Desart, 4to., paper.

From Belfords, Clarke & Co., Toronto and Chicago:—'Nemesis of Faith,' by Jas. Anthony Froude; 'Sketches by Mark Twain;' 'Bismarck in the Franco-German War,' from the German of M. Busch.

From the Toronto News Co.:—'Physiological Therapeutics: A New Theory,' by T. W. Poole, M.D., M.C.P.S., Ont.

From Harper Bros., New York:—'Spenser,' by Dean Church; 'Robert Burns,' by Principal Shairp,—two new volumes of Mr. Morley's series of 'English Men of Letters.'

From Macmillan & Co., London & New York:—Skeat's 'Etymological Dictionary,' part 1, A. to D., 4to., paper.

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THE SEAT OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.

BY J. DOUGLAS, JR., *late* OF QUEBEC.

THE thrifty little Republic of Chili is not altogether free from the world-wide epidemic of national aggrandizement—a disease which reduces the body politic to a very deplorable degree, and is cured only by copious blood and treasure letting. Not long ago war with that most thriftless of all States—the Argentine Republic—seemed imminent, because she would not admit the claim that Chili made to Patagonia. Now war has actually broken out with Bolivia, and the *casus belli* again is a boundary question. In this instance, however, Chili has been reluctantly compelled to resort to the arbitrament of arms.

So exceedingly ambiguous is the description in the Chilian constitution of the limits of her territory, that there is ample ground for controversy with her neighbours. The first Article of the Constitution reads—'The territory of Chili extends from the Desert of Atacama to Cape Horn, and from the Cordillera of the Andes to the Pacific Ocean, comprising the Archipelago of Chiloe, all the adjacent islands, and the San Juan Fernandez group.' The description is taken from the old colonial register, the *Audiencia e Chancellaria real de Santiago de Chile*, and defined accurately enough the isolation of Spain's poorest dependency, hemmed in by a desert, a mountain chain, and the sea. And it also answered well enough to distinguish Chili from the other members of Bolivia's contemplated confederation of free States, any one of which, in the first flush of brotherly love, would have deemed it ignoble to haggle about a strip of territory, even if it had been accounted of any value. But circumstances speedily changed. It was soon discovered that independence and uniformity of political institutions did not eradicate jealousy or curb national ambition; and in course of time, from the Atacama desert—rather a wide boundary line, then supposed to be valueless—has been uncovered one treasure after another, till it is no wonder if the ingenuity of the best of neighbours should be stimulated to find fresh excuses for aggression.

The Constitution assigns to Chili the western slope of the Andes as far

as Cape Horn; but though the Andes seem to be lost in the sea before the southern apex of the continent is reached, Chili can hardly be blamed for planting the penal colony of Punta Arenas in the Straits of Magellan. Not content with that, she contends that the whole continent south of the Rio Negro, which takes its rise in the Cordillera in lat. 36 deg., and flows into the Atlantic, and, therefore, all Patagonia is hers. Patagonia may be of little value, but the Straits of Magellan have become a highway of commerce since steam permitted the abandonment of the circuitous Cape route for the shorter but more dangerous passage of the strait; and Chili showed foresight in taking possession. The Argentine Republic holds a different view of the question, which revives every few years, and is discussed with a bitterness which savours of war.

The sea only disputes with Chili, possession of her rocky coast from Cape Horn northward for 1200 miles to the 25th parellel south latitude; there Bolivia claims that her jurisdiction begins, while Chili wished to push her boundary north to the 22nd deg., though she did not insist on fixing it farther north than the 23rd deg. In the Colonial days Peru and Chili were contiguous. Bolivia then, had no existence. It branched off from Peru and constituted itself a separate power only after the revolution had broken out. Previously to that, the interior of what is now Bolivia, existed under a distinct colonial organization, subordinate to Peru Bajo, as Peru Alto; but on the coast, according to certain colonial documents, it would seem that the 25th parellel of south latitude, was regarded as dividing the kingdoms of Peru and Chili. However, a degree more or less, evidently mattered little, for a map prepared by order of the Spanish king, in 1790, and the official report of the then viceroy, define the limits of Chili, as between 22 and 28 deg., south latitude. Amidst such discrepancies, Chili was able to make out a strong case when the discovery of guano within the debateable ground, gave her a motive for extending her power as far as she reasonably could to the north; and she showed her moderation in not demanding that the 22nd deg. instead of the 23rd deg., be the dividing line. War was averted by compromise, for by the treaty of 1866, it was agreed that the 24th parellel should divide the two countries, but that the republic of Chili and the republic of Bolivia, should divide equally the products of the deposit of guano already discovered, or which might hereafter be discovered in the territory comprised between the degrees 23 and 25 of south latitude. Yet so little value did this export then possess, that it was not till 1870 a commission was appointed to determine and mark the points corresponding to the 25th, 24th, and 23rd parellels, and to run the lines inland across the desert from the coast to the Cordillera. Just then all Chili was excited by news of the recent discovery of a new silver region, forty leagues inland from the coast, and not far from, if not within, the neutral zone. Those Bolivians who have intelligence, devote their minds to politics and revolution—the mass of the people are as ignorant of what passes outside their own villages, as the outside world is ignorant of them. To the Bolivian mines of Caracoles there did not flock, therefore, Bolivian miners from famous Potosi, but Chilenos from Chanarcillo. Chilian science also soon erected splendid silver-reducing works at Antofagasta, on the Bolivian coast, and Chilian capital ran a railroad over the desert towards the mines. Antofagasta was also, even at that date, the seat of another Chilian industry. It was then the most southerly point at which had been opened the beds of nitre that underlie the pampas above the coast breastwork of the Pacific from Arica, for 450 miles, even to Taltal in Chili. Languishing attempts to exploit this

valuable salt from Antofagasta had been made by Valparaiso merchants. On the very confines, therefore, of Chilian territory, there sprung up two industries worked by Chilian labour, developed by Chilian skill, and sustained entirely by Chilian capital. Since 1870, the exportation of nitre from Antofagasta has grown from an insignificant quantity to one and a half million of quintals annually; and the Chilian population engaged in mining saltpetre and silver on Bolivian soil, has come to reach 15,000.

Of all the South American Republics, Chili is the best governed, and, therefore, the most capable of carrying out a policy of aggression; while Bolivia is not governed at all, its docile population being mere tools of successive military revolutionists, who have loaded their country with debt, on which they do not pay the interest, and treated some foreign powers with such discourtesy that they have withdrawn their representatives. In a diplomatic contest Bolivia would certainly be worsted by Chili, while in a war with weapons, the ample resources of Chili, her good credit, the better organization of her army, and the possession of a navy, above all, the more generally diffused education of her people, would give her a supreme advantage over her rival if left by Peru to fight her battles alone.

The present conflict seems to have arisen out of the determination of Bolivia to tax the produce of the Antofagasta Nitre Works and the Caracoles Silver Mine, contrary to treaty stipulations with Chili. In all the Republics which represent the old Spanish colonies, the Spanish mining law has been retained which regards all mines as the property of the State, no matter on whose land they exist, and empowers the State to vest in the finder, or his legal successor, the right to work them so long as a certain amount of labour is annually expended on them. In return the State collects an export duty. From this duty, by a convention made in 1874, Bolivia undertook to exempt for a period of twenty-five years, the produce of the Chilian nitre and silver works of Antofagasta, in consideration of Chili abandoning all claim to her share of the duty on guano exploited within the fiscal zone, and which duty Bolivia had collected and kept. By this treaty the 24th parallel was definitely fixed on as the boundary. Bolivia—in March, 1878—imposed a duty (doubtless at the instigation of Peru), on the Antofagasta nitre, and the Chilian Co. refusing to pay the impost of arrears, amounting to $90,000, Bolivia, under the authority of her courts, proceeded to sell the nitre works. The sale was summarily stopped by the appearance of a Chilian fleet in the harbour of Antofagasta and the landing of a considerable force, which occupied the town, the nitre and silver works, the Caracoles R. R. and the silver mines. Of course there was no opposition, for, with a trifling exception, the whole population is Chilian.

At once Peru entered the arena to back her impotent neighbour. The reason for her interference is not far to seek. The nitre trade of Peru is one which, within a quarter of a century, has assumed immense proportions. For the twenty-five years between 1830 and 1855 the export was only 407,602 tons, but from that date the trade rapidly grew. In 1854, there were exported, in 101 ships, 720,465 cwt.; in 1875, the export had increased, in 425 ships, to 6,537,380 cwt.; in 1877, it had fallen to 4,278,800 cwt.

The Government used to charge an export duty of one dollar per cwt., but, dissatisfied with that, and tempted by their former success in borrowing £30,000,000 on guano, a law was passed, in 1875, authorising the Government to buy the mines and factories of nitre in the Province of Tarapaca, for a sum of $20,000,000, and on the security of the purchase to

raise $35,000,000. To compel the owners to sell, a prohibitory export duty of $2.50 was imposed. Most of the owners succumbed and accepted provisional certificates at two years' date for the value of the property as determined by experts. A few still resist. The result has been that the export of 1875, amounting to 6,537,380 cwt., has fallen, in 1877, to 4,278,800, but the price has risen from $45 to $60 the ton. The Government has, however, failed to raise a loan, and, therefore, the compulsory sellers will probably have to accept promises to pay. Were the Government honest, payment would soon be made, for they have no difficulty in finding contractors willing to mine and deliver the nitre of these public mines on board ship at $1.37 to $1.50 per quintal, while its selling price is $3.

The policy of the Government would, therefore, be eminently successful were it not that Peru, fortunately, does not monopolize the nitre of the world. The nitre beds extend beyond Peru into Bolivia and across the narrow Bolivian coast into Chili. The Antofagasta beds—worked, as already stated, by Chilians—now yield one and one-half million cwt. yearly, and an exploration of the Chilian portion of the Atacama Desert by Pissis has revealed the occurrence, at Taltal, of very extensive deposits. The treaty of 1874, between Chili and Bolivia, exempting the products of the Antofogasta Nitre Co. from the payment of all duty, completely frustrates the Peruvian scheme, for her restrictive measures simply raise the price for the benefit of her rivals, while their unlimited production tends to depress it. She sees no remedy but war, which she hopes will result in her either possessing herself of the whole nitre coast or compelling Chili to adopt her commercial policy. Her conduct is as unjustifiable as would be that of Great Britain were she to fix a quarrel and go to war overtly to maintain the principles and enforce on other nations the practice of free trade.

The result of the war must depend in great measure on the resources of the belligerents. Chili has the advantage of having already occupied as much of the enemy's country as she probably wishes to retain. She can therefore stand on the defensive on land—and on her fleet and its good crews for offensive warfare. When on its peace footing—

The army of Chili consists of
2,000 Infantry,
804 Artillery,
712 Cavalry.

3,516 men. In addition to this, her National Guard, an effective Militia, numbers 24,287 men.

Her fleet comprises the following ships:—

Names of the Ships.	Tonnage.	Horse Power.	Cannon.	Officers.	Crew.	Marines.	Total.
El Almirante Cochrane, Iron Clad..	2,032	500	8	32	193	40	265
Valparaiso " ..	2,032	500	8	32	193	40	265
Abtao, Corvette.....	1,051	300	5	17	104	25	146
O'Higgins, "	1,100	200	7	19	118	25	162
Chacabuco, "	1,100	200	7	17	118	25	160
Esmeralda, "	800	200	12	31	137	25	193
Magallanes, "	645	200	4	13	94	26	133
Covadonga, Gunboat.....	412	140	2	13	74	16	103
Ancud, Steam Transport.....	500	120	1	8	38	6	52
Independencia, "	140	120		4	22		26
Valdivia "	700	300		3	23	11	37
Tolten, Training Ship	240	80		6	28		34
Thalaba, Store Ship.....	940			2	7	12	21
Totals.....	11,692	2,860	54	197	1,149	251	1,597

Bolivia has no navy, but her army numbers 2,000 men, who are commanded by over 1,000 officers. As may be surmised from the number of officers, the President has always been a General who has attained the position of military dictator by revolutionary and violent means. As her narrow stretch of barren coast is separated from the inhabited interior by hundreds of miles of desert, across which it would be costly to march an army, her troops will probably reach the seat of war through Peruvian territory and be transported in Peruvian ships from the Peruvian ports of Mollendo or Arica—the real commercial outlets of Bolivia—if the Chilian fleet permits.

Peru has a navy of greater tonnage than that of Chili, but its crews are decidedly inferior in seamanship. Her main dependence will rest on the iron-clad frigate "Independencia," of 14 guns, for her five turret ships are of antiquated build, and their efficiency doubtful, except for harbour defence, though the 'Huascar,' it may be recollected, behaved well in her encounter with H. M. S. 'Shah,' when handled by a party of revolutionists, who had seized and run her out of the harbour of Callao. Besides these, she has six armed steamers suitable for transport service. The fleet carries fifty-six guns. While Chili, early in her history, under the wise guidance of Portales, disbanded her large army and forswore military Presidents, Peru, with a scanty population of only 2,700,000, maintains a force of all arms of 13,000 men, which has been used chiefly as an instrument of revolutionary warfare; for, of the fifty-three occupants of the presidential chair during the first forty-four years of Peruvian Republicanism, six only owed their office to popular election. If Peru can concentrate her troops at the desired point along the very extended scene of warlike operations with sufficient expedition, her army will become a very important factor in the calculation of results.

The scene of the war is at present the sea coast of Peru, Bolivia and Chili. War cannot make it more desolate than nature has left it, for, from the northern limits of the Peruvian to a region far south of the Bolivian shore, there faces the Pacific a treeless desert, which stretches inland to the Andes. This stupendous mountain chain runs from the Isthmus of Panama almost to the Straits of Magellan, and so near the Pacific that its snow clad peaks may be seen by the sailor at points on the coast of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chili. In fact the whole west coast is but the slope of the Andes, which influences its climate, its productions, and its people.

The boundary line between Ecuador and Peru marks a very sudden transition from exuberant tropical fertility to an absolute sterility, which characterises the coast of Peru, Bolivia, and of parts of Chili. This desert is coterminous with the area of the south-east trades, which, sweeping across the continent from the Atlantic, with their burden of moisture, meets the cold barrier of the Andes, and deposit on its eastern flank their watery load as rain and snow, so completely that when they curl over its crest and reach the Pacific, they are dry winds. The northern limits of the trades correspond closely with the northern limit of the arid zone. The line of demarcation in the south between the trades and the variable winds is less defined than in the north, and their influence on the climate and physical features of the coast less abrupt, for in sailing from Caldera, in Chili, near the mouth of the River Copiapo, whose bed is seldom even with it, and on the southern confine of the Atacama desert, in latitude 26 deg. south, to Conception in latitude 33 deg. south, or pass from a region where rain is a rare phenomenon, even in the winter months, to one of average humidity, and remark the effect in the gradual appearance of new vegetable forms, and the growing

size and sturdiness of those which derive a stunted existence from the sands of the desert. The Atacama around Caldera will barely support a cactus or an aloe. In the latitude of Coquimbo, 200 miles to the south, these Arabs of the vegetable kingdom occupy so exclusively the unirrigated ground, and in such variety of species as almost to choke the life out of any struggling individuals of other families. Two hundred miles still further to the south—about Valparaiso—the myrtle, rhododendron, and such thick leaved shrubs, and even the oak and guillai, and other stately trees, withstand the summer drought, while 200 miles further brings us fairly into the forest zone.

In the centre of this arid coast stands Arica, with the unenviable notoriety of being a focus of earthquake activity. It lies at the point of the obtuse angle formed by the slightly converging shore of the west coast, where occurs a striking change in the scenery and productions of the coast. To the north the same desert and drought occur as to the south, but to the north the Andes approach nearer the sea, and the courses of the little rivers which take their rise in its recesses being short, their waters nourish strips of verdure down to the very shore. Hence, although the broken coast-line is uniformly barren, a glimpse is obtained, here and there, of a ribband of green, and the trade is in fruit and wine, and sugar and cotton, which, though shipped from desolate ports, comes from a prolific, artificially-irrigated back country.

But immediately north of Arica commences the pampa of Tamarugal, in the Province of Tarapaca, an elevated, comparatively level plateau, which has yielded so reluctantly to the wear and tear of the Pacific that its waters beat for hundreds of miles against an almost vertical and straight wall of rock. On the plateau is mined the nitre, which is shipped from forlorn hamlets and towns, squeezed in between the sea and the cliffs. South of Iquique, the chief exporter of nitre, the coasts yield guano; and further south guano and nitre and copper are mined and shipped by a population which never see a blade of grass, or enjoy the luxury of a cooling shower, or drinks a cup of water direct from nature's reservoir, but from year's end to year's end looks on a sky which is as brass, and around on the salt sea and the sandy desert, and the bare cliffs, and handles guano, saltpetre and copper. Such, briefly, is the seat of war!

In 1871, I travelled up and down the coast between Panama and Valparaiso. It was in the heyday of prosperity. Peru was erecting an exhibition-building, and had invited the world to come and witness her progress in civilization. She had found no difficulty in contracting an enormous debt on shadowy security, and money was therefore plentiful, and circulated freely, for she was building railroads from every post to carry to her uninhabited interior the emigrants she was refusing to admit, for to none but Roman Catholics would the State cede lands. For a time, the railroad building successfully served its political purpose—it gave ample and remunerative occupation to friends and foes alike. The Chinchas had not been quite stripped of their guanos, and therefore she might hope to borrow more, and the public credit abroad had not been quite ruined. Chili, likewise, was throwing off her primitive manners, and adopting extravagent modes of life, for year after year her exports of minerals, metals and cereals had gone on steadily increasing, but her government and people, more prudent than those of Peru, were not so recklessly discounting the future. Times have changed, but the physical features of the country remain the same, and the traveller now, as then, depends for conveyance on the boats of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which, though almost monopolizing the trade and traffic of

the coast, is not niggardly in its treatment of its patrons.

This important corporation owes its origin to William Wheelwright, who, in 1835, obtained from the Chilian Government a privilege to navigate by steam the coast and rivers of Chili for ten years. It commenced its operations in 1840, when it ran a boat monthly between Valparaiso and Panama. It was not till 1847 that it made two trips a month between these extreme points, nor till 1853 that it commenced running to the ports south of Valparaiso. After that date, trade rapidly grew, and the Company maintained two fleets of boats; one, of smaller size, ran into every harbour along the coast, and congregated the freight for a line of larger steamers, which called only at the larger ports. About 1868, owing to disagreement with the Panama Railroad Company, regarding charges on transit freight, the Company determined to try the experiment of regular traffic by the Straits of Magellan—an experiment which has proved completely successful. From time to time, feeble opposition has been raised. In 1870, a Chilian Company started a line intended to run between Valparaiso and Panama, but the Pacific Steam Navigation Company bought up their boats. The White Star Line was originally incorporated to trade with the West Coast, but their operations in that direction have been insignificant, and the same is true of a German line, which runs an occasional boat from Europe, so that, practically, the traffic is in the hands of the Pacific Company, which has been the chief agent in developing the resources of all the republics between the Isthmus and the Cape, and is, therefore, both commercially and politically, a power of no mean magnitude on the West Coast. Its fleet now consists of 25 coasting steamers, whose gross tonnage is 37,436 tons burden, with 8,050 horse-power.

The Strait line is composed of 17 large ships, of 62,979 tonnage, and 9,700 horse-power. The following list of ports of call between Panama and Valparaiso contains the name of every important point on the coast, and gives the relative positions of many places which, if the war continues, will become familiar, for whatever evil war brings in its train, it has value in teaching us geography.

LIST OF PORTS BETWEEN PANAMA AND VALPARAISO.

NAME OF PORT.	COUNTRY.	LAT.	PRODUCTS AND EXPORTS.	RAILROADS AND LENGTH COMPLETED.
Panama	Granadian Confederation.	8° N.	Port of transhipments.	RR. to Colon across Isthmus.
Buenaventura			Cocoa, fruit, coffee, rubber, drugs, gums.	
Tumaco				
Esmeraldas				
Bahia				
Manta	Ecuador			
Ballenita				
Guayaquil		2.10 S		
Tumbez			Petroleum, cattle, coffee	
Payta		5.03 S	Cotton, cattle, chincona, tobacco	RR. to Piura 63 m.
Sechura			Salt	
Pimental			Tobacco, sugar, rum, cattle	RR. to interior 45 miles.
Eten				RR. to interior 50 miles.
Pacasmayo			rice, wool, metals	RR. inland unfinished.
Malabrigo			Sugar, rum, rice, cotton, aniseed	RR. to Ascape 25 miles.
Huanachuco			do do cochineal	
Salaverry			rice	RR. to Trujillo 85 miles.
Santa				
Chimbote			do do	RR. to Huaraz 52 miles.

NAME OF PORT.	COUNTRY.	LAT.	PRODUCTS AND EXPORTS.	RAILROADS AND LENGTH COMPLETED.
Samanca	Peru			
Casma			Wool, ores, timber	
Huarmey			Sugar, cotton, fruit salt	
Supe				
Huacho			do do do	RR. to Aroya (inland) 86 m
Callao		12.02S	Port of Lima	RR. to Chancaz (coast line) 43 miles.
Cerro Azul			Sugar, rum, fruit and cotton.	
Tambo Moro			do do do . . wine	
Pisco			Cotton and wines	Ica and Pisco 48 miles.
Loma			Sugar, rum, cotton, cattle	
Chala			do do do	
Quilca			Oil and olives	
Mollendo		16.06S	Bark, wool, ores, hides from Bolivia	RR. to Arequipa and Puno 346 miles.
Ylo			Wines, brandy, olives	RR. to Moquegua 63 m.
Arica		18.23S	Oil and olives, and products of Bolivia	RR. to Tacna 39 miles.
Pisagua			Nitrate of soda	
Mejillones			do do	Tarapaca RR. to Nitre-beds 75 miles.
Iquique		20.10S	do do	
Pabellon de Pica			Guano	
Huanillos			do	
Tocopillo		22.0 S	Copper and copper ores	
Cobija	Bolivia	22.28S	Some wool, copper ores and metal	
Mejillones d. Bol.		23 2 S	Guano	
Antofagasta			Silver and silver ores, guano, nitre	
Blanco Encalada	Chili		Silver and copper ores	
Taltal			Copper ores, nitre has been recently discovered	
Chanaral		26.21S	Copper and copper ores	
Caldera		27.5 S	Copper and silver and their ores	
Huasco			Fruit and copper	
Coquimbo		29.37S	Fruit, cattle, copper	
Valparaiso		33.6 S	Commercial capital of Chili	

The first port of call at which we stopped on our journey southward, after leaving Panama, was Guayaquil, in Ecuador. We did not even sight the coast of New Grenada in crossing the Gulf of Panama—the Cape of San Francisco being the first land that loomed upon the horizon. A few hours later we doubled Cape Santa Elena, rounded the island of Puna, on whose hot sandy beach Pizarro marshalled his little band before crossing to the mainland, to conquer an empire with a boat's crew, and entered the river of Guayaquil. The tropical luxuriance of the vegetation on its banks, and the picture of tropical plenty afforded by the rafts upon its water, laden with the most delicious products of an equatorial soil and a moist equatorial climate, contrast most strikingly with the complete aridity of the landscape that suddenly succeeds on sailing southward. In the days of the Incas, there stood here—near Tumbez—at the gateway of their dominions, a temple of the sun, a very mine of gold and silver. Pizarro forbore to rifle it at the outset of his expedition, fearing to prematurely excite the hostility of the people; but he counted on despoiling it, and easily transporting its treasures to a place of safety on his return. To his chagrin he found it stripped of all its glory. On entering, the trades, we enter almost perennial sunshine, where, therefore, the worship of that orb would not be interrupted by

such frequent obscurations as occur in a wet climate. Tumbez is now devoted to the worship of the great god Petroleum, the light-giving divinity having been discovered there some ten years ago.

The first day's sail along the shore of the desert zone is interesting, not only on account of the novelty of the scenery, but because, at this point, the coast breastwork presents more variety of outline than elsewhere. At places the cliffs rise high and steep out of the sea, and exhibit in their sheer precipices magnificent exposures of distorted stratification; and where cleft, there flow through the openings into the sea, torrents of yellow sand from the desert above. Then the shore line sinks to a shelving beach, rising slowly inland, where the view is closed afar off by the snowy peaks of the coast range of the Andes. Here and there rises out of the waste of sand a vast mass of trap, whose summit formed an island when the sea washed the base of the Cordillera. Between us and the mountains, however—buried out of view—ran river valleys, where a narrow strip of soil produced prolifically cotton and sugar, and all that the will of man might wish to raise. But the energy of the old Inca race and of their predecessors, did not descend to their conquerors. In prehistoric times, every mountain stream had been tapped almost at its source, and its waters carried over the plain below, fertilizing large tracts, which the indolent Spaniard, through neglect of these water-works, allowed to relapse into desert. Of late, however, even Peru has yielded to the stimulus of steam as applied by the Anglo-Saxon race, and efforts are being made to reclaim the lost ground. Short lines of railroad, also, have been or are being constructed, some by the Government and some by private corporations, from Paita, Pimental, Eten, Malabrigo, Pacasmayo and Chimboti, all ports north of Callao, to carry to the sea across the desert strip of coast, the abundant products of the fertile valleys of the bare hills.

Of these ports the only one of note was, and still is, Paita. It is the nearest to the chief provincial town of Piura, and derived additional importance from being the point of transhipment of all goods bound south in the days before steam. Previous to the middle of last century, the trade between Spain and her colonies on the coast, was carried on by a fleet of galleons which, once a year carried to Porto Bello, on the Isthmus, the manufactures of Europe, to be exchanged at the great fair for the products of the West Coast. The fleet of coasting vessels, returning down the coast, unable to make headway in the teeth of the trades, discharged their cargoes here. The trades did not interfere with us. We steamed into the roadstead, for this harbour too, is like all others along this coast except Callao and Arica, and while rocking at anchor, swiftly swung up on deck with the donkey-winch, by means of a rope slung round the horns, to their no little surprise, 110 head of cattle. While the ship's crew were looking after the cattle, their owners were discharging from a fleet of boats upon our decks, one hundred tons of fruit for the Lima market. In a few hours, therefore, we were off again, the Paita fruit, added to the Guayaquil fruit, encumbering our decks from stem to stern with a decided surfeit of good things.

A railway of sixty-three miles unites, since my visit, Paita and Piura; but its whistle must irritate the sleepy Paitans, and must have shockingly disturbed their habits of life. It was after dark when I first landed. The population was lying on mats before the doors, and those who could not afford mats were sleeping in a softer bed still—the dust and sand which lay deep upon the street. The country around is as desert as the Great Sahara. Fresh water is brought from a distance of twenty-one miles, and

once a week the soiled clothes of the town is sent that distance to be washed. Not a blade of grass exists for leagues around, but the people, wishing to have some emblem of life near their cemetery, have ornamented the wooden enclosure with pictures of trees coloured bright blue. The ports of Peru are too numerous to be blockaded, even were the Chilian fleet ten times more numerous than it is. Unless, therefore, Peruvian opposition should completely collapse, the Chilian fleet is not likely to carry its operations north of Callao, which is 420 miles south of Paita.

Pizarro showed admirable discrimination when he fixed on Lima as the site of the capital of the kingdom of Peru, for here the spurs of the coast range come to within eight miles of the Pacific, and the river Rimac, full flooded from its sources, flows through and fructifies a wide expanse of country to the very shore. Lima is built upon its banks, and the port of Lima, Callao, only seven miles away, is about the only secure harbour between San Francisco and Valparaiso. Callao is built on a bay, which is so closed in from the ocean by the island of San Lorenzo that there is no more than free passage between its northern and southern extremities and the mainland. At the foot of the bay lies the low dirty town, built chiefly of Guayaquil reeds, and hardly redeemed from squalor by the Custom House and other public buildings. Substantial quays and a breakwater have been built of late years by Mr. Hodge, the eminent engineer who superintended the erection of the Victoria Bridge. Just above the houses can be distinguished, in the heart of the town, the heavy circular walls of the Castle of Real Filipe, which offered so stubborn a resistance to Lord Cochrane, when he commanded the Chilian fleet in the revolutionary war. The southern shore of the bay is chiefly occupied by the workshops of the P. S. N. Company, a fleet of whose boats always floats in the harbour side by side with English and American frigates, and the low turret ships which compose the strength of the Peruvian navy. By last accounts, the Chilian ships are said to have already imprisoned the Peruvian navy in the harbour of Callao. The foreign interests here are so powerful that Chili will hardly venture to bombard the town even if able to do so. England is Peru's heaviest creditor, and Englishmen hold a great deal of property in Callao, on land and afloat. The Italian is the largest foreign element in Lima and all the coast towns: all the small groceries and corner stores are owned by them, and the coasting trade is largely in their hands. While they are the caterers of the coast, Germany supplies it with clerks, and some of the Catholic states of Germany have sent emigrants, who form distinct colonies on the eastern slopes of the Andes. France, next to England, is the largest bondholder, and the trade of Lima with France in *articles de luxe* is very large. The interest and influence of this country in Peru is yearly on the increase. Chili can as little afford to offend these powerful foreign influences as Peru can, and therefore it is to be hoped that, despite the bad beginning Chili has made, by destroying the guano loading wharves at some of the southern ports (which, however, are public, not private property), and by bombarding Iquique, the works essential to the prosperity and progress of the coast will hereafter be respected.

From Callao to Arica the coast bends slightly to the S. E., and therefore runs almost parallel with the Andes and at no great distance from them. Consequently the many streams which take their rise in its western slope, in several instances, reach the sea, and in all cases produce a fertile belt not far from the sea. The ports of Cerro Azul, Tambo de Moro, Pisco, Loma, Chala, Quilca, though dreary and insignificant enough, export in

plenty, the vegetable products of a temperate tropical clime. But sugar, rum, wine and olives do not exhaust the experts of thispart of the coast, for nearly opposite Pisco, off Cape Pisana, lie the bare bones of the Chincha Island stripped clean of their rich cover ing of guano. North of Callao the Lobos Islands still carry some 600,000 tons of this valuable manure. This the Peruvian Government is holding in-reserve. The shipments of late have been entirely from the guano-yielding promóntories to the South.

After passing the agricultural district the next port reached is Islay. The sea shore here is high and steep. The few wooden huts which constitute the town are situated on the bluff at the foot of the bay. An inclined tramway connects them with the quay below. To the north high hills overlook the town. To the south a somewhat lower ridge separates it from a hamlet on a still less protected harbour—the port of Mollendo. To the east the desert curiously stretched with pure white sand, rises to the foot of a rocky range, whose steep sides give access to the Pampa, which leads to Arequipa—the second largest town in Peru. Islay was the terminus of the Arequipa donkey road. Mollendo is the terminus of the Arequipa rail road; but so dangerous to life and property is its harbour, that it has been apparent from the first that the intervening ridge must be cut through and that the road must be carried to Islay. In 1876 the Government gave a contract for this short extension at $1,400,000; but the survey revealing the fact that it would cost $3,000,000 the work was not commenced. Islay, therefore, for the present, has ceased to be a port, though it is a port, and Mollendo has been declared a port, though it can make no pretensions to being one.

Mollendo has already been bombarded by the Chilian fleet; a justifiable act of war, if by so doing, she can cripple the railroad.

The railroad projects of Peru were conceived on a very magnificent scale. The guano of the Chinches yielded wealth so suddenly, and made it so easy to borrow, that the Government can hardly be blamed for improving the occasion, more especially as there were at their elbow a spirit as reckless and and more enterprising than themselves—the great contractor Henry Meigs. This remarkable man, after his exploits in California, took refuge in Chili, where he became a sub-contracter on the Southern road. In 1861 the Valparaiso and Santiago railroad had been for ten years under construction by a public company, and it had only reached the foot of the coast range, thirty-four miles from Valparaiso, where the real engineering difficulties began; but in two more years the remaining eighty miles which span the mountains, were completed; for Mr. Meigs had appeared upon the scene. He seems to have communicated his own irresistible energy to the Government; for they assumed the whole undertaking, and acted with a decision without parallel in South America.

On Sept. 10th, 1861, Meigs gave in his tender.

On Sept. 11th, it was accepted by the Senate.

On Sept. 12th, it was accepted by the Chambers of Deputies.

On Sept. 14th, the President was authorized by the House to sign the contract. At midnight of that day it was closed, and on the 16th Meigs commenced work with a large corps of men. He undertook to build the road in three years; it was completed in two. But Chili was too narrow a field. He soon removed to Peru; and there he at one time held contracts amounting to one hundred millions of dollars. The first important road he built was that from Mollendo to Arequipa; but the scheme his heart was most warmly wedded to was the wonderful Aroya road, which, after scaling the coast range from Lima to Aroya, was to branch off to the Cerro Pasca

silver mines. The project united the fascination of a mining and railroad scheme—a combination irresistible to less speculative minds than his. Unfortunately he has not lived to overcome the engineering and financial difficulties of the dual project. Of the Aroya road 86¼ miles of the 145 are open to such traffic as bare mountain sides and thundering torrents and perpetual snow afford. If it should reach the Cerro Pasca mine, and these should yield to scientific mining and metallurgy in proportion as they have yielded to the primitive methods of the past, their produce alone will supply considerable freight; and when the day arrives that it has been carried over the Cordillera to the head waters of the Amazon, and trains are packed with emigrants to this fertile region, of which Church's 'Heart of the Andes' is no mere painter's dream—then the road will have fulfilled its destiny, and the wisdom of the projectors have been justified. Till then it will be a serious drain on the resources of the country. The Arequipa road is one of more immediate benefit, the fruits of which are being already reaped. For the greater part of the distance the main line of 114 miles runs up a steep mountain range, and over sandy pampas; but its terminus is the city of Arequipa, which heretofore was so severed from the seat of government, that it was a hot-bed of revolutionary plots, which had time to grow before the administration could even know of their being sown. The Arequipa road sends a branch southward to Puna on Lake Titicaca, and is drawing away from the direct road by Tacna to Arica the mineral, wools, and vegetable products of Bolivia This branch is 232 miles long; it crosses one range 14,000 feet high, and another 13,000 feet high, and the houses along the track are as few and far between as on the western plains, while as yet the traffic is satisfied by three or four freight trains per week, a poor immediate return for an outlay of $30,000,000. It is not only the directors of the North Pacific who have faith in the future!

The port of Mollendo received in 1877, $848,760 of imports, and shipped $3,535,400 of alapaca, vicuxa and sheep wool, bark, hides and copper ores, the products chiefly of Bolivia. These figures represent the total railroad traffic; but if Chili can blockade the port sufficiently to prevent the use of the road for the transport of troops and Government supplies, she will seriously embarrass the position of the allies; as the only other speedy outlet from the interior is the next important port to the south, Arica.

This is united with Tacna by a private railroad of thirty-nine miles, and to Tacna the exports of Bolivia has heretofore been almost exclusively carried on mule-back from the fertile interior across the coast range. The Puna branch of the Arequipa R. R., as already described, has diverted much of the trade, but a cart road is now in course of construction between Tacna and La Paz, which, it is hoped by the Aricans, will tempt it back again to its natural channel. Arica, till lately, would have been a more important strategical point than Mollendo, but steam soon changes the relative position of places.

When I visited Arica it was still in ruins. No attempt had been made to repair the damage done by the earthquake and attendant wave of 1868. The city had been built partly in the valley, partly upon the slope of the Morro or bold headland, which, running out into the sea, formed the harbour. The shore was lined with a quay, and substantial stone and iron custom house and other buildings faced the water. The railroad track ran along the water's edge, and at some distance from the shore stood the round-house and construction shops. The shock was felt at five in the afternoon of August 13th. It levelled the whole town, and while the people were extricating themselves

from the dust of their crumbled adobe houses, the sea was seen to rise and ere long flow in over the ruins in a wave which attained a height of thirty-five feet above high water mark. Oscillation followed oscillation, the water in its retrocession leaving the harbour bottom bare, and in its flow again and again deluging the town. The ships in port either sank at their moorings or were driven ashore and stranded high and dry half a mile inland. Almost side by side in this unnatural situation lay the Peruvian frigate 'America' and the U. S. gunboat 'Wateree.' Few houses had been rebuilt except upon the hillside. Not a stock or stone of the public buildings was standing. The site of the railroad shops was determinable only by a palm tree, which alone resisted the wave. The track still lay twisted and torn. The stacks of two locomotives, which had been whirled away by the retreating wave, just showed above the water of the bay when the swell receded. The wooden piles of the breakwater alone stood like the ribs of a skeleton from which the flesh had been violently torn. It was a sad scene, but the destruction it depicted so vividly by no means exhausted the trials of the unfortunate Aricans. While camping on the Morro, yellow fever broke out, and the plague proved a more rapacious destroyer than the earthquake. There is a superstition on the coast that great earthquakes run in cycles of fifty years. The Aricans, therefore, in course of time, recovered energy enough to re-commence building; but, despite their theory, the horrible tragedy of 1865 was re-enacted in 1877, and this time the devastation was even more complete at ports to the south of Arica. The wave rolled in and submerged the narrow strip of beach on which stand the towns of Pisagua and Mejillones. These towns were mere clusters of wooden sheds, the sole occupation of whose inhabitants is shipping nitre from the Pampas above, and which, hemmed in between the sea and the steep cliffs, was an easy prey to the wave. Utter devastation overtook the ships in the harbour and the houses on land. At Iquique, still further south, the earthquake did more damage than the wave. The first shock threw most of the unsubstantial wooden houses down, and fire broke out on all sides. Shock followed shock so frequently and violently that the firemen could not keep their footing; but an inopportune extinguisher soon relieved them of their duties, for the wave rolled in fifty feet high, carrying havoc among the shipping in the harbour, washing away nearly half a million quintals of nitre, and leaving the town a ruin. It is being re-built more substantially and with more regard to the rules of hygiene than formerly; but what, between the fire which consumed most of the city in 1875, and the earthquake in 1877, and the Government monopoly of nitre, which has cut down the annual export of that commodity from 326,000 tons to 215,000 tons, the population of Iquique has fallen from 20,000 to 8,000; and now follows war, and bombardment, and blockade to cap the climax!

From Iquique a railway crawls by zigzags up the steep cliff to carry coal to the nitre works and bring back the purified crystals. The grade is so steep that in the early days of the road, as it was always a matter of doubt during the ascent whether the train would advance or recede, the passengers were ready on the first symptom of a backward movement to jump.

The nitre occurs in beds of varying thickness at three to four feet below the level of the desert sand. It is mined with gunpowder. As mined, it is contaminated with sulphate of soda, chloride of sodium, traces of iodine and bromine in combination, and other salts which are separated after solution of the whole by crystalization. The percentage of nitre will vary between

twenty per cent. to sixty per cent. The Tarapaca Railroad, whose marine terminus is Iquique, is seventy-five miles long, and traverses a large section of the Peruvian nitre-producing area. In 1871, the trade was growing, twenty large ships were loading in the harbour, and the unsubstantial warehouses were crammed with this sole article of export. The prosperity of the trade soon after excited the cupidity of the Government, with what immediate consequences I have already described, and with what remote consequences the present war will determine.

Sailing southward, the scenery remains the same as we pass the guano deposits of Pabillon de Pica and Huanillas. These deposits have been discovered and worked only of late years, but during their short lives the towns which have sprung up have had more than their fair share of suffering. Chanavaya was the port of Pabellon de Pica, but the wave of 1877 swept it and 400 of its inhabitants and seven ships in the harbour away. Huanillas was more fortunate, few lives were lost, but the property destroyed on sea and land was estimated at $700,000.

Chili has been trying to rival nature by the wanton destruction of the Government guano slides and shoots. It is estimated that these southern guano deposits still retain—

	Tons.
Huanillas	1,000,000
Point Lobos	200,000
Pabillon de Pica	350,000
Chipana Bag (a deposit 7 miles south of Huanillas, not yet opened up)	250,000
Total	1,800,000

These guano covered promentaries bring us to the confines of Peru, but no change in the aspect of the coast indicates that we have entered Bolivia. At the first stopping place, however, we see upon the shore signs of a new industry, in groups of copper furnaces, built in the open air, for rain seldom or never falls here, and the smelters, naked to the waist, are inured to working in the sun At every port hereafter smelting establishments are invariable objects in the landscape.

Tocopilla and Cobija are the notable points on the one hundred miles of Bolivian coast till the disputed zone is reached. Cobija, though the only port in Bolivian territory by which the interior communicates with the outer world, is six hundred miles from the capital, La Paz, the greater portion of which distance is over a sandy waste. It is, notwithstanding its dignity as the seat of a custom house and the possession of a few stone houses, one of the most forlorn of the forlorn coast towns. A bold promentory shuts in the bay to the south, but its surface is more rugged than that of its neighbours, for it was once covered with a sandy guano, every pound of which has been swept off clean. On the hills behind, copper was once mined, but the mines are abandoned and the furnaces are crumbling to decay. Shortly before one of my visits, it had been the scene of a revolutionary battle, fought on the most approved system of South American tactics. It resulted in one man being wounded. There were engaged five Generals, a host of Colonels, two Captains, and a few men. The plan seems to be for the contending armies to station themselves out of reach of one another's bullets, and then blaze away till ammunition is exhausted on one side, which of course has the best of reasons to retire and leave the field to the victors. In the last revolution there were five candidates for the Presidency, but all the four unsuccessful ones did not make haste enough in escaping. Two were taken, one of the two was buried alive and the other tied to a horses tail and kicked to death. In the confusion no one was appointed Captain of the Port, but the duties were assumed by one of the heroes, a gaunt, sinister-visaged Colonel, who boarded us and after receiving due satisfaction, let us depart in peace.

Antofogasta and Mejillones are next passed—towns as unattractive as it is possible to conceive of. The headlands at both places yielded guano, which alone gave them importance till nitre was found behind Antofagasta, and later still, and at a greater distance, silver ore. How these innocent products of nature have excited men's belligerent passions, I have already described. The silver lode of Caracoles lies high up on the west flank of the Cordillera. The Andes throughout the Atacama desert, which stretches from here 330 miles to the river Copiopo, lose their character of an abrupt broken chain, and though their culminating ridge is 12,000 feet above the sea, this elevation is reached as insensibly as is the summit of the Rocky Mountains in the north-west province of the Dominion, where the traveller by the Saskatchewan valley knows that he has crossed the mountains and is on the Pacific slope, only by the westward flow of the streams. This treeless waste has been the favourite hunting-ground of the *cateador*, or professional mine-explorers of Chili, the more so, as an incident of the revolutionary period has given him a clue to guide him. A royalist was fleeing from the Copiapo valley to Peru, by the route that Almegro followed with his little army, when he left Peru to conquer Chili; that is by the old Inca highway, which ran far back from the coast, where a little water now and then escapes the thirsty sand. One night, he and his servant encamped on what he discovered next morning to be a rich silver lode. He accurately notices in his diary the distance he had travelled, and the surrounding landmarks. He died before reaching his journey's end. His servant preserved his papers, and told the wonderful tale of their discovery. Since then, association after association has been formed in Spain and South America, to rediscover the 'Mina de las tres Portazulas.' Curacoles cannot be far from the place, but its scenery does not correspond with the description. The great discovery has therefore yet to be made. Caracoles was found in 1869, by one of those professional explorers, who more often are paid for their services than search on their own account. The ores first extracted were abundant, and of such great richness, that hundreds of adventurers from Chili, of every rank in life, crossed the desert, some on foot, some on mule-back—paying more for water than for food—many of them succumbing by the way, to locate claims and make fortunes. But the fulfilment has hardly equalled the promise, and though the desert around has been scoured, no new lodes have been unearthed. Curacoles will therefore, probably, be more profitable to the metallurgist than to the miner.

The first belligerent move on the part of Chili, was, as might be expected, considering the cause of the quarrel, to occupy Antofagasta, Mejillones; its nitre beds and its silver mines. Being in possession, and having thrown up defensive works to protect her acquisitions, as they can be approached only from sea or over hundreds of miles of desert, it will be no easy task to dislodge her.

The Chilian coast, where it confines the Atacama desert, is almost as bold as that of Peru, and if anything, more dreary and barren. The scanty population have to drink distilled sea water, and many have never seen a blade of grass. The poverty-stricken towns of El Cobre, Paposa, Taltal, and a number of others, are mere groups of huts, the inhabitants of which support themselves by mining copper, whose oxydized ores may be seen, at many points even from the sea, staining the cliffs green; but the only ports in the Atacama where any notable quantity of copper is shipped, are those of Pan de Azuca and Chanaral. Here are smelted the ores from the mines of San Pedro, the Ladado, and Las Animas, which together extract about 20,000 tons of copper annually.

From Chanaral a railway runs to the mines, forty miles distant in the desert; and this is really the only cluster of huts north of Caldera worthy to be called a town, and the only place of consideration sufficient to deserve attack, should Peru be allowed to recriminate on Chili for her wanton bombardment of her coast towns. Caldera is forty miles south of Chanaral, and is the first harbinger of civilization. It is the terminus of the Copiapo Railroad, a thriving road which does not depend exclusively on the transport of mineral for support. It has a pier at which you may land; the beach is lined with a row of stone houses; and although there is still nothing but desert everywhere, nevertheless you feel that so much human life as you here meet must have its counterpart in vegetable life not far off. But one more desolate port—that of Carrizal Bajo—remains to be entered. At it the Carrizal Alto and Cerro Blanco Railroad discharges its load of copper ores and mattes, and carries back coal for the mine and the furnaces, and water for men and steam engines; for these model mines are so dry they do not supply even water enough for their own consumption. A further sail of a few hours brought us to the first glimpse of verdure since leaving Arica. The river Vallinar reaches the sea at Huasco, and between its symmetrically terraced banks the eye follows with pleasure the ribbon of green which stretches hence to the Cordillera; and in the fruit season the taste as well as the eye is gratified, for the grapes of the valley of Vallinar are as rich as any grown in Spain.

Ere we reach the next port of importance, that of Coquimbo, we have passed fairly out of the rainless tract. Here snow occasionally falls in winter, and the hills are sprinkled, not only with cacti and aloes, but with myrtles and other glossy-leaved shrubs.

This is the most active centre of the copper trade. Furnaces line the harbour of Coquimbo, and on the adjacent Bay of Herradura are the Guayacan Works of Messrs. Urmeneta and Errasuriz. From all directions come ore or furnace stuff—from the great Tomayo lode they come by rail and sea; from Panulcillo, Andacollos, and a score of mines, the Coquimbo Railway brings them by the train full; from myriad, small native mines or by the hundredweight is carried on donkey-back; so that from Coquimbo and Guayacan the annual shipments do not fall below 20,000 tons of copper

Valparaiso is 200 miles south of Coquimbo, and from its port and from the harbours to the south, grain, not mineral, are the staple articles of export. But as the coal mines at Lota, in latitude 37°—far away from any copper mining—are the second largest smelting works on the west coast. The steam colliers discharging their coal at copper-producing ports as far north as Tocapillo, can afford to take return cargoes of ore at low freightage; and with the cheap coal, work to advantage at the mine an ore of lower percentage than the mines can afford to smelt in the north.

Considering, then, how many and scattered are the ports exporting copper between El Cobre, in latitude 25°, to Lota 37°, it will not be possible for Peru to interfere with their trade, and as all the mines, with one single exception, that of Charles Lambert's Brillador Mine, near Coquimbo, are far out of gunshot from the sea, Peru can inflict no harm upon the mining interest. The momentary impulse which the news of the war, therefore, gave the price of copper soon died away. Large as it is, the quantity of wheat Chili has, in the best of years, exported, has not, in the presence of the enormous imports into Europe from North America, affected the grain market; and, as for three years she has suffered severely from partial failure of the wheat crop, even a total cessation of the export of cereals

would not be felt. The war, therefore, will affect the export and price of guano and nitre, but not that of copper and wheat. It will probably result in an adjustment of the boundary between Chili and Bolivia, but not materially influence the social or political condition of any of the belligerents. All three are poor. It will hasten, therefore, the complete bankruptcy of Peru and Bolivia, and check materially the healthy progress of Chili.

IN MY GARDEN.

(*Companion to "By my Fireside."*)

BY FRANCIS J. MOORE, LONDON.

I LISTENED to the spring birds,
As they sang amid the trees,
And the sweetness of their music,
Was mingled with the breeze.

It seemed as if they told me
To lay sad thoughts aside;
"Let sadness dwell with Winter,
But Joy—with Spring abide.

"We shall stay here all the summer,
In this your garden bright;
And sing our sweetest carols,
To make your heart more light."

So I welcomed my dear birdlings,
And stored within my heart,
Their blessed song of comfort,
Which bade sad thoughts depart.

SOME IRISH MINOR POETS OF THE CENTURY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

UNDER this title I describe those who do not, like Thomas Moore, hold a leading place in our literature, but whose writings illustrate some aspects of our national culture, and contain much which, although not of first-class merit, the student of English poetry would not willingly let die. The political events of the first half of this century have added to the lyric poetry of the language many most spirited verses whose origin was the excitement which culminated and spent itself in 1848. The verses of Davis, Duffy, Florence MacCarthy, and others, have been again and again reprinted; political and religious partisanship has ensured their survival with a certain class, at least of the reading public in this country, as well as in England and Ireland. Many of these productions have a poetical value, and appeal to higher and wider sympathies than those which gave them their first popularity; the time may perhaps come when an English Princess may sing a Young Ireland lyric as well as a Jacobite song. These poems belong to a movement essentially nobler than the Fenianism which claims to be its successor. Smith O'Brien's *emeute* failed because, being a gentleman, he refused to allow a robber raid like that at Fort Erie. And Fenianism has simply no literature.

The object of these papers is to give some account of a different and less known class of writers, those whose motive was purely literary, and who represent the higher culture as it has been in Dublin from the beginning of this century. Their names are allowed a corner in most cyclopædias and literary histories; it is my conviction that something more is their due, and that they have left us poems which well deserve to be brought under the attention of the student of English verse. Most of the details here given are drawn from my own personal knowledge of those of whom I write, or from sources of information not hitherto published. I write of Charles Maturin, dramatist and novelist; of James Clarence Mangan, lyric poet; of Professor Anster, translator of Faust; also of James Wills, biographer and lyrist; and of his son William Wills, the dramatist poet; and of William Allingham and Lady Wilde (Miss Elgee), lyric poets.

The Rev. Charles Maturin came before the public early in the first half of this century. Born in Dublin, he belonged to one of those aristocratic Huguenot families who settled in the Irish Capital on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and whose descendants, the Lefroys, the Tabiteaus, the Destenes, the Laboucheres, gained during the next generation such high place in Dublin society. Young Maturin passed with honour through Trinity College, Dublin, was ordained, and became curate in the, at that time, fashionable Church of St. Peter's. He at once became popular as a preacher in a city where congregations are critical, and where taste had been formed on such models as Grattan and Dean Kirwan. I have heard one of Maturin's manuscript sermons read by his son, himself eminent as a preacher, in the Dublin of to-day. It was a stirring, graphic discourse, very striking in the descriptive passages,

and as unpedantic and natural as one of Wesley's. Maturin became the fashion in Dublin. He was sought after in the gay and brilliant society which survived the Union of 1800. Private theatricals were then much in vogue, and young Maturin had, in voice and manner, all the grace and mimetic power which belonged to his French origin. Unfortunately for his chance of church preferment, his success on the drawing-room stage, even in that frivolous age, was against him with the 'religious public.' A bishopric fell vacant; the Viceroy of the day had consented to appoint Maturin; a note of invitation for that evening was sent to summon him to 'The Castle.' But Maturin had a more pleasant engagement, and replied by stating 'that he could not accept His Excellency's invitation, as he had that night *to die* in Hamlet!' It was not a very brilliant jest, but it cost Charles Maturin a mitre.

His experience on the private stage led him to try dramatic writing. His tragedy 'Bertram' was accepted by Lord Byron, then Chief Manager of Drury Lane, the leading London theatre. It had every success, and still holds its place among acting plays. The situations are striking, and some of the verses are very natural and vigorous, for instance the passage—

'When heaven and angels, man and human things
Have left the guilty in his guiltiness,
A cherub's voice will whisper in a child's,
And point the way to mercy.'

Maturin wrote several novels of the sensational school of Mrs. Radcliffe, whose machinery of ghosts and horrors he exaggerated. 'Manfroni, the one-handed Monk,' shews much ingenuity of plot, but is too much out of harmony with modern taste to be re-printed. Some money was, however, made by the novels, and about the same time the booksellers bargained with Maturin for a blank verse poem of that dreary kind then called 'didactic.' The real author of the composition published under Maturin's name being James Wills, a young man of good family and considerable literary talent. The 'thin vein' was worthy of neither of these men. Not long after this Charles Maturin died, much lamented in the society which his genial wit had adorned, as well as by the poor of Dublin, among whom the clergyman denounced by narrow bigots as a playwright and a worldling laboured with zeal too little recognised. His son, the Rev. William Maturin, Rector of Grange Gorman, Dublin, has been for many years the representative—almost the solitary one—in Ireland, of the English High Church reaction. Several grandsons are clergymen in England, in the most advanced rank of the same party. So does the whirligig of time bring about its revenge on the old Huguenot blood!

Very different was the career of poor Clarence Mangan. Born of very humble origin, for his father was a small cabinet-maker in Dublin, and of intemperate habits, a tendency which descended to his son, Clarence managed to pick up, in an irregular way, some sort of education. He was well read in English poetry, and attracted by the growing taste for German literature, which was at that time being set forth by Carlyle in his essays, and perhaps by the success which had been gained by Anster as a translator; Clarence devoted his leisure to the study of German, of which he acquired considerable knowledge. The romantic school of German lyric poetry then prevailed; the far truer and deeper genius of Heinrich Heine, being as yet unknown. The ballads of Freihgraph, of Platen, of Weiland, of Uhland, were exactly to Clarence Mangan's taste. Some of his translations were brought under the notice of Charles Lever, the novelist, and of Dr. Austen, then the leading contributors to the Dublin University Magazine. Several articles from Mangan's pen appeared in this magazine, then among the freshest and most popular of serials.

Stray Leaflets from the German Oak consisted of a series of lyrics taken with admirable choice from the leading writers of the Romantic School. As a translator of lyric poetry of this class, Clarence Mangan had great gifts, as is shewn in his version of the 'Phantom Countess,' the spectre who appears from time to time to denounce woe to her royal descendants, and whose last apparition gave warning of the great French Revolution, which was to topple so many of them from their thrones:

'Once more the phantom Countess, attired in white appears,
With weeping and with wailing, with tremors and with tears;
Once more appears a gliding forth from pictures and from walls,
In Prussia's gorgeous palaces and old baronial halls—
And the guards who pace the battlements and terraces by night,
Are smitten with a speechlessness and swooning at the sight.
O pray for Lady Agnes,
For the soul of Lady Agnes.

Comes she to announce the death of Kings and Kaisars as of yore,
A funeral and a crowning, a pageant and no more?
I know not, but 'tis whispered through the land from south to north—
That a deeper grief, a wider woe, to-night has called her forth.
O pray for Lady Agnes.

'I sinful one in Ornamund, I slew my children fair,
Thence evermore, till time be o'er, my doom and my despair.
Then think of me, and what I see—you whom no law controls,
Who slay your people; holiest hopes—their liberties—their souls—
The dry bones rattle in their shrouds, but you, you make no sign,
How dare I hope to move your hearts with these weak words of mine.
O pray for Lady Agnes,
For the sinful Lady Agnes.

Through the hundred-vaulted-cavern crypt where I and mine abide,
Boom the thunders of the rising storm, the surging of the tide;
Ye note them not—you will not heed the hosts of hate and fate,
Alas! ye soon will know them well—too soon, yet all too late.

* * *

'About my head lie brightly spread, the flowers that summer gives,
Fresh breezes blow, free waters flow, all nature laughs and lives;
But where you tread, the flowers drop dead, the grass grows rank and sere,
And round you floats in clotted waves, Hell's lurid atmosphere.
O pray for Lady Agnes.'

As is shewn in this ballad, Mangan's command of English speech was copious, vigorous, and undeformed by mannerism. For the melody and rhythm of verse, he had a skill not often equalled, a skill which bears comparison with the lyric music of far greater and better-known poets. In the possession of this incommunicable secret of the poet's craft, in power of evolving without effort, and in every variety of rythm, that music of form, which is almost everything in our enjoyment of a lyric poem, Clarence Mangan was far above the verse-writers of the literary set to which he was now introduced. But he was socially far their inferior; of flattery and patronage—verbal at least—he got plenty, enough to turn the head of a wiser man—but companionship or friendship on equal terms between gentlemen who moved in the exclusive circles of Dublin and the half-educated cabinet-maker's apprentice, there was none! He was removed from his own class, but could not gain admission into that above him. The Dublin squirearchy, like all small and decayed aristocracies, are jealous of their privilege. In society Clarence Mangan had no position. With his dreams, his ideals, the men, and still more the women, of his own class could have no sympathy. On the women of the higher caste, he could only have looked from afar. Hence, perhaps, the passionlessness—the absolute want of sensuous colour, in his poetry. But, alas! another and more perilous passion had already fastened on the poet. Whiskey-drinking, in spite of the great wave of Father Matthew's reform, was still the national habit. To Clarence the temptation came with the force of heredity. Many circumstances must have made that temptation almost irresistible. The admiration of young men of his own age, and above him in rank, led the way to conviviality for which he had neither means nor constitution. Those who would not 'know him at home' were quite willing to treat the young poet at a tavern. Probably very few of them appreciated his real intellectual worth.

By a few he was regarded as a sort of prodigy, a Dublin Robert Bloomfield. Intervals of notice and praise must have been followed by dreary periods of depression and loneliness—the dismal rain in the Dublin streets, no human sympathy at hand. Still efforts were made to save him. He was appointed assistant-clerk in the Students' Lending Library in Trinity College, with easy duties and a salary of £100 a year. Had he been blessed with self-control, this was an opportunity which might have been his salvation. He need not now have wanted friends who would have aided his studies. But the only friendships Clarence Mangan sought within the walls of Trinity College began and ended at the punch-parties of the wilder students. His dismissal from the clerkship soon followed. Thenceforth the downward course was rapid. Still at times his pale face and shabby frock-coat might be seen at the book shop of Mr. MacGlashan, the publisher of the Dublin University Magazine. Often a lyric of exquisite beauty, the work of some moment when his better and nobler nature asserted itself, would be eagerly offered and carelessly accepted by those who could ill estimate its value, the price, a few shillings, soon to be squandered. One effort was made by a generous friend in humble circumstances to effect a reformation; a room was given him in that friend's house, every means taken to secure his comfort, and to secure abstinence from the poison which had already undermined his constitution. For a few days it seemed to succeed, but evil habits were too strong. Soon Clarence Mangan escaped to his old haunts. But a few days after this he was admitted as a patient, in a dying condition, to the Hospital of St. Vincent de Paul, where it is good to know he received every kind attention, and died penitent and hopeful. This was in the gloomy winter of 1849. The moral of such a career needs no pointing, but those young men who are buoyant with the pride of intellectual power; those, too, who, in seasons of depression and of reaction from mental exertion, may be exposed to the temptations to which poor Clarence Mangan yielded, may do well to consider, even in the above imperfect sketch, what he might have been and what he became.

John Anster, the son of a landed gentleman of the County Limerick, entered Trinity College as a gentleman pensioner in 1815, where his genial temper and literary tastes made him a favourite with fellow students, who afterwards, like himself, added to the fame of their Alma Mater. He gained classical honours, and the highest prize given in Dublin for classics, a University Scholarship. Trinity College was then much changed from its condition of semi-mediæval discipline and culture in the days when a slovenly and often-censured undergraduate scrawled on one of the windows of Literary Square his name of Jonathan Swift. Political excitement had indeed caused the suppression of the old 'Historical Society'—the books of which were, however, kept till better days, concealed in the house of the grandfather of the present writer, where the college authorities would have had scant success had they sought to claim them—but the influence of those whose genius had made it a greater educating influence than the College itself was still rife, of Plunket, of Thomas Moore, of the unfortunate Robert Emmet. Among the Fellows of Anster's day was the celebrated Jack Barrett, of Lever's 'Charles O'Malley,' who stood alone in his day as an oriental scholar. Anster was, with my father, who entered college earlier, a pupil of Dr. O'Brien, a genial and accomplished scholar, who died but very lately, having been many years a Bishop of the Irish Protestant Church.

On the death of the Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., which excited so much public sympathy, a prize of the unusually large sum of

£20 was offered by the College for the best poem on the subject. This prize was won by Anster, and for its vigour of expression and genuine feeling deserves its place in the volume of his maturer works. It begins,

> 'Weep! for the wrath of God is over us;
> Weep, for His arm is lifted to destroy —'

This, with other poems, chiefly lyrical, was published under the fanciful title, 'Xeniola,' and attracted the attention of Southey and Wordsworth, both of whom wrote letters to the young poet, full of generous encouragement. Shelley's acquaintance, Anster had already made during a visit of the former to Dublin as a political sympathiser.

I quote from memory, for 'Xeniola,' long out of print, has never been republished, a few specimens of Anster's lyric verse. One is addressed to a favourite sister, whose memory is connected in lines of rare beauty and feeling with the beautiful southern scenery of Anster's youth :

> 'Oh, if as Arabs fancy the traces on thy brow
> Were emblems of thy future fate, and I could read them now,
> Almost without a fear would I explore that mystic chart,
> Believing that the world were weak to darken such a heart!
>
> 'As yet to thy untroubled soul, as yet to thy young eyes,
> The skies above are very heaven, the earth is paradise;
> The birds that sing in joyous air, the flowers that brightest be,
> That toil not, neither do they spin, are they not types of thee?
>
> 'Last night I trod enchanted ground, and saw the sunset gleam
> On grey Kilcoleman's fading tower, and Spenser's lonely stream;
> I looked on river, lake and hill, my fancy wandered free,
> And lingered upon field and bower where I have been with thee.'

Or let me quote a translation from the Irish, the dirge of some chief or warrior :

> 'Alas! how soon death's thin cold cloud
> The hero's bloody limbs must shroud!
> And who shall tell his sire the tale—
> And who shall sooth his widow's wail?
> I see thy father, full of days,
> For thy return behold him gaze!
> The hand that leans upon the spear
> Trembles in feebleness and fear.
> He shudders, and his age worn brow
> Is shaking like the aspen bough.'

One other quotation I must give : it is from a striking poem called 'The Power of Music :'

> 'Listen to the death-bell tolling,
> And its accents of consoling,
> Telling to the aching breast
> That the weary is at rest;
> To the mourner whispering
> Of an everlasting spring;
> Soothing thus and reconciling,
> Softening, and to tears beguiling,
> With its measured murmurs deep,
> Agony that could not weep.'

Amongst others, Coleridge, as well as his friends Wordsworth and Southey, was struck by the merit of these poems. Anster, having taken his degree at Trinity, went to London in course of preparing to be called to the bar. He there made the acquaintance of Coleridge, then in the calm and honoured evening of his life, at that retreat where Carlyle has described him as 'he sat upon Highgate Hill and attracted round him all that was of promise, all that was vague and unformed in the young thought of England.' Thither came to hear the inspired monologue of the only Englishman who held the key of the new philosophy, so many whose future 'wanderings of thought' diverged so widely —Newman and Carlyle, Edward Irving or Blanco White. Anster soon became a special favourite, was admitted not merely to the morning or midday public audiences in the library or among the garden walks, but to a private intimacy. I have often, when a boy, heard with wonder and delight Dr. Anster's reproduction of Coleridge's manner in reciting one of the few poems of his later years. Mr. Carlyle has described the Coleridgean recitation as monotonous, drawling and snuffling—to me, it had rather the effect of a solemn chant, but ill-suited to the nobility of the theme, a monotone such as one might fancy belonged to the Homeric rhapsody. Much of Coleridge's talk then was in exposition of that most cruciform of metaphysical structures, Kant's 'Kritik of Pure Reason.' Bohn's excellent English version of Kant did not then exist, and the 'Kritik' could be

reached only in German. This led Anster to the study of German, and fortunately, adds to his translating some passages of Goethe's great poem. Goethe, except for Scott's translation of some much inferior works, was then an unworked mine in England. How little German literature was known in the beginning of the century may be known by the fact which I state on the authority of one of the librarians of the British Museum, that, in 1815, the library of that institution contained not one copy of any of Schiller's works! By Coleridge's advice some specimen scenes from Faust were inserted in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Their success was immediate. Shelley was roused by reading them to a generous rivalry; a very few passages from the Faust appear among his poems, prefaced by a notice full of eulogy of Anster's Blackwood papers. The whole of the First Part of Faust was then published by Anster. This great work has ever since held the high place it gained on its first appearance. It at once placed Anster in the front ranks of literature. Substantial recognition of his merit followed in a promotion to an honourable post of some emolument at the Admiralty Court in Dublin. Here, for many years, Dr. Anster continued to hold a leading place in the pleasant literary society of these days, he wrote much in the *Dublin University*, then at its best, and edited by Lever. In 1849, he was unanimously chosen by the Senior Fellows of Trinity College to fill the honourable and lucrative position of Regius Professor of Civil Law. The rendering of the Second Part of Goethe's masterpiece was the work of his later years, and was published in 1862.

With the young men of Trinity College Dr. Anster was indeed a favourite. Possessed of an unusually sympathetic disposition, a youthful flow of cheerfulness and power of interesting himself in the studies and literary aims of younger men, he was the centre of a circle which drew into it many who owe the direction of their thoughts and energies to his teaching or rather to his conversation. As one of his class in Civil Law I had often the happiness of his society, and can recall how vividly still, the genial chain of his wit, his courtesy, and kindness, to which no society came amiss, which made the poorest student feel at home in his company. In the thoughts of the now scattered students of these days, I am now assured, few memories are so green.

William Allingham, of whom I can say *vidi tantum* belongs to the London rather than the Dublin literary *chronique*. Dr. Wills, an old college friend of Dr. Anster's, is known chiefly by a few lyric poems preserved in Florence MacCarthy's 'Irish Ballads.' He deserves still better to be remembered as the author of the excellent biographies 'The Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen.' But his name is most honourably sustained by his son Mr. William Gorman Wills, whose remarkable dramatic poems, 'Charles I.' 'Jane Shore,' and 'Eugene Aram,' have been so successful at the leading London theatres during the past ten years. Mr. Wills is a painter as well as a poet. The *Saturday Review*, of May 17th, notices among the most meritorious paintings in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy in London, Mr. Wills' 'Ophelia and Laertes' and 'The Spirit of the Shell.'

FOREST DESTRUCTION.

BY P. S. H., HALIFAX.

A NEW country, such as Canada still is, politically considered, enjoying almost unrestricted self-government, and, therefore, having a *quasi* nationality within itself, whilst yet in a manner destitute of those refinements and means of human enjoyment which attend great accumulations of wealth and long continued culture, still possesses many and vast privileges which have long since passed away—many of them irrevocably—beyond the reach of the denizens of the Old World. The most incalculably great of these privileges is to be found in the fact that it *is* a new country; that it virtually has *carte blanche* upon which to lay down the laws and regulations for its own political welfare and security, and for the elevation and advancement of its social condition; and that it may avail itself of an all but absolute freedom from restraint in making provision, from its own resources, for the material comfort of its people. This privilege is immeasurably enhanced in value when the fact is considered that we of the new country have before us, as at once a warning and a guide, the record of the great and often irretrievable errors, and the notable but, at best, only partial successes, which have characterized the groping movements of older communities towards a higher civilization; and that fortunately we possess the means which enable us to trace this record back to the earliest era of history.

This great privilege necessarily entails upon us correspondingly great responsibilities. Would that every Canadian could be made to feel how great those responsibilities are! The foregoing general propositions might be laid down to preface an essay upon any one of many subjects which, in the writer's estimation, essentially affect the political, or social, or more material welfare of Canada, and which require to be dealt with by Canadians with promptitude, and with great circumspection, and a scrupulous regard for the right and to future consequences. At present, however, we propose dealing only with a very simple matter, and one, the merits of which, it is hoped, will come within the comprehension of the reader of even the simplest capacity. It is proposed to make a few observations upon the Forests of Canada and the duties of the public with regard to those forests—a subject to which all that has been said above applies with special force.

It is not proposed to dwell at any great length upon the extent and upon the past and present condition of the forests of what is now the Dominion of Canada. It may be presumed that every reader of ordinary intelligence is already passably well informed upon these points. As 'matter of inducement,' however, it may be briefly stated that originally—that is, at the time of the first settlement of Europeans in America—the older Canadian Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Quebec and Ontario, as also British Columbia, the youngest of those Provinces, were covered with dense, unbroken forests, whilst Manitoba and the Great North-West Territory were comparatively, —and, as to large tracts of country, absolutely—treeless. Even this now prairie and plain country of the in-

terior of the continent was probably, at a more remote period, covered likewise with forests which were destroyed by repeated fires, extending over a long period of years, until at length the soil had ceased to contain any more of those germs which had previously sprung up successively in what is usually regarded as a spontaneous forest growth.

The mode in which the early, white-skinned settlers of the older Provinces dealt with these forests, is pretty well known. Many persons still living have witnessed it. Indeed it may still be seen, in almost its pristine vigour, in some of the frontier settlements of the backwoods. These 'pioneers of civilization,' finding, of course, that trees were an obstruction to the cultivation of the soil for food-producing crops, waged a rancorous warfare upon growing timber. The spirit with which this war was carried on increased in intensity with indulgence until it became almost a *mania*. The backwoodsman looked upon every tree as a natural enemy, just as he regarded those noxious wild beasts and wild Indians frequenting the forest-shades. He could not always—perhaps might not always wish to—kill the latter; but every tree was fair game—helpless, too; and he dealt with it accordingly, as soon as he could. Trees growing in situations where they were, and ever would be, perfectly harmless to agricultural crops, and which oftentimes added an exquisite charm to the landscape, were ruthlessly cut down, just for the sheer delight of seeing them prostrated. Thus oftentimes he who, in boyhood and youth, and subject to the parental orders, wielded the axe to lay low the stately monarchs of the forest which might, easier than not, have been left to add incalculably to the picturesque attractions of the homestead, may now be seen, in middle age, diligently planting saplings about that same homestead, for shade and ornament, although generations must pass away before these young trees can attain the grand proportions and the beauty of those stately predecessors which were so savagely and so needlessly destroyed. And yet, although this scene may be frequently witnessed in every part of the older Provinces, how slowly communities and even individuals learn by experience! Backwoodsmen, with many who can no longer be regarded as backwoodsmen, are very much what their forefathers were. Doubtless many of our readers have often seen men, regarded, too, as men of sound sense and intelligence in ordinary matters, who, when brought in view of a fine, ornamental tree, in the open, have eyed it with a savageness of expression, and have evinced an itching of palms for the handle of the axe with which to slay the hated beauty.

But, under the direction of our backwoodsmen, fire has been made a much more potent agent of destruction than the axe. Whilst large expanses of growing timber have been felled without there being any necessity for so doing, and which timber should have been left standing, the fires which have been set in these 'choppings' or 'fallows,' have oftentimes—nay, as a rule—been so recklessly managed that they have spread over large tracts of the adjacent, uncut forest. This custom, almost invariably pursued, of burning over the surface of the ground with the felled timber upon it, thus utterly consuming all vegetable matter there to be found, and even calcining the surface soil itself to a considerable depth, is, as every student of agricultural chemistry knows, highly injurious to the perennial fertility of the land. The stimulus which it receives from the ashes left upon the surface, may ensure a good crop for two or three years. Then the land, unless of extraordinary fertility originally, becomes comparatively worthless for a long period of years—perhaps forever. Hence the necessity, or supposed necessity, to the backwoods farmer, to bring a further breadth of forest land under the same process.

Thus the work of destruction has a tendency to constantly reproduce itself. It may here be remarked, by the way, that *all* the cultivated lands of the country were not cleared up from the forest in this slovenly way; and, in some districts, the difference between lands so burned over and those which were originally cleared up on a more scientific plan, is still, after fifty years of equally careful tillage, plainly discernible in the greater fertility of the latter.

Whatever might be said in extenuation of this destructiveness on the part of the very earliest white settlers of the country, in consequence of timber, owing to its embarrassing profusion, the lack of markets in which to dispose of it, and the still greater lack of means and facilities for conveying it to market, having, in their time, scarcely any commercial value; the time has long since passed when anything can be said in palliation of this reckless waste of our forest products. Timber has come to be considered one of the most important sources of Canadian wealth; and, for the whole period of the history of these Provinces thus far, it has formed our most considerable export. Here we come to another potent cause of the wholly unjustifiable destruction of our forests,—the habitual procedure of those engaged in felling and preparing timber, in whatever form, for market. That class of men whom we may collectively designate 'lumbermen,' have, in their way, been only a very little less destructive upon our forests than the pioneer agriculturist? Their habits which, in the first instance, were owing to the same recklessness and improvidence as in the case of the backwoods farmer, have latterly seemed to them to have become in a manner necessary through force of circumstances. For, as the price of timber in all its marketable forms has gradually diminished, and as in consequence the profits of the lumberman have in like manner shown a constant tendency to become reduced, the lumberman has sought to keep up those profits by means of increased production. Thus he is, in a manner, driven on by what seems to him the very necessity of his position, to pursue a course which, whilst at best only moderately remunerative to himself, must have the effect, within an alarmingly brief period, of utterly annihilating our noble forests—that is, supposing even that there were no other cause tending to the same deplorable end.

Surely the time has come for the lumbermen of Canada to examine, with the gravest consideration, the circumstances of their occupation. Taking into consideration the whole history of the timber trade of British North America, from its very commencement down to the present moment, it is problematical whether the profits accruing to the producer, from the exports of that timber, in all its marketable forms, have not fallen short of the actual cost of its production. There are insuperable difficulties in the way of procuring statistics upon every branch of this subject; and therefore this conclusion cannot be *proved* with mathematical precision; but the writer entertains no doubt whatever of the fact that, *upon the whole*, the exports of the products of the forests of British North America, have cost the producer more than he has actually received therefor. The occupation of the lumberman is in its advantages the most precarious of any that is pursued, on a considerable scale, in this Dominion. It is more so than gold-mining, which most persons regard as so hazardous; but, like the latter pursuit, it has certain fascinations about it which possess a charm for certain classes of men. To the lumberman proper—the labouring man—there is a charm in the wild, semi-savage freedom of a woodland life—in the rude sociality of the woodsman's peculiar gregariousness—in the mere competitive exertion of his physical might—even in the difficulties

and dangers which he is frequently called upon to face. On the other hand, the employer is lured by the vision of prizes such as he knows have been won in this great business lottery; whilst he is blind to the still more numerous blanks that have been drawn by those who, like himself, have boldly invested therein. Indeed, these prizes are more a thing of the past than of the present. The man of small means and limited sphere sees his enterprise, in a vast proportion of instances, end in failure. Even the large capitalist succeeds only through a long, persistent, and vehement struggle, or through the ruin of many smaller ones. But it is difficult in every case to disconnect oneself from a pursuit once engaged in. Thus our lumbermen continue to be lumbermen, to the manifest ruin of each other, to the vast over-production of timber in our markets, and to the obvious and not remote total destruction of the sources of that production. The action of those who represent the lumbering interest of Canada is simply suicidal; but, as we shall presently see, it is only of a piece with the conduct of the community as a whole, so far as relates to our forests.

Thus far we have been treating of the needless and, therefore, reprehensible destruction of our forests by our pioneer agriculturists and lumbermen whilst yet engaged in the lawful pursuit of their occupations. Whilst these men have been and are blamable, their ill conduct is rather attributable to errors of judgment than to any innately evil disposition. But we have amongst us, unfortunately, another class of destroyers, the iniquity of whose conduct no words can meetly describe. We allude to those fiends in human shape who, through malice, wantonness, or inhuman recklessness, are guilty of originating *fires in the woods*. We wish it were possible that any words at our command could convey what we are sure must be the utter abhorrence and detestation of every honest and intelligent man in the land towards whomsoever is, has been, or would be, guilty of this execrable act. Its enormity cannot be estimated; its iniquity cannot be palliated; its consequences cannot be redressed. The very frequency of these forest fires have unfortunately so familiarised the native Canadian mind with them that they are not duly appreciated in the character of terrible disasters. With persons born in Europe the case is usually far otherwise; and, to their credit be it said, they are, as a rule, much more scrupulously cautious to avoid originating such fires than native Canadians are. As to the wide-spread criminality of the latter, in this respect, it seems difficult to account for it whilst still assuming that the guilty parties are really sane. At times, some boys—and sometimes very old boys, too—will, 'just for the fun of the thing,' kindle a fire upon the borders of a wood, in the nature of a *bonfire*, in order to see the fine effect; or a party of sportsmen—hunters or anglers—in the depths of the forest, break up their camp after a temporary halt and move on without having extinguished—probably without having made any attempt to extinguish—their camp-fire; or an individual tramping through the woods strikes fire in order merely to light his pipe or cigar, and throws down the still ignited lucifer match or touchwood amongst leaves, grass, or other vegetable matter, as dry as tinder; thus fires of the most disastrous nature originate, fires which rage for days, for weeks, and over thousands and oftentimes hundreds of thousands of acres of densely timbered land, consuming all before them that is combustible and leaving nothing but death and desolation behind. Yet, in almost every instance, a hat-full of water, or even a five-seconds' pressure of the foot, would have sufficed to extinguish this devastating fire at its inception. It is, in such cases, mortifying in the extreme to know that the

destroyer could have been so easily staid, yet was not.

People who live only in towns would find it difficult to form any conception of the extent of the havoc often thus committed. When one goes back into what was once a noble forest, teeming with life and beauty, and representing almost incalculable wealth, and there travels mile upon mile over, the scorched, coal-black ground, the dismal aspect of the ever-continuous scene, being made more dismal by the occasional appearance of the charred trunk and skeleton limbs of some scraggy 'rampike' thrown athwart the sky—sole remains of what was but recently one of the more stately monarchs of the forest—he begins to form some idea of the thoroughness of the destruction involved, and perhaps approximate to a calculation of its extent. And we may here observe that, to people in the back country who are only too familiar with such scenes, it would be a useful exercise—or, say *amusement*, if that term is preferred—to spend some of their leisure in making approximate calculations of the loss to the country of such forest fires as they have themselves known. Let any such person take into consideration *all* such woodland fires as have occurred under his own observation, or to his own certain knowledge. Let him estimate as closely as he can the acreage, in the aggregate, over which such fires have spread. Then let him carefully calculate the money value of one acre of timber of mixed growth, or of only medium dimensions, and of only average quality, and see what that will amount to when multiplied by the whole number of acres of such timber he has known to have been destroyed by fire, together with the buildings, fences, agricultural crops, and other property so destroyed. If his experiences have not been very unlike those of most persons intimately acquainted with the rural and woodland districts of this Dominion, the result of his calculations will startle him. It is only by inducing people to make such estimates and calculations as these that they can be led to 'realize,' or to form anything like a due conception of, the enormous extent to which this work of destruction has been carried on. The writer fully believes, and as fully expects his views in this respect to be concurred in by every reader who has had good opportunities of forming a judgment in the matter, that all the timber that has been felled for use—both for domestic use and for exportation—within this Dominion, ever since the first white settlers landed upon it, falls very far short, both in quantity and value, of what has been needlessly and irretrievably destroyed and lost through fires originating as described in the last above paragraph, and in such ways alone. Surely this is a melancholy conclusion to which we are forced! Let the reader think of the hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property which has thus been maliciously, or wantonly, or at best recklessly, destroyed; and let him, if he can, measure the enormity of the sin which has effected its destruction.

Incendiarism is, by our Criminal Code, as well as in popular estimation, regarded as one of the most heinous of crimes. It is strange that the man who would be regarded by society and who would even regard himself as a monster of iniquity, were he to set fire to his neighbour's house, even if of the meanest description, will set fire to and destroy that neighbour's growing timber, to the value of many thousands of pounds—perhaps to a value quite incalculable—and do this without the slightest ruffle to his own feelings.

We have hitherto omitted mention of two possible causes of woodland fires—lightning and sparks from passing railway locomotives. We believe that they need only to be barely mentioned. Doubtless fires have, at times, originated from each of these causes;

but there is every reason to believe, that such cases are of very rare occurrence. There is reason to believe that they are most frequently heard of from the lips of guilty men who thus seek to mislead the public mind as to the cause of disasters which really originated with themselves. Of course, when, if ever, in the depths of the forest, a fire does originate in the electric spark from a passing thunder cloud, and obtains formidable headway before discovery, no human effort can suffice to stay its progress. The misfortune must be endured as one of the inevitables. As for fires originating in locomotive sparks, doubtless they do sometimes take place. However, such mishaps usually occur near the dwellings of man, and are also usually discovered in time to extinguish the nascent destroyer before any material damage is done. Whoever, having discovered such an incipient conflagration, should neglect, or refuse to exert himself to so extinguish it, should be held only a little less guilty than if he had kindled the fire himself. To exert himself to that end is a duty which he owes, not merely to any single individual, but to his country and to the public at large.

Whilst believing that the *extent* to which forest fires have become a great national misfortune has not yet duly impressed itself upon the mind of the general public, every reader, we assume, will admit those fires to be something deplorable. Whenever a public evil exists, common sense demands that we should forthwith seek out ways and means for its removal, if such be possible. What is to be done in this case? It must be admitted that the question is a puzzling one. It is a case in which repressive legislative measures, merely as such, must prove to be especially, if not even peculiarly, futile. The crime of the veiled and disguised assassin, in the most sequestered spot at midnight; arson, in the most obscure quarter of the largest city; piracy upon the high seas; the malicious firing of a coal mine; all of these seem to afford to the guilty party exceptional facilities for escape from the due penalties of his crime; yet the criminal can be, and there is reason to believe in most cases is, followed up, detected and punished. But the human fiend who goes alone into the depths of the forest and there kindles a fire which, before it exhausts itself from lack of material to consume, may destroy millions of dollars' worth of his neighbour's property — of property, too, that cannot be replaced—need have no witness of his demoniac deed. Even his trail is effectually obliterated by the fire-fiend which he has himself invoked. Unless, through his own confession, the secret of his crime may remain forever a secret; and he continue for life unpunished. Nevertheless, and as the first incendiary still *may be* detected, we would not contend that the legislature in such cases as we are now considering, should not enact ostensibly repressive measures: quite the contrary. If, for nothing else, the legislature should pass such measures in order to give its sanction to the recognition of forest incendiarism as a crime of the darkest dye. Such a sanction from the highest authority in the land and representing all the legitimate interests of the country would lead, and extend, and strengthen public opinion in its conceptions of the enormity of that crime, and in the consequent public efforts for its suppression. But to have such effect, the legislature should not trifle with the matter. The penalty for what we have called *forest incendiarism* should be something only barely less than capital punishment, say, imprisonment in the penitentiary for life. At the same time, where, in 'clearing up new land,' or through any other alleged, but not ostensibly criminal, reason, a man sets a fire upon his own ground, he should be held strictly liable for all the damage which may accrue from the running of that fire into his neighbours' grounds. He

should not be suffered to set up the plea of 'unavoidable accident in such a case. Such stringent procedure seems to be indispensable in order to inculcate upon people due care in dealing with fire.

Whatever may be the result, direct or indirect, of legislation in this matter, it must be obvious that really effective results can be obtained only through exerting a thorough, salutary influence upon public opinion. Whoever sees and feels the importance of arresting, and for the future preventing, the needless destruction of our magnificent and invaluable forests, should never miss the opportunity by word of mouth, by appeals through the press, or in any legitimate way, of impressing his convictions upon others who are not already suitably impressed. Especially should this be the case in our communications with the young. Boys should be brought up to regard the setting of fire to the woods as one of the meanest and most contemptible of crimes that is repulsive to a manly boy's nature. It is said that the child of a Hollander will resent a charge of having plucked a reed, a spray, or even a blade of grass, from the side of a dyke more vehemently than an accusation of almost any other crime; so utterly dependent is the whole country's material weal upon the stability of the dykes, and from such slight causes may the stability of those dykes be impaired. We would fain see Canadian children evince a like indignation upon being accused of dropping, and leaving unextinguished, a spark of fire in the woods. When it shall have come to that, if it ever should, our forests will enter upon a season of due protection; and their contents will begin to be properly economised; but not until then.

We do not conceive that, at the present stage of our forest history, it would be wise to urge the adoption of any other and more artificial means for ensuring the preservation of forest wealth than those mentioned above. A time may come when, those forests having become more circumscribed and more manageable, whilst also still more valuable than at present, it will be necessary, for their more effective preservation and economic management, to place them under the supervision of *rangers*; but that time is not yet. The object most desirable to be attained just now, is to impress the mass of the people with a due sense of the importance of this whole subject. We feel assured that it has already deeply—almost painfully—impressed itself upon the minds of the more readily observing and thoughtful portion of the community. Never has the work of ruin been carried on in the Canadian forests more vigorously—to all appearance more madly—than at the present time. Yet if we have not already reached, we are upon the very eve of, a period when the contents of those forests must be acknowledged to have a value never before recognised. We are just having opened up, in the heart of the Dominion itself, a market of almost boundless extent for the products of these forests on either side of that central region. Every tree that grows in them thus acquires a new value; and there is an additional reason why it should not be wantonly or recklessly destroyed.

Leaving out of view all consideration of the value of the timber now being so ruthlessly destroyed in our forests, there are other reasons why the preservation of these forests demands our most serious attention. And here, especially, we may take warning from, and profit by, the errors committed in the Old World and in time past. The effect of large tracts of forests in modifying the climate of a country is so well known to all who have given any study to this subject that we shall not pretend to treat of of it in all its details, the more especially as to do so would be to exceed the limits we can now afford to give to it. We shall only mention, and

that briefly, one of those effects, that, namely, of the influence of forest lands in first producing, and then in economising, the rain-fall of a country. We shall not undertake to describe the *modus operandi* in which large tracts of forest, like lofty mountains, tend ever to cause a precipitation of rain from clouds passing over them. Let it suffice to say that their effect in producing that precipitation is a well known factin physical science. We have not the means of ascertaining whether or not the partial denudation of the forests of Canada hitherto has, as yet, produced any material effect upon the quantity of its rain-fall. Probably it has not. It could not fail to be far otherwise, however, were the country wholly denuded of its forests, or even if, reversing the existing order of things, that denudation should be carried so far that the area of cleared land should largely predominate over that of the forest. Yet even at the present time, and with all Nature's provision for economising the rain supply—to which we shall presently refer—this country, taking one year with another, receives no more moisture from the skies than is requisite to maintain what we may call its normal fertility.

A more important function of the forest even than that of producing, or at all events enlarging, the precipitation of rain and snow, is that of being a reservoir for the retention of that moisture when it has once reached the earth. A rain-pour occurs, we will say, or the winter snows have melted, over a tract of forest-clad country. The moisture so deposited upon the surface of the earth does not flow immediately off, as it would do if that were a hard and impervious surface. On the contrary, not only do the mosses and light coating of other vegetable matter, forming the immediate surface, and protected from the scorching rays of the sun, act as so many sponges for the absorption and retention of moisture, but the earth itself, to the depth of many feet, made porous by the penetration and ramifications of innumerable roots of trees and shrubs, acts as one vast sponge, by which an immense proportion of the precipitated moisture is retained, until that portion of it not required for the processes of vegetation gradually percolates towards a lower level, and is gradually drawn off into, and in fact forms, the running surface streams of the country. The slowness and longer continuance of this process is further ensured by the foliage of the forest in shutting off the direct rays of the sun from the surface of the earth, and thus preventing rapid evaporation. Thus it comes that the older Provinces of Canada, especially, comprise a pre-eminently 'well watered country.' In the number, frequency, and continuous supply of its perennial streams, it is unsurpassed by any country in the world, and equalled by few, if any. Thus atmospheric 'drought' in its more alarming aspects, is scarcely known in Canada; and when it does occur, its injurious effects upon vegetable life are much less notable than elsewhere in countries where Nature possesses no forest reservoirs of moisture to meet such emergencies.

Another benefit, and a very important one, incidental to the perennial character of these forest-fed streams, is, that they afford a permanent home for fish. Therefore, if not outrageously neglected, or mismanaged —which, unfortunately, they are, in Canada, at the present time—they naturally become an unfailing source of supply of one of the most important articles of human food. This is a matter which, in itself, demands serious consideration; for experience has already taught the lesson, in Canada, that even what have been recognised as valuable fish streams cannot always continue to exist as such when the neighbouring forest is cut away.

Now, what would be the result if these Eastern Provinces of Canada

were to be wholly, or even in greatly preponderating part, denuded of their forests? We have but to look abroad —to countries where such a denudation has taken place—for a ready answer. In the Old World, we can scarcely go astray for evidence of the disastrous effects to its human inhabitants of the total destruction of a country's forest. Let us take, for instance, Syria—an extreme case it is admitted, but all the better for our illustration; or let us take more generally that rather undefined region called altogether *The Levant*. According to all we can gather from the records of the past, Syria and what we now call Asia Minor, during the periods of their earliest written history, were, each in its several divisions, a sort of widely extended terrestrial paradise. They were wondrously fertile; they teemed throughout with plenty; and they were everywhere radiant with scenic beauty. Now all is changed, and sterility and desolation is the rule, except in the immediate vicinity of the few meagre streams which still wind through the parched valleys of the land. This is more especially the case with Syria, which is now all but treeless. The description of Palestine as 'a land flowing with milk and honey,' was, undoubtedly, no overstrained figure at the time it was uttered. Now that country is one of the most dreary and desert tracts inhabited by man. Its aspect may be imagined when it is mentioned that sometimes a lapse of years occurs without a fall of rain. The country may be described as treeless. In Egypt again, the desert is, every year, encroaching perceptibly upon the valley of the Nile, and has been doing so for ages. There is no forest barrier to prevent.

Even where an abundance of rain does fall upon a country stripped of its forests, the anticipation of that very abundance becomes an emotion of anything but unalloyed delight, and with good reason. The rain coming down in quantity, not upon a porous forest-clad soil, protected from evaporation by forest foliage, but upon a hard-baked and all but impenetrable surface soil, nearly the whole of it runs immediately off, seeking a lower level. Thus the soil is but slightly benefited at the time of the rain-fall; no store of moisture is retained for its after refreshment; every depression on the face of the country becomes an impetuous torrent, or a swirling lake; and the same rain-fall, instead of being a blessing and a cause of fruitfulness and plenty, becomes a much dreaded destroyer. It is only a few weeks since we were daily hearing from Hungary—an almost utterly treeless country—most harrowing accounts of the ravages of floods produced in this way. Almost every year we hear like distressing accounts from the South of France, a country quite stripped of its forests. So with many other parts of Europe. Even in the United Kingdom—especially in Scotland and Wales —we frequently hear of great destruction of property, and even life, from the frequent recurrence of these floods, freshets, or spates. These floods would not occur at all, or their disastrous results would be much less notable, had due prescience been exercised when the primæval forest was being cleared away; for, of course, all Europe was once as densely covered with woods as Canada was two hundred years ago.

Canadians should take warning by what we see experienced in these old world regions. It may be a useless speculation to indulge in; yet we do not hesitate to express the belief that a time will come when, the population of the world having enormously increased beyond its present number, fertile Egypt will be rolled back upon the desert; when the hills of Syria will bloom with exuberant fertility; when even the great American desert, near our own doors, will be brought under profitable cultivation; and all through the medium, in the first instance, of a judicious and gradually extended cul-

tivation of forest trees. It would be well for Canadians not to subject their posterity to the necessity of carrying out the same slow and laborious process, in the remote future. They would have the less excuse for so doing inasmuch as, in each of the four original Provinces of the Dominion, as also in British Columbia and in the North-West Territory, there is a very considerable proportion of the country which can never be held in high estimation for agricultural purposes, but which, nevertheless, is admirably suited to the growth of timber, and which, for the most part, is, or recently was, actually covered with living forests. It should be everybody's business to insist that at least these portions of the country shall continue, for all time, to be covered with growing timber, ever replenishing it by cultivation as it becomes deplenished through accidental causes, or from being removed for use. Looking even to the not very remote future, this is a policy which the prospective welfare of the country imperatively demands.

AN OLD STORY.

BY G. G.

A STRANGER'S face,—a passing look—
And then a little aimless chatter
About the weather, some new book,
Or any other trivial matter.

A welcome face, a kindly smile,
The interchange of thought and feeling—
And common words, yet all the while
A deeper truth is through them stealing.

A lover's face, a tender glance—
And feelings too deep for expression,
And hands that meet, as if by chance,
And eyes that make the heart's confession.

An eager face, a steadfast gaze
A word with Heaven in its meaning,—
Two lives bound fast in one always,
And all their joys together gleaming.

A mourner's face,—a tearless gloom,
A life whose breath is words remembered:
A heart that is an empty tomb,
Whose treasure is to death surrendered.

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A DANGEROUS TOPIC.

IT was no doubt the telling of ghost stories round the library fire which suggested to Frederic Mayne as a topic of conversation after dinner that evening modern Spiritual Manifestations. It was an unfortunate one in many respects, but he was quite unaware of the attraction which the subject possessed in his host's eyes, and of the reverence with which he regarded it. The family always avoided any reference to the matter, nor did they, even to their intimates, confess the hold that it had taken upon Sir Robert's imagination. They respected him too much to risk making him an object of ridicule to any person, especially in that neighbourhood, the inhabitants of which, being both old-fashioned and 'Philistine,' were not likely to receive any details of the New Gospel with much faith, or even patience. I am afraid, inded, that public opinion in those parts, if it had expressed itself at all on such a newfangled matter, would have described the great apostles of Spiritualism as persons who wished to fill their own pockets at the expense of their disciples, a class whom in their turn they set down as one who 'from their money are soon parted.'

Under these circumstances it was no wonder that Sir Robert's 'peculiar' ideas were not talked about beyond the family circle; or that Gresham had not alluded to them even to his friend Mayne.

Who amongst us is so fortunate as not to have experienced once or twice in his life the terrible revelation of having unconsciously said something in a company which has produced in it a catastrophe little inferior to that of the explosion of a shell? This accidental treading on the social fuse is so calamitous to all concerned—but especially to him who has put his foot in it or on it—that I have always advocated the most stringent precautions; it would be a good plan, for example, if along with the *carte* at every dinner-table there was placed opposite to each guest a brief and epitomised biography of each of his two neighbours, with anything peculiar or abnormal italicised thus: '*Divorced*'—'*A pervert*'—'*An advocate of woman's rights*'—'*Madness in the family*'—'*Father hung*,' &c. Then we should know how to steer, and, at all events, to avoid the more perilous risks of conversation; to come 'stem on,' as Mr. Mayne would have called it, right against one of them, without the possibility of 'backing' or 'stopping,' is a shocking circumstance; how much more terrible then is it to blunder unwittingly on some delicate topic that discomposes an entire company! This is what poor Mr. Mayne felt he had done directly he had uttered the words 'Spiritual Manifestations.'

There was no outward sign of disturbance except that Gresham made a face as if about to whistle, but he knew by the general silence that he was on dangerous ground, as surely as though he had sunk up to his knees through the dining-room carpet.

Curiously enough Sir Robert himself seemed by no means disinclined to discuss the topic; of ridicule he stood in no fear, having never experienced its darts; while just now there were certain reasons, with which we are acquainted, that made him very willing to receive what scientific folks call 'contributions' to the subject in question. He did not understand, as any one familiar with the world would have, that Frederic Mayne was not the sort of person to appreciate natural phenomena, unless they come in some very distinct and material shape, such as a meteoric stone, and hit him.

'You have had some experience, Mr. Mayne, no doubt,' he said, 'with respect to this curious subject.'

'Well, yes, Sir Robert; I have been an idle man with more money than I knew what to do with, and very little judgment I fear to direct its expenditure, and among other things on which I wasted my cash was *séances*, or, in other words, small conjuring tricks done in the dark.'

'That is not the view of many eminent persons upon that subject,' observed Sir Robert gravely: 'nor, if it is worth while to say so, is it *my* view.'

'This is a free country,' replied Mayne, smiling, 'and every man has a right to his own opinion. For my part, however, I do not believe in the spirits of the Dead communicating with audiences of the Living at so much a head.'

'Perhaps you do not believe in their communicating with the Living at all?'

Mr. Mayne smiled, half-courteously half-cynically (it was difficult with him to 'put up' with Humbug under any circumstances), and turned to his neighbour with 'What is your opinion, Mr. Raynes?'

'We have our philosophical persons,' was that gentleman's unexpected reply, 'to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into knowledge when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear. Such, at least, is the opinion of the Divine William, and by him I always stick.'

'The Divine William?' exclaimed Sir Robert, interrogatively.

'W. S., of Stratford-on-Avon,' exclaimed Mr. Raynes, with a grin that would have convulsed the company had the subject on hand been a less delicate and personal one.

'I did not remember that Shakespeare took that view,' said Sir Robert, rubbing his thin hands. 'You will not deny that *he* is some authority, Mr. Mayne.'

'On mundane matters, I will grant it,' returned that gentleman; 'but he lived in a superstitious age, and must necessarily have suffered from its influences.'

'I am afraid Mr. Mayne has not much reverence for authority of any kind,' said Mr. Walcot, with a grave smile.

'I don't know what "authority" you have for that statement, Mr. Walcot,' answered Mayne contemptuously, 'but I confess I prefer to believe in what is accompanied by proofs rather than by assertions.'

'Indeed?' said Mr. Walcot. And though he uttered but that one word, it gave Mr. Mayne to understand that he (Mayne) was the very last man whom the speaker would have supposed likely to appeal to proof—after that adventure in the arbour that morning.

'If you mean by proof the personal experience of credible witnesses, Mr. Mayne,' pursued Sir Robert, speaking with great gravity; 'the subject of which we speak has ample corroboration. Without going further than this dining-room, I could find a witness to many of those manifestations to which the term "incredible" has been freely applied.'

'At the risk of being called sceptical, I should like to see them myself,' said Mr. Mayne; 'but unfortunately,

it seems I have no chance, since the presence of "sceptics" has always been found fatal to these interesting proceedings.'

'I beg your pardon,' observed Mr. Walcot, glancing at his brother-in-law, and speaking with a certain air of haughtiness; 'the presence of a sceptic is no hindrance, but that of an unsympathetic person is.'

'Unsympathetic with what?' inquired Mayne, curtly.

'With religious instincts and influences,' observed Mr. Walcot, drily; 'and especially with the appreciation of the fact that we material creatures are surrounded by spiritual beings, who have us more or less in keeping, as has been abundantly proved in these latter days by the so-called manifestations.'

'Heavenly shows,' muttered Mr. Raynes. 'That is somewhere in the Divine William's.'

'There,' said Sir Robert triumphantly. 'I had no idea you were such a student of Shakespeare, Mr. Raynes.'

'The quotation is from *Othello*,' observed the Curate, smiling; 'but it does not go to strengthen Mr. Walcot's position.

> When devils will their blackest sins put on
> They do suggest at first with heavenly shows.'

Mayne laughed aloud; Gresham (though he knew his uncle's eye was on him) could not restrain a titter; and Mr. Raynes outdid himself with a grin of the first magnitude.

'That is quite the theologian's view,' observed Mr. Walcot, contemptuously. 'They admit the facts, and even allow their supernatural character; but they set them down to the intervention of his Satanic Majesty.'

'That is not *my* view,' said the Curate, laughing; 'for putting *Diabolus* for *Deus*, I think, the poet's "*nec Deus intersit*" should settle that matter. It is surely scarce worth while for so important a personage as you have mentioned to make use of spirit-rappers.'

'You are talking about what you do not understand, Mr. Dyneley,' said Walcot, with another glance at Sir Robert, who remained silent. 'May I ask you what you understand by spirit-rappers?'

'Imposters; persons who do not hesitate, for the sake of filthy lucre, to affect communion with spirits of the departed,' said Mr. Dyneley, calmly. 'Men who take the advantage of a reverence they do not share to mislead their dupes.'

It was with astonishment that those who knew him best heard the Curate thus express himself; his tone was very earnest, and his face, which was fixed on that of his interlocutor, had a certain defiance in it; it seemed to say, 'I have been silent on this topic longer than I should have been, and now I tell you what I think of it—and of you.'

'I am sure, Dyneley,' said Sir Robert, speaking with great emotion, 'that you would not use such language as that which had just fallen from your lips, if you had given your attention to this important subject. I myself have done so, and there is another here who can claim still deeper acquaintance with it. It pains me beyond expression to——' here he stopped and turned to his brother-in-law—'I think, Ferdinand, it is only right in this company of honourable men that you should give your personal testimony to the truth.'

'As you please Arden,' answered Mr. Walcot indifferently; 'though there are minds here to-day as there were of old, of whom it may be said that neither would they believe though one rose from the dead.'

'*I* should,' observed Mr. Mayne, who, intent on his enemy, did not notice the bright spots on Sir Robert's cheek; 'only I must see the spectre in broad daylight, not with the shutters shut and the light turned down, as is the modern fashion.'

'I have seen no spectres,' continued Mr. Walcot calmly; 'but I have heard

their voices, and had incontestable evidence of their presence. They have dictated words to me, too sacred, indeed, for repetition——'

Here Mayne would have laughed outright had not Gresham kicked his shins under the table.

'Words that it would be sacrilegious to expose to the ridicule of the frivolous and unthinking, but which, I hope, have made me a better and a purer man.'

'What a rascal he must have been before!' muttered Mr. Mayne beneath his breath.

'Moreover,' pursued Mr. Walcot, 'certain material experiences have occurred to me, in the presence of many and credible withesses, which contravene what we, perhaps, ignorantly term "laws of nature." I have been carried bodily up unto the air by unseen hands; you may suppose such position to be without parallel——'

'Nay,' observed Mr. Dyneley, 'there was Asmodeus.'

'Likewise,' remarked Mr. Mayne, 'a party of the name of Guppy, but that was a lady.'

It was plain that war had been declared. Gresham, out of respect for his uncle, said nothing, but it was easy to read on which side his sympathies lay. Mr. Raynes' countenance wore an air of supernatural gravity, which could not, however, be depended upon, for when this was the case he was always the more liable to facial convulsions.

'I say ignorant persons,' continued Mr. Walcot, 'may imagine such an experience to be unique, but to all who are acquainted with the records of Spiritualism there is nothing new in it. I have never been seized in this way, as some have, out of doors, but I have been carried out of the window of a room and back again through another.'

'Through glass and all?' inquired Mr. Mayne, with the air of a Miss Rosa Dartell who asks 'merely for information.'

'It was summer time, and the windows were open, sir.'

'I was afraid you might have cut yourself,' explained Mr. Mayne. 'You say you were carried by unseen hands. Now if they were unseen how did you know they were hands?'

'I felt myself balanced upon so many finger points. If you have ever played the body in the child's game of "Take breath and lift," which is merely science in sport, you will understand what I mean.'

Sir Robert as though he had been recently playing the game, and had therefore the most lively recollection of it, nodded adhesion. It was to him that Mr. Dyneley now addressed himself, partly because he thought it his duty to protest against his infatuation, and partly because he had not the patience to discuss the matter with Mr. Walcot.

'I don't see, even now, sir, why the points should have been finger-points,' he said. 'Your brother-in-law may have associated the notion in his mind with being lifted by the hand, because things in general *are* lifted by the hand. But the theory of the unseen hands appears to me as unsubstantial as the hands themselves.'

'Mr. Dyneley has doubtless no experience of spirit hands,' observed Walcot, carelessly; the remark appeared to be a general one, but was in reality addressed to Sir Robert.

'He certainly has not,' observed the Curate, in a tone so decisive that it seemed to convey the addition, 'nor has anybody else either.'

'I have seen spirit hands myself,' observed Sir Robert, speaking with great gravity, and in accents that trembled with emotion; 'and though I have never experienced what Ferdinand has just described, I have every reason—independently of his word, which, with me, at all events, is final—to credit it,'

'No one wishes to doubt a gentleman's word, Sir Robert,' answered the Curate, gently, 'but in a personal nar-

rative in which the narrator himself admits the fact to be contrary to the laws of Nature, it is surely permissible to suppose that he has—involuntarily—deceived himself, or has been deceived.'

'The same observation may be made on those who have described the miracles in Holy Writ,' observed Mr. Walcot.'

'I must really object to place your testimony—or any man's—upon the same ground with that of inspired writers,' observed the Curate.

'I think when "tall" stories of any kind are told in the first person,' added Mayne, 'that they should be prefaced by some such observation as "I could not have believed it had I not seen it with my own eyes."'

'Then you do not believe, it seems,' said Walcot, coolly, 'Sir Robert's assertion that he has seen spirit hands; you think it a "tall" story.'

'I was not referring to Sir Robert's statement, which, moreover, is less in altitude by a story or two, than your story. If you insist on a reply as to whether I believe that you were carried out of a window on the points of unseen fingers——'

'Gentlemen,' said Sir Robert, rising with flushed face, 'I must beg that this discussion be discontinued. Let us join the ladies.'

The invitation was of course complied with; but it was not to be expected that the objectionable topic of conversation should not be revived elsewhere.

'I think,' said Mr. Raynes in a low voice to Gresham as they stood together with their backs to the drawing-room fire, 'Mr. Walcot's being carried into the air, ever so high—was just a little—eh?' and his mouth stretched into such a grin that it seemed to go all round his head.

'It was a big lie,' returned Gresham, confidentially, 'though I sincerely wish it had been true, and more.'

'How so?'

'Well, I wish the spirit hands had not only taken him into the air but forgotten to bring him back again.'

CHAPTER XXV.

AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE.

THE 'intelligent reader' has, without doubt, observed that the more peculiar are our friends' opinions, the more 'touchy' they are about them; that their sensitiveness, in fact, varies in inverse proportion to the popularity of their theories. Thus one may express one's own ideas in comparative safety to a Tory or a Radical; but it is highly dangerous to venture on such a course with a Vegetarian, or a Ritualist, or a Homœopath. Always in expectation of ridicule, these good folks scent in every word the flavour of offence, and woe be to him who treads upon the tender topic. And of all susceptible gentry that adorn our planet, the believers in Spiritualism are the most thin-skinned.

Sir Robert Arden was not only a believer but a devotee. If he could not aver with a gentleman of my acquaintance that he saw as much of his wife (who had been a lady of fashion, and of whom the thing might therefore have been said without great exaggeration) since she was dead, as he had seen in her lifetime, his thoughts were more fixed upon her than even when she was alive; he held communion with her or believed that he did so, every hour of the day, and was, in short, in spirit, a bigamist. It was quite true that he had seen her hand, or a hand that he believed to be hers, stretched out towards him from the abyss of Futurity, and even with a certain ring upon it which established its identity. And we may therefore imagine, with what annoyance, nay, with what pain and indignation, he had listened to the sceptical, and it must be confessed somewhat contemptuous, remarks of Mr. Mayne and the

Curate. Gresham, indeed, had not joined them in their expressions of disbelief, but the incredulity, and something more—a pity for his own fevered fancies—that he had read in his nephew's face, had chafed him almost beyond endurance. His indignation could only, in fact, be compared with that of Rip Van Winkle, when he failed to convince those dearest and nearest to him of his own identity; but, unlike Rip, Sir Robert had one friend at hand to appreciate his position, to understand his troubles, and to rouse his wrath against the authors of it. In the dining-room Sir Robert's sense of the duties of a host had restrained him from shewing what he felt; and afterwards, when he had time for reflection, his kindly nature had suggested to him that, after all, it was mere ignorance that had caused these young men to err, and no intention to give offence. His sense of justice even caused him to attempt to put himself in their place, and look at the matter from their own point of view, which, however, proved a failure, for not only is it very difficult to regard the subject next one's heart *ab extra*, but also he was of course ignorant of the real reasons of the antagonism that had been exhibited in the matter: by Mayne, from his personal dislike of Walcot, and by Dyneley from the indignation he felt at seeing his host so fooled by his unscrupulous relative.

When the party had broken up, and Walcot and he repaired to the study together, as generally happened, to smoke their cigarettes before retiring for the night, Sir Robert had half resolved to pass over the affair, and if he could not forget the pain, that had been inflicted on him, to ignore it. His natural courtesy, however, compelled him to utter a few words of vicarious apology.

'I am deeply grieved, Ferdinand,' he said, 'that I should have been the unvoluntary means to-night of putting, I do not say an insult—for I am sure it was not meant as such—but a rudeness upon you.'

Mr. Walcot smiled a deprecatory smile, and threw into his large eyes a look of interrogation.

'I mean, of course,' pursued the baronet, 'that if it had not been for my evoking your testimony, it would not have been received with such discourtesy.'

'My dear Arden, so far as I am concerned,' returned the other in a tone in which indifference and gravity were strangely mingled, 'the thing matters nothing. I am too much accustomed to the ribaldry of coarse and brutal natures for it to weigh a feather's weight with me. If I was angry—and I confess I was deeply moved—it was upon your account, not mine. No respect was owed to *me*; but considering the position in which you stood to those three young men, the host of one of them, the patron of another, and the uncle and benefactor of the third, their contemptuous reception of a fact personally vouched for by yourself was most offensive.'

'Never mind, never mind, Ferdinand,' put in Sir Robert quickly. 'The thing was undoubtedly not in good taste, but I shall endeavour to think no more about it. If you are ready to pass it over, it certainly does not become me to take up the cudgels on my own account,' and he waved his hand as though dismissing an unpleasant subject.

'You are above all petty feelings, I know, Arden; and your forgiveness of these persons, so far as you are concerned, does you honour. It has failed to strike you, however, that others, however willing, however disposed to forgive, may be unable to divest themselves of the consequences flowing from this outrageous conduct.'

'Others?' repeated Sir Robert, in a puzzled tone; 'eh, I see; you refer to Mr. Raynes. You think that I have suffered some humiliation in his eyes from the conduct of three young men. He seemed himself to be by no

means a scoffer. Still I think I can afford to incur the commiseration of Mr. Raynes.'

And Sir Robert drew himself up with some disdain.

'I think you may, Arden,' answered Walcot, smiling gravely. The man is a buffoon, and intended by nature, I believe, to grin through a horse collar. I overheard him telling Lady Arden in the drawing-room, *apropos* of Frank, that she must expect him to give her a good deal of trouble; "boys will be boys," he said, "and it does 'em good; go it while young" is my motto.'

'Go it while young,' repeated Sir Robert. 'Dear me.'

'A graceful sentiment, was it not, gracefully expressed? No, Arden; I was not referring to Mr. Raynes, when I spoke of "others" being influenced by what was said to-night, independently of their own volition. Are you not aware that nothing is so resented by the Spiritual Nature as scoffing unrebuked? It was—I do not say your "fault," but your agency which brought about that deplorable discussion; it was you, however involuntarily, who drew down upon the most sacred of subjects those vulgar shafts of ridicule, and it was your place—you must permit me to say—to have resented them with vigour, ay, and rigour.'

'I could not quarrel with men under my own roof, Ferdinand, for the expression of their opinions.'

'It was not, Arden, in my poor judgment,' returned the other, speaking with great gravity, 'a question of quarrel, but rather a matter calling for stern and swift rebuke; and as for the expression of opinion, surely you would be the first to repress a word of indecency or irreverence; and was it not irreverence to express an open disbelief, nay, a contemptuous scorn an experience which you yourself ve told me has formed the greatest e of your life, and which it is r highest hope may be vouchsafed nlargement? Since you avowed that you had been privileged to see your lost Madeline's hand, was it not worth while — that fact being denied — to maintain it? Or do you flatter yourself that the spirits around us are unconscious of our moral cowardice, or unconcerned for the great truths which it is their mission to reveal?'

'Do you mean to imply, Ferdinand,' stammered Sir Robert, with intense emotion, 'that I may have involuntarily offended Madeline? Oh, you do not know her nature; moreover, if conscious, as you say, of what took place, she will also know that it was my very reverence that forbade my discussing an affair in which she herself——'

'You mistake me altogether, Arden,' interrupted the other. 'The matter—if I have any understanding of it—does not concern herself, save in our gross and moral sense of personality, but will have reference to her spiritual nature, which has, as it were, been outraged in your presence, and with complete impunity. These matters are beyond my ken as they are beyond that of all of us; but I fear, Arden — I greatly fear — that your communion with that departed soul has ceased for ever.'

'What?' exclaimed Sir Robert with extreme excitement; 'do you mean to say that I shall now not see her—that I have thus offended her, though I acted for the best—so as to be beyond the reach of pardon? I cannot believe it. It is not justice.'

'That is the cry of thousands, Arden,' answered the other calmly. '"No one knows," says Holy Writ itself, "how oft he offendeth;" and yet if one does not know, one would think—in justice—there should be no offence. That is the argument of that cold reason which those silly disputants of to-night would fain have imagined to be on their side.'

'Never to see her,' murmured Sir Robert, plaintively; 'and now no more even to hear her, or to be conscious of her sweet presence. It is a cruel sentence, Ferdinand.'

'It is not mine, Arden. I have no authority to pronounce it; and, for aught I know, it has not been pronounced. I have only expressed my fears. It is unreasonable to reproach me.'

'I will not; I do not; I reproach myself,' said the unhappy man, striking his breast with a feeble hand. 'Oh, what is it, think you, she would have me do?'

'I know not. You will learn—if it be permitted you to do so—in due time. But if any opportunity of grace is granted you, beware, I charge you, how you place in the balance, against the wishes of the dead, any earthly considerations, such as those to which you have just now shown yourself so subservient. Men were bidden of old to give up for the true faith the very children of their loins; of you no such sacrifice can be demanded; but it may be you will have to choose, once and forever, between the calls of this world and of the next, between convention and duty, between the living and the dead.'

'I have made my choice already, Ferdinand,' said Sir Robert solemnly.

'Therein you have done well, Arden,' returned the other, taking the other's hand impressively; 'let us hope and pray that it may not be one of those good resolves which mortals make too late. Good night, and gracious dreams.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HEAVENLY VISION.

IT was late when Walcot bade his brother-in-law 'good-night,' but Sir Robert showed no sign of retiring. He paced his room, with thoughtful face and bowed down head, for more than an hour, not with the quick tread of impatience, but with slow steps that ever and anon halted—when he would listen with attentive face to the autumn wind that swept the pane without, and to the rain that beat sullenly against it. It was at that window he had heard the mystic voice, but now there was no other sound there save the sighs and sobs of Nature. Presently he took up his bed candle, and opening a little door ascended by a spiral staircase, built in the thickness of the wall, to his dressing-room, from whence he returned in a few minutes with some sheets of writing paper in his hand. As he reopened the little door his face exhibited an intense astonishment; a pair of wax candles which he had certainly left burning on his desk when he left the room had, in his absence, been extinguished.

The study was a large apartment, and the light he carried with him only partially illumined it; he stood gazing into the darker part with a vague look of expectancy and alarm. Once he stepped forward as though he would have explored this shrouded space, but he altered his mind, or perhaps his courage failed him, and he relit the candles from the one he carried. When he had done so he looked quickly up, uttered a low cry, half joy, half fear, and then fell back into his chair, with his eyes fixed eagerly before him.

At the opposite end of the room, and close to the wall, stood a young woman in a gray dress, with a belt fastened by two silver eagles. She was small of stature and very slight; her complexion was dark, and her hair, which was short and curly like a boy's, though very fine, was black as night; but her face was very pale.

'Madeline?'

'Yes, dearest,' returned a low and gentle voice, 'it is I.'

There was a long silence; Sir Robert devoured her with his eyes, but seemed to be deprived alike of speech and motion, as though that one word of his had cost him half his vital powers. Presently the woman, still standing where she was, passed her hand to and fro slowly over her brow.

'It is unnecessary,' he murmured; 'though the memory of that dear sign is sweet to me. I have no doubts—but only fears.'

'It is well,' she answered, solemnly. 'I am not as I was; and though I never could harm you, willingly, it is perilous for you to approach me.'

'Are you happy, Madeline?' inquired he, in trembling tones.

She bowed her head, and a gentle sigh just reached his ears and died there, 'I am not unhappy.'

'I knew it—for it is impossible that your spirit can be otherwise than among the blessed; but your face is sorrowful. There is something that troubles you upon another account. Can I remove that trouble?'

'You can.'

'Is it connected with your brother Ferdinand?'

She shook her head.

'Not with me, sweet spirit, surely; who would spend my last breath to give you ease.'

'Yes, with you.'

Sir Robert groaned and hid his face. 'Oh, Madeline,' he murmured, 'I feared it.'

There was again silence for a time, which he was again the first to break.

'I have been looking into my soul, sweet spirit, for the records of my love for you, and they are unsullied. Still I may have wronged you unawares. Is it painful to you to tell me how, that I may amend my ways?'

'It is not painful; but our speech to mortals is limited. We are forbidden to say all we would.'

'Yes, yes; I understand; your words are precious, as indeed I feel them to be; each syllable a jewel, each sigh for our poor sakes like blessed balm. Oh! gracious spirit.'

He looked at her with a yearning devotion that drew from her another gentle sigh.

'It cannot be my second marriage that has offended you,' he went on, 'for it was your last wish that I should wed.'

The apparition smiled a sweet sad smile, and waved a deprecatory hand.

'You have never offended *me*, Robert.'

'Ah, then Ferdinand was right,' he exclaimed. 'I have offended against the law of your being—and the lawgivers. I sat silent, while men blasphemed against it. I associated myself with the enemies of the Faith and of the Truth.'

The apparition bowed its head, and stood motionless with eyes closed, and chin resting upon her breast, beneath which her hands were folded. The wind and the rain had ceased, and the silence of midnight reigned in their stead.

'You are praying for me, Madeline; you are asking forgiveness for me of the Powers I have offended,' continued Sir Robert, earnestly. 'Oh, blessed Spirit. Henceforth, I promise you, they shall have nothing to com plain of. I will right them, if it be necessary, with the strong hand. No scoffer shall raise his voice in my presence without rebuke—ay, and punishment. Your sweet face is still sad, Madeline. Can I do aught to make it otherwise? Ferdinand warned me the other day to be as wax in your loving hands, if so be they should deign to mould me. But, alas, I know not how to shape myself aright.'

The apparition made no sign, but stood in precisely the same attitude, a very monument of sorrowful tenderness,

'Oh, Madeline, let me know your wishes; do not fear the pain that they may cause me. They were always a law unto me, when you were on earth, is it likely that they should have less force with me now? There was a time when you could never think harshly of any one, or advise me to do a harsh action; but now that you are the mouthpiece of the heavenly powers, it may be your unwilling duty to deal more sternly; if so, I shall know how to obey you. It is true that I have formed other ties, and dear

ones; but I shall not hesitate to do your bidding, even though it snaps my heartstrings. Speak, dearest, speak; in what can I pleasure those who send you, or solace *you?*'

She slowly disengaged one of her folded palms and pointed towards him.

'You hold in your hand, Robert, the means of doing right to the living and to the dead.'

'Ah, true; it is my will. I brought it down to-night for final scrutiny. I had doubts and scruples, which will now be resolved for me beyond question. You will set me right, Madeline, where otherwise, perchance, through moral weakness, I might err.'

'Nay, dear one, nay,' returned the apparition; 'it is no task for those who have shaken off their earthly burthen to deal with dross. Let your own conscience—but always having the furtherance of your spiritual faith in view—be your guide; give no occasion for the scoffer to rejoice; spare not, though without resentment, to chasten him.'

Sir Robert bowed his head, but his face was troubled; even in that awful presence his gentle nature asserted itself on the side of mercy and forgiveness.

'There is enough and to spare for all,' he pleaded. 'I have made full provision for him who is near and dear to you; I owed him much upon my own account, but it was the knowledge that Ferdinand was your brother, Madeline, which has most made him mine.'

'I ask nothing for Ferdinand,' she answered gravely. 'Nothing, that is, for his own needs; but it rests with you how powerful an instrument he may be made for good.'

'I understand, my darling. It shall be done as though your own hands did it. Can I do aught else to show my devotion to you—well (for she had raised a deprecatory hand)—to the good cause. I love it, I respect it, Madeline; but my love for you—such an expression can be no disloyalty—is paramount.'

She smiled a sad but gracious smile. 'You are mortal still,' she said.

'Would that I were otherwise,' he answered gravely. 'I wear my earthly garment with impatience; it is old and worn, and sad of hue; when, oh! when shall I meet you, dearest, as spirit to spirit, without this film, which I am forbidden to pierce, between us.'

'That is beyond my ken, Robert,' was the solemn reply; 'nor if I knew it, would it be permitted me to reveal it. Something, however, I know, which it is lawful to hint of. If you would wait Heaven's good time—as is your duty—in this earthly sphere, you must leave Halcombe.'

'Indeed! what danger lurks here?'

'I said naught of danger.' For the first time the spirit's voice had something of reproach in it.

'Forgive me, Madeline; it should be, indeed, enough to receive such gracious warning, without cavil. I will go, as Ferdinand has advised me. Next to you, I look to him for counsel; but to you first and foremost. When I have done all that you require of me, may I reverently hope that your presence may be again vouchsafed to my mortal eyes?'

'You may, Robert. I have been always near you, and feel myself drawn nearer, thanks to your good resolves. It is a sign that others have heard them. Listen!'

A soft gentle melody began to fill the room. The apparition lifted both her hands on high. 'My blessing rest upon you.' Sir Robert bowed his head, while the faint music grew and grew till the unseen performers seemed to be at his very side, then suddenly sank and ceased.

He looked up, and the vision had vanished.

With trembling limbs he approached the spot where it had stood, and convinced himself that it had really gone. Then he sat down at his desk, and

wrote and wrote till the candles began to burn low in their sockets; ever and anon he paused, as if in doubt, or as though to catch some hoped-for sound; then with a sigh that alone broke the silence of the night, he would toil on.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LIGHT IN THE FARMYARD.

IF a due appreciation of one's own merits is necessary, as is generally understood, to our getting on in the world, and attaining eminence in our profession, it is certain that the Rev. John Dyneley would never have been a Bishop, nor even a Dean. And with his personal modesty he combined a tenderness for other people's feelings which is, perhaps, still more fatal to worldly success. If he did anything by accident (for it was never done on purpose) to offend or annoy a fellow-creature, the remembrance of it interfered with his appetite and even his sleep till he had apologized or made amends. It may be imagined, then, with what feelings he returned to his lodgings at the Manor Farm on the night of that little dinner-party at the Hall, with the consciousness of having wounded the susceptibilities of one for whom he entertained a regard that was almost reverence; for that he had done so was evident enough, through all the gloss which Sir Robert, in the character of host, had courteously put upon the affair. And yet the Curate's conscience did not reproach him for the part which he had taken in the matter; it had again and again suggested to him that he should make some effort to open Sir Robert's eyes to the superstition he was known to cherish, and, if such an opportunity as had offered itself had been neglected, he felt that his silence would have been base and cowardly. His language and manner to Mr. Walcot could not, it is true, have been termed conciliatory; nor had he intended them to be so; he had fully meant them to express the scorn and contempt he felt for the man and his machinations; but unfortunately Sir Robert had regarded them as being addressed to himself.

It was a case of 'Love me, love my cur,' as Mayne phrased it; and they had both trodden rather heavily on the cur's tail.

'Whatever happens, *that*, at least, is a satisfactory incident,' the young man had argued, but without affording much comfort to the Curate.

Perhaps, besides his feelings of friendship for Sir Robert, the reflection occurred to him that the Baronet was the arbiter of Evelyn Nicoll's destinies; but, to do him justice, that was a secondary matter. His chief trouble was that in Sir Robert's eyes he must have seemed to repay his uninterrupted kindness and consideration with ingratitude. The method by which Walcot had affected to transfer the Curate's incredulity from himself to Sir Robert had been coarse and impudent, but it was clear that it had succeeded; not a word had the latter said to any one of the three young men after they left the dining-room; and, on the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Raynes, he had withdrawn to his study without so much as a 'good-evening.'

It was late when Mr. Dyneley left the Hall that night, but he was in no humour for sleep; and on reaching home he exchanged his evening clothes for an out-door suit, and quickly letting himself out of doors, betook himself, as his custom was when anything troubled him, to the breezy moor for a 'constitutional.' For my part, I envy the men—and their legs—who have the power 'to walk off' annoyance as though it were a physical ailment; and there are many who can. The Rev. John Dyneley, for example, returned upon this occasion from his solitary 'stretcher' almost in a state of mental convalescence; he had per-

suaded himself that the thing would 'blow over,' and that Sir Robert would meet him next morning with his usual hearty greeting, as though nothing had happened.

It was morning already by the clock, though darkness and deepest night still reigned in Halcombe Valley. The villagers kept wholesome hours, and all lights, save those at the Hall, were wont to be extinguished well nigh as early as in the old curfew days. At two in the morning, therefore, the spectacle of a light moving about the rickyard of the Manor Farm, which was now revealed to the Curate's eye, partook almost of the nature of a portent. If Halcombe had been marshy he would have taken it for a Will of the Wisp, especially as its movements were intermittent; it glinted for a second, and then disappeared; and then shone again only to be hidden.

Dyneley at once concluded that it was a lantern shielded by a cloak. There was neither distress in the locality nor discontent, yet somehow the word 'incendiarism' involuntarily suggested itself to him. It was very unlikely, but not more so than that the light should be there at all; and, as we have said, its proceedings were not those of an honest light. If aught had disturbed Gilbert Holme, and caused him to take cognizance of his property at such an hour, it would not have behaved in that erratic fashion. The young farmer might possibly have made some personal enemy, who, with the ignorance characteristic of the rustic villain, was about to wreak his vengeance on him by destroying what the Insurance Company would have to replace.

Gilbert Holme, as his lodger knew, had his faults and his weakness; he had on more than one occasion of late seen him under the influence of liquor; but he was a good-natured, hearty young fellow; honest as the day, so far as Dyneley knew, and certainly not one to have willingly harmed any man. Moreover, he was known to be in pecuniary difficulties, and this infamous attempt—if so it should prove—to increase them, made the Curate doubly indignant. From where he stood, it was a less distance to the farm than to the rickyard, and it would have been the natural instinct of all those excellent persons whose practice it is to mind their own business to apprise Gilbert Holme of the danger that threatened him, and leave him to take his own measures to avert it.

The Rev. John Dyneley, however, was of a disposition so *bizarre* and quaint, that he would invariably put his duty to his neighbour in the first place, and his duty to himself in the second, or even lower still in the scale of motive; and allowing himself to be influenced by the fact that the rickyard might be in flames before he could give any warning to its proprietor, he vaulted lightly over the wall by the roadside, and dashed across the four-acre field which communicated with the spot in question. He had a stout stick and a stouter heart, and with those two things, even in these days of moral influence (and revolvers), good work can still be done.

Although the Curate ran so fleetly, he was by no means a feather-weight, but the grass and scattered straw prevented his footsteps from being heard, so that he came upon the supposed delinquent without warning. This was a man of middle height, slouched in a cloak, and he was at that very moment engaged in thrusting into the rick, by which he was stooping, a tallow candle. It was not a lighted candle; but, as the new comer at once perceived, was presently to form the nucleus of the conflagation, and keep it going, if the materials of the rick itself should not prove sufficiently combustible.

The Curate also noticed with a grim smile (for he could now afford to smile, since he had arrived in time) that the incendiary had so contrived

matters that the ricks only should be burned, and the dwelling-house spared, perhaps out of consideration for the Curate's own possessions, since one so malignant was very unlikely to have taken pains to spare his enemy.

Dyneley stood over the stooping man, with his cudgel sloped over his shoulder, ready to strike if it should be necessary. There was plenty of time had he wished to take him at a disadvantage, for the fellow was a bungler at his evil work; the Curate noticed, moreover, that his hand shook—whether with guilt, or fear, or some physical ailment—as he strove to open the door of the lantern, and when he did so, the wind blew out the light. He had, however, a box of matches, and having struck one, had relit the wick, and was twisting up a piece of paper wherewith to set fire to the straw, when Dyneley laid his hand upon his shoulder.

The man sprang up, and was about to fall furiously upon him when he recognised the face of the Curate, and threw up his hands with a piercing cry.

'Gilbert Holme, what are you doing here?' inquired the other, slowly.

At this the young farmer strove to recover himself. 'This is a pretty question,' he said, with a thin laugh, 'to ask of a man in his own farmyard. If you must know, Mr. Dyneley, I thought there were some queer people about the house—but it turns out that it was only you.'

'When you were touched, why did you cry out "My God?"'

'Because you startled me so.'

'No, that was not the reason. It was because you felt the eye of Man was on your crime. Poor fool! as though God could not see you without my standing by. You were going to burn down the ricks.'

'What, my own ricks? You have called me a fool, but that would be a fool's trick, indeed.'

'If that was not your intention, why did you thrust that tallow candle in yonder, and for what were you lighting that piece of paper?'

It would have puzzled Machiavelli, or a London thief, to have explained this circumstance upon the instant. Mr. Gilbert Holme fell back upon the laws of property, and the freedom of the subject.

'I suppose a man can do what he likes on his own land, with his own wheat.'

'What, burn his ricks down when they are insured? Do not bandy words with me, sir. I don't know what your motive was, except that it was a bad one; but I know you meditated a crime.'

'Heaven have mercy upon me,' cried the wretched man, suddenly falling upon his knees, and hiding his face in his hands, from which the other had snatched the lantern. He was trembling in every limb, and had burst into tears; partly because he was really sorry for what he had done, and partly because the stimulus of the brandy he had taken to prime himself for his evil act had evaporated. Of this last fact the Curate was unaware, and touched with his penitence and affright, he said, 'Heaven has already been merciful to you, Gilbert Holme, since it has moved me to keep silence about this night's work. Rise up, and follow me within doors.'

This the other did, like a dog, not only in the way of obedience, but in a certain dumb confidence in the other's leading which his manner exhibited.

'You are very good to me, Mr. Dyneley,' he said, 'and I am not worthy of it. I have earned no service at your hands; on the contrary, I have done all I could to harm you.'

'To harm me?' answered the Curate, in surprise, 'I cannot think that.'

'No; nor would any one else, since you have always stood my friend. But oh, Mr. Dyneley, I was in the Devil's hands.'

'You were, some minutes ago, no doubt,' answered the other cheerily

'but let us hope you have escaped from them.'

'No, no, I don't mean *him*, but another, and a worse one. He that set me against you (though I did not wish it), and put me as a spy upon you, and told me to pick up all that I could to your discredit in the village, and that if I could find nothing it would be the worse for me.'

'Gilbert Holme,' said the Curate, gravely, 'you have been drinking; if you do not give that up you are a lost man.'

'Drinking?—Yes,' returned the wretched man, with a certain passionate desperation. '*You* would drink if you had become, body and soul, the slave of a villain. I did wrong, or I should never have put myself in his power, but my punishment is greater than is just, greater than I can bear.'

They had now reached the Curate's parlour, and he had lit a candle, and stood regarding his late companion with incredulous amazement. 'Here, take a glass of water, man; it will clear your brain,' he presently said; 'then sit down, and tell me, if you really have anything to tell, and are not stark, staring mad.'

'Mad? It is, you may well say, a wonder that I am not mad, seeing what I have gone through, since—since the day I tried to cheat Sir Robert; and after all it was but a matter of a few trusses of hay.'

'You only tried, then?'

'Well, no, sir, I did cheat him, but not for ten times the value,' answered the other *naïvely*, 'if I had but known, would I have fallen into that villain's hands.'

'You mean, Mr. Walcot? He found you out then?'

'Yes, and he will find out that I have told you so; and then life will not be worth living any longer.'

'Never mind, Mr. Walcot,' said the Curate, encouragingly, 'tell me all exactly as it happened, and I promise you, it shall be none the worse for you. Only it must be the truth.'

'Well, sir, I had lost money—no matter how, it had to be paid—and I had a bill to meet. And I sold the Squire a rick and a half of hay for two ricks. That was the one dishonest thing I ever did in my life, though that devil laughed and sneered at me for saying so; but there, I might as well have pleaded to a millstone.'

'You say *one* dishonest thing, Gilbert; what then do you call what you were going to do to-night?'

'Well, that was dishonest too, sir, but then, thanks to you, I didn't do it. The fact is, I had another bill to meet next month—and a pretty big one. And if I sold my ricks I should have lost money, and, what is worse just now, my credit, too; whereas the insurance company—which is as rich as rich——'

'I see,' interrupted the other, drily. 'You need not make bad worse by defending it with rotten arguments. Let us leave the rick question—though it is a most serious one—and confine ourselves to the crime you have actually committed. I may not feel called upon to take any steps against you in the one case, but it was Mr. Walcot's bounden duty to do so in the other.'

'Yes, but what steps? He makes a slave of me for his own purposes. And don't suppose that it is necessary to do anything wrong to cause him to grind one; why, there's poor Master Frank——'

'Ah, what about him?' put in the Curate, sharply, for the other had stopped suddenly, and looked over his shoulder, with a frightened air.

'Well, sir, I will tell you although he murders me for it; for, mind you, he will find it out as he does everything. He is everywhere and can hear and see, like the old one himself, just when one thinks one is most secure. Master Frank, I say, who never hurt a human being, nor yet an animal, nor did any wrong as far as I know, is as much in Walcot's hands as I am. The poor child thinks he

can send him to gaol for murder—though young Jem Groad is alive and well, and only rolled into the mill stream because the bridge was slippery. I saw it all with my own eyes; only that devil says, "You shut your mouth, and let me deal with this matter my own way." And his way is with old Groad's assistance to keep that poor boy in a state of wretchedness from morning to night, for fear of his being punished for a crime that has never been committed. When I think of my being a party to that wickedness—and look at Master Frankie's hollow cheeks——'

'It is incredible, it is impossible,' interrupted the Curate, opening and shutting his hands, as he walked hastily to and fro. 'This man must be a devil.'

'No, sir, he is *the* Devil,' replied his companion. 'The Other One is not to be named in the same breath of sulphur.'

'But how could the gardener be induced to join such an abominable scheme.'

'Oh, Groad; well he is not a sweet thing in gardeners himself, sir; and it is very likely that Mr. Walcot has got him in some vice or another, like myself, and has only to turn a screw.'

'What on earth can be his motive for such villany?' murmured Dyneley, half aloud.

'Motive, sir! Why what is the Other One's motive, if you come to that? Why he likes to get people into his power, and make them miserable, of course; and the better people are, and the higher they are out of his reach, the more he hates them—that is why he detests *you*, Mr. Dyneley.'

'I will consider that a compliment then,' said the Curate drily, 'and owe him no grudge upon my own account. But this matter of Master Frank's must be looked to, and that at once. Now do you go to bed, Gilbert, and leave me to think out how it had best be done; and rest secure that you shall come to no harm for what you have done or said to-night.'

'Oh, Mr. Dyneley, how shall I ever repay you for your kindness—and your mercy!' cried the young farmer. 'I feel as if a load were taken off my chest already; I can breathe *free!*'

'Well, if you think you owe me anything, Gilbert, the way to please me best will be to forsake your greatest enemy.'

'Forsake him, sir! I would give him up to the hangman to-morrow: and if there was no one else to do it, would volunteer to pull his legs.'

'It is not Mr. Walcot, who is your greatest enemy, Gilbert,' returned the Curate, gravely; 'it is the spirit flask.'

'I'll never touch it again, sir, so help me——'

'Make no rash promises,' interrupted the Curate, solemnly. 'A good resolve quietly worked out is worth all the vows to which men call Heaven to witness. Good night, and God be with you.'

CHAPTER XXVII.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

THERE were but a few hours of darkness left to the Curate when he found himself alone in his parlour, and those he did not give up to their rightful claimant, Rest. The events of the preceding evening, joined to those of the night afforded him topics of thought, too important and exacting to admit of his taking repose. He sat with his elbows on his desk and head in his hands endeavouring to think what was best to be done for the rescue of poor Frank for the enfranchisement of Sir Robert from Walcot's evil influence, and in short for the whole state of Halcombe, groaning in secret, under a despotic and cruel tyrant. As the Curate of the parish, he had, it was clear to him, authority to resist oppression, and to expose deceit, but his relations with

the tenants of the Hall were somewhat delicate, and the antagonism in which he had involuntarily placed himself to his late host necessarily increased the difficulties of his position. The devotion of the Baronet to Spiritualism was of no recent growth; but, though the members of his family knew and deplored it, they had not hitherto suspected the hold it had taken on his very heart-strings. Something of this, however, from the unwonted displeasure he had displayed on the previous evening, Dyneley now guessed, and partly understood, too, what a fulcrum this superstition of Sir Robert's would afford to him who was the High Priest of it, whereby to turn his devotee to his own ends. There was no juster man alive than Robert Dyneley, but he had prudence withal; and while burning to avenge the wrongs of the innocent, he did not forget to estimate what it might cost him to attempt it. The shortest and surest method of securing an ally, and a powerful one, was to tell all to Lady Arden, whose sympathies would be at once enlisted on behalf of her son; but the Curate's knowledge of the influence exercised over the Baronet by Walcot made him reject this line of conduct; its effect would certainly be to place her in direct antagonism to her husband and his powerful friend; and it might well happen that the latter would prove too strong for her. From Gresham again he would be sure of sympathy, but the relations between that young man and Sir Robert were even now anything but satisfactory, thanks mainly to Walcot, who, the Curate was now persuaded, would stick at nothing to put him out of what little of his uncle's favour was still left to him, even to the destruction of his future prospects. The whole family at the Hall, indeed, might be most materially injured, if, after a battle royal, the victory should remain with this wily scoundrel, whose aims no man could fathom, though it was certain they were grasping and self-seeking.

Under these circumstances Dyneley resolved to consult Frederic Mayne, a man on whose good impulses he could rely, and who had himself nothing to lose by any act of hostility to the common enemy. Accordingly, as he knew that gentleman's habit of early rising, he swallowed a hasty breakfast, and betook himself to the Hall, which he opportunely reached as the ex-sailor was about to set forth on his usual morning ramble. The two young men greeted one another cordially, and as they walked together towards the church upon the hill, Mayne at once expressed his apprehension that in hitting out at 'that scoundrel Walcot,' last night they had both committed themselves in the eyes of their host. 'For the first time since I have been in the house, Dyneley, Sir Robert forgot (I am afraid on purpose) to wish me his customary goodnight.'

'Very likely,' observed the Curate, gravely, 'and you may think yourself lucky if he doesn't wish you "Goodbye?"'

'What? You don't mean to say he he would turn me out of the house,' answered Mayne, reddening, 'just because I didn't believe in that beggar's being carried into the air? I should as soon believe in his going to Heaven!'

The Curate shook his head. 'Sir Robert regards his brother-in-law's honour as his own,' he said.

'Then he is the most modest man I know,' observed the other.

'He *is* modest, my dear sir; diffident of himself to the last degree, but having the utmost confidence in others—unhappily, whether they are worthy of it or not, as in this particular instance. In addition to his misplaced affection for his brother-in-law, there is this bond of Spiritualism between them.

'Bond of fiddlesticks,' ejaculated the sailor. 'You don't suppose that the Mawworm—Walcot—believes in anything, human or divine, except himself?'

'Very likely not; but unfortunately Sir Robert believes in *him* implicitly.

In listening to what I have to tell you, pray keep this in mind, and do not imagine, however plainly the right may be on one side, or however capable of proof, that it will be an easy thing to establish it against this person's wishes. I shall ask your advice, and perhaps even your assistance, but I must exact a promise from you beforehand, that you will take no steps in the matter I am about to disclose without my concurrence. If your interests or mine were alone concerned, our course would be plain enough, but we have those of others—dear to both of us, I am sure—to consider, and they must not be imperilled.'

Mr. Mayne's face grew longer and longer during this exordium, and his air more grave; an effect it was perhaps the other's intention to produce, for he knew by this time his companion's impulsive and hasty disposition.

'All right, Dyneley,' was the quiet rejoinder; 'only just let me say one thing before you begin, out of respect for my own intelligence, and also because it's an immense satisfaction to utter it—that nothing, *nothing* you can tell me with respect to the goings on of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot will astonish me, or come up to the very high opinion I have formed of his lying, meanness, selfishness, impudence, and general rascality. Thank you. Now go on.'

In spite of this ample assurance of his knowledge of Mr. Walcot's character, and of the immobility of his own feelings under any amount of revelation of it, long before the Curate had reached the end of his statement—which comprehended all that he had learnt from the lips of Gilbert Holme—Mr. Mayne began to exhibit signs of great excitement. Especially did he indulge in pulling down his shirt cuffs to the fullest extent—an action termed in fashionable circles 'shooting his linen,' in doubling his fists, and squaring up at an imaginary foe, and in drawing deep breaths through his closed teeth, instead of through the usual channels. 'It is horrible,' he ejaculated, when all was told—'most horrible! To torture a delicate lad like Frankie—a mere child—why this brute must be a fiend. Oh for one quarter of an hour—or even ten minutes—along with him on a green sward like this, out of the reach of the police. His own mother shouldn't know him—but there, he could never have *had* a mother. I know I have promised to do nothing without your concurrence but, my dear Dyneley, you can't object to just ten minutes—only ten.'

There was such an alarming eagerness for action on the speaker's face that the Curate laid his strong hand upon his arm, and clutched it lest he should start off then and there, and 'interview' Mr. Ferdinand Walcot in the manner indicated, before morning prayers.

'You must do nothing, Mayne,' he said, '*nothing* that can tend to excite Sir Robert against us, or rather against those it is our aim to protect.'

'Do you really think it *would* excite him?' pleaded the other comically. 'I am quite sure Walcot would not have a word of complaint to make—not for a week to come at least. He should not have a tooth in his mouth, nor a breath in his body. Only ten minutes, Dyneley!'

'Be quiet, be reasonable, my dear fellow,' answered the Curate, earnestly, 'or I shall regret having told you anything. Don't suppose I don't feel the same as you do, because I'm a clergyman; why, when I think of Frankie's little face, all furrowed by tears, as I have seen it lately, and then on that hypocrite's self-satisfied smug features I could'—here he paused, allowing himself, it was evident by the gleam of his eyes, to dwell for a fleeting instant upon some picture of retribution—'yes, I could find some carnal satisfaction myself in having it out with him. But we must not think of our personal gratification in this matter,' he added naively; 'we must first

and foremost get the wrong righted, then afterwards if it can be done (which is, however, more than doubtful) we may think of punishing the wrong-doer. In the first place we must get Groad the elder to acknowledge his participation in this infamous affair. Before going into court we must make certain of our witnesses.'

'Let us see the rascal at once,' said Mayne, impetuously.

'Well, that is where I want your assistance. Groad and I are not on good terms. He does not now come to church on the plea of being a Presbyterian, upon which point I have not a word to say; only I have reason to know that he spends his kirk-time in whiskey-drinking, and on that I did venture to put in a remonstrance which he has resented. A visit to him from me would at once arouse his antagonism, whereas you will at least start fair with him.'

'I see,' answered the other, assentingly. As a matter of fact, he did not see that it was at all necessary to start 'fair' with the personage in question, but, on the contrary, was quite resolved to take every advantage of such a scoundrel chance might offer. His conviction was that the Curate was much too scrupulous in his mode of combating the antagonists they had to deal with, and he was secretly well pleased with this opportunity of treating one of them, at least, in his own fashion. It was well understood by both Dyneley and himself that there was no time to lose, since, should the common enemy be forewarned of what was going on, he would be forearmed indeed; and Mayne at once repaired to the gardener's cottage.

As the family at the Hall were at that hour supposed to be still in their beds, or at family prayers (which Mr. Groad's scruples, of course, prevented him from attending) that personage would have considered it a positive waste of time (since there was nobody to look at him) to be pursuing his avocation in the garden; and the visitor found him accordingly seated in an armchair in his parlour, smoking a short pipe, and watching with a philosophic air his black parrot as it swung itself on the perch in its metal cage.

'Good morning, Groad,' said Mayne in a loud voice, for the gardener was notoriously hard of hearing; nay, it was even said by some that he was stone deaf, when anything was said (such as complaints of his inefficiency) that he did not wish to hear.

'Mornin', sir,' answered the gardener, in less gruff tones than usual, and rising from his chair, by no means out of courtesy, but to suggest the idea that having now thoroughly thought out some scheme of cultivation of his master's territory, he was about to put it into practice.

'We are all for ourselves, here,' croaked the Parrot, rather inopportunely for the impression Mr Groad wished to produce.

'A wholesome sentiment charmingly expressed,' observed Mr. Mayne; 'for if we don't look to ourselves who will look after us, eh, Poll?'

There was something in the visitor's look and tone (though the latter was gay enough) which Mr. Groad did not seem to like; he put on his cap and took up a shovel.

'Well, I've got my green-hus fire to look after,' he said. 'Poor folks can't afford to waste their time in chatter like rich ones—and parrots.'

'You speak like a proverb, Mr. Groad. Do you believe in proverbs?'

'I dunno as I do, and I dunno as I don't.'

'A prudent reply. Perhaps my question was a little too general. Do you believe that Honesty is the best policy?'

(To be continued.)

WOMAN AS A NURSE.

BY MRS. FRANCIS RYE, BARRIE.

'Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?'—W. BLAKE.

THE object of this short paper is not to show what clever nurses there have been in the past, but to point out, if possible, how far every woman may be a nurse in her own household. Many women have earned well-merited praise for their self-devotion and skill in times of war and plague, but for such as they a special education and special practice is necessary; they go out into the world to do battle with disease and death, and they go armed with a technical and efficient training.

But there remains to every woman, to every mother, wife or sister, the possibility of being some day called to perform the functions of a sick-nurse for the members of their own family, and it sometimes happens that they cannot faithfully obey such a call, owing to their being entirely ignorant of the commonest details of nursing. Such nursing as this is not of a kind to supersede medical attendance, but should be wholly subservient to the doctor's orders. Indeed, it has generally proved a mistake for people without any knowledge of the whys and wherefors of the profession to attempt to dose their long-suffering relatives, and women would do much better if they contented themselves with the humbler yet almost as necessary vocation of nurse instead of interfering with the prescribed duty of their physician. The possession of a rudimentary knowledge of nursing should never induce one to refrain from sending for the doctor in good time. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, says *à propos* of calling in one's doctor directly we see symptoms we do not understand: 'When we are well, we perhaps think little about the doctor, or we have our small joke at him and his drugs; but let anything go wrong with our body, that wonderful tabernacle in which our soul dwells, let any of its wheels go wrong, then off we fly to him.' And this is wise and right, for it is worse than foolish, because we pride ourselves upon being able to give judicious doses of some simple medicine, when the ailment is of an everyday kind, to attempt to doctor the members of our household ourselves, when there is the smallest sign of a complaint beyond our comprehension.

But there are many points in cases of sickness which come peculiarly under a woman's care, and it is by attending to these points that much of the weariness and tedium of a long illness may be alleviated. Indeed, Miss Florence Nightingale even ventures to say 'that the symptoms or the sufferings generally considered to be inevitable and incident to the disease, are very often not symptoms of the disease at all, but of something quite different—of the want of fresh air, or of light, or of warmth, or of quiet, or of cleanliness, or of punctuality and care in the administration of diet, of each or of all of these.' The doctor cannot be expected to see to these things in detail, and fresh air, light, warmth, quiet, cleanliness, and careful and regular dieting are the direct work of the intelligent nurse. On her must depend whether the patient has to-

suffer a hundred annoyances daily, or whether his patience is to be assisted during the 'reparative process of Nature, called disease.' No one who has not suffered the many petty worries of a long illness can half understand what it is for a sick person to be oppressed with foul air, bringing on headache and other discomforts; to have the room too hot one hour and too cold the next; to hear china rattling and doors banging, or to be pressed with food at unseasonable and unnecessary times. These things can only be arranged wisely by the judicious nurse.

Nurses, of course, may be hired, but unless they have undergone a special training they can never fill the place of an intelligent and educated woman in a higher rank of society. It is a mistake to think nursing comes to one naturally. Of course, in many persons there is an innate aptitude, and they can learn much quicker than others, being blessed with greater tact and more delicate manipulation; but every woman should make it her aim to acquire a knowledge of the principles of ventilation, dieting, and disinfection, without which very little progress can be made. Women should also acquaint themselves, to some small degree, at any rate, with the study of physiology, against which some persons, from a false idea of delicacy, have a most unreasonable prejudice.

'Not only is the study of the structure and laws of the "fearfully and wonderfully made" human frame very useful and interesting, but it is also eminently calculated to elevate and purify the mind, to create lofty conceptions of the love, power, and wisdom of the Creator, and to fill the heart with gratitude to Him.'

Dr. John Brown objects to the study of physiology, saying: 'I can't say I like our ladies and gentlemen poking anxiously into all the ins and outs of our bodies as a general accomplishment and something to talk of;' and he is quite right if people should learn it in order to talk; but we can hardly imagine a well-bred lady or gentleman turning the subject upon 'bones' at a dinner party, or speaking of 'connective tissue' to a partner at a ball. Men and women whose minds are so small that they must straightway talk about all they know 'in season or out of season,' had doubtless better leave this and kindred sciences alone; but it is to be hoped that there are few whose minds would not expand, and whose sympathies would not be enlarged by any insight into the marvellous workings of Nature, whether it be by the study of the human frame or of the 'primrose by the river's brim.' It would certainly be much wiser for girls to be taught some knowledge of physiology which would be useful to them in all their after-life than to give up so much time to the 'coxcombries of education,' by which they obtain a smattering of astronomy, chemistry, or hydrostatics, which they straightway forget directly they have left school and their education is finished.

Women generally have ascribed to them a larger amount of patience and gentleness than men; as a nurse, then, now is the time to show what virtues of that description they in reality possess, for a woman who is about to devote herself to a sick person must entirely forget her own personality for a while. She must not make it her desire to hear the doctor say 'What an admirable nurse Mrs. S. makes,' or for her friends to be loud in their praises of her 'marvellous devotion.' She must think of nothing but her patient, and take care of herself and husband her strength for his sake. How many women insanely wear themselves out after a few days' nursing, and have to give up their self-imposed task, when they might have well forseen that the illness was likely to be a very lengthy and tedious one, and that they would require 'daily strength for their daily need!' No one blames such an one, 'poor thing! she was quite worn out.' Yes!

but she need not have been. She allowed herself to become excited; she did multitudinous things that she need not have done had she been a good manager, and the result is that she either has to hire a nurse or to leave her patient to the care of some one else not so competent to do the work as herself.

A nurse must therefore be a good manager and overseer, never doing what can easily be done by servants and others. She must be methodical, and endeavour to grasp what she has undertaken to do, and to arrange her work so as never to be in a muddle when the doctor comes, and to have everything always at hand both for her own use and the doctor's.

How tiresome it is for the doctor and the patient to hear that constant 'Oh, I'll just run and get this,' or 'I won't be a minute fetching that,' when everything might have been in readiness hours ago.

To be a successful nurse and one that the patient likes to have about him, the nurse must condescend to be careful in several small particulars which are often forgotten by amateurs. The omission of these things often makes the entire difference between a nurse being liked or disliked by her patient. It is very common to hear it remarked that a sick person has taken an unaccountable dislike to a certain individual of whom in health he was very fond, or that he 'won't have such and such an one near him.' These cases generally occur when the person in question, though in perfect innocence, has disregarded these small and seemingly trivial details. First, the rustling of a dress. It is impossible to conceive the annoyance caused to a person suffering from the disordered nerves accompanying almost every description of disease, by the noisy movement of a nurse with stiff skirts or a long train. Some soft material, easily washed in case of infection, should be worn; then, again, the nurse should never whisper, but always talk in a quiet, but perfectly audible tone, particularly avoiding speaking about the patient in his presence, especially to the medical man. She should go out of ear-shot when such conversation is necessary, as it is very trying to hear murmurs of voices on the passage or staircase through an open door. In speaking to the sick person, the nurse should come close up to him and face him, never speaking from the door or from a distant part of the room; she should also see that all who enter the room conform to this rule, as it is most irritating for an invalid to be obliged to turn his head in order to see the person addressing him.

Equally annoying, too, is it to be forced to ask what was said. An invalid should never be spoken to when he is standing. It is not, perhaps, generally known that it is much more trying to stand than to walk after an illness, and if a convalescent is addressed when in the act of trying to creep from one object to another, you compel him to stand listening to what you have got to say. The less the nurse speaks at any time the better, unless with the direct object of amusing or diverting the patient, but, as a rule, much more harm is done by over-talking than by silence in the sick-room. When the nurse has anything to say let it be said quickly and cheerfully, and let it be to the point. Beating about the bush is very trying and wearying. It is not a good plan to read aloud to a patient, as the act of listening is a great strain upon the attention. The patient may be amused, when not too ill, by scraps of news from the outside world that he seems so far away from, and which need never degenerate into gossip.

The nurse must have her table for medicines in a get-at-able position, and it should be covered with a thick-folded cloth, so that no noise is made when anything is laid down upon it. Punctuality in everything should be strictly adhered to, and if the nurse

cannot be punctual without having her watch in the room, let it be hung up and not placed on a table where the ticking will be most disturbing. Many physicians adopt, in private families, the hospital practice of having a card with directions as to diet and medicine placed in a conspicuous position in the room. This is a very good plan, as should it happen that the regular nurse was absent for a time, no mistake could well be made by the person who took her place.

The room in which the sick one lies should be large and airy, and kept clean and sweet. This is entirely woman's work, and woman's only. It has been said that a '"Health of Towns' Act" may ensure good drainage and water-supply, pure air, and other important external sanitary requisites; but till every woman frames a Health of Homes' Act, and becomes a domestic "officer of health," none can insure that the pure air shall ever be breathed, the good water ever be sufficiently used, or other sanitary conditions ever be fulfilled in-doors.'

In cases of fever, and where infection is dreaded, carpets and curtains, and all unnecessary furniture should be removed at once. The utmost cleanliness is necessary, and proper ventilation must be attended to, as the patient absolutely *must not* be continually breathing the same foul air. A room can be kept thoroughly well ventilated without it being cold, as a fire in the room helps to air it, and when the windows are opened the patient can be well covered up, for, with a little care, no one can take cold in bed. The nurse should consult her thermometer constantly, and not leave the state of the atmosphere to her own feelings, which are often most deceptive. We often think a room quite fresh till we leave it and return to it again, and an invalid is much more susceptible to closeness than a person in health. The bed should not be placed near the wall, but in such a position that any one can easily pass all around it, to make the bed or to attend to the patient.

With regard to infection, there is really much less danger of it than is generally supposed, and if scrupulous attention is paid to ventilation and cleanliness the risk is reduced to a minimum.

Miss Nightingale says: 'true nursing ignores infection, except to prevent it.' And this prevention is very simple, with the aid of a little thoughtfulness, fresh air, and the free use of any disinfecting fluid.

I knew a lady once who, in a case of virulent small-pox at her house, kept a bath of disinfecting fluid outside the door of her patient's room, and everything that came from the room, whether it were clothes, china or plate, was passed through the bath and received out of it quite harmless. If it be hot weather and the door cannot well be closed, a sheet can be fastened from jamb to jamb and kept moistened with disinfecting fluid. Women who are nursing these cases should of course be careful not to mix with other members of the family; they should wear washing dresses, never sleep in their day clothes, and after touching their patient, should wash their hands in water to which some disinfectant is added.

Above all things in nursing, women should cultivate observation. They should learn to distinguish between the flush of excitement and the colour of health. They should find out as much as possible for themselves the condition of the patient without teasing him with endless questions which he does not know how to answer. They should watch their opportunity to tempt him with food if the appetite be bad, distinguishing a variable and capricious appetite from a disordered digestion. In the latter case the patient refuses all that is offered him in the shape of solids, while in the former he takes things by fits and starts, according to his feelings at the moment.

Many a person has lost his life because those around the bed could not

tell when he was faint, and have allowed him to overstep that boundary beyond which there is no re-action. People do not always turn white when they faint, and it is part of the duty of the nurse to observe the changes of countenance in her patient, as these changes vary with the different temperaments of each individual.

Let every nurse use her common sense when she is by the bedside, and let her always bear in mind that 'the same laws which govern health determine to a great extent the results of disease,' and then she will understand why fresh air, warmth, and light, are so important to the invalid, and she will not wilfully and in spite of the doctor, stuff up every chink or loop-hole by which good air might otherwise come in, and compel her feeble patient, with already as much as he can bear, to carry once more into his system the organic matter he has recently thrown off.

Experience is the best teacher, but a woman will be the better nurse when she is called upon to perform that function, even if she has never before entered a sick room, if she will be thoughtful and methodical in the performance of her duties, never thinking the smallest detail unworthy of her attention, and looking upon the charge of the personal health of any individual as a sacred work, not to be undertaken lightly or ignorantly.

NEPTUNE'S ADDRESS TO HANLAN.

BY ROBERT AWDE, TORONTO.

OLD Neptune yields to Hanlan now
The placid deep, and on his brow
Writes one immortal line,
"My noblest son! be thine the sway
O'er ev'ry river, lake and Bay,
From T'ronto to the Tyne.

"Long have I watched thy growing strength,
And skill aquatic, till at length
I claimed thee as my son;
Then did I yoke my matchless steed
To thy frail bark, and gave thee speed,
With which thou'st always won.

"The yielding wave at my command,
Hath answered to thy skilful hand,
And sped thee on thy way;
'Twas I that gave thee even keel,
And always made thee surely feel
That thou must win the day.

" I charmed thee with mine ancient crest,
And kept thee calm and self-posses't
When others' hearts were full ;
No trembling fear or nervous doubt
Caused heart to faint and strength give out,
Or check thy steady pull.

" And now that thou hast won renown,
As calmly wear thy triple crown,
Nor heed the flatterer's talk ;
The world on thee has fixed its eyes,
Guard well thine honour and thy prize
And circumspectly walk."

So spake old Neptune from the deep
Bade " Ned " his last injunctions keep,
And then he said farewell.
We fain would still the theme pursue,
And write a friendly word or two
And strike the warning bell.

Sloth often comes of hard-earned ease,
And vice from weak desire to please
A smiling, genial friend.
Take thou my hint, all these eschew,
And such a course of life pursue
As wisdom will commend.

Remember there is one more prize
Awaits thee yet beyond the skies ;
To this aspire, my son.
Angels and men all interest take,
For there thy very soul's at stake
And Heaven is lost or won.

Go into *training ;* have no fear,
Thy strength shall as the day appear
And every foe shall fall ;
Let every weight be cast aside
And row through life's uneven tide,
A victor over all.

Eternal shall thy triumph be—
And this, my last best wish for thee,
That thou may'st win the day.
The prize is more than British Gold,
The joy more than a Cup can hold,
Which none can take away.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XV.

THE medium of correspondence between Amelius and Regina's maid was an old woman who kept a shop for the sale of newspapers and periodicals, in a by-street not far from Mr. Farnaby's house. From this place his letters were delivered to the maid, under cover of the morning newspapers—and here he found the answers waiting for him later in the day. 'If Rufus could only have taken her out for a walk, I might have seen Regina this afternoon,' thought Amelius. 'As it is, I may have to wait till to-morrow, or later still. And then, there's the sovereign to Phœbe.' He sighed as he thought of the fee. Sovereigns were becoming scarce in our young Socialist's purse.

Arriving in sight of the newsvendor's shop, Amelius noticed a man leaving it, who walked away towards the farther end of the street. When he entered the shop himself a minute afterwards, the woman took up a letter from the counter. 'A young man has just left this for you,' she said.

Amelius recognised the maid's handwriting on the address. The man whom he had seen leaving the shop was Phœbe's messenger.

He opened the letter. Her mistress, Phœbe explained, was too much flurried to be able to write. The master had astonished the whole household by appearing among them at least three hours before the time at which he was accustomed to leave his place of business. He had found 'Mrs. Ormond' (otherwise Regina's friend and correspondent, Cecilia) paying a visit to his niece, and had asked to speak with her in private, before she took leave. The result was an invitation to Regina, from Mrs. Ormond, to stay for a little while at her house in the neighbourhood of Harrow. The ladies were to leave London together, in Mrs. Ormond's carriage that afternoon. Under stress of strong persuasion, on the part of her uncle and aunt as well as of her friend, Regina had ended in giving way. But she had not forgotten the interests of Amelius. She was willing to see him privately on the next day, provided he left London by the train which reached Harrow soon after eleven in the forenoon. If it happened to rain, then he must put off his journey until the first fine day, arriving in any case at the same hour. The place at which he was to wait was described to him; and with these instructions the letter ended.

The rapidity with which Mr. Farnaby had carried out his resolution to separate the lovers placed the weakness of Regina's character before Amelius in a new and startling light. Why had she not stood on her privileges, as a woman who had arrived at years of discretion, and refused to leave London until she had first heard what her lover had to say? Amelius had left his American friend, feeling sure that Regina's decision would be in his favour, when she was called upon to choose between the man who was ready to marry her, and the man who was nothing but her uncle by courtesy. For the first time, he now felt that his own confident anticipations might, by bare possibility, deceive him. He returned to his lodgings in such a state

of depression that compassionate Rufus insisted on taking him out to dinner, and hurried him off afterwards to the play. Thoroughly prostrated, Amelius submitted to the genial influence of his friend. He had not even energy enough to feel surprised when Rufus stopped, on their way to the tavern, at a dingy building adorned with a Grecian portico, and left a letter and a card in charge of a servant at the side-door.

The next day, by a happy interposition of Fortune, proved to be a day without rain. Amelius followed his instructions to the letter. A little watery sunshine showed itself as he left the station at Harrow. His mind was still in such a state of doubt and disturbance that it drew from superstition a faint encouragement to hope. He hailed the feeble November sunlight as a good omen.

Mr. and Mrs. Ormond's place of residence stood alone, surrounded by its own grounds. A wooden fence separated the property, on one side, from a muddy little by-road, leading to a neighbouring farm. At a wicket-gate in this fence, giving admission to a shrubbery situated at some distance from the house, Amelius now waited for the appearance of the maid.

After a delay of a few minutes only, the faithful Phœbe approached the gate with a key in her hand. 'Where is she?' Amelius asked, as the girl opened the gate for him.

'Waiting for you in the shrubbery. Stop sir; I have something to say to you first.'

Amelius took out his purse, and produced the fee. Even he had observed that Phœbe was perhaps a little too eager to get her money!

'Thank you, sir. Please to look at your watch. You mustn't be with Miss Regina a moment longer than a quarter of an hour.'

'Why not?'

'This is the time, sir, when Mrs. Ormond is engaged every day with her cook and housekeeper. In a quarter of an hour the orders will be given—and Mrs. Ormond will join Miss Regina for a walk in the grounds. You will be the ruin of me, sir, if she finds you here.' With that warning, the maid led the way along the winding paths of the shrubbery.

'I must thank you for your letter, Phœbe,' said Amelius, as he followed her. 'By-the-bye, who was your messenger?'

Phœbe's answer was no answer at all. 'Only a young man, sir,' she said.

'In plain words, your sweetheart, I suppose?'

Phœbe's expressive silence was her only reply. She turned a corner, and pointed to her mistress standing alone before the entrance of a damp and deserted summer-house.

Regina put her handkerchief to her eyes, when the maid had discreetly retired. 'O,' she said softly, 'I am afraid this is very wrong!'

Amelius removed the handkerchief by the exercise of a little gentle force, and administered comfort under the form of a kiss. Having opened the proceedings in this way, he put his first question, 'Why did you come here?'

'How could I help it?' said Regina feebly. 'They were all against me. What else could I do?'

It occurred to Amelius that she might, at her age, have asserted a will of her own. He kept his idea, however, to himself; and, giving her his arm, led her slowly along the path of the shrubbery. 'You have heard, I suppose, what Mr. Farnaby expects of me?' he said.

'Yes, dear.'

'I call it worse than mercenary—I call it downright brutal!'

'O Amelius, don't talk so!'

Amelius came suddenly to a standstill. 'Does that mean you agree with him?' he asked.

'Don't be angry with me, dear. I only meant there was some excuse for him.'

'What excuse?'

'Well, you see, he has a high idea of your family, and he thought you were rich people. And—I know you didn't mean it, Amelius—but, still, you did disappoint him.'

Amelius dropped her arm. This mildly-persistent defence of Mr. Farnaby exasperated him.

'Perhaps I have disappointed *you?*' he said.

'O, no, no! O, how cruel you are!' The ready tears showed themselves again in her magnificent eyes—gentle considerate tears that raised no storm in her bosom, and produced no unbecoming results in her face. 'Don't be hard on me!' she said, appealing to him helplessly, like a charming overgrown child.

Some men might have still resisted her; but Amelius was not one of them. He took her hand, and pressed it tenderly.

'Regina,' he said, 'do you love me?'

'You know I do!'

He put his arm round her waist, he concentrated the passion that was in him into a look, and poured that look into her eyes. 'Do you love me as dearly as I love you?' he whispered.

She felt it with all the little passion that was in her. After a moment of hesitation, she put one arm timidly round his neck, and, bending her grand head, laid it on his bosom. Her finely-rounded, supple, muscular figure trembled, as if she had been the weakest woman living. 'Dear Amelius!' she murmured almost inaudibly. He tried to speak to her—his voice failed him. She had, in perfect innocence, fired his young blood. He drew her closer and closer to him: he lifted her head with a masterful resolution which she was not able to resist, and pressed his kisses in hot and breathless succession on her lips. His vehemence frightened her. She tore herself out of his arms with a sudden exertion of strength that took him completely by surprise. 'I didn't think you would have been rude to me!' With that mild reproach, she turned away, and took the path which led from the shrubbery to the house. Amelius followed her, entreating that she would accept his excuses and grant him a few minutes more. He modestly laid all the blame on her beauty—he lamented that he had not resolution enough to resist the charm of it. When did that commonplace compliment ever fail to produce its effect? Regina smiled with the weakly complacent good-nature, which was only saved from being contemptible by its association with her personal attractions. 'Will you promise to behave?' she stipulated. And Amelius, not very eagerly, promised.

'Shall we go into the summer-house?' he suggested.

'It's very damp at this time of year,' Regina answered, with placid good sense. 'Perhaps we might catch cold—we had better walk about.'

They walked accordingly. 'I wanted to speak to you about our marriage,' Amelius resumed.

She sighed softly. 'We have some time to wait,' she said, 'before we can think of that.

He passed this reply over without notice. 'You know,' he went on, 'that I have an income of five hundred a year?'

'Yes, dear.'

'There are hundreds of thousands of respectable artisans, Regina (with large families), who live comfortably on less than half my income.'

'Do they, dear?'

'And many gentlemen are not better off. Curates, for instance. Do you see what I am coming to, my darling?'

'No, dear.'

'Could you live with me in a cottage in the country, with a nice garden, and one little maid to wait on us, and two or three new dresses in a year?'

Regina lifted her fine eyes in sober ecstasy to the sky. 'It sounds very tempting,' she remarked, in the sweetest tones of her voice.

'And it could all be done,' Amelius proceeded, 'on five hundred a year.'

'Could it, dear?'

'I have calculated it—allowing the necessary margin—and I am sure of what I say. And I have done something else; I have asked about the Marriage License. I can easily find lodgings in the neighbourhood. We might be married at Harrow in a fortnight.'

Regina started: her eyes opened widely, and rested on Amelius with an expression of incredulous wonder. 'Married in a fortnight?' she repeated. 'What would my uncle and aunt say?'

'My angel, our happiness doesn't depend on your uncle and aunt—our happiness depends on ourselves. Nobody has any power to control us. I am a man, and you are a woman; and we have a right to be married whenever we like.' Amelius pronounced this last oracular sentence with his head held high, and a pleasant inner persuasion of the convincing manner in which he had stated his case.

'Without my uncle to give me away!' Regina exclaimed. 'Without my aunt! With no bridesmaids, and no friends, and no wedding-breakfast! O, Amelius, what *can* you be thinking of?' She drew back a step, and looked at him in helpless consternation.

For the moment, and the moment only, Amelius lost all patience with her. 'If you really loved me,' he said bitterly, 'you wouldn't think of the bridesmaids and the breakfast?' Regina had her answer ready in her pocket—she took out her handkerchief. Before she could lift it to her eyes, Amelius recovered himself. 'No, no,' he said, 'I didn't mean that—I am sure you love me—take my arm again. Do you know, Regina, I doubt whether your uncle has told you everything that passed between us. Are you really aware of the hard terms that he insists on? He expects me to increase my five hundred a year to two thousand before he will sanction our marriage.'

'Yes, dear, he told me that.'

'I have as much chance of earning fifteen hundred a year, Regina, as I have of being made King of England. Did he tell you *that*?'

'He doesn't agree with you, dear—he thinks you might earn it (with your abilities) in ten years.'

This time it was the turn of Amelius to look at Regina in helpless consternation. 'Ten years?' he repeated. 'Do you coolly contemplate waiting ten years before we are married? Good heavens! is it possible that *you* are thinking of the money? that *you* can't live without carriages and footmen, and ostentation and grandeur—?'

He stopped. For once, even Regina showed that she had spirit enough to be angry. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself to speak to me in that way!' she broke out indignantly. 'If you have no better opinion of me than that, I won't marry you at all—no, not if you had fifty thousand a year, sir, to-morrow! Am I to have no sense of duty to my uncle—to the good man who has been a second father to me? Do you think I am ungrateful enough to set his wishes at defiance? O, yes, I know you don't like him! I know that a great many people don't like him. That doesn't make any difference to Me. But for dear uncle Farnaby, I might have gone to the workhouse, I might have been a starving needlewoman, a poor persecuted maid-of-all-work. Am I to forget that, because you have no patience, and only think of yourself? O, I wish I had never met with you! I wish I had never been fool enough to be as fond of you as I am!' With that confession she turned her back on him, and took refuge in her handkerchief once more.

Amelius stood looking at her in silent despair. After the tone in which she had spoken of her obligations to

her uncle, it was useless to anticipate any satisfactory result from the exertion of his influence over Regina. Recalling what he had seen and heard, in Mrs. Farnaby's room, Amelius could not doubt that the motive of pacifying his wife was the motive which had first led Farnaby to receive Regina into his house. Was it unreasonable or unjust to infer that the orphan child must have been mainly indebted to Mrs. Farnaby's sense of duty to the memory of her sister for the parental protection afforded to her from that time forth? It would have been useless, and worse than useless, to place before Regina such considerations as these. Her exaggerated idea of the gratitude that she owed to her uncle was beyond the limited reach of reason. Nothing was to be gained by opposition; and no sensible course was left but to say some peace-making words and submit.

'I beg your pardon, Regina, if I have offended you. You have sadly disappointed me. I haven't deliberately misjudged you; I can say no more.'

She turned round quickly, and looked at him. There was an ominous change to resignation in his voice, there was a dogged submission in his manner, that alarmed her. She had never yet seen him under the perilously-patient aspect in which he now presented himself, after his apology had been made.

'I forgive you, Amelius, with all my heart,' she said—and timidly held out her hand.

He took it, raised it silently to his lips, and dropped it again.

She suddenly turned pale. All the love that she had in her to give to a man, she had given to Amelius. Her heart sank; she asked herself, in blank terror, if she had lost him.

'I am afraid it is *I* who have offended *you*,' she said. 'Don't be angry with me, Amelius! don't make me more unhappy than I am!'

'I am not in the least angry,' he answered, still in the quiet subdued way that terrified her. 'You can't expect me, Regina, to contemplate a ten years' engagement cheerfully.'

She took his hand, and held it in both her own hands—held it, as if his love for her was there and she was determined not to let it go.

'If you will only leave it to me,' she pleaded, 'the engagement sha'n't be so long as that. Try my uncle with a little kindness and respect, Amelius, instead of saying hard words to him. Or let *me* try him, if you are too proud to give way. May I say that you had no intention of offending him, and that you are willing to leave the future to me?'

'Certainly,' said Amelius, 'if you think it will be of the slightest use.' His tone added more; his tone said plainly, 'I don't believe in him, mind, as you do.'

She still persisted. 'It will be of the greatest use,' she went on. 'He will let me go home again, and he will not object to your coming to see me. He doesn't like to be despised and set at defiance—who does? Be patient, Amelius; and I will persuade him to expect less money from you—only what you may earn, dear, with your talents, long before ten years have passed.' She waited for a word of reply which might show that she had encouraged him a little. He only smiled. 'You talk of loving me,' she said, drawing back from him with a look of reproach; 'and you don't even believe what I say to you.' She stopped, and looked behind her with a faint cry of alarm. Hurried footsteps were audible on the other side of the evergreens that screened them. Amelius stepped back to a turn in the path, and discovered Phœbe.

'Don't stay a moment longer, sir!' cried the girl. 'I've been to the house—and Mrs. Ormond isn't there—and nobody knows where she is. Get out by the gate, sir, while you have the chance.'

Amelius returned to Regina. 'I mustn't get the girl into a scrape,' he

said. 'You know where to write to me. Good-bye.'

Regina made a sign to the maid to retire. Amelius had never taken leave of her as he was taking leave of her now. She forgot the fervent embrace and the daring kisses—she was desperate at the bare idea of losing him. 'O Amelius, don't doubt that I love you! Say you believe I love you! Kiss me before you go!' He kissed her—but, ah, not as he had kissed her before. He said the words she wanted him to say—but only to please her, not with all his heart. She let him go; reproaches would be wasted at that moment. Phœbe found her pale and immovable, rooted to the spot on which they had parted. 'Dear, dear me, miss, what's gone wrong?' And her mistress answered wildly, in words that had never before passed her placid lips. 'O Phœbe, I wish I was dead!'

CHAPTER XVI.

SUCH was the impression left on the mind of Regina by the interview in the shrubbery.

The impression left on the mind of Amelius was stated in equally strong language, later in the day. His American friend asked innocently for news, and was answered in these terms:

'Find something to occupy my mind, Rufus, or I shall throw the whole thing over and go to the devil.'

The wise man from New England was too wise to trouble Amelius with questions, under these circumstances. 'Is that so?' was all he said. Then he put his hand in his pocket, and producing a letter, laid it quietly on the table.

'For me?' Amelius asked.

'You wanted something to occupy your mind,' the wily Rufus answered. 'There 'tis.'

Amelius read the letter. It was dated, 'Hampden Institution.' The secretary invited Amelius, in highly complimentary terms, to lecture, in the hall of the Institution, on Christian Socialism as taught and practised in the Community at Tadmor. He was offered two-thirds of the profits derived from the sale of places, and was left free to appoint his own evening (at a week's notice) and to issue his own advertisements. Minor details were reserved to be discussed with the secretary, when the lecturer had consented to the arrangement proposed to him.

Having finished the letter, Amelius looked at his friend. 'This is your doing,' he said.

Rufus admitted it, with his customary candour. He had a letter of introduction to the secretary, and he had called by appointment that morning. The Institution wanted something new to attract the members and the public. Having no present intention of lecturing himself, he had thought of Amelius, and had spoken his thought. 'I mentioned,' Rufus added slyly, 'that I didn't reckon you would mount the platform. But he's a sanguine creature, that secretary—and he said he'd try.'

'Why should I say No?' Amelius asked, a little irritably. 'The secretary pays me a compliment, and offers me an opportunity of spreading our principles. Perhaps,' he added, more quietly, after a moment's reflection, 'you thought I might not be equal to the occasion—and, in that case, I don't say you were wrong.'

Rufus shook his head. 'If you had passed your life in this decrepid little island,' he replied, 'I might have doubted you, likely enough. But Tadmor's situated in the United States. If they don't practise the boys in the art of orating, don't you tell me there's an American citizen with a voice in *that* society. Guess again, my son. You won't? Well, then, 'twas uncle Farnaby I had in my mind. I said to myself—not to the secretary—Amelius is bound to

consider uncle Farnaby. O, my, what would uncle Farnaby say?'

The hot temper of Amelius took fire instantly. 'What the devil do I care for Farnaby's opinions?' he burst out. 'If there's a man in England who wants the principles of Christian Socialism beaten into his thick head, it's Farnaby. Are you going to see the secretary again?'

'I might look in,' Rufus answered, 'in the course of the evening.'

'Tell him I'll give the lecture—with my compliments and thanks. If I can only succeed,' pursued Amelius, heating himself with the new idea, 'I may make a name as a lecturer, and a name means money, and money means beating Farnaby with his own weapons. It's an opening for me, Rufus, at the crisis of my life.'

'That is so,' Rufus admitted. 'I may as well look up the secretary,'

'Why shouldn't I go with you?' Amelius suggested.

'Why not?' Rufus agreed.

They left the house together.

Late that night Amelius sat alone in his room, making notes for the lecture which he had now formally engaged himself to deliver in a week's time.

Thanks to his American education (as Rufus had supposed), he had not been without practice in the art of public speaking. He had learnt to face his fellow-creatures in the act of oratory, and to hear the sound of his own voice in a silent assembly without trembling from head to foot. English newspapers were regularly sent to Tadmor, and English politics were frequently discussed in the little parliament of the Community. The prospect of addressing a new audience, with their sympathies probably against him at the outset, had its terrors undoubtedly. But the more formidable consideration, to the mind of Amelius, was presented by the limits imposed on him in the matter of time. The lecture was to be succeeded (at the request of a clerical member of the Institution) by a public discussion; and the secretary's experience suggested that the lecturer would do well to reduce his address within the compass of an hour. 'Socialism is a large subject to be squeezed into that small space,' Amelius had objected. And the secretary sighed, and answered, 'They won't listen any longer.'

Making notes, from time to time, of the points on which it was most desirable to insist, and on the relative positions which they should occupy in his lecture, the memory of Amelius became more and more absorbed in recalling the scenes in which his early life had been passed.

He laid down his pen, as the clock of the nearest church struck the first dark hour of the morning, and let his thoughts take him back again, without interruption or restraint, to the hills and vales of Tadmor. Once more the kind old Elder Brother taught him the noble lessons of Christianity as they came from the inspired Teacher's own lips; once more he took his turn of healthy work in the garden and the field; once more the voices of his companions joined with him in the evening songs, and the timid little figure of Mellicent stood at his side, content to hold the music-book and listen. How poor, how corrupt, did the life look that he was leading now, by comparison with the life that he had led in those earlier and happier days! How shamefully he had forgotten the simple precepts of Christian humility, Christian sympathy, and Christian self-restraint, in which his teachers had trusted as the safeguards that were to preserve him from the foul contact of the world! Within the last two days only, he had refused to make merciful allowance for the errors of a man, whose life had been wasted in the sordid struggle upward from poverty to wealth—and, worse yet, he had cruelly distressed the poor girl who loved him, at the prompting of those selfish passions which it was his first and foremost duty to restrain. The bare re-

membrance of it was unendurable to him, in his present frame of mind. With his customary impetuosity, he snatched up the pen, to make atonement before he went to rest that night. He wrote in few words to Mr. Farnaby, declaring that he regretted having spokenly impatiently and contemptuously at the interview betweem them, and expressing the hope that their experience of each other, in the time to come, might perhaps lead to acceptable concessions on either side. His letter to Regina was written, it is needless to say, in warmer terms and at much greater length: it was the honest outpouring of his love and his penitence. When the letters were safe in their envelopes he was not satisfied, even yet. No matter what the hour might be, there was no ease of mind for Amelius, until he had actually posted his letters. He stole down-stairs, and softly unbolted the door, and hurried away to the nearest letter-box. When he had let himself in again with his latch-key, his mind was relieved at last. 'Now,' he thought, as he lit his bedroom candle, 'I can go to sleep!'

A visit from Rufus was the first event of the day.

The two set to work together to draw out the necessary advertisement of the lecture. It was well calculated to attract attention in certain quarters. The announcement addressed itself, in capital letters, to all honest people who were poor and discontented. 'Come, and hear the remedy which Christian Socialism provides for your troubles, explained to you by a friend and a brother; and pay no more than sixpence for the place that you occupy.' The necessary information as to time and place followed this appeal; including the offer of reserved seats at higher prices. By advice of the secretary, the advertisement was not sent to any journal having its circulation among the wealthier classes of society. It appeared prominently in one daily paper and in two weekly papers; the three possessing an aggregate sale of four hundred thousand copies. 'Assume only five readers to each copy,' cried sanguine Amelius, 'and we appeal to an audience of two millions. What a magnificent publicity!'

There was one inevitable result of magnificent publicity which Amelius failed to consider. His advertisements were certain to bring people together, who might otherwise never have met in the great world of London, under one roof. All over England, Scotland, and Ireland, he invited unknown guests to pass the evening with him. In such circumstances, recognitions may take place between persons who have lost sight of each other for years; conversations might be held, which might otherwise never have have been exchanged; and results may follow, for which the hero of the evening may be innocently responsible, because two or three among his audience happen to be sitting to hear him on the same bench. A man who opens his doors and invites the public indiscriminately to come in runs the risk of playing with inflammable materials, and can never be sure at what time or in what direction they may explode.

Rufus himself took the fair copies of the advertisement to the nearest agent. Amelius stayed at home to think over his lecture.

He was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Farnaby's answer to his letter. The man of the oily whiskers wrote courteously and guardedly. He was evidently flattered and pleased by the advance that had been made to him; and he was quite willing, 'under the circumstances,' to give the lovers opportunities of meeting at his house. At the same time, he limited the number of the opportunities. 'Once a week, for the present, my dear sir. Regina will doubtless write to you, when she returns to London.'

Regina wrote, by return of post. The next morning Amelius received a letter from her which enchanted him.

She had never loved him as she loved him now; she longed to see him again; she had prevailed on Mrs. Ormond to let her shorten her visit, and to intercede for her with the authorities at home. They were to return together to London on the afternoon of the next day. Amelius would be sure to find her, if he arranged to call in time for five-o'clock tea.

Towards four o'clock on the next day, while Amelius was putting the finishing touches to his dress, he was informed that 'a young person wished to see him.' The visitor proved to be Phœbe, with her handkerchief to her eyes; indulging in grief, in humble imitation of her young mistress's gentle method of proceeding on similar occasions.

'Good God!' cried Amelius, 'has anything happened to Regina?'

'No, sir,' Phœbe murmured behind the handkerchief. 'Miss Regina is at home, and well.'

'Then what are you crying about?'

Phœbe forgot her mistress's gentle method. She answered, with an explosion of sobs, 'I'm ruined, sir!'

'What do you mean by being ruined? Who's done it?'

'You've done it, sir!'

Amelius started. His relations with Phœbe had been purely and entirely of the pecuniary sort. She was a showy pretty girl, with a smart little figure—but with some undeniably bad lines, which only observant physiognomists remarked, about her eyebrows and her mouth. Amelius was not a physiognomist; but he was in love with Regina, which at his age came to the same thing. It is only men over forty who can court the mistress, with reserves of admiration to spare for the maid.

'Sit down,' said Amelius; 'and tell me in two words what you mean.'

Phœbe sat down, and dried her eyes. 'I have been infamously treated, sir, by Mrs. Farnaby,' she began—and stopped, overpowered by the bare remembrance of her wrongs. She was angry enough, at that moment, to be off her guard. The vindictive nature that was in the girl found its way outward, and showed itself in her face. Amelius perceived the change, and began to doubt whether Phœbe was quite worthy of the place which she had hitherto held in his estimation.

'Surely there must be some mistake,' he said. 'What opportunity has Mrs. Farnaby had of ill-treating you? You have only just got back to London.'

'I beg your pardon, sir, we got back sooner than we expected. Mrs. Ormond had business in town; and she left Miss Regina at her own door, nearly two hours since.'

'Well?'

'Well, sir, I had hardly taken off my bonnet and shawl, when I was sent for by Mrs. Farnaby. "Have you unpacked your box yet?" says she. I told her I hadn't had time to do so. "You needn't trouble yourself to unpack," says she. "You are no longer in Miss Regina's service. There are your wages—with a month's wages besides, in place of the customary warning." I'm only a poor girl, sir, but I up and spoke to her as plain as she spoke to me. "I want to know," I says, "why I am sent away in this uncivil manner?" I couldn't possibly repeat what she said. My blood boils when I think of it!' Phœbe declared, with melodramatic vehemence. 'Somebody has found us out, sir. Somebody has told Mrs. Farnaby of your private meeting with Miss Regina in the shrubbery, and the money you kindly gave me. I believe Mrs. Ormond is at the bottom of it; you remember nobody knew where she was, when I thought she was in the house speaking to the cook. That's guess-work, I allow, so far. What is certain is, that I have been spoken to as if I was the lowest creature that walks the streets. Mrs. Farnaby refuses to give me a character, sir. She actually said she would call in the police, if I didn't leave the house in

half an hour. How am I to get another place, without a character? I'm a ruined girl, that's what I am—and all through You!'

Threatened at this point with an illustrative outburst of sobbing, Amelius was simple enough to try the consoling influence of a sovereign. 'Why don't you speak to Miss Regina?' he asked. 'You know she will help you.'

'She has done all she can, sir. I have nothing to say against Miss Regina—she's a good creature. She came into the room, and begged, and prayed, and took all the blame on herself. Mrs. Farnaby wouldn't hear a word. "I'm mistress here," she says; "you had better go back to your room." Ah, Mr. Amelius, I can tell you Mrs. Farnaby is your enemy as well as mine! you'll never marry her niece if *she* can stop it. Mark my words, sir, that's the secret of the vile manner in which she has used me. My conscience is clear, thank God. I've tried to serve the cause of true love—and I'm not ashamed of it. Never mind! my turn is to come. I'm only a poor servant, sent adrift in the world without a character. Wait a little! you see if I am not even (and better than even) with Mrs. Farnaby, before long! *I know, what I know.* I am not going to say any more than that. She shall rue the day,' cried Phœbe, relapsing into melodrama again, 'when she turned me out of the house like a thief!'

'Come! come!' said Amelius sharply, 'you mustn't speak in that way.'

Phœbe had got her money: she could afford to be independent. She rose from her chair. The insolence which is the almost invariable accompaniment of a sense of injury among Englishwomen of her class expressed itself in her answer to Amelius. 'I speak as I think, sir. I have some spirit in me; I am not a woman to be trodden underfoot—and so Mrs. Farnaby shall find, before she is many days older.'

'Phœbe! Phœbe! you are talking like a heathen. If Mrs. Farnaby has behaved to you with unjust severity, set her an example of moderation on your side. It's your duty as a Christian to forgive injuries.'

Phœbe burst out laughing. 'Hee-hee-hee! Thank you, sir, for a sermon as well as a sovereign. You have been most kind, indeed!' She changed suddenly from irony to anger. 'I never was called a heathen before! Considering what I have done for you, I think you might at least have been civil. Good afternoon, sir.' She lifted her saucy little snub-nose, and walked with dignity out of the room.

For the moment, Amelius was amused. As he heard the house-door closed, he turned laughing to the window, for a last look at Phœbe in the character of an injured Christian. In an instant the smile left his lips—he changed colour, and drew back from the window with a start.

A man had been waiting for Phœbe, in the street. At the moment when Amelius looked out, she had just taken his arm. He glanced back at the house, as they walked away together. Amelius immediately recognised, in Phœbe's companion (and sweetheart), a vagabond Irishman, nicknamed Jervy, whose face he had last seen at Tadmor. Employed as one of the agents of the Community in transacting their business with the neighbouring town, he had been dismissed for misconduct, and had been unwisely taken back again, at the intercession of a respectable person who believed in his promises of amendment. Amelius had suspected this man of being the spy who officiously informed against Mellicent and himself; but having discovered no evidence to justify his suspicions, he had remained silent on the subject. It was now quite plain to him that Jervy's appearance in London could only be attributed to a second dismissal from the service of the Community, for some offence sufficiently serious to oblige him to take re-

fuge in England. A more disreputable person it was hardly possible for Phœbe to have become acquainted with. In her present vindictive mood, he would be emphatically a dangerous companion and counsellor. Amelius felt this so strongly, that he determined to follow them, on the chance of finding out where Jervy lived. Unhappily, he had only arrived at this resolution after a lapse of a minute or two. He ran into the street—but it was too late; not a trace of them was to be discovered. Pursuing his way to Mr. Farnaby's house, he decided on mentioning what had happened to Regina. Her aunt had not acted wisely in refusing to let the maid refer to her for a character. She would do well to set herself right with Phœbe, in this particular, before it was too late.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. FARNABY stood at the door of her own room, and looked at her niece with an air of contemptuous curiosity.

'Well? You and your lover have had a fine time of it together, I suppose? What do you want here?'

'Amelius wishes particularly to speak to you, aunt.'

'Tell him to save himself the trouble. He may reconcile your uncle to his marriage—he won't reconcile Me.'

'It's not about that, aunt; it's about Phœbe.'

'Does he want me to take Phœbe back again?'

At that moment Amelius appeared in the hall, and answered the question himself. 'I want to give you a word of warning,' he said.

Mrs. Farnaby smiled grimly. 'That excites my curiosity,' she replied. 'Come in. I don't want *you*,' she added, dismissing her niece at the door. 'So you're willing to wait ten years for Regina?' she continued, when Amelius was alone with her. 'I'm disappointed in you; you're a poor weak creature, after all. What about that young hussy, Phœbe?'

Amelius told her unreservedly all that had passed between the discarded maid and himself; not forgetting, before he concluded, to caution her on the subject of the maid's companion. 'I don't know what the man may not do to mislead Phœbe,' he said. 'If I were you, I wouldn't drive her into a corner.'

Mrs. Farnaby eyed him scornfully from head to foot. 'You used to have the spirit of a man in you,' she answered. 'Keeping company with Regina has made you a milksop already. If you want to know what I think of Phœbe and her sweetheart—'she stopped, and snapped her fingers. 'There!' she said, 'that's what I think! Now go back to Regina. I can tell you one thing—she will never be your wife.'

Amelius looked at her in quiet surprise. 'It seems odd,' he remarked, 'that you should treat me as you do, after what you said to me, the last time I was in this room. You expect me to help you in the dearest wish of your life—and you do everything you can to thwart the dearest wish of *my* life. A man can't keep his temper under continual provocation. Suppose I refuse to help you?'

Mrs. Farnaby looked at him with the most exasperating composure. 'I defy you to do it,' she answered.

'You defy me to do it!' Amelius exclaimed.

'Do you take me for a fool?' Mrs. Farnaby went on. 'Do you think I don't know you better than you know yourself?' She stepped up close to him; her voice sank suddenly to low and tender tones. 'If that last unlikely chance should turn out in my favour,' she went on; 'if you really did meet with my poor girl, one of these days, and knew that you had met with her—do you mean to say you could be cruel enough, no matter how badly I behaved to you, to tell me nothing about it? Is *that* the heart

I can feel beating under my hand? Is *that* the Christianity you learnt at Tadmor? Pooh, pooh, you foolish boy! Go back to Regina; and tell her you have tried to frighten me, and you find it won't do.'

The next day was Saturday. The advertisement of the lecture appeared in the newspapers. Rufus confessed that he had been extravagant enough, in the case of the two weekly journals, to occupy half a page. 'The public,' he explained, 'have got a nasty way of overlooking advertisements of a modest and retiring character. Hit 'em in the eyes when they open the paper, or you don't hit 'em at all.'

Among the members of the public attracted by the new announcement, Mrs. Farnaby was one. She honoured Amelius with a visit at his lodgings. 'I called you a poor weak creature yesterday' (these were her first words on entering the room); 'I talked like a fool. You're a splendid fellow; I respect your courage, and I shall attend your lecture. Never mind what Mr. Farnaby and Regina say. Regina's poor little conventional soul is shaken, I daresay; you needn't expect to have my niece among your audience. But Farnaby is a humbug, as usual. He affects to be horrified; he talks big about breaking off the match. In his own self, he's bursting with curiosity to know how you will get through with it. I tell you this—he will sneak into the hall and stand at the back where nobody can see him. I shall go with him; and, when you're on the platform, I'll hold up my handkerchief like this. Then you'll know he's there. Hit him hard, Amelius—hit him hard! Where is your friend, Rufus? Just gone away? I like that American. Give him my love, and tell him to come and see me.' She left the room as abruptly as she had entered it. Amelius looked after her in amazement, Mrs. Farnaby was not like herself; Mrs. Farnaby was in good spirits!

Regina's opinion of the lecture arrived by post.

Every other word in her letter was underlined; half the sentences began with 'Oh!' Regina was shocked, astonished, ashamed, alarmed. What would Amelius do next? Why had he deceived her, and left her to find it out in the papers? He had undone all the good effect of those charming letters to her father and herself. He had no idea of the disgust and abhorrence which respectable people would feel at his odious Socialism. Was she never to know another happy moment? and was Amelius to be the cause of it? and so on, and so on.

Mr. Farnaby's protest followed, delivered by Mr. Farnaby himself. He kept his gloves on when he called; he was solemn and pathetic; he remonstrated, in the character of one of the ancestors of Amelius; he pitied the ancient family 'mouldering in the silent grave;' he would abstain from deciding in a hurry, but his daughter's feelings were outraged, and he feared it would be his duty to break off the match. Amelius, with perfect good temper, offered him a free admission, and asked him to hear the lecture and decide for himself whether there was any harm in it. Mr. Farnaby turned his head away from the ticket as if it was something indecent. 'Sad! sad!' That was his only farewell to the gentleman-socialist.

On the Sunday (being the only day in London on which a man can use his brains without being interrupted by street music), Amelius rehearsed his lecture. On the Monday, he paid his weekly visit to Regina.

She was reported—whether truly or not it was impossible for him to discover—to have gone out in the carriage with Mrs. Ormond. Amelius wrote to her in soothing and affectionate terms, suggesting, as he had suggested to her father, that she should wait to hear the lecture before she condemned it. In the meantime, he entreated her to remember that they

had promised to be true to one another, in time and eternity—Socialism notwithstanding.

The answer came back by private messenger. The tone was serious. Regina's principles forbade her to attend a Socialist lecture. She hoped Amelius was in earnest in writing as he did about time and eternity. The subject was very awful to a rightly-constituted mind. On the next page, some mitigation of this severity followed in a postscript. Regina would wait at home to see Amelius, the day after his 'regrettable appearance in public.'

The evening of Tuesday was the evening of the lecture.

Rufus posted himself at the ticket-taker's office, in the interests of Amelius. 'Even sixpences do sometimes stick to a man's fingers, on their way from the public to the money-box,' he remarked. The sixpences did indeed flow in rapidly; the advertisements had, so far, produced their effect. But the reserved seats sold very slowly. The members of the Institution, who were admitted for nothing, arrived in large numbers, and secured the best places. Towards eight o'clock (the hour at which the lecture was to begin), the sixpenny audience was still pouring in. Rufus recognized Phœbe among the late arrivals, escorted by a person in the dress of a gentleman, who was palpably a blackguard nevertheless. A short stout lady followed, who warmly shook hands with Rufus, and said, 'Let me introduce you to Mr. Farnaby.' Mr. Farnaby's mouth and chin were shrouded in a wrapper; his hat was over his eyebrows. Rufus observed that he looked as if he was ashamed of himself. A gaunt, dirty savage old woman, miserably dressed, offered her sixpence to the money-taker, while the two gentlemen were shaking hands; the example, it is needless to say, being set by Rufus. The old woman looked attentively at all that was visible of Mr. Farnaby—that is to say, at his eyes and his whiskers—by the gas-lamp hanging in the corridor. She instantly drew back, though she had got her ticket, waited until Mr. Farnaby had paid for his wife and himself; and then followed close behind them, into the hall.

And why not? The advertisements addressed this wretched old creature as one of the poor and discontented public. Sixteen years ago, John Farnaby had put his own child into that woman's hands at Ramsgate, and had never seen either of them since.

Entering the hall, Mr. Farnaby discovered without difficulty the position of modest retirement of which he was in search.

The cheap seats were situated, as usual, on that part of the floor of the building which was farthest from the platform. A gallery at this end of the hall threw its shadow over the hindermost benches and the gangway by which they were approached. In the sheltering obscurity thus produced, Mr. Farnaby took his place; standing in the corner formed by the angle at which the two walls of the building met, with his dutiful wife at his side. Still following them, unnoticed in the crowd, the old woman stopped at the extremity of the hindermost bench, looked close at a smartly-dressed young man who occupied the last seat at the end, and who paid marked attention to a pretty girl sitting by him; and whispered in his ear, 'Now, then, Jervy! can't you make room for Mother Sowler?'

The man started and looked round. 'You here?' he exclaimed, with an oath.

Before he could say more, Phœbe whispered to him on the other side, 'What a horrid old creature! How did you ever come to know her?' At the same moment, Mrs. Sowler reiterated her request in more peremptory language. 'Do you hear, Jervy—do you hear? Sit a little closer.'

Jervy apparently had his reasons for treating the expression of Mrs.

Sowler's wishes with deference, shabby as she was. Making abundant apologies, he asked his neighbours to favour him by sitting a little nearer to each other, and so contrived to leave a morsel of vacant space at the edge of the bench. Phœbe, making room under protest, began to whisper again. 'What does she mean by calling you Jervy? She looks like a beggar. Tell her your name is Jervis.' The reply she received did not encourage her to say more. 'Hold your tongue; I have reasons for being civil to her—you be civil, too.'

He turned to Mrs. Sowler, with the readiest submission to circumstances. Under the surface of his showy looks and his vulgar facility of manner, there lay hidden a substance of callous villany and impenetrable cunning. He had in him the materials out of which the clever murderers are made, who baffle the police. If he could have done it with impunity, he would have destroyed without remorse the squalid old creature who sat by him, and who knew enough of his past career in England to send him to penal servitude for life. As it was, he spoke to her with a spurious condescention and good humour. 'Why it must be ten years, Mrs. Sowler, since I last saw you! What have you been doing?'

The woman frowned at him as she answered. 'Can't you look at me, and see? Starving!' She eyed his gaudy watch and chain greedily. 'Money don't seem to be scarce with you. Have you made your fortune in America?'

He laid his hand on her arm, and pressed it warningly. 'Hush!' he said, under his breath. 'We'll talk about that, after the lecture.' His bright shifty black eyes turned furtively towards Phœbe—and Mrs. Sowler noticed it. The girl's savings in service had paid for his jewellery and his fine clothes. She silently resented his rudeness in telling her to 'hold her tongue;' sitting, sullen, with her impudent little nose in the air. Jervy tried to include her indirectly in his conversation with his shabby old friend. 'This young lady,' he said, 'knows Mr. Goldenheart. She feels sure he'll break down; and we've come here to see the fun. I don't hold with Socialism myself—I am for, what my favourite newspaper calls, the altar and the throne. In short, my politics are Conservative.' 'Your politics are in your girl's pocket,' muttered Mrs. Sowler; 'how long will her money last?' Jervy turned a deaf ear to the interruption. 'And what has brought *you* here?' he went on, in his most ingratiating way. 'Did you see the advertisement in the papers?' Mrs. Sowler answered loud enough to be heard above the hum of talking in the sixpenny places. 'I was having a drop of gin, and I saw the paper at the public-house. I'm one of the discontented poor. I hate rich people; and I'm ready to pay my sixpence to hear them abused.' 'Hear, hear!' said a man near, who looked like a shoemaker. 'I hope he'll give it to the aristocracy?' added one of the shoemaker's neighbours, apparently a groom out of place. 'I'm sick of the aristocracy,' cried a woman with a fiery face and a crushed bonnet; 'it's them as swallows up the money; what business have they with their palaces and their parks, when my husband's out of work, and my children hungry at home?' The acquiescent shoemaker listened with admiration. 'Very well put,' he said; 'very well put.'

These expressions of popular feeling reached the respectable ears of Mr. Farnaby. 'Do you hear those wretches?' he said to his wife.

Mrs. Farnaby seized the welcome opportunity of irritating him. 'Poor things!' she answered. 'In their place, we should talk as they do.'

'You had better go into the reserved seats,' rejoined her husband, turning from her with a look of disgust. 'There's plenty of room. Why do you stop here?'

'I couldn't think of leaving you, my dear! How did you like my American friend?'

'I am astonished at you taking the liberty of introducing him to me. You knew perfectly well that I was here incognito. What do I care about a wandering American?'

Mrs. Farnaby persisted as maliciously as ever. 'Ah, but you see, I like him. The wandering American is my ally.'

'Your ally! What do you mean?'

'Good heavens, how dull you are! Don't you know that I object to my niece's marriage engagement? I was quite delighted when I heard of this lecture, because it's an obstacle in the way. It disgusts Regina, and it disgusts You—and my dear American is the man who first brought it about. Hush! here's Amelius. How well he looks! So graceful and so gentlemanlike,' cried Mrs. Farnaby, signaling with her handkerchief to show Amelius their position in the hall. 'I declare I'm ready to become a Socialist before he opens his lips!'

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE personal appearance of Amelius took the audience completely by surprise. A man who is young and handsome is not the order of man who is habitually associated in the popular mind with the idea of a lecture. After a moment of silence, there was a spontaneous burst of applause. It was renewed when Amelius, first placing on his table a little book, announced his intention of delivering the lecture extempore. The absence of the inevitable manuscript was in itself an act of mercy that cheered the public at starting.

The orator of the evening began.

'Ladies and gentlemen, thoughtful people accustomed to watch the signs of the times in this country, and among the other nations of Europe, are (so far as I know), agreed in the conclusion that serious changes are likely to take place in present forms of government and in existing systems of society before the century in which we live has reached its end. In plain words, the next revolution is not so unlikely and not so far off as it pleases the higher and wealthier classes among European populations to suppose. I am one of those who believe that the coming convulsion will take the form, this time, of a Social revolution, and that the man at the head of it will not be a military or a political man—but a Great Citizen, sprung from the people, and devoted heart and soul to the people's cause. Within the limits assigned to me to-night, it is impossible that I should speak to you of government and society among other nations, even if I possessed the necessary knowledge and experience to venture on so vast a subject. All that I can now attempt to do is (first) to point out some of the causes which are paving the way for a coming change in the social and political condition of this country; and (secondly) to satisfy you that the only trustworthy remedy for existing abuses is to be found in the system which Christian Socialism extracts from this little book on my table—the book which you all know under the name of the New Testament. Before, however, I enter on my task, I feel it a duty to say one preliminary word on the subject of my claim to address you, such as it is. I am most unwilling to speak of myself—but my position here forces me to do so. I am a stranger to all of you; and I am a very young man. Let me tell you then, briefly, what my life has been, and where I have been brought up—and then decide for yourselves whether it is worth your while to favour me with your attention, or not.'

'A very good opening,' remarked the shoemaker.

'A nice-looking fellow,' said the

fiery-faced woman. 'I should like to kiss him.'

'He's too civil by half,' grumbled Mrs. Sowler; 'I wish I had my sixpence back in my pocket.'

'Give him time,' whispered Jervy, 'and he'll warm up. I say, Phœbe, he doesn't begin like a man who is going to break down. I don't expect there will be much to laugh at to-night.'

'What an admirable speaker!' said Mrs. Farnaby to her husband. 'Fancy such a man as that being married to such an idiot as Regina!'

'There's always a chance for him,' returned Mr. Farnaby savagely, 'as long as he's not married to such a woman as You!'

In the meantime, Amelius had claimed national kindred with his audience as an Englishman, and had rapidly sketched his life at Tadmor, in its most noteworthy points. This done, he put the question whether they would hear him. His frankness and freshness had already won the public; they answered by a general shout of applause.

'Very well,' Amelius proceeded, 'now let us get on. Suppose we take a glance (we have no time to do more), at the present state of our religious system, first. What is the public aspect of the thing called Christianity in the England of our day? A hundred different sects all at variance with each other. An established church, rent in every direction by incessant wrangling—disputes about black gowns or white; about having candlesticks on tables or off tables; about bowing to the east or bowing to the west; about which doctrine collects the most respectable support and possesses the largest sum of money, the doctrine in my church, or the doctrine in your church, or the doctrine in the church over the way. Look up, if you like, from this multitudinous and incessant squabbling, among the rank and file, to the high regions in which the right reverend representatives of state religion sit apart. Are they Christians? If they are, show me the Bishop who dares assert his Christianity in the House of Lords, when the ministry of the day happens to see its advantage in engaging in a war! Where is that Bishop, and how many supporters does he count among his own order? Do you blame me for using intemperate language—language which I cannot justify? Take a fair test, and try me by that. The result of the Christianity of the New Testament is to make men true, humane, gentle, modest, strictly scrupulous and strictly considerate in their dealings with their neighbours. Does the Christianity of the churches and the sects produce these results among us? Look at the staple of the country, at the occupation which employs the largest number of Englishmen of all degrees—look at our Commerce. What is its social aspect, judged by the morality which is in this book in my hand? Let those organised systems of imposture, masquerading under the disguise of banks and companies, answer the question—there is no need for me to answer it. You know what respectable names are associated, year after year, with the shameless falsification of accounts, and the merciless ruin of thousands on thousands of victims. You know how our poor Indian customer finds his cotton-print dress a sham that falls to pieces; how the savage who deals honestly with us for his weapon finds his gun a delusion that bursts; how the half-starved needlewoman who buys her reel of thread finds printed on the label a false statement of the number of yards that she buys; you know that, in the markets of Europe, foreign goods are fast taking the place of English goods, because the foreigner is the more honest manufacturer of the two—and, lastly, you know, what is worse than all, that these cruel and wicked deceptions, and many more like them, are regarded, on the highest commercial authority, as

"forms of competition" and justifiable proceedings in trade. Do you believe in the honourable accumulation of wealth by men who hold such opinions and perpetrate such impostures as these? I don't! Do you find any brighter and purer prospect when you look down from the man who deceives you and me on the great scale, to the man who deceives us on the small? I don't! Everything we eat, drink, and wear, is a more or less adulterated commodity; and that very adulteration is sold to us by the tradesmen at such outrageous prices that we are obliged to protect ourselves, on the Socialist principle, by setting up co-operative shops of our own. Wait! and hear me out, before you applaud. Don't mistake the plain purpose of what I am saying to you; and don't suppose that I am blind to the brighter side of the dark picture that I have drawn. Look within the limits of private life and you will find true Christians, thank God, among clergymen and laymen alike; you will find men and women who deserve to be called, in the highest sense of the word, disciples of Christ. But my business is not with private life—my business is with the present public aspect of the religion, morals and politics of this country; and, again I say it, that aspect presents one wide field of corruption and abuse, and reveals a callous and shocking insensibility on the part of the nation at large to the spectacle of its own demoralization and disgrace.'

There Amelius paused, and took his first drink of water.

(To be continued.)

AB INITIO.

BY ISABELLA SINCLAIR.

IN days primeval, ere this ponderous world
Forth, on its heaven-appointed path was hurled,
In fields of space a formless mass it lay
A realm of night that yet had known no day.
Shrouded in gaseous mists that thickly round
Its mighty bulk like writhing serpents wound,
With hill and valley, lake and river, blent
In strange confusion, sea and continent
Yet undivided. From His cloud-girt throne
Where through eternal years He reigns alone,
The great All-Father looked. Before His eye
He saw the mighty mass of chaos lie
In idle hideousness. He spake. His word
Even to its farthest verge of mist was heard;
The vapours parted at His high command,
The obedient sea rolled backward from the land;
Thus the Creator His great work began,
And fashioned wisely the abode of man.
Here, in mid-ocean placed a rock-girt isle,
There, bade the boundless prairie bloom and smile;

Covered the Arctic wastes with stainless snow,
Rude dwelling-place for ruder Esquimaux ;
Spread the broad desert's lone and trackless wild,
For the fierce sons of Hagar's outcast child,
Gave Araby her gardens breathing balm,
Her sun-bright waters and her groves of palm.

Then, too, Creative Wisdom shaped and planned
The wave-washed boundaries of our own bright land,
Stretched, like a royal guardian, at her side
The lone Superior's rock-embosomed tide ;
Bade proud old Huron render homage meet,
While Erie and Ontario kissed her feet.
St. Lawrence, Queen of rivers, even thee
He gave, her handmaid bright and swift to be,—
Bade the old Ocean for thy coming stay,
And sent thee laughing on thy sunlit way.

O Wisdom Infinite whose eye could see,
Thro' the thick mists of ages yet to be,
The mighty race of toilers who should come
From lands afar, and call these regions "home."

Long ages passed. When came the appointed time
God called His chosen Gallia's sunny clime
Send forth her bravest. Britain's skies of gray
Grew gloomier as her children sailed away,
And many a home in German Fatherland
Mourned long and vainly o'er its broken band.
Hither they came. The wild Canadian shore,
So long a waste, is wild and lone no more :
The blue hills echo to the oarsman's song,
In whitened fields the armed reapers throng ;
Garden and cot adorn the valleys fair,
And happy childhood laughs and gambols there.
From morn to silent eve the plough they guide,
And lay the long deep furrows side by side,
While solemn pine and ivy-mantled oak
Fall, prone to earth beneath the woodman's stroke.
All honour to these fearless sons of toil,
For us they felled the forest, tilled the soil,
For us they raised old Freedom's flag on high,
And swore beneath its folds to live and die.
To them we owe our nation's honoured place,
Those rude forefathers of a mighty race :
Ready they stood by day or night to fight
For home and country, freedom and the right,—
Ready in honour's sacred cause to die,
Or at her call to lay their weapons by.

Canadian Brothers ! to your trust be true,
The mantle of your sires should fall on you,
O guard the land they loved ; fulfil their aims ;
And add new lustre to their honoured names :
In peaceful homes, in legislative halls,
Wherever, in her need, your country calls,
There be your place, and there undaunted stand,
The living bulwarks of your native land.

WOODSTOCK.

THE ONE WHO LOVED HIM.

BY MRS. FRANCES J. MOORE, LONDON, ONT.

UNDER the trees of a large and well kept garden in one of the prettiest Canadian towns stood two figures—easy to be seen that they were lovers—Hugh Denham, a fine, tall young man with a frank, noble face, and Flora Grantly, his betrothed, a handsome, sparkling brunette.

'Good-bye, Flo. I *must* go—and after all, dear, it will not seem so very long, for we shall write to each other constantly.'

'Oh, Hugh, I hate you to go'—and Flora wept.

'And I hate to go, Flo., you know that, but my father is so anxious that I should personally see about the selling of that land of his in England. At his age it is scarcely fit that he should travel so far alone when his son can go for him, is it? Ah, Flo., you won't forget me—no change.'

'How can you talk so, Hugh, you do not really imagine such love as mine could change.'

'Forgive me, dearest, but it is so sweet to hear you repeat your vows to me.'

At last they parted, and Flora walked back to the house, the house where she reigned supreme, her father's spoilt child. Not quite so sorrowful nor so sweet did Flora Grantly look now that she was alone. It would be awfully dull without Hugh for so long. Miss Flo. was not accustomed to losing any of her amusements—and losing a lover—even for a time, was really very serious. In fact she did not understand why that cross old Captain Denham could not go himself. Poor shallow Flo., there were many things you could not understand, and one of them was the deep, true nature of Hugh Denham, the brave son of a brave father.

Considering all things Flora Grantly continued to amuse herself very well without her lover. She laughed and flirted, for where was the use of being miserable? She was quite sure Hugh would not desire that she should live in seclusion just because he was away.

So time wore on and on, and Hugh was coming back. The next news would be a telegram announcing his arrival in New York. The good ship must be nearing land now. 'Dear me,' thought Flo., 'the time has not seemed long at all, though I can hardly tell Hugh that. I hope he has brought me something lovely for a present.' Ah! Flora Grantly, no telegram, no present awaits you from the man you pretend to love, for the next news was terrible indeed—the wreck of the *Atlantic!* What need to describe the thrilling details. The world knows them. Tears have rained—hearts have ached, brains have reeled at the remembrance of that awful scene! Name after name upon the fearful list eagerly devoured by those whose loved were in that ill-fated ship. Yes—name after name! and then at last, 'Hugh Denham,' drowned in attempting to save a little child! Brave, tender heart, now lying cold beneath pitiless waves!—and the hardy old English officer bowed beneath that terrible news like a reed shaken by the mighty storm. Hugh was his only child, the one being he loved best in the world. His wife had died years ago in England, and Hugh had been his *all*—wife and son now both gone.

The blow well-nigh killed the stricken father, and when he rose from the long illness which followed that fatal day, he looked ten years older—bent and worn, but very calm and patient. God would take him to his boy when he saw fit, and for that hour he waited —content.

And Flora Grantly—how did she bear the news of her lover's fate? Tears, hysterics, deep mourning for a few months, and then—and then she recovered! Of course it was very shocking, poor fellow! and she could never, never forget it; but theirs was a very brief engagement, and people could not expect her to grieve for ever. She tried to wear a look of deep woe whenever she met Captain Denham; but with that gentleman she had never been a favourite; in short she was *the* one subject upon which this father and son—so much to each other —had not thought alike. Captain Denham loved his son too well to quarrel with him; but Flora's name was seldom mentioned between them. Hugh hoped that time would soften his father towards his beautiful fiancée, and he believed that her winning ways and sweet disposition would achieve more than any argument could do. So thus, though not agreed, they had never quarrelled.

'Grumpy old man,' would Flora say, shrugging her pretty shoulders, 'I believe he hates me,' as the old officer would pass her with a grave bow. You are wrong, pretty Flora, he only despised you, for he read you thoroughly as poor Hugh had not.

So time rolled on, weeks and months, and the wreck of the good ship *Atlantic* became a thing of the past to the ordinary crowd, and Hugh's father waited—waited.

Chicago! marvellous city of palace hotels—marble fronts, of success and failure, business and pleasure! In a quiet street, far removed from the city's busy hum, stood an unpretending house—its owner, an elderly widow lady, Mrs. Danvers. She was not rich enough to keep up her modest but comfortable house without assistance, and as she could not bear to leave the home she had lived in so long, she took two boarders. One—Geoffrey Vane—had been with her three years, a dark gentlemanly-looking young man about twenty-eight. He wrote for some of the leading newspapers and magazines, and was making a fair income for so young a man. A few months back, he had asked kind Mrs. Danvers to take as a boarder a particular friend of his. She gladly consented, for she looked upon Geoffrey Vane almost like a son (she had lost two fine boys in the Federal War), and would have done anything to please him. She soon learned to appreciate the frank genial manner and good breeding of Geoffrey's friend —Mr. Hughes. She was sorry for him too, for he was slightly lame, and wore his left arm in a sling. He stooped, too, so much at times, that his real height was seldom guessed. A large beard covered the lower part of his face, and his eyes were hidden by blue spectacles, so that it was not easy to distinguish his features. When he first came he was evidently weak and suffering, but was now getting quite strong and cheerful. He read deeply, and, like his friend, was a *litterateur*.

The two friends entered their bright, cheerful parlour this evening, returning from their usual after-dinner walk.

'Geoff, here's a letter for you, do see if there's any news for me in it, there's a good fellow.

Geoffrey Vane read his letter.

'No particularly fresh news, Alice says of your father just what one said before. That he is well, but sadly changed and aged.'

'Dear old man, how I long to see him;' said his friend, with a troubled sigh.

'Why *don't* you, *Hugh?*'

'Hush! not that name,' cried Hugh Denham; for it was indeed he, the same yet so changed.

'No fear, old boy; no one here knows anything. There is not a soul in Chi-

cago who ever saw you before you went to England.'

'That is true,' said Hugh, adding regretfully, 'even at home I doubt if they would recognise me.'

'Pshaw! man, you are not yourself on that point. Your lameness is almost too slight to be noticed, and you will soon do without the sling. You know very well that you only keep on the blue spectacles in order to elude possible recognition, for you can see better than I can. Why, I shall begin to think you are *vain!*' and Geoffrey laughed.

'So I am, for *her*,' answered Hugh, 'when I remember how beautiful she was, and how she loved beauty in all things about her.' Hugh covered his face with his hands. 'Oh, how it all comes before me, that fearful scene! The poor shrieking women and helpless children! Thank God! I saved those few though.'

'You did, dear lad,' said Geoff., with emotion, 'at the expense nearly of your own life. Such a blow as you got against that spar, and then to be half-drowned, was enough to kill most men. But come, let us go over again this home subject.'

'Geoff., where is the use. I *cannot* face it—cannot face Flo. You know, I do not intend to keep my dear father in ignorance of my existence much longer. As soon as you and I settle about starting our own magazine I shall send for him. *You* will bring him, Geoff.; you alone must break the joyful news to him.'

'Aye, lad, that would I willingly; but now, listen to me. I will never, on my honour, trouble you on this point again; but I feel so strongly that you are wronging yourself and others, nay, listen, wronging Flora Grantly.'

'How so, Geoff.?'

'Do you love her? Do you trust her, and yet say that? Be a man, go to her, stand before her, just as you are, and hear from her own lips if the change in you makes any difference in her affection. Have you lost all courage? If she be true, think what you do by deserting her like this.'

'Deserting her!'

'Yes, man, *deserting* her,' cried Geoffrey, warmly. 'If on the other hand, she be false, I think I know Hugh Denham well enough to be very sure that he could pluck from his heart forever the woman who would fail him thus. If all she cared for were your face and figure, you would be well without her. But I will not think she is false; so again I say to you go, go at once.' Then a pause,—Hugh thinking deeply. 'I have done. I don't often make such a long speech, do I, Hugh?'

'Dear Geoff., I know how good and patient you are with me; and, upon my word, you almost shake my resolve.'

'Let me quite shake it,' said Geoffrey.

Hugh rose up. 'One thing, Geoff., I promise you, I will think quietly over all you have said, and tell you to-morrow what I will do. It shall be either as you advise, or, I will forever hold my peace—as far as Flora Grantly is concerned—good night, Geoff.'

'Good night, Hugh. I leave it all now to your own heart and sound sense.'

. . . . .

The next morning Hugh looked paler than usual; he had lain awake most of the night, doing battle with himself; but the contest was over now. He just went up to Geoffrey Vane, and laying his hand on his friend's shoulder said:—

'Geoff., you have prevailed, come good or ill, I will go.'

'Right, Hugh, and God speed you.' They grasped hands.

'You will come too, Geoff.?'

'Yes; for I want to arrange with mother and Alice about their coming to live with me. I have quite made up my mind to rent, and eventually buy, that pretty, old-fashioned cottage

we saw the other day. It is not too far from the city for me to walk in every day, and Alice loves the country. Dear mother and gentle Alice, what a pleasure to have them about me again!'

'She was quite a child when I left,' said Hugh.

'She was nearly eighteen.'

'Was she? Why she always seemed to me somewhere about fourteen, or fifteen at the most.'

Geoffrey smiled. 'Your eyes were too much dazzled by a certain fair damsel for you to think much about the age of my little sister.'

'I do recollect, though, that she was a most tender and devoted daughter to your mother.'

'She's the sweetest girl, I tell you, that ever lived. I beg pardon, old boy, *one* of the sweetest.'

'Well, well, we won't quarrel over that,' and Hugh laughed gaily, for now his new resolution was taken, he was much happier.

In two days they had made all their arrangements, and with a hearty 'Au revoir' to kind Mrs. Danvers, started on their journey.

In the same garden, under the same trees, where two lovers parted a year ago, sat two girls; we know one of them—Flora Grantly—the other is Alice Vane. With most people Flora's bright beauty completely threw little Alice into the shade. Below medium height, very slim and pale, with hazel eyes and rippling brown hair drawn back from a broad, low forehead, her's was not a face to attract a careless observer; too pale, too cold and quiet, was the world's verdict; but those who loved her, and they were many, thought that Alice Vane's clear, pale face, with its intellectual expression and its truthful eyes, was the sweetest face in the world, and the delicate, rather thin hands, the tenderest and most useful little hands that ever were. Was she quiet? Was she cold? We shall see.

They were seated on a grassy slope leading down to the pretty stream which ran along the end of the garden of Eversford Lodge, the trees and shrubs thick about them.

'Isn't this delightful,' exclaimed Flora, 'just to lie here and do nothing,' and she lay back and stretched her arms. 'Oh, dear, how horrible it must be to have to work and gain one's own living!'

Alice smiled quietly. 'You are fortunate, Flo., in being so placed that work is but a name to you.'

'Yes, indeed, Papa gives me everything I ask for, and as I intend to marry well I need not fear poverty.'

'You did not always think so much of money, Flo.?' questioned Alice.

'Indeed, child, I did, and do, and always shall; what is life without it?'

Alice was silent. 'I see what you are thinking of, but although Hugh Denham was not exactly rich, he was of very good, old English, family, and had expectations. Old country aunts can't live for ever. Poor Hugh, how handsome he was! Dear me, this is the very spot where I parted from him so long ago.'

'*Long* ago, Flo.?'

'Why yes, it is, let me see, a whole year.'

There was silence for a few minutes, and in Alice Vane's thoughtful eyes was a sad far-off look.

'Alice, why don't you speak?' cried Flora, impatiently, 'you never will talk of Hugh.'

'What good can it do to talk of him? Surely it can only distress you needlessly; poor fellow! my dear brother's friend.'

'Ah, well; of course I *did* feel his death awfully; you remember what deep crape I wore for two whole months at least.'

'Yes, I remember,' said quiet Alice.

'But after all, it was a most merciful thing that he *did* die, for you know so many who escaped were terribly injured—most likely disfigured for life. Just think,' with a shudder, 'if Hugh

had returned with a lame leg, a broken arm——'

'Oh, Flo., stop; how can you?' cried Alice, with tremulous lips.

'Stop child, what for?'

'*What for*—why, Flo., what difference could any injury have made, so long as you had *him*, and alive?'

'Difference! You don't suppose I would have taken a lame husband, do you?'

No answer.

'Now, Alice, this all comes of your being so much out of the world. I tell you, your unsophisticated notions are absurd.'

'Absurd they may be; but I know this——' and where was quiet, cold Alice now?—this girl with flashing eyes and face lit up with some feeling beyond control. 'If I loved a man who was as beautiful as Apollo, and he loved me, and were to come to me maimed, broken down, but still *mine*, I would take him, and tend him, and love him till our lives should end,' and clasping her hands passionately, Alice stopped, overcome by the vehemence of her own words.

'Why, you raving little goose!' cried Flo, astonished; 'one would think you had had some such experience yourself, or that you were rehearsing for the stage!'

Alice was calm again now. 'We will not discuss the subject, Flo., for you and I never do agree about these things.'

'No, indeed; but I live in hopes, my dear, that contact with society will rub off all that nonsense of yours, for you certainly never can go through life with such fancies.'

'Can I not? I shall try,' said Alice.

'Well, never mind; we shall see. We must go in now and dress for this evening. Do come and tell me what to wear. Tom Layton is coming; he thinks I look divine in cardinal and écru. Robert Hensley, though—and he's coming too—likes me best in blue, *very* pale blue. Let us go,' and up jumps vain Flora and hastens off to the house,—Alice following more slowly, and they neither of them saw nor heard Hugh Denham, who leaned against a tree, concealed from their view! What a world of contempt was in his face!

'And this vain, shallow butterfly is the woman I thought perfect. The woman of whom I came to ask—*here*, under the very trees where we parted—forgiveness for so long holding aloof from her! What an escape! And she was to have been *my wife*. No, Flora Grantly; never wife of mine. And to think that for this girl's sake I have, all this weary time, kept the dear old man in ignorance that he had still his son; but I will atone to him, God helping me.'

Such were Hugh Denham's thoughts, and can we wonder at them?

That evening Geoffrey Vane came to Captain Denham's cottage. What a sight it was to see Hugh, seated by his beloved father, holding fast his hand; and what a look of pride and peace did the old soldier's face wear!

'Come in, old chum,' cried Hugh, cheerily. 'Come in, I have something to tell you.'

'I think I can guess. I congra—'

'Congratulate me,' interrupted Hugh, 'upon being ready to start with my father, and you and yours, as soon as you like.'

'*What!*' cried Geoffrey Vane, indignantly, 'You cannot mean—she is not—impossible!'

'Impossible, but nevertheless *true*. Come here, Geoff., and sit down, and I will explain. I daresay my father can bear to hear twice over the story of his wise son's mistake?'

'Ah! boy, was I not right. The heartless jilt!' And then Hugh told his friend all he had heard down by the stream in the garden of Eversford Lodge. 'And now,' he exclaimed, 'I feel freer and happier than I have felt for many a long day. Why, Geoff., the scales have so completely fallen from my eyes that I am amazed to think of my former infatuation, amazed to think I never detected a flaw in the

seeming gem. Imagine a man, after marriage, discovering that his wife had a soul like that!'

'Hugh, you are too savage to be thoroughly cured,' said his friend.

'Geoffrey Vane! look at me straight in the eyes, and judge whether I speak truth. I tell you that I loved a beautiful, pure, and high-minded girl, as I believed. I find her now, beautiful still, but where is the purity of heart—the refinement of mind? Not vanished, because they never existed in her; but *my love* has vanished—vanished as completely as though it, too, never had existed! Vanished for ever and for ever—I swear it.'

'There spoke my own true son,' cried the old officer. 'I knew that a Denham could no longer love, when the idol of pure gold had crumbled into mere dross!'

'And now, Geoff., let us talk over our plans. I have told my father all about Chicago, and the work you and I do there—about our projected magazine—and about the pretty cottage for you and your mother and sister—and the "town house" where he will live with me, whilst Mrs. Danvers takes care of us. He knows all; and it only now remains to make final arrangements, and start as soon as possible.'

They spent the rest of the evening in talking over their future life in the great Western City. Hugh had only arrived that morning, having stopped during the journey, whilst Geoffrey Vane came on to prepare Captain Denham for his son's appearance. As Hugh wished to avoid tedious explanations to former acquaintances, it was arranged that he should depart by the early train next morning, and go straight on to Chicago, whilst Geoffrey remained to bring the others, when they were prepared.

By six o'clock next morning, Hugh was away again. Vague rumours were afloat that Hugh Denham had returned, and many were the enquiring visitors at his father's cottage. The old gentleman simply answered 'yes, God be thanked, my son is alive—he was thought to be dead when the list was printed; he has been long ill, and unable to let me know that he lived. He arrived yesterday, but had to leave early this morning.'

Captain Denham was not a man whom people could question very closely, however inquisitive they might be, and so the public had to be satisfied with the small item of news which he chose to give, and no more.

Alice Vane heard of Hugh's flying visit to his father, on her return the next day from her few days' visit to the Grantlys. Her brother did not enter into any particulars, beyond the fact that Hugh was alive, although much changed through the terrible injuries he had received. It was Hugh's wish that no one save his father and Geoffrey Vane should know his reason for leaving without going to see Flora Grantly, when all the town knew they had been engaged formerly. 'No,' he said, 'let the world say what it likes, Flora Grantly knows in her heart (if she has one) that I have fathomed her at last. I will write a few lines to her; but she will never care to mention the letter, I think, to any one.' This was Hugh's letter:

"DEAR MISS GRANTLY,—You will know to-day, that I am alive; it is, therefore, due to you, that I should at once let you know that circumstances have arisen which put our brief engagement at an end. You are at full liberty to give 'Society' any reason you see fit for this my conduct. But your own conscience will not fail to give to *you* the one true and all-sufficient reason when you recollect the words you spoke *under the trees by the stream in your garden* this evening.

"Yours, with every good wish,

"HUGH DENHAM."

And Flora's conscience *did* tell her the 'true and all-sufficient reason;' and she never mentioned his letter to Alice even, who was staying with her;

and thus it happened that until Alice went home, she never heard that Hugh was alive and well, had come home, and was gone. She was surprised that he made no effort to see Flora Grantly, and her pure, truthful nature was too just to overlook such apparent faithlessness. 'He should have gone to see her,' Alice thought; 'he could not know Flo's sentiments, although I do. He must be as heartless as, I fear, Flo. is. They are better apart. I am disappointed in him. He is clever and a good son, and Geoff. thinks him perfection; but he cannot *love*, that is evident;' and so little quiet Alice did Hugh much injustice in her heart.

Flora Grantly went to see Alice a day or two before the latter's departure.

'Well, Alice, I suppose you will see a great deal of Hugh Denham!'

'I suppose so,' answered Alice.

'It was strange his not coming to see me—was it not?' with a keen look at Alice, whose face soon assured her that she was ignorant of the letter which Hugh wrote.

'Yes, Flo., I think it was very strange—and wrong.'

'Wrong! I'm sure I'm very glad he did *not* come. I hear he was quite altered—lame; a broken arm; blue spectacles even!'

Presently, Flora said, with a sigh,

'Poor fellow! I hope he won't miss me much.' The tone said, 'I hope he *will*.' 'Then, after all, it was very considerate of him to keep away.'

'Very,' said Alice.

'And don't you like immensely going to live in that great world of a city, Chicago? I wonder you're not half wild with the idea.'

'I like the idea of living anywhere with Geoff.; and we have not a great many friends here besides you and your kind father.'

'No, that is true; but I shall miss you awfully, dear.'

'And I shall miss you, too, Flo., for you have always been so kind to me.'

Alice had a grateful heart, and Flora really had been very fond of her, in her butterfly fashion. Alice amused her—she was so different from the ordinary young ladies of the place.

A few days later on, and then the Vanes and Captain Denham bade farewell to Canada.

And now we must return to Chicago, to the same street, the same house, the same room in which Hugh Denham and Geoffrey held that memorable conversation which changed the former's plans so completely. Think it not strange, oh reader, that my hero's heart had also undergone such a sudden revulsion of feeling. True as steel himself, he loved truth and purity above all things in woman. His eyes were satisfied with Flora Grantly's beauty; his heart with her fancied truth and freshness of feeling. He now knew his former idol to be something so totally different to all he had seen, that his love fell dead from that hour, killed completely and for ever. He acknowledged that she was still beautiful, and would thus win many hearts, but for him her beauty's spell had lost its potency.

Captain Denham was awaiting his son's return this evening. The old officer was very proud of Hugh's success as a high-class writer. The magazine had met with a most flattering reception, and its young proprietors were working with a will.

Presently Hugh came in, but not the Hugh we last saw. No lameness now; no blue spectacles; no sling, although his left arm was yet very slightly stiff. His face was no longer pale with recent suffering, and he stood there now in all the strength of his manhood, and with a firmness of purpose in his face which was good to see.

'Well, father, tired of waiting?' said Hugh, with a bright smile, and laying his hand affectionately on his father's shoulder.

'Never tired, my boy, waiting for you. Where have you been?'

'Oh, all over the city nearly, to different offices about business. Then I walked out to Geoff's cottage and asked him and his sister to come in this evening. Geoff. and I can talk business, while you and your little favourite play at backgammon.'

'All right, Hugh, let them come, and welcome! That sweet girl is like fresh spring flowers. I never met so pure a nature, but once—your mother, Hugh.'

'Yes,' answered the younger man, gravely, 'I do believe she has a heart of gold. Do you know, too, she has quite a taste for writing; Geoff. showed me some charming little scraps by her. You must not tell her I know of them though, for with all her sweetness, I know I am no favourite with her.'

Later on in the evening, Geoffrey Vane and Alice came.

'Come in, my dear little friend,' cried the old captain. 'Why you have not been to see me for an age.'

'Dear Sir, I could not; mother has not felt so well again lately, and you know I never leave her when she is dull. She feels much better though this evening.'

'Good girl, good daughter. Now run upstairs and take off your hat.'

When she returned he said,

'And now, young lady, it seems that you and I are to join in a tournament at backgammon, whilst our young charges there,' pointing laughingly to Hugh and Geoffrey, 'talk business.'

'I am ready, Sir,' said Alice, cheerfully,—'Which hand?' enclosing a backgammon man in each of her small hands.

'You puss, you know very well that I cannot play at all with black, so that I may as well take white at once.'

Alice laughed, and they commenced their game.

Hugh looked at Alice for one moment. Why was it that she never smiled upon him also—polite she always was—friendly never—and yet he was her brother's dearest friend.

The evening passed off pleasantly and quietly. Then after some refreshment Geoffrey and Alice prepared for their walk home.

'Don't forget to-morrow,' said Geoff. as they turned from the door. 'Come early, and we will make a regular holiday of it—long and lazy.'

'No fear. Father and I can still appreciate a day in the country, although we are such "city folks" now.'

'Come now, don't you laugh at my "country seat," just one mile from town. 'Tis the pleasantest "country seat" I know anywhere,' cried Hugh. Then with mutual 'good nights,' the four separated.

The next day Captain Denham and his son walked out to Geoffrey's pretty cottage. The old soldier seemed to have taken a new lease of his life since his boy returned to him, and walked with all the upright carriage and steady stride of former days.

Geoffrey's cottage, although so short a distance from the busy western city was countrified enough to be miles further away. It had the great advantage of a large garden. Alice loved flowers and understood their culture. She superintended all the garden arrangements, and with the assistance of Old Sandy, who, with his wife Deborah, had been their faithful servant for years, she had made the place really beautiful. Geoffrey left all to her own taste, the whole *ménage* was in her small hands, house and garden, mother and brother. The little verandah was bright with clustering roses and trailing vines, artistically trained over the trellis work around the porch. The rooms were small, and furnished plainly, for Alice, thrifty housekeeper as she was, did not think that Geoff. ought to buy new furniture yet, although he was getting on so well. The plain furniture, however, was arranged with the eye of an artist, a few good pictures hung on the walls—and flowers, flowers in profusion everywhere. One expensive thing there was in their parlour, a fine piano.

Geoff. had insisted upon this gift to his sister. Alice possessed an exquisite voice, which was receiving the very best culture that could be had in Chicago,—that also her brother had insisted on. He himself was a clever amateur, and had a good voice.

Mrs. Vane received her visitors with a warm welcome. She must, in her youth, have been like her daughter. Her husband's sudden death, many years ago, had caused her a terrible shock and long illness, from which she had never entirely recovered, and was always somewhat of an invalid. She and Captain Denham were old friends: he was about the only person to whom she ever spoke of her late husband. They had been brother officers and firm friends always.

The day was lovely—one of those soft, warm June days, when it is a luxury to lie on the grass and drink the sweet breath of the scented flowers—to lie and watch the gorgeous butterflies and lazy bees as they flutter to and fro in the heavy-perfumed air.

It was late in the afternoon, and they were all in the garden—Mrs. Vane and her old friend sat on two comfortable rocking chairs, Alice on the verandah step, whilst Hugh and Geoffrey lay at full length on the grass, with closed eyes.

'Look at those lazy fellows,' said the old captain, with an indulgent smile; 'I do believe they are asleep.'

'Not we, my dear sir,' cried Geoffrey, jumping up with a suspicious alacrity, highly suggestive of recent dreams. 'Here, Hugh, get up—don't you hear your father accusing us of actually going to sleep?'

'Asleep, father,' and Hugh concealed a yawn; 'how can you think us guilty?' Then they both laughed. 'Well, I suppose we had better cry "peccavi," and acknowledge that for the space of five minutes—no more, mind—we were unconscious of the world's din.'

'Five minutes! *One hour*, you rogues.'

'Now, Geoff.' said Alice, with a merry smile, 'if you really *are* awake—just come and help me to prepare for our Arcadian tea—you know we are going to have it out here.'

'May I come, too?' asked Hugh.

'Yes, certainly,' answered the girl, with grave cordiality.

And so the three went to work—and in another half hour tea was ready. Such a pretty tea-table as it was—with its old-fashioned china, cool delicious fruits, and fresh bouquets dotted here and there about the table; and as Alice sat there, pouring out the tea, looking so fair and fresh in her simple white cambric dress, with rose-buds in her rippling hair and at her delicate throat, Hugh thought that she made a picture such as an artist would love to paint.

As the evening wore on, Captain Denham and Mrs. Vane went into the parlour and talked quietly of old times in England and India—whilst the others still lingered about the garden. By and by they came in, too.

'Alice,' said Geoffrey, 'let us have some music before the lamp comes in.'

Alice complied at once; she had no catalogue of refusals (only to be overcome by entreaties), she knew that her music gave pleasure, and she was glad to give it. Hugh sat in a dark corner, from which he could see Alice as she played and sang. Oh! Hugh, Hugh—are you blind? Do you not know even yet that Alice—the pure and refined—has become your idol? Yes—he knew it well enough—had known it now for some months—this evening better than ever. Alice possessed all the characteristics of his ideal woman. Refined and modest—loveable, and with an intellect richly cultivated, she had won Hugh's deepest respect and his truest love—won him so completely that her fair image must dwell for ever in his heart, although he knew his love to be quite hopeless. Alice was always quietly cordial to him—as she would be to

any friend of her brother—but never more than this. The pale face that could glow so warmly in love's defence down in the garden at Eversford—the beaming smile with which she always greeted Geoff.—the child-like love and trust she gave to her mother and his father—all these were not for him. Thus Hugh thought as he listened to the sweet voice that trembled with the passion of the song she sang. Presently, he got up quietly and left the room. The others were absorbed in listening to Alice. He went down to the garden gate and leaned upon it—his head bowed upon his folded arms. The stars were twinkling above him and the moon shone clear—all nature was very still and veiled in loveliness. Alice ceased singing soon, and Hugh could hear the faint hum of conversation. In a few minutes more he heard a footfall behind him, which came to a sudden halt.

'Oh, Mr. Denham, I did not know you were here!'

'I hope I did not startle you, Miss Alice?'

'Only for an instant. I just came out to gather a few roses for your father. I know he likes to have them in his rooms.'

She proceeded to cut some lovely roses and to tie them up.

'Will you give me one?' asked Hugh.

'Certainly—choose whichever you like.'

'*Alice*,' he had never omitted the 'Miss' before, 'will you not give me one yourself?'

Alice hesitated. 'I might give you one you did not care about; you had better choose for yourself.' As she spoke, she held the flowers towards him, and the moon lit up her young face, making her look like some flower-spirit, white and pure. Suddenly there came upon Hugh a great resolve; he gently put aside the roses and said:

'I will not choose, but when I have asked you a question and told you a short story, I will again ask you to give me a rose, and then, if you refuse, I will not ask again.'

'What question can you have to ask me, Mr. Denham?' said Alice, surprised.

'A very simple one. Did you ever wonder what separated me so entirely from Flora Grantly?'

She turned very pale, and her lip trembled, but the answer came, low and distinct.

'Yes; although I do not know why you ask me, I *have* thought it most strange that you never went to her, you, who loved her.'

'You think that? Now I will tell you all that Geoff. and my father already know; but what, at my earnest desire, they have never revealed. Perhaps when you know all, you may look upon me with less dislike.'

'Mr. Denham,' she said faintly, 'you ought to know that I do not dislike you.'

'Nay, you are kind. I am Geoff.'s friend. Now hear me. On a certain evening, not quite a year ago, a man, lame, and altogether much altered through great suffering, made up his mind, after long deliberation, to go to the girl he loved, and ask her whether through absence, and despite the great change in him, her heart remained true. This man went to the very spot where they had parted a year before, to the far end of a lovely garden, beside a running stream, and with trees and shrubs growing thickly around.' Alice started. '*She* was there, but not alone; a young girl friend was with her, so he waited a while, looking down upon them. They could not see him, and they made a fair picture. Presently *she*, his love, spoke. Ah, Alice, you turn from me. Need I repeat all that *I* heard. I was rooted to the spot, spell-bound, amazed! You know all; you know the false, shallow nature which I discovered for the first time, the nature incapable of deep, lasting love, and therefore, incapable of retaining a like love. Alice, I heard *all*, all her wordly and selfish words,

and then *yours*, so noble, pure and loving! She laughed at you, even accusing you of having had "some such experience yourself;" those were her very words. I——'

'Oh! stop, stop,' cried Alice, in a voice of bitter pain, as if wrung from her, and then she dropped her face down upon her clasped hands. Hugh looked at her in some surprise.

'Forgive me, Alice, I have pained you. Yet how? Surely, you cannot, you so young—'

Still the bowed head, and silence, —he bent lower. 'Oh, Alice, forgive me, how could I guess that *you* had loved.'

Then came the faint, broken voice.

'Leave me now, Hugh Denham, now that you know my secret.'

He took away her hands from her face, whilst the poor roses fell scattered at their feet; then tenderly holding those little hands in his own strong ones, he said:

'Alice Vane! look at me. I am your brother's friend—*your* friend, if you will let me be so. Your secret is safe with me; and now I will tell you mine. Hopeless though I know my deep love to be, I must tell you now what I can conceal no longer. I love you, Alice, with a devotion, a strength, of which you little dream. Mine is no boyish flame, to be fanned by beauty and winning ways—but a man's earnest passion—the love of soul for soul. Oh, Alice! my love—my love!' and he wrung her slight hands in his—'to think that such worship as mine is nothing to you!'

Still she spoke not, and Hugh went on more calmly: 'I will not wound you again by speaking of this. Tell me, my child, as—as—your friend, can nothing be done? Surely your young life need not be darkened by a hopeless love?'

Then Alice looked up, and her face seemed glorified with the lovely flush that crimsoned over it.

'Hopeless love! Oh, *Hugh!*' and down dropped her face again. He bent forward eagerly.

'Alice! look up! Quick! Tell me what you mean? I cannot bear suspense!'

Then she raised again her blushing face, Hugh still holding her hands, and said softly:

'Flo. was right—and my "experience" was—*you!*'

'And I—what a blind fool! This treasure in my very path—and I to choose the false tinsel that dazzled my eyes! Can you ever forgive me, my Alice?'

'Hugh! there is no "forgiveness" between you and me. I loved you then. I love you now. I shall love you unto the end—my own! my own!'

And then Hugh took her into his arms and sealed their betrothal with a long passionate kiss of undying love.

. . . . . .

'And now, darling, will you give me a rose?'

And I think that Alice did not refuse him *this time*.

"SAY WHEN EVERY ZEPHYR SIPS."

BY R. MARVIN SEATON.

SAY, when every zephyr sips
Nectar from those dewy lips,
Why should I not share the taste
Of their fragrant sweetness, graced
Richly by the witching play
Thought and sentiment convey,

When their rosy curves beguile
All my heart by beauty's smile?

In this arbour, 'neath the vine,
Where the blossoms intertwine,
Softly falls the radiant light
Of the stars that rule the night;
And the velvet moss's hue
Glitters with the pearly dew.
Wherefore in this sylvan spot,
Peerless maiden, may I not
Woo thee as a lover should,
In this lovely classic wood?
Woo thee to a lover's arms—
Strive to wear the matchless charms,
That a god, himself, to win,
Scarce would deem to steal them sin.

Why may I not warmly press,
Taper fingers that caress
Senseless buds, that scent the air,
Conscious not that hands so fair
Cull, and fondle them, while I
Envious, may vainly sigh
For a single touch like those,
Given to yon poor blushing rose?

Why not watch thy velvet cheek
Flush and kindle, when I speak
Words a lover's fond suspense
Fain would clothe with eloquence?
See thee, on yon flowery bed,
Lowly droop thy sunny head?
Veil thine eyes beneath the fringe,
Sweeping o'er the mantling tinge,
Deep, that tints thy cheek and brow,
When I breathe the whispered vow?

Tell me, did'st thou ever feel
Love's enchantment o'er thee steal,
E'en as I, who, cold as snow,
Dreamed that nought could move me so,
Till thy beauty's witchery
Bound me heart and soul to thee.

Fair and dearest, here beneath
This dew-laden, woody wreath—
Fringed about with bending flowers—
Let us spend the fairy hours.
Dearest, in my warm embrace
Richer hues shall dye thy face;
Eyes of thine, with smiles and tears,
Joys shall own above the spheres!
Here, among the forest trees,
I shall envy not the breeze;
For myself shall taste the lips
Every wandering zephyr sips.
Banished every haunting fear,
Earth shall pass and Heaven draw near!

TORONTO.

NEWFANGLE AND ITS OPINIONS.

BY A NON-RESIDENT OF THE SAME.

'A WOMAN of Newfangle,' if indeed it be a *woman*, of which I have grave doubts, is evidently afraid lest the girls of that prosperous township should *en masse* forsake cheese and butter-making for Greek and Latin grammar. So she comes forward to throw, if possible, a *douche* of cold water on the too ambitious aspirations of her sex after a more thorough education and wider choice of work. Of course, she has a perfect right to do this, an' she please. But it is hardly fair to mix up inextricably, in one lump, all shades of opinion regarding an important movement, in order to throw upon the whole question the odium attaching to the foolish and extreme opinions of some of its most indiscreet supporters, If the cause of Negro Emancipation had had to be judged by the utterances of some of its early friends, it would have been easy to set it down as a silly and fanatical movement, bearing its condemnation on its face. Because some female speaker, with more zeal than discretion, had the misfortune to say, possibly under a momentary excitement, that men were the 'lower and coarser half of humanity,' the movement for the higher education of women is stigmatised at once! But hold! it seems to me that I have heard something like this before, and not from female lips. Does not Robert Burns say somewhere,—

> 'Dame Nature swears the lovely dears
> Her noblest work she classes O,
> *Her prentice han' she tried on man,*
> *And then she made the lasses O!*'

Out upon Robert Burns for such sentiments? But if I am not mistaken, this is by no means the only masculine utterance to the same purport which might easily be cited. Why not mete out to men the same measure as to women, when they so slander 'the more worthy gender?' And, by the way, *à propos* of Scotch poets, I beg to commend to a 'Woman of Newfangle' a Scotch poem of much older date than 'movements' for higher education, in which a ploughman, who thinks his wife's work the easier, proposes to change occupations for one day, an experiment which ends in the stout *gude wife's* triumphant return from a good day's ploughing, to find a husband utterly discomfited by a squalling baby, and a kettle that will not boil. And this also, by the way, is, I think, written by a male, not a female poet.

There are some curious conclusions to which the arguments of a 'Woman of Newfangle' would lead us, logically carried out. One of these is that the physical labour of the world is almost all that is worth counting. It is only the strong-limbed hewers of wood and tillers of the soil who 'make' a new country, and it is they, accordingly, who should guide its destinies. Intellectual and moral influence seem to tell for little here, or I am sure that the stout farmers of Newfangle would admit that, to the quick wits and—dare I say it?—finer tastes of their wives, much of the prosperity and beauty of Newfangle is certainly due. At this rate, it is our stalwart navvies who are our truest workers and rightful legislators, and the value of the 'world's work' is to be measured by its bulk in material production.

This being the case, it is no wonder

that 'A woman of Newfangle' thinks so little of school teaching and school learning. These, she tells us, 'and the capacity to do the work of the world are two totally different things.' Now I certainly had been under the impression that true and faithful teaching was as noble a branch of 'the world's work' as a man or woman could engage in, that our Arnolds and Vaughans, not to speak of our Mary Lyons and Fidelia Fiskes, were as real or noble workers as the world has ever seen—that to develop well-trained and disciplined human minds out of nature's raw material, was at least as important work as producing crops of corn and potatoes, or railways and steamboats. All this is a mistake, it seems. School teaching is *no part* of the world's work! What is it then? Play? or laborious trifling?

Furthermore, we are told that neither school nor university teaching will ever make 'clever or distinguished men and women;' therefore it can matter but little to women whether they have it or not. And, further, that the women of Newfangle write and speak so extraordinarily well already, that they have no need of higher education at all! This is very satisfactory, yet possibly, well as they do write and speak, some of them may think that a more rigorous mental discipline would have enabled them to do still better. Might not even 'a woman of Newfangle' have been the better of a little of the 'logic chopping' exercise which she actually vouchsafes to recommend to her sisters? For, if thorough education can do so little for women, it cannot be expected to do more for men. And, of course, all the advocates of higher education generally are quite mistaken in supposing that its advancement tends to the advancement of humanity. President Angell, of Michigan College, must have been terribly mistaken when he said the other day: 'One of the highest ends of society is to help men to make the most of themselves. Is it too much to say that the infant, born into a civilized and Christian society, has a right to claim something more than a bare possibility—has a right to claim a tolerable probability of such moral and intellectual surroundings as shall make education and character accessible to him, if he has a fair amount of talent, self-denial, and energy?' After admitting that exceptional genius may, by indomitable energy, enable its possessor to attain a lofty height, he goes on to say: 'But would it not be a blessed act; would it not be a just and wise and righteous act, to relieve him of so much of the struggle as is not needful for the discipline of his soul, and to secure to him as well as to society, years of his most fruitful work—to smooth the way from the cradle of talent in the humblest log hut to the halls of the highest learning! In justice, then, to the true spirit of learning, to the best interests of society, to the historic life of this state, let us now hold wide open the gates of this University to all our sons and daughters, rich or poor, whom God, by gifts of intellect and by kindly providences has called to seek for a liberal education.'

Newfangle must be somewhat behind the age in its knowledge of what is going on in the neighbouring republic, to judge by the triumphant way in which we are asked whether women there have of late years distinguished themselves more than formerly. We are informed, it is true, that there is in New York a Woman's Hospital, managed by ladies, which has neither a single female surgeon nor a female student; and so, 'in short, comparatively,' the movement for female education 'has come to nothing.' The writer does not seem to be aware that there are other institutions and other hospitals where there are female physicians and female students; that for instance, at the magnificent Vassar College, the medical attendant in charge of several hundred girls from the cream of American society, is a

woman. Also that numbers of female medical missionaries have gone out to fulfil one of the noblest of missions in ministering to their suffering sisters, hitherto almost absolutely deprived, in their sorest need, of medical aid and tendance. All honour to the medical graduates of America, that so many of them are willing to carry their services where they are most urgently needed! Would such women, with such gifts, really have been better employed in staying at home, dividing their time between crochet work and afternoon calls, or even engaged in the praiseworthy occupation of making butter and cheese at Newfangle? If not, then why seek to depreciate a movement that has already borne such fruit for suffering humanity, and will yet bear more!

But let me ask, in turn, a few questions, and state a few facts. Fifty years ago, how many female writers were there, of any repute, in the United States? To-day, the first magazine you take up has probably feminine names appended to about half of its articles, poems, and stories,—and not the worse half either. Fifty years ago, how many female artists were there? To-day how many exhibit regularly in its exhibitions, and live by the work of their pencils and brushes? Fifty years ago, how many female missionaries or missionary organizations were there? To-day there are at least a dozen Women's Boards of Missions—with female missionaries—many of them medical, in every part of the world. Fifty years ago, how many high-class female teachers were there in the Republic? To-day, besides furnishing a very large proportion of efficient common school teachers, highly cultivated women fill nearly all the professorial chairs in the ladies' colleges, with much credit to themselves and benefit to their pupils. Where so many excel it is almost invidious to single out any for special notice, yet one can hardly help referring to the name of Professor Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College, as standing deservedly high among American astronomers. Fifty years ago, how far did woman's influence tell *directly* in works of charity, of educational and social reform? To-day such female organizations are numberless, and their praise is in all the land. We should come to some strange conclusions if we were to judge even our own social life by the 'vulgar paragraphs' of some newspaper writers, whose aim in life is to be 'smart,' and to throw the slime of their coarse burlesque over the most sacred phases of life—in George Eliot's pithy phrase—to 'debase the moral currency.' But if we judge by a worthier and more rational standard—the language of high class periodicals and responsible writers—there is no room for doubt that the intellectual status of women and their estimation by men, is immeasurably higher than it was fifty years ago. And there is no country in the world in which more outward respect is paid to women, on the score of their womanhood, than these same United States to-day! *That* was an unfortunate reference from our friend from Newfangle! For if this is any test of the value of the movement, there could hardly be a more satisfactory one.

In the latest number of a leading American weekly of the highest class, which I happened to take up after reading the paper from Newfangle, I find the following:—'Boston is about to try, in a limited way, the experiment of woman suffrage, and it is estimated in the newspapers that the number of women who will probably avail themselves of the right to vote for the School Committee in that city, will not fall much short of 3,000. This is, we believe, the first instance of a social recognition from women, in the first rank of society, of the desirability of woman suffrage in this country, and we herald it as a presage of a coming time when the indifference of women to national affairs will no longer interpose what is now the

only impediment to their participation in the political guidance and control of the country. 'And this comes from no rash female platform speaker,' but from one of the most thoughtful and sober-minded male editors in America, who knows whereof he writes. And this is only one of many such 'straws' with which this brief paper might be 'packed,' did space permit.

And if poetry is not ruled out, here is the silver-tongued American Quaker-poet's estimate of the influence of the cultured womanhood of his country:—

'Her presence lends its warmth and light
To all who come before it.
If woman lost us Eden, such
As she alone, restores it.

'For larger life and wiser aims
The former is her debtor;
Who holds to his another's heart
Must needs be worse or better.

'Through her his civic service shows
A purer-toned ambition;
No double consciousness divides
The man and politician.

'In Party's doubtful ways he trusts
Her instincts to determine:
At the loud polls, the thought of her
Recalls Christ's Mountain Sermon.

'He owns her logic of the heart
And wisdom of unreason;
Supplying, while he doubts and weighs,
The needed word in season.'

Another of the logical conclusions of our Newfangle friend is, that since there is admitted mental *difference* between the sexes, *therefore*—'*so that*'—(sic) 'if women were given a half-share in the direction of public affairs, the sum of mental strength brought to bear upon them would be diminished by that *difference*, be it less or more.' Now, in the first place, I don't know who has ever dreamed of women taking 'a half-share in the direction of public affairs,' which would be simply impossible, even if we had universal woman-suffrage, instead of the very moderate demand that female-holders of taxed property, who manage their own affairs, should not be *disfranchised* on the ground of *sex*. And in the next place, I had been led to imagine that certain differences, particularly sex differences, were *complementary*, and that the combination of complementary differences *increased* the strength of the whole, instead of subtracting from it. This doctrine, however, is evidently not believed in Newfangle.

Furthermore, Newfangle, it is evident, is a sort of Arcadia. The men are all honest, all chivalrous. Tricks of trade, underpaying, over-reaching, are unheard of there. But the world outside of Arcadia is not as happy, else what means the perpetual outcry that, in a sense different from the poets', 'things are not what they seem, that there is hardly anything we eat, drink, or wear, that is not adulterated or made to represent something else than what it is;—why the complaints as to the rottenness of our commercial fabric, with its frequent insolvencies, and the rarity of thorough honesty in either business or politics? That where men will cheat *men*, they will be more ready to cheat *women*, as more helpless, is simply human nature, for there are a good many things that are *natural* which it is desirable to modify or repress. Here, however, is a statement of simple *facts*:

'During the last year the Working Women's Protection Union of New York, one of whose objects it is to provide gratuitous legal services for women defrauded by their employers, has recovered no less an amount than $21,000 for 6,500 women, and that without any expense to the claimants, who range from the servant to the teacher. How much suffering the lack of this $21,000 might have caused, we may best realize by remembering that few indeed of the women who work have not helpless relatives depending upon them.' Of course, this sum is not to be wholly set down to masculine injustice, for women are too often shamefully thoughtless and unjust in their dealings with their own sex. But the greater proportion may be fairly set down to the want of consideration which men in general show too plainly

in their pecuniary transactions with women.

It is a sad sign of how far we are yet removed from the golden age when the weak are obliged to band themselves together to resist the oppression of the strong! Yet so it is—out of Arcadia! Chivalry, therefore, does *not* impose on the principle of self-interest a check sufficient to compel fair dealing from the strong to the weak, in the ordinary affairs of life; for the said $21,000 in New York alone must represent a very small fraction of such uncollected debts. I could myself give a number of flagrant instances of this kind from my own personal knowledge. We are reminded of certain heroic acts of men who have gone down on sinking ships that helpless women might be saved. To such, all honour! Let us thank God for every such hero; for every life given for fellow-man or sister-woman. But men are not all heroes yet! We have at one and the same time in the British army the brave man who spiked the guns at Isandula, and the lieutenant who ran away, leaving the poor Prince Imperial to his fate. We have had, even in our Canada, the reverse side of the medal; cases in which helpless women have been left to go down, while strong men monopolised the means of escape. As life goes, it is evident that women need to learn to help themselves instead of depending on the *chivalry* of men to help them, or even to give them fair play.

In Newfangle, it appears, women are never paid less than men for the same work. Arcadia again! But the rest of the world is not so much favoured. Work, we are told, 'will always fetch what it is worth.' Is it not the vexed question between capital and labour just now that work does *not* always fetch what it is worth—that employers take advantage of the necessities of the employed to make fortunes out of the work which affords to the actual producer the barest pittance? Is it not contended that there should be some juster standard of the value of work than the straits of those who will accept under-payment just because they must do so—or starve? Will any one pretend that the Golden Rule is, *as a rule*, observed by employers of labour? And it is just this which causes the under-payment of women. As their range of choice is more limited, employers know that they can get them to do the *same work for less money*, and they take advantage of this knowledge. *Natural* again, but hardly desirable or just! Some years ago, a telegraph company in England was praised for a stroke of economy in securing female instead of male operators, because they got them *to do the same work* at about a third of the price. It is notorious that female teachers frequently receive about half the salary for *precisely the same work* as is done by male teachers, the lady in not a few cases doing it more efficiently, and that country schools are often anxious, for this very reason, to secure female instead of male teachers. As to under-payment in other departments—here are *facts* again, well authenticated—which appeared in a leading American Magazine:—

'A lady is employed at the Post Office Department in Washington in translating foreign letters in three different languages. She is paid $900 a year. Her work is arduous as well as skilled, and often detains her till long after office hours. The man who *copies* the letters which she translates, receives $1,800 a year. We are not sure that even suffrage might remedy this particular inequality; perhaps if she had a vote to sell she might receive the other $900. At one time in our life we were actively engaged in the work of providing schools and teachers for the freed men of the South. It was a part of the burthen of that work that we were obliged to pay men $1,000 and $1.200 for work no greater and no better done than that for which we paid women $800 and $600. We were administering others' funds and were

bound to hire in the cheapest market. There were some districts where we dared not send a lady principal. Our soul revolted against the inequality. This inequality is so common as to be almost universal.

'A lady carried a very exquisite set of original illustrations to a publisher in answer to a notification that he wanted something of the kind for a book about to be brought out. They were refused curtly and scarcely noticed. She gave them to a gentleman friend, who presented them as his own work in his own name. They were immediately accepted, with high commendations. Another instance is reported equally authentic. A lady decorated a cabinet with great labour and infinite originality of design. It was a very extraordinary and beautiful piece of work, in imitation of old Venetian inlaid work and mosaic. It attracted little attention, and after a while she sold it for a mere trifle. Nearly a year passed. A wonderful piece of work was advertised to be seen at a prominent shop in the city—a friend came and asked the lady to go, knowing her interest in such things. She went with the admiring crowd, and behold it was her own work, but no sign of her name, but the value set upon it was enormous.'

This preposterous system of sex-protection—the protection of the stronger against the weaker—must of course gradually give way before a growing sense of its injustice. But the women who have least cause to feel its oppression themselves are just the women who could do the most, by their social influence, to redress the wrongs of others in this particular, by showing their appreciation for the work of their own sex, and their sincere respect for the women who prefer an honourable self-maintenance to a helpless dependance on relatives or to a mercenary marriage.

There are certain other advantages peculiar to the Township of Newfangle, one of which is that every 'Bella' has a faithful and devoted 'Jack' pining to endow her with his '$8,000 or $9,000,' the *right* Jack, too, to whom she can give her heart as well as her hand. They have evidently no *poor* Jacks there—Jacks with small or precarious incomes, on which they dare not dream of marrying fashionable young ladies brought up to depend on others for the supply of a hundred artificial needs. Neither have they, possibly, any fashionable young ladies or artificial needs. The case there is *tout simple*. Bella marries her devoted Jack, looks after her dairy and her children, and has neither thought nor need for thought about anything else. Women are never left widows there, with young families to rear and educate on the work of their own hands. And they have evidently never heard of 'superfluous women'—women, in the course of Providence, left to depend on their own exertions to earn their daily bread, unless, indeed, they will accept the alternative of a loveless and mercenary marriage; or bank failures, or insolvencies, or sudden deaths, leaving helpless girls, all unprepared, to the weary struggle for subsistence of which they had never thought; or of women who, though they may not need to earn a livelihood, desire interests in life somewhat higher than crewel-work or lap-dogs. Yet since these classes abound in the outside world, why should not their needs be considered? Why should women of the first class be driven, for lack of the needful education, to such callings as combine the maximum of drudgery with the minimum of pay? Why should they not have, like their brothers, every facility for achieving an honourable independence in the line best suited to whatever capacities God has given them? And why should not women of the last class be encouraged to the nobler pursuits which would be a well-spring of healthful and happy interest, raising them above the follies and affectations which men are so ready to hold up to a just ridi-

cule? 'A woman of Newfangle' is afraid that the consequences of furnishing women with higher interests must be 'mischievous and disastrous.' I can see no ground for her fears. The world is not so easily thrown off its balance. The sweet sanctities of love and home will endure so long as the world standeth. No woman is ever likely to refuse the marriage to which her heart inclines through over anxiety to engage in a professional career; though she may be spared the temptation to come to the altar with a lie on her lips, because she shrinks from the struggle of self-maintenance, for which she is so ill-equipped. And certainly married women are not, as a rule, likely to enter upon such careers, though there are cases in which they are forced to do it, and do it heroically, too, in order to support an unsuccessful, or an invalid, husband and a young family. But the difficulties and drawbacks are so many for women, even with equal natural powers—that only the exceptionally circumstanced and the exceptionally gifted are ever likely to become 'professional' women. But why such should not be encouraged to do, in a womanly way, whatever thing God has given them the capacity for doing, it is not easy to see.

Grace Darling, by the way, was not such a *rara avis* among women as they seem to think at Newfangle. I observe in the last foreign news the death of a Shetland heroine of the same type, who had done similarly heroic deeds. There have been not a few such humble heroines among women of seafaring communities, where circumstances and training have developed a strong female physique. I think I have heard of such women frequently carrying their husbands through the surf to their boats, that they might start dry on a fishing-voyage. Grace Darling was by no means unlike many of her sisters in the self-forgetfulness which gave her nerve for her exploit, though, owing to her physical training, she could pull a better oar than either young men or young women whose sole idea of exercise lies in 'taking a walk.'

'A woman of Newfangle' admits that the higher woman's position in the world becomes the better for man —'the more they add to the world's stores the better for man; the more they share his work the better for him'—and even, which I, for one, would be inclined to question, 'that the more they relieve him of his responsibilities the better for him.' If these things are so, why, oh, dear friend of Newfangle, should you seek, in any degree to damp the enthusiasm of those who may be seeking this very end, which you admit to be good? Even if you think the enthusiasm excessive, remember that enthusiasm is a precious thing in a cold and cynical age, that no great deed was ever done without it, and that we need a surplus reserve force to start with, in order to meet the discouragements which attend all attempts at upward progress. With your own admission in view—for the sake of humanity, no less than of womanhood—you are bound to encourage the choice of the nobler and healthful pursuits over the trivial, the frivolous, and the hurtful, and to lay no stone of stumbling in the path of any human being, male or female, who shall seek to make the most of whatever abilities a wise Providence has bestowed, with the intention, surely, that they should be well and wisely used. As you say, there is no need for a wrangle about the matter. As it takes both men and women to make a world, so it takes both to do the world's work. Let both have full opportunity to do all they *can* and *will*, and the more efficient workers that both can supply, the better, surely, will it be for each, and for the world at large.'

PAPERS BY A BYSTANDER

No. 4.

TO the reader of history nothing can seem stranger than the use of titles of chivalry as the prizes of aldermanic or colonial ambition. Chivalry contributed a permanent as well as an ennobling and refining element to human character. But the institution itself belongs, with all its associations, to a remote and irrevocable past. If we had heard that Mr. Cartwright, as a tribute to financial eminence, and a number of other gentlemen in acknowledgment of their high position, had been solemnly invested by the representative of Her Majesty with one of those tails which the Evolutionists tell us adorned the bodies of our primeval ancestors, the announcement would scarcely have seemed to us funnier than that of their reception into the knightly fraternity of St. Michael and St. George.

The very conjunction of the names, St. Michael and St. George, carries our minds back into the night of the fabling middle ages. St. Michael, the overthrower of the Dragon, was the chief of the chivalry of heaven, while the mediæval mythology, mingling perhaps in this case, as it did in many other cases, with the mythology of paganism, made him also the patron deity of hill tops and peaks, such as the remarkable mounts which bear his name on the coasts of Normandy and Cornwall. St. George was the chief of the chivalry of earth; and a very earthly chief he was, supposing Gibbon to be right in identifying him with the infamous George of Cappadocia. If he was not that worthy, transmuted by the wonder-working influences of religious party, and subsequently by the wild play of crusading fancy into a military saint, nobody can tell who he was. Roman Catholic hagiology is compelled to say that his saintly deeds are better known to Heaven than to man. He belongs, at any rate, emphatically to mediæval fable. It is to be hoped that Sir Richard Cartwright duly pays his orisons to his two patron saints, and that he will never forget to invoke them before he lays his lance in rest to tilt at Sir L. Tilley's budget. George of Cappadocia, in truth, was, after his fashion, rather distinguished in finance.

In the mist of the early Middle Ages it is impossible to trace the exact history of institutions. The growth of feudalism itself is matter less of record than of conjecture. There can, however, be little doubt as to the origin of knighthood. In all military tribes, such as were those of the Celts and Germans, the youth, on arriving at manhood, was received into the fraternity of the warriors with some special rites and after a certain novitiate. Feudalism fastened upon this custom, and, in accordance with its general tendencies, transferred the power of initiating from the tribe to the lord. The Church also laid her hand on it, invested it with a religious character, and made it a dedication of the young warrior's prowess to the service of religion, the redress of wrong and the relief of the oppressed; thereby consecrating and tempering that military spirit, the excess of which was the source of barbarism; as she did, in the same age, by the institution of the Truce of God. But knighthood still remained an initiation into a warrior's life, and a sort of military baptism,

or rather the taking of a Christian soldier's vow; a thing as far removed as possible in its nature from the piece of tinsel which is nowadays bestowed by ministers, laughing in their sleeves, on elderly and often gouty aspirants to social rank.

'The ceremony of admission to knighthood,' says M. Martin, 'was grave and austere. On the eve of the day of admission the young squire took a bath in sign of purification; then he was dressed in a white tunic, a crimson mantle and a black surcoat, symbolical colours, which indicated that he was pledged to lead a life of chastity, to shed his blood for the faith, and to have always present to his mind the thought of death. The candidate fasted till the evening, and spent the night in prayer in a church or in the castle chapel; then, in the morning, he cleansed his soul by confession, as he had purified his body by the bath, heard mass, and presented himself at the holy table. The mass ended, the candidate knelt before the sponsor who was to confer the order on him, and who briefly recalled to him the duties of the warrior, "Every knight is bound to keep the law of honour (*droiture et loyauté*), he is bound to protect the poor, that the rich may not oppress them, and to succour the weak that the powerful may do them no despite. He is bound to keep himself clear of all treason and injustice. He is bound to fast every Friday, hear mass every day, and make an offering at it if he has the wherewithal. It is the duty of knights to keep faith inviolably with everyone, but above all with their companions in arms, to love each other, to honour each other, and assist each other on every occasion" [as do Sir Richard Cartwright and Sir Charles Tupper]. The candidate took the oath; then were brought to him all the pieces of armour which he was about to receive the right of wearing; when he had been clad with the coat of mail, girt with the sword, and had the golden spurs bound upon his feet, his sponsor in chivalry gave him a blow on the cheek (by way of fixing the event in his memory) and three strokes with the flat of his sword on the neck, and said, "In the name of God, of St. Michael (or St. Michael and St. George) and of Our Lady, I dub thee knight." The bells sent forth a merry peal, the church rang with the sound of the trumpets; a helmet was brought to the young knight, and a war-horse was led up to him; he put spurs to his charger, and making his lance glitter in the sun and brandishing his sword, he traversed at full speed the courts of the castle and the green meadows which stretched beneath its ramparts, while the shouts of the people hailed his admission into the brotherhood of chivalry.'

Time does wonders in the way of transformation. It has converted the name of the high priest of Roman Paganism into that of the pretended head of the Christian Church; it has degraded the title of the chief military officer of a feudal kingdom into that of the village constable. But it has never performed a stranger piece of legerdemain than in putting into the place of the young and warlike candidate for knighthood, the ceremony of whose admission we have just seen described, a pursy and wheezy old gentleman who with difficulty kneels down to receive the ironical accolade, and rising with still greater difficulty, hobbles home, tripped up at every other step by the sword between his legs, to tell his wife that she is My Lady.

It is of course possible to trace the gradual transition. A change in the character of knighthood was taking place during the decadence of the Middle Ages, when the Garter, the French Order of the Star, the Golden Fleece, and other Court orders were founded. To this period mainly belong the fantastical and Quixotic extravagances which have exposed chivalry to merited ridicule; for chivalry

in the period of the Crusades was at least serious, and had a real and important work to do in the world. It is in the French wars of Edward III. that we find a number of young candidates for knightly honours setting out on the campaign with a bandage over one eye, in fulfilment of a vow not to see with both eyes till they had performed some feat of arms in honour of their mistresses. The companions of John the Second's Order of the Star they were who were bound by the Statutes of the Order never to fall back more than a certain distance in battle—a regulation which exposed them to extermination by soldiers of a more practical stamp at Poictiers. No Templar or Hospitaller, no knight of that age, would have been guilty of any such nonsense.

Still the Garter was a real order of knighthood. Entrance into it was obtained by feats of military prowess, and among the original members were soldiers of fortune who had no title to admission but their valour. Nesle Loring, for example, was a young squire, apparently of low degree, who had distinguished himself at the battle of Sluys. The head of the order, Edward III., was himself not a lay figure draped with ineffable millinery, but, of all the gallant and adventurous brotherhood of knights which he had formed, the foremost in war except his renowned son. The companions of the Round Table at Windsor, the heroes of Crecy and Poictiers are now represented by a train of elderly gentlemen, selected mostly on account of their birth and their acres, arrayed, on high occasions, not in helmets and hauberks, but in purple velvet cloaks and white satin tights, and who, if set in battle array upon the field of glory would hardly be able to stand against the charge of a stout fish-wife An old peer is said to have avowed that his motive for craving for the Garter was that it was now the only thing in England that was not given by merit. If the illustrious dead could hear, the explanation would have been gratifying to the Black Prince.

We were told the other day that a new Knight of the Garter was wearing with peculiar pride the star resplendent with priceless jewels which had once adorned the breast of the Marquis of Steyne—to call him by the name which he bears in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. Resplendent with diamonds and emeralds that star might be, but the jewels of chivalric honour, purity, and generosity, were not there. The notorious Marquis was through his whole life a cold and calculating debauchee. Though enormously rich, he had begun, even as a youth at College, to fleece his friends at play; he kept up that chivalrous practice through the rest of his noble and beneficent life; and he was even the reputed owner of more than one gambling house. Woman, whom the Knight of old was specially bound to honour and protect, was to the Marquis simply an instrument of lust, lust which in him was as coarse and unbridled as in a beast of the field, and which actually polluted his dying hour. A scandalous lawsuit after his decease, caused by the alleged misappropriations of a valet who had been the minister of his pleasures, opened a scene which filled even voluptuaries with disgust. Hatred faintly describes the sentiment with which this heartless sybarite in his latter days inspired all but the vile parasites and concubines around him, and probably even them. He was, in short, a most worthy member of that circle of chivalry, of which his master and boon companion George IV. was the chief. But his star, as we have said, is exultingly worn by a successor in the knightly brotherhood of the Garter.

How much good chivalry did for humanity it is hard to say, because we really know but little about the state of society in the early Middle Ages, especially about the state of those classes which were most liable to op-

pression, and stood most in need of protecting influence. But that it did good can hardly be doubted. It at all events gave birth to an ideal of character greatly superior not only to that of warlike barbarism, but to that of military antiquity; and if within the pale of Christendom its operation, as an elevating and humanizing influence, was mainly confined to the members of a privileged class, and altogether narrow and imperfect, it saved by its devoted valour all Christendom, and civilization at the same time, from the conquering hosts of Islam with slavery, polygamy, concubinage, fatalism, and despotism in their train. No one can look upon the sepulchral effigies of its religious warriors without paying them, across the estranging gulf of centuries, the homage of the heart. Its spirit has gone forth into the noble enterprise, the self-sacrificing beneficence, the gentle courtesy, the pure affection of modern life. Its dead forms are degraded to the uses of a social vanity which profanes the memory of Sir Galahad and Bayard.

Between social rank and official rank there is all the difference in the world. Social rank is a gratification of vanity in the particularly bad form of exclusiveness. It is an object of natural ambition to the vulgar wealth of which—mingled like tares with much commercial eminence of the nobler kind—there has recently been a rank growth in England, and which is to a great extent the parent of Jingoism as well as of this increased craving for titles and tinsel of every description. It is the great bribe which political corruption now has to hold out to millionaires of the grosser sort, who, with all their wealth, are uneasy about their social position in an aristocratic community. It is also the natural object of adoration to the shoddy class of Americans, who are too justly said to outvie in demeanour, when they get into the presence of European rank, all their rival devotees in Europe. In this sense the love of titles is, as special pretenders to practical wisdom are always telling us, part of human nature, like any other mean tendency, on which intriguing politicians may play but which it is the mission of advancing morality to banish. Otherwise social rank supported by titles is purely artificial and may be said to be even of modern growth; for the fiefs from which the titles of territorial nobility are derived were in early times held by a tenure of military and political duty; while knighthood as we have seen was not a title but a vow, and moreover tended rather to equality than to aristocratic exclusiveness, since it placed the landless soldier on a level, as one of a brotherhood in arms, with the lord of a principality and even with a king. Official rank, on the other hand, is natural, genuine, and, if confined within proper limits, wholesome. It is the robe with which the right feeling of the community invests the holders of lawful authority, raised to that trust on account of real qualities and, therefore, reasonable objects of a respect which elevates instead of degrading those who pay it, while it is compatible with a complete absence of personal assumption and with perfect simplicity of life on the part of those to whom it is paid. We could bear a good deal more of this sentiment in these democratic communities of ours, though it will be difficult to commend the lesson to the minds of the people till the false and titular kind of rank has taken itself fairly out of the way. We could bear, too, a good deal more of reasonable ceremony and state, which are as different from etiquette, with its presentation postures, cocked hats, low-necked dresses, and anti-buggy proclamations, as sense can be from the most despicable nonsense. Ceremony, which is truly emblematic and impressive, is the stately vesture of high authority and momentous action: etiquette is childish frippery, which only ceases to be laughable when it is made the noxious instrument of political in-

trigue. It is perfectly true, and a truth always to be borne in mind by statesmen, that, in politics as in other departments of life, the imagination has its claims as well as the reason, and that while the one is convinced the other requires to be impressed. But divorce imagination from reason and you will have an abrupt combination of the merely ornamental with the wholly unadorned; you will have the same sort of spectacle which greeted the eyes of Captain Cook when, having presented an influential South Sea Islander with a laced coat and cocked hat, he found him standing proudly at the right hand of royalty in those splendid habiliments and those alone; you will have masters of etiquette regulating a 'delightfully exclusive' reception in the Court of Ottawa, while rowdyism reigns in the legislative halls. An Englishman at a ball given by the Governor of an Australian colony trod on a court lady's magnificent train: the aristocratic dame turned sharply round and gave him a broadside of Seven Dials.

It has been already admitted that owing principally to the late growth of commercial wealth in England a backstream is running there in favour of social titles. The main current however manifestly sets the other way. It is quite understood now that none of the leaders of intellect will take a title or could do it without exposing themselves to ridicule and real loss of position. If the same thing cannot be said of all leaders of commerce of the nobler stamp, it must be remembered that these men not only have baronetcies constantly pressed upon them by the policy of the aristocracy, seconded often by the influence of their wives, but are frequently placed in situations as Mayors of cities or entertainers of royalty, in which it is hardly possible without positive offence to refuse the proffered title. Still it was generally felt that Titus Salt had lowered, not raised himself, by his acceptance of a baronetcy. A peerage confers not only social rank but a seat in the Upper House of Parliament, and it is accepted on the political ground by men who would not accept it on the social ground, and who do all they can to show you that they do not wish socially to assume an artificial rank. Brougham continued to sign himself 'Henry Brougham;' and he, Macaulay, and other Peers of intellect have retained their own names and refused the mock territorial title which vulgar vanity specially affects. Sir Robert Peel, though he had led the aristocratic party all his life, not only declined a peerage himself but by his will expressly enjoined his son not to take one for any services which he had himself rendered. Nobody blames an ordinary man for accepting or even coveting the current prizes of his time whatever they may be. Nobody blames an ordinary Frenchman of the period of Louis XIV. for eagerly seeking the honour of lighting the great King to bed, of handing him his shirt or his towel. Nobody blames an ordinary Siamese for wanting to have the privilege of attending the white elephant. But these are not the leading shoots of humanity.

The fruits of the recent policy in Canada can hardly be more satisfactory to its authors than the fruits of the same policy elsewhere. The Princess and her husband have been as well received as possible by Canadians of all classes, parties, and opinions. They have been the objects not merely of that natural and blameless curiosity which is inspired by the coming of any personage of mark, but of the most cordial good feeling and the warmest hospitality. In this point of view the appointment has been a perfect success. But the attempt to introduce etiquette into the colony has decidedly miscarried. Nor has the attempt to inoculate us with the colonial form of aristocracy by the recent creation of a great batch of knights had much better success. There has been a good deal of popular

levity on the occasion, and no feeling of interest so far as we have seen more intense or homefelt than that which might be excited by any curious social occurrence, or even by the arrival of a new show. We see that, in the *Globe*, Mr. Cartwright's house has become Sir Richard Cartwright's 'seat,' but we have observed no other symptom of exaltation. There appear to have been some refusals on the part of men whose special business it is to study the currents of public opinion. In one quarter there seems to have been a still more significant struggle, which led for the first time perhaps in official history, to the contradiction of an announcement in the London *Gazette*. Pitt intended to give Canada an hereditary peerage as well as an order of knights; but the Upas Tree was never planted and the shrub seems unlikely to take root. Canada apparently has rejected social rank, and prefers the spontaneous recognition of social merit.

On the other hand there seems to be considerable danger of our being invaded in force by another intruder resembling social rank only in its pedigree. For the vast and most pestilential system of gambling, miscalled 'sport,' which is the curse of England, and which the Second Empire characteristically laboured to introduce as an instrument of social corruption into France, has its origin mainly in the *ennui* of an idle aristocracy, while it is invested with a false dignity, and its real character is masked to the eyes of the many by the halo of aristocratic association.

It is very right to encourage bracing exercises and liberal amusements, not only for the pleasure they give, but because they are essential to the health of body and mind, schools in their way of a generous character, and, after duty and affection, the best antidotes to vice; and if, in practice, this truth has of late assumed a somewhat extravagant prominence, the excess is in some measure the Nemesis of past neglect. For the same reasons it is desirable to discourage everything which tends to convert a manly exercise or a liberal amusement into a trade, or, what is still worse, into an excuse for gambling. In England, things have come to such a pass that before a great horse-race, boat-race, or running match, the country becomes a vast gambling hell. Betting places are opened, not only on the scene of the race, but in every tavern through the country: the public journals are filled with 'sporting intelligence,' penned in the lingo of the blacklegs, and with the predictions of a set of charlatans who make money by acting as the soothsayers of this excited and credulous world of vice. Even respectable editors, who personally loathe the whole system and in private tell you that they do, are compelled to yield to the fashion and to pay the best tribute in their power to public morality and the character of their calling by keeping the sporting intelligence within comparatively moderate bounds. We speak from personal observation in saying that people who never saw a race will bet on races at taverns till they lose everything they had, and are driven to dishonest courses to pay what grooms and footmen have learned to call their debts of honour. Such a retinue does 'Sport' bring after it that the pastor of a great parish near one of the race-courses gave up his charge and his benefice in absolute despair. A large portion of the people, of course, is still exempt from the contagion; but the fatal circle is always widening, and thousands are ruined, while tens of thousands are demoralized every year. One liberal amusement after another is drawn into the vortex of pollution. Twenty or thirty years ago rowing was pure; the professional element was still kept entirely in the background; nor was there any betting that could deserve the name of gambling. Cricket holds out best, chiefly because the profes-

sionals have less ascendancy over it than over other sports; partly, perhaps, because it is not easy for one of a team of eleven to sell a match. Horse-racing must always have had a professional, and, therefore, a bad and degrading element in it. What it has now become, every Englishman can tell you. The writer of this paper was once in company with a number of old racing men, who were deploring the degeneracy of the Turf. He hazarded the ignorant remark that the depravity could not be universal, naming a nobleman of the highest social and political position who was on the Turf, as one who could not possibly be suspected of legging. The answer was: 'That shows you are not on the Turf;' and the implied imputation was at once supported by a circumstantial account of a particular act which had been brought under the notice of the sporting world.

We have the happiness of possessing certain public instructors so strictly orthodox that they hasten as guardians of the imperilled faith to crush in the bud a conscientious doubt as to the doctrine of Eternal Torment, so eminently Christian that they denounce as a crime the introduction to the Toronto platform of the pure minded and reverent Emerson. It is beautiful to see these teachers and, we might say, pastors of the community, making a little capital out of the popular fancy of the hour by deriding unsportsmanlike fears on the subject of betting on races and telling us that man is a betting animal, whose propensities, if not indulged in the betting ring, will find indulgence in worse ways. We shall not pretend to be more moral than those whose daily writings are our best exemplification of morality in its highest as well as in its most winning form. But we will venture to say that, if gambling is dangerous at all, it is a great mistake to suppose that gambling in connection with sports is less dangerous either to the man or to the community than gambling with cards or dice. The reverse is really the case. Gambling in connection with a sport is, in the first place, more seductive. It presents itself as the accompaniment of something fine, generous, and highly, perhaps too highly, esteemed by a world which abhors the dice box. It tempts more insidiously to dishonour. A man cannot take to cheating at cards or using loaded dice without knowing distinctly what he is doing, and fairly confronting any remnant of conscience or any regard for his reputation that he may have left in him; but he may, without any such decisive struggle and almost unconsciously, slide into legging. We have heard a good judge say that there was no trap for a young man's honour more dangerous than the temptation to disguise his play at billiards; and it happened that a few days after the remark was made one of the best players in the army had suddenly to retire from the service. But gambling with cards or dice affects only the sitters at the gambling table and the hapless wives and children who may share their ruin. Gambling on sports involves the whole community, who can participate in the betting though they cannot come to the ground; and this kind of gambling, not that with cards or dice, it is that is now spreading like a canker through English character, and over which morality and patriotism are wringing their hands in vain.

The corruption of an amusement is pretty sure to be marked by the increasing prominence of the professional element. It would seem needless to remark, were there not a manifest tendency to forget, that the calling of a 'professional,' be he jockey, oarsman, billiard player, prize fighter, pedestrian, or anything else, so long as he lives by his performances and by betting on them, is a trade and nothing but a trade. It differs from other trades not in being more liberal, but only in being always useless, and, in most cases, disreputable. 'The profes-

sional' who will not sell a race is marked out as a rare exception, a miracle of integrity, and greeted with thunders of applause. If a member of any reputable profession were hailed with the same enthusiasm merely for keeping the path of common honesty, he would probably feel that the infamy thereby branded upon his calling was greater than the honour conferred upon himself. No professional athlete can ever be useful in affording a model for amateurs, because they aim at a combination of physical with mental development, while he aims at physical development alone; and his endless training would be to them mere ruin. Nor are these men flowers even of physical culture or practical guides on the road to high health; we have constant reason for remarking that their abnormal muscularity is no proof that their general habit of body is good. If we want to single out any trade for special encouragement let it be, at least, an honest and a useful one. Let us give a prize and present an address to our best lumberman, to our best farmer, to our best mechanic, to the best skipper on our lakes. Let us, at all events, not discourage honest and useful trades by exclusively rewarding and honouring those which, as a rule, are the reverse of both.

People compare the contests of professional athletes at the present day to the games of the ancient Greeks. The resemblance is about as strong as that between a plaster cast and the Jupiter of Phidias. Greek athleticism was essentially liberal, not professional. Nor in the bright days of Greece do we find any counterpart to the betting ring with its train of ruffianism and villainy, though we do find a counterpart in the days of the Roman Empire. Burn the betting book, go back to the crown of olive, and we will talk to you about the games of the ancient Greeks. It will then be time to remind you that we are not like the Greeks, a community of slave-owners, dividing their lives between war and pastime, and making their pastime a training school for war, but an industrial community occupied in peaceful business and living under a rule of serious duty.

Our feeling, not only for classical antiquity, but for heroism is invoked. We can see and are ready to honour heroism in the man who saves the life of another at the risk of his own, in the man who braves any danger or endures any great hardship in a good cause, perhaps even in the policeman who the other day got himself maimed for life and almost killed in the gallant performance of his duty, yet was left, we fear, with little praise and no reward. But to speak of heroism in connection with a professional athlete who wins a race against another professional athlete or against time, and pockets winnings exceeding several years' wages of a good mechanic, surely is absurd. The acrobat, indeed, in the dreadful calling to which he is doomed by the vicious tastes of a still half-barbarous society, displays a strength of nerve which might furnish one of the ingredients in a heroic character; but mere muscle and wind are nothing but a half-horse power, and the presence of heroism is no more indicated by them than the absence of it was indicated by the frail bodies of Alfred, Willam of Orange, and General Wolfe. If we want to worship mere horse-power let us worship the horse itself. It exceeds in strength the strongest of men; it will not be spoiled by our idolatry, and it will never bring its worshippers to shame by selling a race.

We have put our remarks on this subject in the most general form, pointing them to the future rather than to the past. It may be that, in a particular instance, the international interest of the contest, or the personal qualities of the winner, may form an exception to the general rule. The latter motive is one with which we are ready to sympathize to any reasonable extent. We have only to re-

peat that honours paid to a professional athlete on the ground of his individual freedom from roguery, stamp the general character of his class, and emphasize the necessity of preserving to the liberal and amateur element its just ascendancy, if we would not have the pastime of a gentleman degraded into a sharper's trade. So long as the liberal and amateur element has thoroughly the upper hand, and the professional element is kept in its place, there is not much danger of anything really bad; while mere excesses whether in addiction to the pastime or in training for it, will hurt only the individual, and will in time correct themselves.

There is, however, one alleged justification for an apparently extravagant enthusiasm, against which good sense and patriotism alike call upon us to protest. We have been told in effect, that Canada ought to be grateful to a professional athlete for raising us by his success to a higher place among the nations. The place of Canada among the nations is not so low nor is she in such desperate need of puffing, as Canadians and they alone suppose. It is true that the mass of the English people whose notice we are always striving, with a somewhat undignified solicitude, to attract, know almost as little about us as we know about the other dependencies of the Empire; and that it would consequently be the extreme of folly to invite them or any one delegated by them to interfere with the management of our affairs. Nor can we expect that, being fully occupied with their own business, they will find time every day to go over the bead-roll of all the Colonies and say what fine fellows the inhabitants of each of them are. But when there is occasion to speak of us, they always speak with respect; and by lending us large sums of money on easy terms they show in the most practical way possible that they have taken pains to form an opinion about us, and think they know that we are prosperous and honest. In the estimation of the sensible part of them, we shall gain little or nothing as a civilized community by an isolated exhibition of qualities which civilized communities possess only in common with barbarians, and perhaps in an inferior degree; for it is not only conceivable but likely that some amphibious savage who is paddling his canoe among the South Sea Islands, with a forehead like that of an ape, but with sinewy limbs, and a marvellous knack of propelling a boat, might, if furnished with the right appliances, prove the Champion oarsman of the world. Above all, it is ridiculous to suppose that any Englishman will be induced to leave his home and emigrate to Canada because a single Canadian excels in the peculiar art of rowing a shell.

We have rather too much faith in the advertising system. After all, when anything serious is in question, reason and fact will hold the balance, and there seems to be no reason for fearing that the scale of Canada will kick the beam.

ROUND THE TABLE.

Titles in Canada.

THE inference to be drawn from the remarks of the writer in the July number of the Canadian Monthly, on the subject of 'Titles in Canada,' is that he is very imperfectly acquainted with the subject of which he treats. There is nothing in his article to lead to the supposition that he is an advocate for the separation of Canada from the Empire. What, however, he seems to desire is that Canadians should be placed under a ban, and that they should no longer be deemed worthy of that recognition of services to the Crown which is granted to their fellow colonists in the other dependencies of the Empire. In the statutes of the order of St. Michael and St. George, the admission to which of six distinguished Canadian Statesmen, on the last Queen's Birthday, simultaneously with a number of other distinguished colonists in Australia, South Africa, and the West Indies, has called forth the remarks to which these are a reply, is the following clause :

'It is ordained that the persons to be admitted to this most distinguished order, shall be such natural-born subjects of our Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland as may have held, or shall hereafter hold, high and confidential offices within any of our colonial possessions, or such other natural-born subjects of our Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, as may have held, or shall hereafter hold, high and confidential offices, or may render extraordinary and important services to us as Sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in relation to any of our colonial possessions, or who may become eminently distinguished therein, by their talents, merits, virtues, loyalty, or services, or who now are or hereafter may be appointed officers of this most distinguished order.'

It will hardly be contended by the most virulent denouncer of 'titles in Canada' that it was not proper for the Queen to enlarge the old order of St. Michael and St. George established in 1818 by King George the III. as an order of merit for Malta and the Ionian Islands, and to extend it to the colonies generally. The complaint seems to be that, in framing the statutes of the order of St. Michael and St. George, there was no exclusion of Canadians from that recognition of services rendered to the Crown, within the colonies of the Empire, which it was the royal intention to grant to all Her Majesty's subjects without distinction. It may be doubted, whether if the clause cited above had contained the words 'The Dominion of Canada alone excepted' immediately after 'our colonial possessions,' there would not have been a storm of indignation from the very persons of whose opinions 'Vox Clamantis' is the exponent. Orders of merit have been established in nearly every civilized country in the world, except the United States; even republican France deems it wise to maintain them. It is not a little singular that the very persons who object to a title belonging to an established order of merit being conferred by the Sovereign, not only do not object to the title of 'Honourable,' conferred by the same Sovereign, but actually give that title, by common usage, to persons who are not entitled to it ac-

cording to the Queen's instructions. Moreover, there was a persistent attempt made in both Ontario and Quebec, to confer upon the Lieutenant Governors the title of 'Excellency,' in direct opposition to the royal instructions. Although there is no order of knighthood in the United States, there is no country in the world where titles of distinction are more generally used. The writer in the CANADIAN MONTHLY asks—'are we to understand that Her Majesty, recognising the pre-eminent merits and public services of these gentlemen, has singled them out for this mark of her favour?' The answer to this question will be found in the statute cited above. As to the reference to 'the creation of a titled aristocracy in Canada,' a moment's reflection would have convinced the writer that such a description of the admission of a few distinguished Canadians to an Imperial order of merit, limited in its number by statute, was wholly inapplicable. It would hardly be possible to criticize the article on 'titles' in detail without using language as offensive as that which the writer has employed towards gentlemen who, without solicitation on their part, have been recommended to their Sovereign as associates in an order to which it is impossible to obtain admission except by rendering valuable services to the Crown, in relation to some one of the colonies of the Empire.

M. G.

REJOINDER TO M. G.

M. G., I cannot help thinking, has taken up the subject to which his remarks refer in a manner scarcely suited to the occasion. 'Round the Table' we are supposed to speak with a good deal of freedom, and as unconventionally as possible. We do not fire 'articles' at one another's heads; we make no personal references to present company, and if our remarks chance to hit the absent friend of any *convive*, they are taken in as good part as possible, on the understanding that at least no offence to any person present was intended. And so we rattle on, in a more irresponsible fashion, perhaps, than if we were composing set essays, destined to be, as far as possible, proof against criticism. M. G. does not, however, take this view of the matter at all, and he mars the harmony of a friendly gathering by visibly losing his temper. I do not see that he sheds any new light on the subject of which he pronounces me ignorant. We all know, I think, the theoretical constitution of the 'most distinguished order' of St. Michael and St. George; but what is there in that to prevent a Canadian who seriously thinks that titles in general have a bad effect from saying so? The theory in regard to all titles, I imagine, is that they are conferred for eminent services; but the question which I should like to see fairly met is,—what is the moral and social effect of their bestowal? Are men thereby rendered, or supposed to be rendered, more high minded, more severely honourable, more purely patriotic? If anyone is inclined to answer in the affirmative, let him recall the fact that the most untoward episode in modern Canadian history was the work of two knights and a baronet. Are they supposed to act as incentives to a pure ambition? That cannot be unless they are bestowed otherwise than as party rewards are commonly bestowed. If a title is simply an additional honour or advantage that the party to which a man belongs has it in its power to bestow upon him—working of course through recognized channels—it is surely open to any citizen to enquire whether this extension of the attributes of party, is a desirable one. In my humble opinion it is not. If, on the other hand, the choice is otherwise directed, it is of the utmost interest to know how it is directed. Will the Sovereign reward merits that party has failed to recognize? That might be satisfactory in certain cases, but I

fear that in general we do not credit the fountain of honour with any great amount of independent perspicacity, simply because we do not see what the fountain of honour can know apart from the advice of its responsible ministers. We scarcely any longer believe in the possibility of a really paternal government; and certainly political leaders would not like to think that their nominees could be passed over and others chosen.

M. G. refers to the title of 'Honourable' so freely used in this country without any 'vox clamantis' being raised against it; but he knows as well as everyone else that this title has lost all its special significance, and now simply serves to indicate that a man has filled a certain office. In this way it has its convenience; but when the *meaning of the word* is recalled, how often is it done in mere sarcasm; so Antony spoke of 'honourable men.' I hold, indeed, that much harm is done by thus emptying an 'honourable' word of all its peculiar meaning. How can we hope that honour will be held in honour, when men can be called honourable who are not honourable—or certainly not so in any special sense?

We have, however, got accustomed to this perversion and must make the best of it; but the title of 'Sir' is not common as yet, and we cannot but think of it as coming fresh each time from an uncontaminated source. Then when cool reason and simple observation step in to tell us that this too is the work of party—that one man is made a knight just as another is made collector of customs, or another sheriff or judge, then are we led devoutly to wish that party did not possess the power thus to intensify social distinctions to suit its own purposes. Titles, such as we refer to, act in an altogether peculiar way. If there are stains upon a man's record they imply a condonation, by the highest authority, of all he may have done amiss; but where this complication is lacking, their social effect is still evil, since a man is set upon a pedestal to be worshipped, not for what he is, but for what he is called. And men are sycophantic to a 'Sir' or to a 'Lady' who might perhaps retain a little of their self-respect *vis-a-vis* a simple 'Honourable.' M. G., I am confident, does not seize my point of view or he would do more justice to it, and he would *not* accuse me, as he seems to do, of being deliberately offensive towards the new created knights. My main thought is this: I want the successful politician to pass for the successful politician, with M.P. after his name, or P.C., or whatever else may be necessary to designate the office he fills or has filled; but do not let party seek to snatch a social judgment in his favour by the use of misleading words or empty titles. I willingly give over to party the collectorships and shrievalties, and the loaves and fishes in general; but titles of honour should not fall under the head of loaves and fishes. I do not want either Sir John A. Macdonald or Mr. George Brown to tell me whom I should socially honour. If I were pressed for a reason, I should say, probably, that I was not satisfied either of their competency or of their disinterestedness. The successful man will get worship enough from society without the aid of titles, but if people know that they are worshipping him *simply as the successful man* the same moral confusion will not result as if they are enticed into believing that success means virtue, honour, and whatever else is of highest worth in human nature. These remarks would apply equally whatever names had been announced as having received decorations. My criticism—which the testiness of M. G. has forced me to make more serious than I at first intended—is directed, not against the men thus honoured, but against the system which mixes up moral with political rewards. To say that this system has obtained for generations in England does not in the least reconcile me to its extension to Canada.

V. C.

Titles Great and Small.

—Is it not a trifle ungracious to make an outcry against the well-meant action of our gracious Queen in conferring the distinction of knighthood on certain of our prominent public men? I can understand the objection to initiating a hereditary aristocracy, one of the things which it is now too late in the world's day to manufacture,—because it could not have that ancient and historical prestige which seems to be the only justification for counting men *noble* through the mere accident of *birth*. But if a man distinguishes himself by serving his country in public affairs,—if he unites to ability and honourable conduct a disinterested devotion to the well-being of his country—whether his policy be or be not absolutely right—I can see no reason why he, *personally*, should not receive from the fountain of honour, and worthily wear, such a distinction as knighthood, any more than why our good friend Dr. Pindar should not as worthily wear the LL.D. with which his University has decorated him. If we may logically decry such a title as Knight of St. Michael and St. George, I don't well see why we philosophically put up with doctors of 'laws and literature'—will any one rise and explain? Both are distinctions in their several ways, and there are doubtless many men who deserve them quite as well as the recipients to whom they never come. Like most similar things in the world, they seem to come by lottery—the black and white beans of circumstance. Why not congratulate the winner on his distinction in both cases, and be good natured about it, even though we may think we know a dozen people, —ourselves possibly among the number,—who deserve the honour equally well? So long as the distinction is conferred for some real merit or service, and not for some merely adventitious reason, such as that of being mayor during a royal visit, I see no reason for complaint, unless we are to start a crusade against all 'handles' whatsoever, which we are hardly yet, I think, in a condition to do. Honorary distinctions have in all ages acted as *stimuli* to an honourable ambition, and the world would perhaps have been a little worse to-day without them. And be it remembered that we do not as yet live under a purely democratic *régime*. Why should a Canadian knight irritate us more than an English Duke or Marquis? Distinctions of this kind are a sort of link between us and the monarchical system of government, of which few Canadian subjects of Queen Victoria are yet tired. It does not hurt or humiliate me to say 'Sir John' any more than 'Dr. Pindar;' and the man must be a very snob who takes any airs on account of either distinction. I, for one, should have been glad if Mr. Mackenzie's principles would have permitted him to accept and wear a well-earned decoration. But I honour still more the noble conscientiousness which could refuse an honour tempting to most men, and forbids our calling him Sir Alexander. At the same time, I see no reason why others, who do not share his scruples, should not gracefully wear the honour Her Majesty has conferred. If we never have anything worse to fear for Canada than knighthood for its meritorious publicists, I think we shall do very well, even if the wives of the said publicists do, by courtesy, share the honour of their husbands. F.

Royalty in the Stock-Market.

—If Royalty were susceptible to the subtle influences of the Market, and were governed in its value, like stocks, by the mysterious causes which drive brokers and jobbers into mad excitement, what a curious corner would the *Mark Lane Express*, or other Commer-

cial paper, contain on the subject just now!

'Kings flat. A sudden demand for 'Emperors, but the supply not being 'capable of a corresponding increase, a 'general tightness is felt in this com-'modity.' (The 'demand' in question being an armed Nihilist, we cannot wonder at the 'commodity' feeling 'tightness' or any other unpleasant sensation.) 'Princes, best quality 'scarce and high,—lower grades plen-'tiful but tough, and no buyers. Pa-'tent constitutional monarchs regard-'ed with shyness,—or, if fitted with 'the latest Imperial-Chancellor at-'tachment, quite unmerchantable. A 'wide-spread dullness reigns in this 'market.'

I notice that most people put all this down to the account of those naughty, naughty Nihilists, who can't be trusted alone with their pretty Czar, and those silly, sulky Socialists, whose views are so abhorrent that nobody exactly knows what they are! Our friends the Pope and his Bishops are widely proclaiming (some voices from Quebec swelling the chorus) that Kings and Kaisers had better return to their old partnership with the Church, the firm bulwark of the State, the buttress of authority, the pillar of Government, and the only true, drastic purge for these repugnant Socialists and blood-thirsty Nihilists. All this is very pretty, and will, no doubt, prove a great temptation to many little Kings who cannot manage their people, especially when they reflect that they cannot all afford to keep a Bismarck to do it for them. But there is one monarch who will probably *not* be caught by chaff. This is the King of Belgium who is being threatened with assassination if he assents to the Bill taking the control of education out of the hands of the Ecclesiastics. Poor Kings! one could almost pity them, attacked as they are on both sides. But after this, a little less abuse of the *Rouges* will surely be the order of the day, *Messieurs les Ultramontanes?*

F. R.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Our Religion as it Was, and as it Is, by the Rev. Robert J. Laidlaw, Pastor of St. Paul's Church, Hamilton. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1879.

This work is written by an earnest man, in a thoughtful style, and with sustained eloquence. In many respects it is a work in advance of any which have been issued from a Canadian press by a Canadian author. But it is one of those books which cannot be criticised by an acknowledged standard. *Tot Homines tot sententiæ*, applies with overwhelming force to anything bearing on Religion, its force or character: the letters which appear in the daily press show the diverse training, the imperfect knowledge, and the deep convictions of Canadians on everything appertaining to theological belief, so that any remarks which are made in this journal on this and similar books must be read and taken as the utterance or opinion of the writer only.

The aim of Mr. Laidlaw is to shew the necessity of a Reformation, not by any individual, but by the outpouring of the Holy Ghost; that men may be taught true religion; that it does not now prevail in any country in the world, and that it is not the religion of the Bible; but that we have made models of and copied our fellow-men. He holds that we have the same stumbling block before us over which the Scribes and Pharisees fell and were broken—self-righteousness; that we must examine ourselves, our creeds, and confessions, in the presence of Christ and in the light of His work, and remember that Churches, Sabbaths, and Bibles

are holy or unholy according to the use that men make of them.

To arrive at this result, Mr. Laidlaw, in a rapid and interesting manner, glances at primitive religion, the beginning of formal worship, the Jewish dispensation and its vicissitudes, and at Christianity and its progress and changes. No one will differ with Mr. Laidlaw's aspirations, to that goal every Christian hopes and prays, but he assumes so much, that, save as a prayerful effort in a right direction, we fear his work will have little weight; it is weakest where strength is most needed. He takes for granted that we are Christians; that we believe the Bible to be Holy; that our religion of to-day is not the pure and simple religion of the olden time, and that by the independent study of the Bible we will arrive at a knowledge of what the religion of the Bible was. How much, alas! is taken for granted in these four propositions. We, who profess to be Christians, know how few there are whose Christianity is anything but a profession. What a library would be required to contain the books on the inspiration of the Bible, written within the last twenty years alone; and even Mr. Laidlaw can have no hope that the last two propositions would meet with acceptance among the jarring sects of the present day.

The Poet Laureate, in 'In Memoriam,' has been more successful in plumbing the depths of human hopes, doubts and fears, than any writer of the present age, and has given a Catholic prayer which many an infidel adopts, and which also aids the doctrine of many a lukewarm Christian. The pillars, not the details, of our Christianity need strengthening; in that Mr. Laidlaw quite agrees, but he furnishes no common ground for the Roman or Anglo-Catholic, the Congregationalist, and the Presbyterian. But as a step in advance, an attempt to break from Sectarianism, and to form, not an alliance but a Christian union, the work is worthy of all praise.

The Lover's Tale, by ALFRED TENNYSON. New York: Harper Brothers, 1879; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

It is hardly necessary for us to tell our readers, who have, doubtless, already seen extracts from this book and its little preface in the papers,—that the first three parts of the poem (which is founded on Boccaccio) were written when Tennyson was in his nineteenth year. Only the first two parts were printed and they were never properly before the public, having been withdrawn by their author from the press. Owing, however, to a few imperfect copies having been kept by young Hallam (the A. H. H. of 'In Memoriam') which passed eventually into less scrupulous hands, the public has gradually become acquainted with these two first parts, thanks to the industry of those 'literary vampires,' as the *Athenæum* calls them, who make it their business to publish what authors desire to suppress. The fourth part was published under the title of 'The Golden Supper,' in the beginning of 1870, in the volume entitled 'The Holy Grail,' which contained some of the later Idylls, and also the fine fragment 'Lucretius,' and some smaller pieces of very varying excellence. It is in consequence, as the Laureate tells us, of the misdirected energies of the pirates above referred to, that he now reluctantly publishes the entire poem for the first time.

Having premised this much, let us examine the work itself. 'Boy's Work,' the author himself calls it, and to some extent he is correct in this self-criticism. It shows the exuberant detail of early work, and the preponderance of the descriptive over the dramatic element in poetry that is characteristic of a beginner. No doubt the poem has received from Tennyson's matured powers some added beauties of expression, some corrections, and as he hints in his preface, some expurgations and curtailments as well. Still Tennyson is too honest a man, and too well aware of the danger of tampering with the historical records of his upward struggle to Parnassus' top, to allow himself to alter the first three parts materially. Accordingly we find these first cantos largely composed of descriptions of scenery, of sea and sky, and wood—passing from the broad expanse of landscape terminating in

> 'A purple range of mountain-cones between
> Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding bursts,
> The incorporate blaze of sun and sea,'

to the minutest vision which beholds the 'broad and open flower' while it is yet

> 'prest together
> In its green sheath, close-lapt in silken folds.'

The first part, which is longer than

the rest of the poem put together, is chiefly occupied in picturing the love of Julian for Camilla, and the sudden blow he suffers on discovering that his love has not even been recognised as aught but that of a brother, and that another reigns

'in the maiden empire of her mind.'

It is whilst narrating this, that the fine descriptive passages above alluded to are introduced,—the whole having been so deeply imprinted on Julian's mind as to become indelible. As he beautifully puts it—

'They come, they crowd upon me all at once—
Moved from the cloud of unforgotten things,
That sometimes on the horizon of the mind
Lies folded.'

From this part, too, we gather that Julian is of a dreamy, contemplative nature, no Romeo flashing out with his love in speech and action, but a man of too retiring a mind to make his aspirations manifest to his much-loved foster-sister. It is in accord with such a character that he should himself lay her hand in Lionel's, call for a blessing on them, and wander away with the phantoms bred in his fantasy-stricken brain. Such a man could not be jealous; if he had had the potentiality of jealousy in him he might have married Camilla himself.

The next two parts are devoted to his reveries and dreams. He spends whole months in the forests they had haunted together, whilst—

'Over the deep graves of Hope and Fear
And all the broken palaces of the Past,
Brooded one master-passion evermore,
Like to a low-hung and a fiery sky
Above some fair metropolis, earth-shock'd,—
Hung round with ragged rims and burning folds.'

His latest vision is told in the third part, and only occupies some sixty verses, the part being utterly disproportionate in length to the rest of the poem. He sees his love carried on a funeral bier round the level sands of a little bay, is sucked into the procession, hears the dull tolling of the distant bell storm quicker and quicker into

'A long loud clash of rapid marriage bells,'—

the pall is blown far out to sea until it looks like 'a little silver cloud,' and just as he stoops to see the dead face of her he loved,

'She, from her bier
Leapt lightly, clad in bridal white—her hair
Studded with one rich Provence rose—a light
Of smiling welcome round her lips,'—

and taking Lionel's hand leaves Julian standing by the vacant bier. This resurrection vision, as one may call it, clearly forecasts the 'event' narrated in 'The Golden Supper,' although the criticisms we have hitherto seen fail to point this out.

The last part, written in Tennyson's maturer years, raises some interesting thoughts. How was the fourth part originally written? for undoubtedly it must have been finished when the author went so far as to have the press set to work on the commencement of the story. If we were to hazard a suggestion, it would be that the original tale was told to its close by Julian. There are several reasons that lead us to believe this. The introduction of a stranger to complete the tale has a raw, crude look about it—but it is not the sort of crudity that would be committed by a beginner.

It is more probable that Tennyson found that the weakness of Julian's character as struck in the first three parts, appeared more distinctly when he was sent to narrate the infinitely more striking incidents of the *denouement*. Indeed, told by Julian, the catastrophe would infallibly have lost much of its power and been smothered up with sweet regretful conceits. Now when 'The Golden Supper' was given to the world we must suppose that Tennyson never expected to publish the prelude to it. We say we must suppose this, though beyond doubt it is difficult to explain why (if it were to be a whole in itself) a little more labour was not bestowed in the commencing verses, which are in themselves a perfect riddle to any one who has not read the third part,—for which the introductory and explanatory paragraph to 'The Golden Supper' was but a poor substitute. But, as already remarked, Tennyson in 1870 did not look forward to what he has now done in 1879, and was therefore at full liberty to speak his verses through whatever mouthpiece was most convenient. Taken by itself the last part was undoubtedly much improved by the course which he adopted, and even Julian's character assumes a bolder and more manly cast. But now that it has been joined to the rest of the poem, we must admit that the discrepancy is too startling. There is nothing to prepare us for the change of voice, and the shock of transition that would have been naturally felt under any circumstances on

passing from Tennyson's youthful to his finished style, is immensely increased. Since the work was not planned as it is now completed we must not, however, blame the poet with this as a fault of design.

In what does the Laureate's later style differ from what it was when he was nineteen? The structure of his blank verse has not varied much. The sentences are long and involved. At a first perusal the music of the line carries us with it, a more detailed investigation makes us half doubt the connection of its parts, and yet again a critical inquiry shows us that those doubts were unfounded. Such a sentence is that describing the death of Camilla's mother. It begins 'The sister of my mother——' and then no less than six lines are inserted before the sentence attempts to move again. Even then the attempt is a curious one, and consists simply of a repetition of the opening phrase 'my mother's sister,' &c., followed by five lines more before we are allowed to finish the sentence—'left her own life with it.' In a less marked manner this fault may be traced in Tennyson's later versification.

Already there is noticeable that attention to softness of sound and fitness of expression that has earned for Tennyson the reputation of the most highly finished of our poets. One example of his alliterations we have already given, and here is another—'the dappled dimplings of the wave." The imagery which describes the languishment caused by an oversweet fancy—

> 'As tho'
> A man in some still garden should infuse
> Rich attar in the bosom of the rose'

is as voluptuous as any contained in the early poem he wrote on 'The Arabian Nights;' whilst the allegory of Love, Hope, and Memory, that closes the first part, reminds us somewhat of the quaint conceits, more clever than poetical, that are so common in Elizabethan literature.

There are two lines in 'The Golden Supper' that would in themselves suffice to betray the work of an older man. The speaker is describing how he met Julian 'at a hostel in a marsh,'

> 'And sitting down to such a base repast,
> —It makes me angry yet to speak of it—
> I heard a groaning.'

It is not too much to say that the poet of nineteen would have cut off his hand rather than introduce such an incident. Its presence is a proof of the desire Tennyson felt to enlarge the compass of his song, to heighten the poetic effect by a touch of gross materialism. In these touches, however, which are rarely interspersed in his poems, the Laureate is not very successful. His attempts to be a man of the world, a cynic capable of turning the seamy side of things towards us, such as Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue, or that part of the 'Vision of Sin' in which he apostrophises the 'Bitter Barmaid,' always appeared to us forced and unnatural. Luckily the desire to write in this vein has not proved very strong with Tennyson, and we accordingly find little enough of it in his poems.

Thackeray, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—Morley's Series of English Men of Letters. London: Macmillan & Co., 1879; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

It is a pleasant sign of milder manners when we find one man of letters able to discourse of another with a moderated criticism and an appreciation devoid of sneering. Especially is this noticeable when the biographer and his subject walked the same path in literature, and at so small a distance of time that they might almost be termed contemporaries. For there is no great credit in writing impartially about any one who is so very dead as Chaucer is for instance, unless indeed you had the chance of hitting some living poet through the mantle of deceased worth.

Mr. Trollope does not pretend to write a regular biography of the great novelist, and the reason he gives is a good one. It appears that shortly before his last illness, Thackeray had his keen sense of the proper shocked by some offending specimen of 'fulsome biography.' In consequence of this we are told that 'he begged of his girls that when he should have gone there should nothing of the sort be done with his name.' A request that has met with an attention unusual among men of letters, who are generally only too ready to strip their scarcely fallen comrade of his personality and sell it to the highest bidder in the biographical hide-market. Possibly, too, the very uneventful nature of Thackeray's life

may have had something to do with this rare abstemiousness.

It is, therefore, more as a notice of Thackeray's works than of his life that this book attracts our attention. Mr. Trollope is, himself, a veteran novelist, and we might well expect some interesting remarks from his pen upon the subject of Thackeray's novels. In this we are, however, a little disappointed. He gives us, it is true, a careful list of Thackeray's numerous works, and a more detailed analysis of the more important ones. He tells us the current objections that have been raised to his author's views of life, especially to the heroic interest so conspicuously absent in 'Vanity Fair.' But he does not defend Thackeray's choice with that ardour which, when tempered by discretion, is so befitting to a biographer. Thackeray refused to pander to the public taste by depicting the Londoner of his day as a hero. He would not wilfully idealise what he saw conclusively to be mean, paltry, and commonplace. The heroism which he *did* see and recognise, and before which the heart of this so-called cynic did homage, was the heroism of a slovenly, awkward, misshapen man like Dobbin, in whom the Respectabilities and the Vanities found nothing heroic, but a good deal to laugh at. The result of this abstemiousness (so to speak) was that his pictures, though dark as a whole, gleamed in parts with the concentrated light of a Rembrandt when he pours the full flood of day upon one corner of his canvass and glorifies the meanest object that it falls upon.

Dickens was a more popular man in his day, and will remain so with the masses. But his novels were idealised romances, the creatures of his own brain, except in so far as the machinery was concerned. Little Nell was as purely a figment of the British novelist as Antigone was of the Greek dramatist. Quilp, in the same tale, was as entirely an embodiment of everything that is evil. Esther, in 'Bleak House,' is an impossibly perfect character in a different condition of life. Now Thackeray looked around him with as keen an insight as Dickens, and he confessed the melancholy truth that there were no Little Nells visible on the street horizon as *he* walked the town at night. Many a girl there was, kind and self-denying to aged father or decrepit mother,—but truth bids him declare that far less provocation than Nell suffered would make the best of them fly out into a tantrum and that often the family patience is ruffled by unseemly squabblings arising about the young man who is paying his attentions. Thackeray, too, found no such villains as Quilp. He saw plenty of rogues walking about and drew them with a wonderful variety of circumstance, but you might meet and be introduced to any of them and yet not recognise the cloven hoof for a day or a week—a process one cannot imagine with regard to Quilp.

To sum up our comparison :—What gratitude will not after ages feel on reading Thackeray, to find in his pages the life of Englishmen and women as they really existed, not as people imagined them in the first half of the nineteenth century? The ideal style may be good as showing what were the standards of heroism at such a period; but as a matter of history it is far more important to know to what a nation attained, than at what it aimed.

In his remarks on some of the minor pieces Mr. Trollope falls into a curious error. He says, speaking of the De la Pluche papers, that the erratic spelling in which that character indulged was the working out of an idea already exhausted by Sheridan in the person of Mrs. Malaprop. Surely this is an entire misconception. Mrs. Malaprop speaks on the stage, and we know nothing of her spelling. Her errors were caused by her catching up and using hurriedly a word of one meaning in the place of another of an utterly different signification but of similar sound, thus, 'allegory' for 'alligator,' 'epitaphs' for 'epithets.' This is quite distinct from the phonetic wanderings of an uneducated and conceited man, who spell 'except' 'igsept,' and 'pheasants' 'feznts.' The fun, such as it is, in Plush's bad spelling consists in the strangeness of the written word to the eye and its perfect familiarity to the ear as soon as we translate it into sound. The hidden sarcasm on the fashionable dialects which are capable of being successfully aped by a flunkey lies below the surface and is quite independent of the spelling.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

THE ONTARIO ELECTIONS.

THE lapse of a few weeks enables us to understand, better than we could a day or two after the 5th of June last, the meaning of the vote then given by the electorate of Ontario. Mr. Mowat is secured in power for four years more, with a majority of about twenty-eight in his favour, equal to one third of the Assembly. He is now master of the Provincial situation, except in so far as he may have to reckon with those through whose support the victory was won. The result has been something of a surprise to most people, contrasting so strongly with the vote of the Province in the Dominion elections last September. Then Sir John A. Macdonald carried the Province by 66 to 22; now Mr. Mowat carries it by 58 to 30; one of the most remarkable results in all the history of popular elections. Some of the explanations of this apparent extraordinary change in public sentiment which were current six weeks ago, do not carry as much conviction now as they may have done while the heat of the excitement had not yet died out. In all fairness, we think too much has been made of the National Policy as an issue in the contest, and that the Roman Catholic vote in Mr. Mowat's favour has not been sufficiently allowed for. Everybody understands now, that to this vote he owes much of his large majority; there will be no very vigorous denial of the fact after this. But with all due allowance made for this influence on Mr. Mowat's side, other influences have also to be considered.

Critics of the event have too much puzzled their brains trying to explain Ontario's vote of June 5th, 1879, thereby wasting their energies on the wrong subject. The truth of the matter is, that it is not the recent local elections, so much as the Dominion elections of last year, which stands in need of explanation. If people would but bear in mind the fact, which surely should not be forgotten by anybody, that Ontario is by large odds a Reform and not a Conservative Province, they would not see anything to be surprised at in the Reform victory of this year. Why, Ontario *always* returned a Reform majority to Parliament, at least ever since Responsible Government was put in practice; and it should be remembered that Sir John A. Macdonald, during the many

years he has been in power, never had a majority from his own Province until the Dominion elections of 1879. But for the union of Ontario and Quebec, the former Province would undoubtedly have had almost a perpetual succession of Reform Governments, with nothing more than brief interruptions, if any. Even in the Union, Reform Governments would most have prevailed, and Sir George E. Cartier would almost certainly have made his alliance with Mr. Baldwin's successors rather than with Sir John, but for the split in the Reform ranks caused by the *Globe's* quarrel with the Baldwin Reformers. Upon that split Sir John worked with a dexterity of management akin to genius, but had not the material he required been thus opportunely thrown into his hands, he might have found it impossible to attach the leader of the Lower Canadian majority to his fortunes. But for the rise of the 'Clear Grit' party, and Mr. Brown's hostility to Mr. John Sandfield Macdonald, Ontario Reformers might have ruled old Canada in conjunction with Sir George and his friends; the circumstances which led to the coalition of 1864 might not have arisen, and Confederation might have been delayed nobody can guess how long. Looking at the political history of Ontario for forty years back, there certainly is no reason to be surprised at the Reform vote cast by the Province in 1879. The wonder would have been had the Province 'gone back' on its record by casting a prevailing Conservative vote.

Now this is exactly what Ontario did last September, and this is the result to be surprised at, and standing in need of explanation. The true explanation is the simple, popular, and generally accepted one, that Reform Protectionists on that occasion voted against their party leaders, and in favour of the Conservatives, on the issue of Protection alone. It is a gigantic mistake to suppose that Free Trade—one-sided Free Trade, at all events—is popular, or ever was popular with the masses. The literature of the trade question is overwhelmingly on the Free Trade side; until recently it has been looked upon almost as a matter of course that editors, literary men, and writers of books generally, should be Free Traders. A man who did not agree with John Stuart Mill on this question was suspected of being stupid, and young men with literary or Parliamentary aspirations took to the Free Trade side almost as naturally as ducks to the water. Begging pardon of the Free Traders for the comparison, the reign and rule of their theory in English literature, for the space of thirty years, recalls the early triumphs and final collapse of Phrenology. May the gods avert the omen! they will say, but perhaps it is not to be averted, after all. When the gray-haired men of to-day were youths, in the early days of the Victorian era, they studied with admiration the new science of Gall and Spurzheim, and to them George Combe spoke as the prophet of a new age. The clergy were 'down' on the science, to be sure, because it appeared to do away with man's moral responsibility; but that was to be expected, and young men of literary tastes quickly settled the matter in their own minds in favour of the science and against the religious prejudices of 'old fogies.' Thus things went on for a while, and numerous 'professors' of Phrenology travelled from town to town, 'feeling bumps' and giving characters and charts at various prices, from fifty cents up to five dollars. But by and by it began to be observed that the new science was not adopted by the magnates of the medical profession, the great doctors who lay down medical and physiological law in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Paris. The preachers might be sneered at as bigots and ignorant of science, but this would not do with the real scientists who were laying bare the secrets of man's mortal frame. These men of scientific skill and hard facts coolly affirmed that it was simply ab-

surd, with any passable knowledge of the brain and its functions, to suppose that the bit of brain which was called Destructiveness had any mode of acting by itself, apart from that other bit called Benevolence, and declared that the so-called organ of Amativeness was nothing of the kind, but a nervous centre directing muscular motions. Under the contempt of the great doctors Phrenology died out, and now we hear very little about it. Now it appears to us no baseless conceit merely, but something really founded on facts, that the book-studying public of thirty or forty years ago took to Free Trade much as the young men of the same period took to Phrenology. The thing was new, and had a scientific look about it; what more natural than that it should be embraced by 'literary fellows' generally? But what in the name of common sense has all this to do with the recent Ontario elections? Let us endeavour to answer.

The belief in Free Trade, which rolled in like a great wave upon the educated classes, did not strike upon the masses of the people, either in Canada or in England; hence it happened that, while almost every man who wrote either books or newspaper articles, or made speeches in Parliament, was a Free Trader, the people generally had no opinion on the subject, or were inclined, if at all, to the Protectionist side. Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Brown, having read Mill and Cobden, were Free Traders, but to nine-tenths of the farmers and working men who cast Reform votes, it appeared utterly unreasonable and injurious that we should allow American importations free, or almost free, into Canada, while our exports to the States were burdened with heavy duties. Politics aside, there were not probably five farmers out of a hundred on the average in all Ontario, who did not believe that the right plan would be to put upon American produce exactly the same duties that the Americans put upon ours. The Reform leaders put the doctrine of Free Trade almost on a par with that of the Bible, but the literary glamour which affected their eyes had not fallen upon their followers. This want of harmony between the leaders and the rank and file did not particularly matter in former contests, when Protection was a mere side issue, not much mentioned, and crowded out of sight by exciting questions of party politics. But the hard times, and the continued refusal of our neighbours to reciprocate our foolish liberality, brought the question of Protection to the front, and then the coherence of the Reform party was put to the test. The truth is that the masses of the people, the country's actual producers on the farm and in the factory, never were Free Traders, and never will be. It was their simple, unstudied belief that a country became rich by producing as much as possible for itself, and that it became poor by buying too much abroad and running in debt for it; and they could not comprehend how a nation was to gain by such relations of income to expenditure as would ruin individuals. They believed, further, that while bookish theorists might hold that it was for a nation's interest to give Free Trade to its neighbours, whether they reciprocated or not, the thing had to be utterly rejected by every practical man, possessed of common sense. The ballot allowed Reform voters to vote as they pleased, free of the dictation of their leaders, and they voted for Protection. Nor is the case sufficiently stated when the prevalence of Protectionist views among the masses is spoken of. Many prominent Reformers, members of Parliament and others, were Protectionists at heart, but had been whipped into the Free Trade traces by Mr. Mackenzie and the *Globe*. It is the real truth that, through the logic of events and the force of circumstances in Canada, the people generally, Reformers as much as Conservatives, were being led to look to Protection as the right policy for this country, whatever might be best for England. We

think it a truthful estimate to say that about three-fourths of the manufacturers of Ontario are or have been Reformers, every bit as 'sound' Reformers as Mr. Mackenzie or Mr. Mowat, and these men bore up for years under the refusal of their party leaders to heed the country's call. Had Mr. Mackenzie but said the word when he went to the country in 1873-74, Reform candidates and Reform journals by scores would have thrown up caps and declared for Protection, and Sir John's opportunity might never again have come. But nobody knows, because it is something not to be calculated, what an amount of labour and energy was expended by Mr. Mackenzie and the *Globe* in keeping down and repressing Protection in the Reform party. The thing was rising naturally, and by reason of the country's circumstances, in the Reform as well as in the Conservative ranks, and the party tyranny that 'sat upon' and smothered it was simply tremendous. Why, all the labour of Sir John and his lieutenants 'stumping' the country and making speeches for Protection, did not equal the labour that fell upon Mr. Mackenzie and something less than a dozen of his friends, keeping down Protection in the Reform party. In the desperate effort to make the Reform party a Free Trade party they spent their strength, and at last they broke their own backs in the struggle. Left to themselves, Ontario Reformers would have been as good Protectionists as the most enthusiastic of Sir John's followers. After having endured for years a most tyrannical repression of opinion on the question, they turned at last upon their leaders, and voted them out of power.

It is the event of 1878 in Ontario which is the remarkable one, requiring explanation; that of 1879 is a matter of course, scarcely requiring any explanation at all. It was Reform votes that gave Ontario to Sir John A. Macdonald, last September, by a majority of 66 against 22. Protection being secured, Ontario Reformers came back to their party allegiance, and sustained Mr. Mowat by 58 to 30. The surmise is a reasonable one that many of them felt sore at having had to vote against their party last fall, and were not only willing but eager to seize the opportunity of returning to their allegiance. The contention that the vote in favour of Mr. Mowat was a vote against National Policy will not hold water. The men who voted for Protection last year would have voted for it this year had they believed it to be an issue in the election. Some people said it was an issue, but the multitude did not believe them. Take the case of Hamilton as the *reductio ad absurdum* of the idea that the vote of June 5th was against National Policy. It is tolerably certain that, party politics aside, five-sixths of the people of that city are really and truly Protectionists. And yet they elected Mr. Mowat's candidate by a majority of sixty! To suppose that Hamilton, of all places, has gone back on the National Policy, is too absurd for belief. Nevertheless, it is not wholly a mistake to believe that the new policy has been somewhat injured in its operation by what appeared to be a vote against it. In the United States, and in England, it may give the impression that we might possibly be induced to change our decision of last year. Having adopted a certain policy it is our interest that people outside should understand that we mean to give it at least a fair trial, and, if they understand this, it will save them and us the needless waste of efforts of theirs to make us abandon it. The supposition that we can be induced to abandon it may cause them to expend much labour of aggression, and may put upon ourselves much labour of resistance, which would otherwise have been saved. Some intending investors may have had their enterprise chilled by the fear that, after all, the new policy may not last long, and that it might not be safe to risk much on its

continuance. But this feeling is even now rapidly passing away, as people realize that Mr. Mowat's Government has really no intention of going out of its sphere to attack the National Policy. The *Globe* deserves credit for its assurance, in which, doubtless, Mr. Mackenzie joins, that the new policy is safe for five years—that at least. If it gets so much, its friends need not fear what is to follow. Protection assured for a term of years will develop home production, and will so create new interests and enlarge old ones, that, when the time comes for the people again to vote upon the question, the thing will have taken such a grip of the country that to "budge" it will be impossible. That is what happened in the States, and it will happen in Canada too. Even Mr. Mackenzie or Mr. Blake, if in power five years hence, might think twice ere attempting to interfere with the interests which had grown up in the meantime, and had become in a manner public interests as well as private. It is a reasonable expectation that things will accommodate themselves to the new policy, and that even the Reform leaders will get to look upon it as something to be tolerated if not approved of. We might point them to an illustrious example, the bearing of which on their own case they will surely acknowledge. Thirty years ago Mr. Disraeli broke up the English Conservative party, and denounced Sir Robert Peel for yielding to the Free Trade agitation; now Lord Beaconsfield stands up in the House of Lords, and says that the verdict of the nation has been given, that this verdict must stand, and that the question must not be re-opened. It may yet—who knows?—be re-opened in spite of him, but his loyal confession that he was once wrong, and that certain "musty speeches" of his, made many years ago, do not represent his opinions of to-day, might be a good example for Mr. Brown and Mr. Mackenzie to follow. It would be no loss of dignity for them to do as the great English leader has done, and to bow to the will of the people, or at least to let it be understood that the new policy shall have a fair trial, as far as they are concerned.

It is, as we have said, the event of 1878 in Ontario which requires to be considered and explained; that of 1879 is to be understood as a matter of course. A Province that has always had a Reform majority among its people once more elects a Reform majority to its local House—what wonder? But why did it elect a Conservative majority last year? That is the question, and the prevailing popular answer thereto is the right one; there is really nothing mysterious or recondite about the result. One thing Mr. Mowat would do well to consider—the Province has given him a very large majority, and has more unreservedly than ever before committed its local affairs into his hands. According to the entirety and implicitness of the trust reposed in him will be his responsibility. The public will expect something from him now, and they should not be disappointed. A still greater responsibility rests upon Sir John A. Macdonald and his colleagues, on account of their large majority, and it should be Mr. Mackenzie's patriotic duty to relieve them of none of it, but to let them carry it all if they can. Let Reformers in the Dominion, and Conservatives in Ontario, imitate the diplomatist who said that he always had a great regard for accomplished facts. The spectacle of a Reform Government ruling in Ontario, while a Conservative Government rules in the Dominion, is now being repeated, and by-and-by the country may catch the lesson which this is fitted to convey. That lesson is, that we should make up our minds to progress in the direction of withdrawing politics from the local Houses, and of making them more purely business assemblies. Some real reforms, coming within Provincial

powers, and eagerly desired by the people, are delayed in Ontario, and in other Provinces too, notably Quebec, just because each party thinks itself bound to oppose whatever the other proposes. It would not be wise to agitate for the abolition of the Provincial Legislatures, but the idea of non-political assemblies, having shorter or less frequent sessions than at present, may yet be realized. We may yet have the battle between parties relegated entirely to the Confederate Parliament, where properly it belongs, only slightly to disturb the business relations of the local Houses. The people of Ontario may perhaps look with some interest to see whether the new Assembly will obstruct or favour a movement in the direction indicated.

M.

ECKERMANN AND GOETHE.

BY FIDELIS, KINGSTON.

PART I.

THERE is no more beautiful spectacle in the intercourse of man with man, than the enthusiastic veneration of the disciple for the master. It is so natural, too, this devoted admiration of the still growing and plastic mind for the maturer and richer nature in which it meets its own ideal almost, if not quite, realised—its own aspirations guided and strengthened—its crude and immature conceptions and half-formed thoughts corrected, and rendered more intelligible to itself by the calm and philosophic judgment in which it finds a satisfying oracle. It is no wonder, therefore, that all the real masters from Buddha downwards, and many who have been but *sham* masters, also, have had their eagerly receptive followers. Sometimes it happens that the follower is —without knowing it—a far greater mind than the master whom he reveres; but this does not make his veneration the less enthusiastic or even the less beautiful. *We* smile *now*, when we read Shelley's passionate invocation to William Godwin: 'Guide thou and direct me; in all the weakness of my inconsistencies bear with me; when you reprove me, reason speaks; I acquiesce in her decisions.' But though we know that Godwin is remembered chiefly through his connection with the ill-fated poet, still Godwin's influence was a real power in Shelley's life. And never does real greatness shine in a more pleasing and amiable light than when we have it set before us by the loving hand of a faithful disciple. It may well be doubted whether Samuel Johnson would ever have been for many of us, the real and, notwithstanding his roughness, the loveable human figure that he is, if we had not Boswell's homely but photographic portrait. And nowhere—not even in the fascinating pages of Mr. Lewes—certainly not in his own entertaining and picturesque autobiography—does Goethe appear to us in anything like the amiable light in which we see him in the charming record of his conversations with Eckermann. For one

thing, Eckermann's simple, earnest, sympathetic, enthusiastic nature wins our hearts at once; and the reverence and the reality of his homage for the sage whom he delighted to honour become contagious. With all our impatience of Goethe's tremendous egoism, with all our disgust for the heartless and selfish lover of Frederica and Lili, we still cannot help seeing, through Eckermann's eyes, how that great, calm, philosophic intellect, full of insight into human life and human affairs—that genial, many-sided nature, mellowed and matured by the experiences and successes, as well as the losses of life—must have exercised a most powerful magnetic influence over the sympathetic and revering souls who formed his little court at Weimar. It was not possible, perhaps, for an egoist like Goethe to resist the temptation of posing a little in the midst of such a worshipful company, ever ready with their homage and their incense for his shrine, but still we feel that Eckermann has preserved for us very much of the *real* Goethe, and the real Goethe at his best! We see him in a hundred pleasant lights—in the peaceful home from which the strange and painful figure of Christine Vulpius has for ever disappeared, and where, instead, we have the graceful and lively Ottilie (his daughter-in law), Fraülein Ulrica, and little Walter and Wolfgang, with occasional glimpses of 'young Goethe,' one of the many ordinary sons of extraordinary fathers. We see Goethe in his 'blue frockcoat with shoes,' conversing with his acolytes in gracious tones, or sitting at table, *en famille*, 'helping to all the dishes, carving the roast fowls with great dexterity, and not forgetting between whiles to fill the glasses.' We see him in his black evening-dress, decorated with the gleaming star which Eckermann tells us 'became him so well,' moving about with his grand air among his distinguished guests, listening with emotion to good music, talking in French to 'pretty youthful foreigners,' and seeming, like a well-bred host, to 'prefer listening and hearing his guests talk to talking himself.' Or we find him, in the privacy of quiet evening hours, reclining in his 'wooden arm chair,' in his white flannel dressing-gown, discussing poetry, old and new, analysing and criticising his own productions, or indulging in the reminiscences of his own past career, and of the life that now lay behind him, which fell so naturally from the lips of the old philosopher and poet.

And as Eckermann was a poet, too, there is an idyllic freshness of atmosphere about his records of the conversations which never ceases to charm. In turning over the pages in which the great poet and his single-hearted friend still live for us, we never seem to tire, but read, and read again, with new beauties ever opening for our admiration. We seem to grow familiar with the sunny fields and woodland glades that lie around quiet Weimar, around which the two great poets of Germany have woven the classic charm which a greater poet still has thrown round the quietest of little English towns. We walk with Goethe in his gardens near the park; look across the meadows to the Ilm, winding silently along beneath the rich foliage of the park that crowns the farther bank; we walk up the broad gravel path to the 'garden house,' now deserted, in which he used to study and work; sit down and feel the spring sunshine, soft and warm, through the natural arbour of over-arching trees, which Goethe had planted, forty years before, with his own hand, and where in hot summer days he 'liked to sit after dinner; and often over the meadows and the whole park such stillness reigns that the ancients would say, "Pan sleeps!"' We sit, with Eckermann, in the carriage beside the living Goethe, in 'his brown surtout and blue cloth cap, with his light gray cloak laid over his knees—his countenance brown and healthy as the fresh

air,' and hear the genial talk of birds and nature, poets and poetry, blending with the quick rattle of the wheels. We drive with them along the Erfurt road, or up the hill of the Ettersberg, breakfast with them on 'a turfy hillock, looking down upon Erfurt and Gotha, the Thuringian wood, and the mountains of Ilmensee, with the blue range of the Hartz bounding the horizon—doubly classic ground—and now, in the clear morning light of the autumn sun,' calling forth many a reminiscence from Goethe of the enchanted youth of 'a poet in his prime.' We stroll with them through the ducal hunting-lodge, the favourite resort where, as Goethe said, 'we have spent many a good day and wasted many a good day,' and stand with them under the great beech, beneath whose wide o'er-arching shade, he and the young Grand Duke, with their gay retinue, had spent merry summer evenings, and in which, 'fifty years ago,' they had cut their names, still to be traced, though confused and distorted by nature's erasing hand. Or we accompany them to Jena, visit Schiller's old abode, and the arbour with its old stone table, at which Schiller used to write, and where he and Goethe had 'exchanged many good and great words,' and drive along the winding Saale to Burgau, where we share the simple noontide meal, and watch the rafts on the river, and listen to the conversation on the habits of the cuckoo. Or we find ourselves 'assisting' at a quiet home scene by the taper light in his study, 'where he sat opposite to me at his table, in his white flannel dressing-gown, mild as the impression of a well-spent day. We talked about things good and great; he set before me the noblest part of his own nature, and his mind kindled my own—the most perfect harmony existed between us. He extended his hand to me across the table, and I pressed it. I then took a full glass which stood by me, and which I drank to him without uttering a word, my glances being directed into his eyes across the wine.'

It is no wonder that close contact with such an enthusiastic, single-hearted, sympathetic nature should have called forth all that was noblest and best and most loveable in Goethe, and that there was much that was noble and loveable in him in this tranquil evening of a fruitful life,—the *sturm-und-drang* period left far behind,—we cannot but admit. Eckermann, in modest recognition of the fact that any individual presentation of a nature so many-sided could be but a partial one, not only from the different aspects of the subject, but also from the limitations of the observer, tells us that the Goethe he has given us is '*his* Goethe;' and we must rejoice that we have 'Eckermann's Goethe' to give us such pleasant parting thoughts of a 'king of men' not always kingly.

But the personality of Eckermann himself is one which is by no means to be overlooked. His noble and sweet nature, his simplicity, his pure poetic enthusiasm shine through every page of his record. His early history he tells us himself, and never has the old story of the struggle of youthful genius with adverse fates been more simply and naively told. He was born on the border of the marsh and heath lands near Hambourg, in a one-roomed hut, with a loft above, reached by a ladder. The father was a pedlar, and the family lived on his small gains and the produce of their garden and cow, having only to buy 'corn for bread and flour for the kitchen.' The mother earned something by spinning wool and making caps for the good *haus-frauen* of the village. Little Eckermann, the youngest of the family, living alone with his elderly parents, herded his cow with other boys, on the broad meadows, gathered sedges for her litter from the banks which the Elbe overflowed in spring, brought dry wood from the neighbouring thickets to serve for firewood, gleaned

in harvest, and gathered acorns to sell 'to persons of opulence, to feed their geese.' At certain periods he attended school, and at fourteen had learned to read and write, but 'knew not that there were in the world such things as poetry or the fine arts,' and was happily unconscious of any aspirations or longings beyond his humble sphere.

But a trivial chance, as it seemed, awoke the slumbering genius. The device of a horse, on the wrapper of a packet of tobacco which his father had brought from Hamburg, excited an irresistible desire to copy it, and in the success of his attempt he 'experienced a delight before unknown.' His parents admired and praised his performance, and the boy was too happy to sleep. As he tells us in his own *naïf* reminiscence, 'I thought constantly of the horse I had drawn, and longed impatiently for morning, that I might have it again before my eyes, and delight myself with beholding it'—a state of exaltation that all who have passed through any similar experience will readily comprehend.

His imitative faculty, thus awakened, would not again sleep. A neighbouring potter lent him the outlines he used in decorating his plates and dishes, and from these rude copies the boy made two books of pen and ink drawings, which were handed round for exhibition and attracted the notice of the upper bailiff—'the first man of the place,'—who sent for the lad, and kindly asked him if should like to become a painter; but, having no other conception of a *painter* than that of 'one who paints doors and houses,' neither the boy nor his parents were attracted by the offer. However, the interest excited by his artistic efforts proved useful to him, and procured him the advantage of lessons with children of a higher rank. He began to learn French, Latin, and music, was provided with better clothes, and at sixteen would gladly have gone to pursue his studies at a gymnasium. But the *res angusta domi* and the desire to help his poor old parents prevented this, and young Eckermann bravely put aside his own longings and took a clerkship under 'a judicial functionary,' which he retained until the office—at Winsen-on-the-Luhe—was broken up by the incorporation of the place in the French empire. He obtained work in other offices in the neighbouring villages until 1813, when the approach of the Cossacks inspired hopes of deliverance from the French yoke, and sent young Eckermann as a volunteer into a Jäger corps, which proceeded against Marshal Davoust, and in the following summer marched through Flanders and Brabant.

There, in churches and museums, he saw the great pictures of the Netherlands, and now for the first time understood what it was to be a painter. He could have wept, he tells us, for his lost opportunity; but, determining to retrieve it if possible, he procured crayons and a large sheet of drawing paper and sat down before a picture to copy it. Marching orders interrupted its progress, but the half-finished picture was packed in a case and carried through the long subsequent march, in the hope of completing it, which he carried into execution immediately after his return home. His father was now dead, and as his mother lived with a married sister, Eckermann was free to follow his own bent. His untaught attempts at drawing were however, he felt, but gropings in the dark, and having a friend in Hanover with whom he could live, he trudged forty leagues over the deep snow, that he might study under Ramberg, an artist whom he had fixed upon as his master. Not dismayed by the prospect of the long preparatory discipline before he could hope to be an artist, he devoted himself with great perseverance to anatomical drawing, until illness resulting from exposure during the campaign put a final stop to his artistic studies. As he was under the necessity of finding some remu-

nerative employment he succeeded in securing one as a clothing commissioner in the Hanoverian army. But the impulse which had been repressed in one direction, broke out in another. The reading of Korner's 'Lyre and Sword' awoke strong kindred sympathies, and turned his thoughts to poetry, in which he had in early youth made some juvenile essays. A poem describing the hardships and privations of a soldier's life had a success much exceeding his expectations, was sold, reprinted in periodicals, and even set to music by a favourite composer; for which, he tells us, it was ill-adapted on account of its length and rhetorical style. Once started on the path of poetic production, 'not a week passed in which he was not happy enough to produce some new poem.' He was just twenty-four, full of poetic feelings, impulses, and sympathies, but, as he tells us, 'entirely deficient in information and mental culture.' He began to study Klopstock and Schiller, but without receiving much benefit from authors not much in harmony with the tendencies of his own mind.

At this time, strange to say, he first heard the name of Goethe, and found in the reading of his songs 'a happiness which no words can express.' 'I seemed as if I had not till now begun to wake and attain real consciousness; it appeared to me that my own inmost soul, till then unknown even to myself—was reflected in these songs—I found the human heart, with its desires, joys, and sorrows, I found a German nature, clear as the bright actual day—pure reality in the light of a mild glorification.'

He lived whole weeks and months absorbed in these songs; then read other works of the genuis which had so fascinated him, with a daily increasing admiration, feeling that the harmony not only of inner but of outer nature was made clear to him by his great master. Further study, however, led him to feel his great deficiencies in education, and inspired him to endeavour even yet to remedy the lack of a classical training. He first procured private tuition, but finally resolved to regularly attend the gymnasium. It was no slight ordeal for the young man of twenty-five to take his place among school-boys, but his thirst for knowledge overcame every obstacle, and he managed for a time to perform the work of his office and carry on his studies at the same time. But the double work was too much for him, and as necessity obliged him to retain his office, the gymnasium had to be given up. Of this new disappointment he naïvely and philosophically says: 'As I saw it was my destiny to make many trials, I did not repent that I had also made trial of a learned school.' He had, as he said, 'advanced a good step;' he could read Cicero with some ease, and write metrical transactions from Horace, Virgil, and Ovid. Still keeping in view his project of soon entering the university, he continued his work of literary production and published a subscription copy of his poems; and at last, in May, 1821, with one hundred and fifty dollars realized from this publication, and a yearly grant of the same sum for two years from the war office whose employ he had left, he achieved the darling object of his hopes and went to Göttingen.

He had, at last, after long resistance, yielded to the urgent persuasions of his friends, and adopted the study of jurisprudence as a 'bread-study,' whereby he might earn his subsistence while at the same time cultivating those very different studies to which his nature irresistibly impelled him. But he soon found out the impossibility of serving two masters, and moving on a double track. While listening to lectures on the Institutes and Pandects, his thoughts were wandering off to the field of poetry and art, and at the beginning of his second academic year he gave up the unavailing struggle and devoted himself to philology. At the end of a year and a half he found

his means exhausted, and leaving the university, where his intellectual powers had greatly developed, he devoted himself for a winter to the composition of a work entitled 'Contributions to Poetry,' which he 'hoped might aid youthful talent, not only in production, but in criticising poetical works.' This was completed in May, 1823, and his thoughts now returned to Goethe, who had long been the pole-star of his life, and who, he hoped, might be willing to recommend his manuscript to Herr Cotta, since he needed, as he informs us, 'not only a good publisher, but also a handsome remuneration.' Two years before he had sent to Goethe a copy of his poems, with a slight sketch of his history; and had 'the great joy' to receive some lines from his own hand in acknowledgment, and to hear from travellers that the great poetic oracle had expressed a favourable opinion himself. He determined, therefore, to seek a personal interview, and literally *bent his steps* towards Weimar, making the long and toilsome journey on foot, sustained under fatigue and the oppressively warm weather, by 'the consolatory belief that I was under the especial guidance of kindly powers, and that this journey would be of great importance to my success in life.'

He arrived at Weimar early in June, and his first interview with Goethe took place a few days after, on June 10, 1824—a red-letter day, henceforth, in his memory. It is impossible to resist the temptation of transcribing his description of the meeting, which gives us a pleasant glimpse into the tranquil home of Goethe's old age:

'The interior of the house made a very pleasant impression upon me; without being showy, everything was extremely simple and noble; even the casts from antique statues, placed upon the stairs, indicated Goethe's especial partiality for plastic art, and for Grecian antiquity. I saw several ladies moving busily about in the lower part of the house, and one of Ottelia's beautiful boys, who came familiarly up to me and looked fixedly in my face.

'After I had cast a glance around, I ascended the stairs, with the very talkative servant, to the first-floor. He opened a room, on the threshold of which the motto *Salve* was stepped over as a good omen of friendly welcome. He led me through this apartment and opened another, somewhat more spacious, where he requested me to wait, while he went to announce me to his master. The air here was most cool and refreshing; on the floor was spread a carpet; the room was furnished with a crimson sofa and chairs, which gave a cheerful aspect; on one side stood a piano, and the walls were adorned with many pictures and drawings, of various sorts and sizes. Through an open door opposite, one looked into a further room, also hung with pictures, through which the servant had gone to announce me.

'It was not long before Goethe came in, dressed in a blue frock-coat, and with shoes. What a sublime form! The impression upon me was surprising. But he soon dispelled all uneasiness by the kindest words. We sat down on the sofa. I felt in a happy perplexity, through his look and presence, and could say little or nothing. . . . We sat a long while together, in a tranquil, affectionate mood. I was close to him; I forgot to speak for looking at him; I could not look enough. His face is so powerful and brown!—full of wrinkles, and each wrinkle full of expression! and everywhere there is such nobleness and firmness, such repose and greatness! He spoke in a slow, composed manner, such as you would expect from an aged monarch. You perceive by his air that he reposes upon himself, and is elevated far above both praise and blame. I was extremely happy near him; I felt becalmed like one who, after many toils and tedious expectations, finally sees his dearest wishes gratified.'

In an age and country where intellectual power of culture are so generally diffused, it is difficult fully to realize the emotion with which a nature like that of Eckermann must have met the man who was to him as a demigod—the incarnation of poetic genius, the concentration of the intellect of Germany. Probably not the most fervent disciple of Spencer or Darwin, Tennyson or Longfellow, in our own day, could feel quite the same ecstasy of absolute and revering devotion in the presence of his master. Goethe, on his side, seems to have recognised in the young poet a nature sufficiently sympathetic to excite warm interest in one whose perennially youthful spirit always craved the companionship and friendship of the young. This seems evident enough from what Eckermann tells us of his second interview, when, he says, 'he seemed quite a different man from that of yesterday, and had the impetuous and decided manner of a youth.' He proposed at once to give him employment in making a selection from his own earlier works for re-publication, and arranged for his residence in Jena during his own stay at Maricubad for the rest of the summer. Eckermann was further made happy by a letter from Cotta promising to publish his *M.S.* and give him a handsome remuneration. His mind was now full of 'plans for innumerable poems, both long and short; also for dramas of various sorts;' and, as he says naïvely enough, 'I had now, as I thought, only to think which way I should turn to produce one after the other, with some degree of convenience to myself.'

On Goethe's return from Maricubad, he met Eckermann at Jena, and proposed that he should make Weimar his home, and aid himself in arranging his unpublished works while also prosecuting his own studies under the most favourable auspices—a proposition to which Eckermann readily agreed. Some of his cautions to the young and ambitious author are striking enough, as coming from the author of 'Faust.' 'Beware,' said he, 'of attempting a large work. It is exactly that which injures our best minds, even those distinguished by the finest talents and the most earnest efforts. I have suffered from this cause and know how much it injured me. If I had written all that I might, a hundred volumes would not contain it. The present will have its rights; the thoughts and feelings which daily press upon the poet will and should be expressed. But if you have a great work in your head nothing else thrives near it; all other thoughts are repelled, and the pleasantness of life itself is, for the time, lost. But if he (the poet) daily seizes the present, and always treats with a freshness of feeling what is offered him, he always makes sure of something good, and if he sometimes does not succeed has, at least, lost nothing.'

'The world is so great and rich, and life so full of variety, that you can never want occasions for poems. But they must all be *occasional* poems—that is to say, reality must give both impulse and material for their production. I attach no value to poems snatched out of the air.'

Finally, he says, 'For the present, you had better lay aside all great undertakings. You have striven long enough; it is time that you should enter into the cheerful period of life, and for the attainment of this the working out of small subjects is the best expedient.'

Eckermann tells us, with his usual simplicity, that he felt, through these words of Goethe, several years wiser, and perceived, in the very depths of his soul, the good fortune of meeting with a true master. 'The advantage is incalculable.' He threw aside the burden of his 'various grand schemes,' feeling much lighter and happier for so doing, and rejoiced in the thought of what he should learn and gain from intercourse with this 'true master.'

'His personality,' he says, 'his mere presence seems to educate me, even when he does not speak a word.'

This beautiful relationship of the kind and communicative master and the docile and revering pupil continues throughout the two volumes, which cover a period of nine years, from the seventy-third year of Goethe to his eighty-second and last. During this time, Eckermann was in almost daily intercourse with Goethe, seeing and hearing him under all possible aspects and phases, and has preserved for us no small share of the rich and stimulating conversation of a wonderful mind, which he himself received 'with deep-felt gratitude as the gift of Providence,' and in regard to which he cherished 'a certain confidence that the world with which I share it will also feel gratitude towards me,' a confidence, let us hope, which will never be disappointed. Yet, looking at how small a part of the whole he has thus saved to us, he compares himself to 'a child who, endeavouring to catch the refreshing spring shower with open hands, finds that the greater part of it runs through his fingers.' There were whole months during which ill health or the pressure of daily toil interrupted the record, and then, too, as he most truly observes, '*where is he who knows always to prize the present at its due rate?*' Nor was Goethe himself always the same. At times, inspired by some great idea, 'his words flowed forth rich and inexhaustible,' at others 'he was taciturn and laconic, as if a cloud pressed upon his soul,' or even 'as if he were filled with icy coldness, and a keen wind was sweeping over plains of frost and snow.' Then, again, he would resemble a smiling summer day, with the songs of the birds rising to the blue sky and the brook rippling through flowery meadows; these fruitful sunny seasons being, however, the rule, and the cold and ungenial ones the exceptions. As we see them in these pages, the great poet and his friend and pupil seem to lead an ideal life, in which sordid cares and vulgar elements found no place, in which envy and detraction seemed unknown, and in which only pure and noble objects of thought and desire seemed to occupy mind and speech. They discuss philosophy and science, history and criticism, poetry and art, human nature and external nature. In all we see the great, mature, many-sided philosopher, as well as the wide-reaching poetic nature, not without its weak points and mistakes, yet, on the whole, penetrating to the root of things, and often giving, in a few pithy words, the substance of pages of laboured criticism. Here, for instance, he gives us a great truth in a few simple words, which it would be a pity to spoil by comment. 'Meyer,' said Goethe, laughing, 'always says "if thinking were not so hard." And the worst is that all the thinking in the world does not bring us to thought; we must be right by nature, so that good thoughts may come before us like free children of God, and cry "Here we are!"'

Here is another which might profitably be taken to heart by every scientific investigator:—

'In science we find people who can neither see nor hear through sheer learning and hypothesis. The observation of nature requires a certain purity of mind which cannot be disturbed or pre-occupied by anything!'

'"Then," returned I, "children and the child-like would be good hod-men in science."'

'"Would to God!" exclaimed Goethe, "*we were all nothing more than good hod-men!* It is just because we will be more, and carry about with us a great apparatus of philosophy and hypothesis, that we spoil all."'

The wonderfully eventful and important period of history through which Goethe lived is vividly brought before us in one of his own reminiscences, followed by a prediction which showed to what good purpose he had

studied the tendencies of men and nations:

'I had the great advantage of being born at a time when the greatest events which agitated the world occurred, and such have continued to occur during my long life; so that I am a living witness of the Seven Years' War, of the separation of America from England, of the French Revolution, and of the whole Napoleonic era, with the downfall of that hero, and the events which followed. What the next years will bring I cannot predict; but I fear we shall not soon have repose. It is not given to the world to be contented; the great are not such that there will be no abuse of power; the masses are not such that, in hope of gradual improvement, they will be contented with a moderate condition. Could we perfect human nature, we might also expect a perfect state of things; but, as it is, there will be a wavering hither and thither, one part must suffer while the other is at ease, envy and egotism will be always at work like bad demons, and party strife will be without end.'

His forecast of the future sometimes took a more special direction. He thought that the rapid progress of the American nation towards the Pacific coast, which he truly prognosticated, would render indispensable a passage by water from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean:

'It may be foreseen,' he said, 'that this young State, with its decided predilection to the West, will in thirty or forty years have occupied and peopled the large tract of land beyond the Rocky Mountains. It may furthermore be foreseen that along the whole coast of the Pacific Ocean, where nature has already formed the most capacious and secure harbours, important commercial towns will gradually arise, for the furtherance of a great intercourse between China and the East Indies and the United States. I therefore repeat that it is absolutely indispensable for the United States to effect a passage from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean; and I am certain that they will do it.

'Would that I might live to see it! but I shall not. I should like to see another thing, a junction of the Danube and the Rhine. But this undertaking is so gigantic that I have doubts of its completion, particularly when I consider our German resources; and thirdly, and lastly, I should wish to see England in possession of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. Would I could live to see these three great works. It would be well worth the trouble to last some fifty years more for the very purpose.'

The fifty years have passed away, and only one of 'these three great works' has been accomplished. But Goethe, with all his insight, could not foresee the reign of railways and the extent to which they would revolutionise the world's travel and commerce. Could this vision have dawned upon him, he might have thought its realization as well worth the trouble of fifty years more of life as that of the canal through the Isthmus of Darien.

One day in the fine May weather, Frau Von Goethe proposes to give a tea-party in the park to listen to the song of the nightingale and enjoy the beauty of the opening summer. Eckermann does not enter very cordially into the proposal, and finally confesses that he would rather ramble about the fields with a young English friend named Doolan. He explains that 'when I am so near nature that I scent all her fragrance, and yet cannot thoroughly enjoy it, it is to me as unendurable as it would be to a duck to be brought near to the water, and yet prevented from plunging into it.' 'You might say, too,' remarked Goethe laughing, 'that you would feel like a horse who, on raising his head in the stable sees other horses running wild upon an extensive plain before his eyes. He scents the delights and freedom of fresh nature, but cannot partake of them,'—a sentiment with

which all true lovers of nature will heartily sympathise.

Goethe enquires how he and Doolan amuse themselves in their country rambles, and is told that, among other things, they practise archery. This leads to a long discussion on that exercise and on the making of bows, ending with Goethe going out to show Eckermann a bow which had been presented to him by a Baschkir chief and on which he himself tries his skill to Eckermann's great admiration and delight.

One of the most interesting features of the 'Conversations,' is the frequent discussion of Goethe's literary contemporaries, and the estimate which he puts on their respective powers. His frank and unconcealed egoism, while it leads him to speak with perfect candour of his own superiority to others, was yet subject to none of the petty narrowness that denies to others their due, or grudgingly yields the praise that cannot be withheld. A characteristic instance of this is his remark concerning Tieck, whom he thought the Schlegels had injudiciously placed in competition with himself. 'Tieck,' he says, 'is a talent of great importance, and no one can be more sensible than myself to his extraordinary merits; only when they raise him above himself, and place him on a level with me, they are in error. I can speak this out plainly, it matters nothing to me, for I did not make myself; I might just as well compare myself to Shakspeare, who likewise did not make himself, and who is nevertheless a being of a higher order, to whom I must look up with reverance.' Of his own works he talks with the same freedom. Of all his larger poems, he says that 'Hermann and Dorothea' is 'the only one which still satisfies him,' and which he can never read without strong interest, loving it best in the Latin translation in which it seemed 'nobler and as if it had returned to its original form.' Of 'Faust' he says that, 'it is mad stuff, and goes quite beyond all ordinary feeling.' He frankly confesses that he *does not know what idea* he meant to embody in his Faust. '*From heaven through the world to hell*, would indeed be something, but this is no idea, only a course of action. And further, that the devil loses the wager, and that a man, continually struggling from different errors towards something better, should be redeemed, is an effective, and to many a good enlightening thought; but it is no idea which lies at the foundation of the whole, and of every individual scene. *It would have been a fine thing, indeed, if I had strung so rich, varied, and highly diversified life as I have brought to view in Faust upon the slender string of one pervading idea.*'

And he says, further, of a discriminating critic of his poetry.—'Concerning Faust his remarks are no less clever, since he not only notes, "as part of myself, the gloomy, discontented striving of the principal character, but also the scorn and the bitter irony of Mephistopheles.'"

It might have saved a good deal of elaborate metaphysical discussion as to the hidden meaning of this great poem, if Goethe's own statement of his aim as a poet had been kept in view—as here very clearly stated:

'It was, in short, not in my line, as a poet, to strive to embody anything *abstract*. I received in my mind impressions, and those of a sensual, animated, charming, varied, hundred-fold kind—just as a lively imagination presented them; and I had, as a poet, nothing more to do than artistically to round off and elaborate such views and impressions, and by means of a lively representation so to bring them forward that others might receive the same impression in hearing or reading my representation of them. If I still wished, as a poet, to represent any idea, I would do it in short poems, where a decided unity could prevail, and where a complete survey would be easy. The only production of

greater extent in which I am conscious of having laboured to set forth a pervading idea is probably my *Wahlverwandtschaften* (Elective Affinities). This novel has thus become comprehensible to the understanding; *but I will not say that it is therefore better.* I am rather of the opinion that the more incommensurable and the more incomprehensible to the understanding a poetical production is so much the better it is.'

Of course a poet, like Nature, may teach us much, unconsciously, beyond his meaning, and so doubtless did Goethe; but the distinction between what we *may* learn from him and what he *meant to teach* would save us many fanciful and often fantastic interpretations. Here is Goethe's own estimate of the injurious effect of a 'hair-splitting' criticism. He has been discussing the question whether a phenomenon so astounding as Shakespeare would be possible in the England of his own day :—

'That undisturbed, innocent, somnambulatory production, by which alone anything great can thrive, is no longer possible. Our talents at present lie before the public. The daily criticisms which appear in fifty different places, and the gossip that is caused by them among the public, prevent the appearance of any sound production. Through the bad, chiefly negative, æsthetical and critical tone of the journals, a sort of half-culture finds its way into the masses; but to productive talent it is a noxious mist, a dropping poison, which destroys the tree of creative power, from the ornamental green leaves to the deepest pith and the most hidden fibres.' If this was true of Goethe's days, how much more might it apply to our own?

Of 'Wilhelm Meister' he says much the same as of 'Faust.' It is, he says, 'one of the most incalculable productions. I myself can scarcely be said to have the key to it. People seek a central point, and that is hard, and not even right. I should think a rich manifold life, brought close to our eyes, would be enough in itself, without any express tendency, which, after all, is only for the intellect.' If anything of the sort, however, is insisted on, he says, it will perhaps be found in the words of Frederic, at the end, 'that man, despite all his follies and errors, being led by a higher hand, reaches some happy goal at last!'

'Werther,' he tells us, he had only read once, about ten years after its publication. He considers it simply the expression of a phase of his own inner life, to which he refers its influence over the young man, 'who, with an innate, free, natural instinct, must accommodate himself to the narrow limits of an antiquated world.' 'I had lived, loved, and suffered much—that was it.'

One of the most characteristic self-revelations which we have of this singular, self-centred genius is contained in the following sentences, in which we have at once the expression of Goethe's strength and of his moral weakness :—'It is a great folly to hope that other men will harmonise with us; I have never hoped this. I have always regarded each man as an independent individual, *whom I endeavoured to study, and to understand with all his peculiarities, but from whom I desired no further sympathy.* In this way have I been enabled to converse with every man, and thus alone is produced the knowledge of various characters and the dexterity necessary for the conduct of life. For it is in a conflict with natures opposed to his own that a man must collect his strength to fight his way through, and thus all our different sides are brought out and developed, so that we soon find ourselves a match for every foe.' Here we have the key to so much that repels us throughout his life—so much that we rightly call selfish and heartless and immoral—in that making *self* and self-development the centre of all his conscious efforts, he used his

gigantic strength to force his development in one direction by stunting it in another, and that the direction in which a moral and social being can least afford to be stunted.

It is interesting to compare with this confession of Goethe's Schiller's answering impression of this trait in his character. 'He (Goethe) makes his existence benevolently felt, but only like a God, *without giving himself;* this seems to be a consequent and well-planned conduct, which is calculated to ensure the highest enjoyment of self-love. Therefore he is hateful to me, although I love his genius from my heart.' But nature was too strong for even Goethe, as we see from his regretful reminiscences of Schiller; while his whole connection with Eckermann is a testimony to his real and inextinguishable need of human sympathy, and to the fulness of the response which it forced from him unawares.

(*To be concluded in the next number.*)

THOUGHTS.

BY G. G.

SOME thoughts that in us rise
Cold words cannot express;
What deep within us lies
We cannot e'en confess
In tear or sigh.

Some thoughts can be expressed
By looks alone, and some
By loving acts; the rest,
Here unexpressed, become
Flowers on high.

Here in our hearts laid by,
Hidden from mortal sight,
They could but fade and die—
But in the heavenly light
They live for aye.

NIAGARA.

THE FRESH-WATER CURE.

BY N. W. RACEY.

I.

'NO, no, Tom, it's no use. I haven't the heart for any further struggle. I feel, like Agag, king of the Amalekites, "that the bitterness of death is past."'

George Creighton, as he uttered these words, folded his arms upon the table before which he was sitting, and rested his head upon them, as if with difficulty restraining his sobs.

His friend Tom Hunter continued to pace up and down the room, striving now and then to put in a word of comfort or encouragement, though seemingly in vain.

'Come old fellow,' he said soothingly, 'cheer up; nothing is so bad that it mightn't be worse, and we can find a bright side to every picture if we only try.'

But the picture in this case was rather a black one. At any rate the dark shades decidedly predominated over the light.

George Creighton was a man of about thirty. Tall and fair, with a rather fine figure and a luxuriant light-brown beard which amply compensated for a somewhat scanty head of hair. He had a heavy, good-natured face; but its lines shewed a weak and yielding disposition; and want of firmness was indicated by the lines of his mouth and chin, while kindness of heart shone out from his deep blue eyes. Nor was his face a bad index to the history of his life. The son of a wealthy Quebec merchant, he had stepped from school into the counting-house, and from that to a junior partnership as a matter of course. But bad companions had carried him on from one form of dissipation to another, and his generous disposition had led him not only to lavish his income, but even to dip deeply into what might be considered as his share of the capital of the firm.

Naturally, things had at last come to a crisis; he ceased his connection with the business, and now had nothing to rely upon but what his father might be disposed to allow him, a condition of dependence he did not relish while the paternal indignation was in its present state. The feeling that he had brought it all upon himself by his worse than folly, and had ruined his life just when he ought to be beginning to reap the fruits of success, increased rather than lessened (as it does with very many of us) his irritation.

'Come George,' Tom continued, 'the governor is not disposed to be ugly, and I have almost got him to consent to our taking a trip to Portland or up the Saguenay,—anywhere, in short, that you would like to get over the hot weather; and then, *mind* and *body* being somewhat restored, we can see about *estate* afterwards.'

'No, Tom, I could not bear that; I should be thrown among some of the old set down there, besides meeting any number of the womenkind, who know all about me and my misdeeds.'

'Well, I would say New York, or the Centennial at Philadelphia, only you want rest and pure air rather than sight-seeing. What do you say to the Upper Lakes? A month's fishing in those regions would set us both up. They say the trout are

splendid. Come, man, rouse yourself!'

After some further persuasion, George was got first to admit that the project was endurable, then to consent, and finally to take a languid sort of interest in the preparations which his energetic friend pushed rapidly on. And so it was that, on a lovely morning early in August, they landed in Montreal from the Quebec boat, in good time to catch the western express, which they quitted at Prescott for the steamer, resolving to have as little as possible of the heat and dust of a railway journey.

Toronto being reached, they consulted with several gentlemen acquainted with the route as to their best mode of procedure, and were strongly advised to take tickets to Sault Ste. Marie by the Collingwood Line of Steamers, and confer with Major Kingston, whose thirty years' residence there made him an admirable mentor; while his good nature and willingness to oblige were only equalled by his knowledge of the various fishing grounds.

So having laid in the usual amount of tackle and other rubbish supposed to be indispensable to an excursion of the kind, they took the steamboat express on a certain Friday morning, in order to catch the steamer *Cumberland*, which left Collingwood that afternoon.

'I say, George,' said Tom, as they seated themselves in the smoking car and lighted their cigars, 'did you see that lovely girl on the platform? I passed quite close to her as I was getting our things checked; lovely brown eyes and golden hair; not a common combination, you know!'

'No! I never look at women now,' very curtly replied George.

'Ah! Well, stick to it, old fellow, that's all I have to say. But I can tell you that if my affections were not already pledged to my little Bessie in Montreal, I should be inclined to step in myself, instead of so kindly calling your attention to the beauty in question.'

'Very disinterested of you. I wonder where we can get dinner or luncheon.'

'Of course,' continued Tom; not noticing the interruption, 'I know that not half the travellers on this train actually are passengers by the steamer, but I hope for the sake of —— well, both ourselves and the fair incognita, that she is one of them.'

'Yes, and her husband, or lover, to make it the more pleasant for all concerned,' growled George.

'Nonsense; I did not see any one of the male persuasion near her; there was only an old lady, with a pleasant placid countenance, most likely a mother or aunt.'

But no enthusiasm could be got out of George; so Tom, when he had finished his cigar, took a stroll through the train, and came back and reported that the fair unknown was in the parlour car, with the elderly lady afore-mentioned and a certain gentleman with a black beard, relationship undiscovered.

It was a beautiful afternoon on which the *Cumberland*, with our two friends on board, steamed out of Collingwood harbour. There seems to be something both soothing and invigorating in the air of those upper lakes on a warm summer's day. The sun, glancing upon the rippling water, suggests warmth and comfort and indolence—the *dolce far niente* of life—while the fresh cool breeze acts as a tonic to the weary frame, and speaks of fresh life and vigour for the future.

Perhaps this was the cause of our friend George's cheerful and animated manner, though its effects are generally slower, if no less sure. Or it may be that a glimpse he had caught of the 'beautiful unknown,' as she came on board, has caused his pulse to beat more quickly and given him a new interest in his surroundings.

'So your beauty is a passenger for the upper lakes, Tom, after all,' he said.

'*My* beauty;' replied Tom, 'well, I like that; after all the trouble I have taken in trying to interest you in the lady—and with some little success, it seems—you are surely not going to disown her?'

'Who do you think that fellow with the black beard is?' said George, gracefully passing over the question of proprietorship. 'Did you notice the third finger of her left hand, or had she gloves?'

'She was *bien gantée*, of course, five and three-quarters, I should say, at the most; but I don't think she trots in double harness, as yet. There is a difference, easier to appreciate than to describe; but I think I'm right. I have no idea who black beard is.'

'I should like to punch his head,' said George.

'And thereby prove yourself a fool. That's our best chance of an introduction, you silly fellow. Cultivate his acquaintance in every possible way; offer him cigars, guide book, opera glass, anything.'

And so well did George profit by this advice that, before the tea bell rang, he had made the acquaintance of the gentleman with the black beard, who rejoiced in the name of Charles Henderson Vaughan, of Toronto, Barrister-at-Law, &c., was smoking cigars with him on deck, and had discovered that he was on his way to spend a few weeks at the Sault Ste. Marie with his mother and his cousin, Miss Ethel Vaughan, towards whom he occupied also the important relation of guardian.

'You do not know how long you will stay at the Sault before going up Lake Superior?' Vaughan asked.

'No,' replied George, 'we are not bound to any plan, thank goodness. We have come out for pleasure, and can do exactly as we feel disposed.'

'Decidedly the best way; some people make a regular task of their summer vacation. They set out with the determination "to do" a certain number of places, and when they have accomplished it, they return home fagged out, and glad to get back to the comparative rest of business.'

'True,' said George, with a shudder at the thought of *his* return to business.

'Now *we* have come up here simply to do nothing, and that as lazily as possible; but we hear that there are a few pleasant people, some little fishing, and plenty of pure, fresh air, which is all we want. When we go in, if you will allow me, I will introduce you to my mother and cousin, and we can have a pleasant evening.'

'Thank you,' murmured George, almost overwhelmed by his good fortune. 'I shall be only too happy.' Which commonplace had with him a depth of meaning little suspected by his companion.

II.

'Ethel, let me introduce Mr. Creighton—Mr. Creighton, Miss Vaughan,' said Charley Vaughan, and thus was their acquaintance made in the saloon of the steamer *Cumberland*. Miss Smith, Mr. Jones—Mr. Jones, Miss Smith. How often do we hear that apparently meaningless formulary, without which no two well-brought-up Britons are supposed to be conscious of each other's existence, even to the extent, say some ill-natured cynics, of not presuming to save each other's lives. Our American cousins are not quite so exacting upon this point, and we Canadians take a sort of half-way stand between the two. It certainly has its uses, in our crowded cities and artificial society, in protecting one from the intrusion of those we would keep at a distance; but common sense has decreed that the further we depart from the centres of civilization the more is it disused, until in the backwoods it is quite unnecessary, except as a vehicle for conveying the necessary information of a new-comer's name.

'How do you do, Mr. Creighton?' said Ethel, with a slight bow, raising

to his face a very beautiful pair of brown eyes. They had that peculiar expression of love and trust, George always declared, which is only to be met with in the eyes of a spaniel, at which, when we laughed, he would assert that no higher compliment could be paid, and that the eyes of human beings were, as a rule, inferior in expression to those of many animals.

'Have you enjoyed your trip, Miss Vaughan?' asked George, 'though it is, perhaps, rather early yet to ask such a question.'

'Well, I may venture to say that I have begun to enjoy it,' replied Ethel, with a smile. 'Have you?'

'Just begun,' said George, with so much earnestness and gravity, that Ethel laughed and then blushed.

'I hope it may continue,' she said.

'If you mean that, I know it will,' said George; and then, recollecting himself, he added, 'I am a social animal, you see, and very much depends upon my surroundings.'

'In that case we must try and make them as pleasant as possible for you,' she replied. 'Do you stay at the Sault, or do you go up the lake?'

'Our plans are not decided as yet,' said George, trying to persuade himself that the fishing was quite an open question, and that the rods, &c., had been brought up merely to provide for a possible contingency. 'But I should think we might have all the comforts of the Sault and yet get a little fishing in the neighbourhood. They say the black flies are very bad in the woods this season.'

Then the others came up, and the details of their plans were more fully entered into. Tom Hunter was easily persuaded to spend some time, at any rate, at the Sault, and leave the fishing at the Nipigon in abeyance for the present.

The next day was as beautiful as the tourists could desire, and the novel sights on the route, combined with a fair share of love-making, fully occupied George's time, and prevented his giving that full consideration to his own misfortunes that he had been in the habit of doing. The scenery on the Georgian Bay, in the steamboat route along Manitoulin Island, although rather fine at some portions in its general effect, offers nothing very interesting at the various halting places. The romantic conception of Indian life derived from Cooper's novels and works of a similar character, receives a rude shock when brought face to face with the reality, as met with among the Ojibway tribes, where dirt, laziness, and dishonesty seem the leading characteristics. Our tourists, however, viewed it all through rose-coloured spectacles, and purchased from their red brethren a sufficient supply of maple-sugar, moccasins, birch-bark canoes, and baskets to stock a small shop.

It was late on Saturday afternoon, and just as they had passed the lighthouse on Shepherd's Island and were nearing Bruce Mines that they were hailed by a small sail-boat containing five men. The trim, well-painted boat, and the dark blue shirts and trousers of the men, proclaimed it something different from the ordinary Macinaw boats so much used by Indians and half-breeds. Its colour was black, with a narrow red strip, the inside being a rich green. The sail, which had been hoisted more for the chance of catching a stray breath of wind than for any real good that it accomplished, was lowered as they approached the steamer, and disclosed four swarthy men, all with more or less Indian blood in their veins, at the oars; and in the stern, a rather stout, short man, with a full sandy beard, and a countenance bronzed by exposure to some forty or fifty winters and summers.

'Hullo, captain!' exclaimed this latter individual, as soon as he came within hail; 'will you take us in tow? Gad! I was afraid that we should have to pull all the way up the Neebish.'

'All right, major,' responded the

captain, 'we'll throw you a rope for the present, and put you on board at the Bruce, if that'll do.'

'Aye! aye! thank'ee!' shouted the major, and the rope was thrown and made fast; full steam was put on again, and the *Cumberland* pursued her way.

'I wonder who he is,' said George to Charley Vaughan, as they watched the process of taking the boat in tow. 'We have a letter to a Major Kingston, and there's half of the name at any rate.'

'The *major* part of it, too,' said Tom Hunter.

'Oh, Tom,' exclaimed George, 'that won't do! It must positively be understood that punning is strictly prohibited, unless the peace and harmony of this party is to be utterly and irretrievably destroyed.'

'Why, Mr. Hunter, are you addicted to that terrible habit?' said Ethel.

'Well, it is a shocking one, I admit,' said Tom, trying to look excessively penitent; 'but I will not offend again. And now let us find out if the rest of this great unknown's name corresponds to that of our future mentor. If so we may as well present our letter as soon as he comes on board. I will ask the captain.'

In a few minutes he returned with the information that Major Kingston was the name of the gentleman in the boat, and that he was returning to the Sault after a tour connected with his official duties.

About half-past five they reached Bruce Mines, and the major and his crew came on board. After tea the captain, at their request, introduced them to him, and they presented their letter.

'Very glad, indeed, to welcome you to Algoma, gentlemen,' he said heartily. 'Independent of any letter, we are always glad to see visitors at the Sault, especially when they bring any of the fair sex with them.'

'Ah! but we are not fortunate enough to be in a position to do so,' answered Hunter.

'No? I see my friend Durham only mentions two gentlemen,' said the major, 'but, gad, you seem ready enough to remedy the mistake,' he added, with a chuckle, and a look at George, who, unconscious of his glance, was saying some soft nothing to Ethel Vaughan with lips and eyes.

Thereupon Tom introduced Vaughan, and afterwards Mrs. Vaughan and Ethel; and the major promised them any amount of amusement during their stay, as far, at least, as pic-nics, boating, etc., would go. A very pleasant musical evening was spent, and when the gentlemen, after a pleasant pipe and glass of grog in the captain's room, separated for the night, they voted the major a perfect brick, and already made up their minds that the visit would be a success. As for George, he seemed like a new man, and though Tom noticed that his former high spirits were wanting, the old melancholy was gone, and he took a ready interest in all the plans that were proposed.

The next morning, between nine and ten, the *Cumberland* reached Sault Ste Marie, and the party put up, as they had been advised, at the Cameron House. They were a little puzzled at first to find no porter, or bus, or any one to represent the establishment, but soon found out that this was the usual thing at the Sault, and the major got a half-breed, with a little Canadian pony, to take over their luggage for them. For themselves, they walked over, and had to be thankful that it was not a rainy day, as that was the only possible mode of conveyance. Tom Hunter suggested that, perhaps, as it was Sunday, the facilities were not as great as on a week-day, but the major quickly disabused his mind of that idea, and explained that 'it was never Sunday when the boat came in.'

'And now,' said Tom Hunter, who seemed by mutual consent to be entrusted with the important duty of keeping things moving, 'what shall we do with ourselves this morning?'

They were seated on the balcony which opens from the parlour of the hotel, enjoying a beautiful view of the river and rapids, as well as the canal on the opposite shore, about a mile further up. The major had left them in order, he said, to report his arrival to the authorities, meaning thereby, as he explained to them, Mrs. Kingston and family. The day was a very beautiful one, bright, yet with just sufficient breeze to be refreshing, and they experienced another advantage of water over land travel, in not being in the least degree worn by their journey. A comfortable night and well-served breakfast left them as fresh as if they had been at the hotel.

'For my part,' said Ethel, 'I am perfectly content to sit here all morning and watch the river. It is a lovely scene, and so new to me.'

'Why not get a boat and have a row and see if there is anything to be caught trolling,' said Vaughan.

'Oh! Charles,' exclaimed his mother, 'you forget what day it is. For my part, I shall go to church, that is, if there is one.'

'Yes,' said Ethel, 'I shall go to church with auntie; of course, you gentlemen can do as you please.'

'I hope you do not look upon us as quite heathens, Miss Vaughan,' said George. 'Most certainly I shall go.'

'Why George,' said Tom, mischievously, 'you were at church not more than a month ago, and you know your average is four times a year. Don't crowd them up together too much.'

'What nonsense you talk, Tom,' replied George, colouring and half angry; for he fancied Ethel looked at him reproachfully. 'But if we are to go this morning there is no time to lose.'

'True,' said the irrepressible Tom, 'I will just enquire if there is any religion in the place. For my own part, as I belong to the Peculiar People, I have insurmountable conscientious scruples about worshipping with any Gentile outsiders; but what particular article shall I enquire for? George, of course, as a devout Catholic, would shake the dust of any Protestant conventicle off his shoes, so I must ask for every variety?' And he left the room.

'And so you are *really* a Catholic, Mr. Creighton,' said Mrs. Vaughan, much in the same tone as she might have asked 'Have you really the small pox?'

'It is too bad of that fellow,' said George,' 'but you must know that he is an incorrigible joker, Mrs. Vaughan. I have been brought up in the Church of England, and have no other title to the name "Catholic."'

'But you surely think that sufficient?' said Ethel, earnestly. 'Ought we to give over that name to the Romanists, just because they choose to usurp it?'

'Shall I get you those tracts on Apostolic Succession, Ethel?' said Charley Vaughan, with a quiet smile. 'I think they are at the bottom of the large Saratoga.'

'Now you are laughing at me, Charley,' Ethel answered; 'but I do not care, I know I am right, and the truth can afford to be laughed at.'

'For my part,' said Mrs. Vaughan, 'I don't see what they want with any of these Popish innovations, with their bowings and turnings. In my day we were not ashamed to be called Protestants, and I don't believe in these little beginnings, they will land us——'

'In the main street,' said Tom Hunter, in reply to some one outside, as he opened the door. 'Yes, but I don't think any of us want to go there, thank you.'

'Go where, Mr. Hunter?' asked Mrs. Vaughan, with surprise, 'to the main street?'

'No madam,' said Tom. 'To the Church of Rome.'

'Ah!' said she, with a satisfied air, 'I am glad you agree with me about these dreadful innovations, Mr. Hunter.'

'I am certain I should, if I knew what your opinions were,' he answered; 'but I was speaking to our landlady,

who was telling me the situation of the four churches in the place: Church of England, Church of Rome, Presbyterian, and Methodist.'

It being found that they all belonged to the first of these bodies, they went to St. Luke's Church, a pretty stone building, capable of seating, perhaps, one hundred and fifty persons, where the service was conducted by a Bishop and two clergymen, a proportion of clergy to laity which very much surprised them.

'Well, and how did you like the sermon?' asked Mrs. Vaughan, as soon as they came out, putting a question which, strange to say, nine out of every ten persons ask as soon as they are fairly out of church.

'Now do not let us have a theological discussion,' said Charley Vaughan. 'We had a good practical discourse from his lordship, which I am sure none of you can find fault with; and while we are out for our holidays, let us enjoy them. I hate theology.'

'Oh Charles,' exclaimed his mother, 'people will think you a perfect heathen if you say such things; they will believe that you really mean them.'

'So I do,' answered Charley. 'I did not say I hated religion, or Christianity—only theology. What a lovely view of the rapids we have here; could we not go down to the shore, and reach the hotel by the water's edge?'

'I don't know,' said Hunter, 'but being tolerably hungry, I am in favour of postponing all such experiments until after dinner,'—which was done accordingly.

III.

For the next few days they had plenty of visitors, and were surprised to find what pleasant society was to be had in such an out-of-the-way place. And though Ethel still adhered to her opinion that she would be perfectly content to sit on the balcony and watch the shipping and the rapids, with their white-crested waves glistening in the sun, she entered readily enough into any plans that were suggested for their amusement. George, too, seemed to take very kindly to the 'balcony idea,' as Tom Hunter called it, and generally contrived to enjoy it at about the same time as Ethel. And though Tom suggested that he should go down stairs and try a few extracts from 'Romeo and Juliet,' he laughingly declined, and finally informed his friend that he would do his own love-making in his own way.

On Wednesday, Major Kingston promised to take them over to the American side, where they could shoot the rapids in a birch-bark canoe.

'You'll not be afraid to try it, I'm sure, Miss Ethel' he said, 'you look like a girl with plenty of pluck. Gad! I remember taking down a Mrs. Tennyson, who was here about three summers ago, and when we got into the middle of the rapid she began to scream, and what was worse to rock about!'

'What did you do?' asked Charley.

'Do?' said the Major. 'Gad! I couldn't do anything, or between the two of us the canoe would have gone over. But I told her I would. Said I'd pitch her out if she didn't shut up, or if she moved so much as a finger.'

'But Major, that was not very polite of you,' said Ethel.

'Hadn't time to be polite,' said the matter-of-fact Major. 'If I hadn't stopped her, I shouldn't have had the pleasure of taking you over this afternoon.'

The party consisted of the Major, his unmarried sister, Miss Kingston, and an intimate friend, Miss Lawrence, besides our tourists. After a pleasant walk of nearly a mile along the main road of the village, they crossed the river by the little steam ferry, the *Dime*, which, for the exact sum its name implied, carried passengers to and from the American shore. The Major would have taken them over with his own boat and crew, but as he explained to them, he thought it better to send two of his best men across with a canoe, in

which to run the rapids, rather than trust to what they might be able to hire on the spot, as most of them belonged to fishermen, and had more or less of the odour of fish.

The passage on the *Dime* was a great source of delight, and the obliging captain turned a little out of his course, passing nearer the foot of the rapids than usual. Mrs. Vaughan, it is true, was a little nervous, as the huge waves caught the little vessel broadside, but the Major assured her that there was no danger, so she clutched the side of the seat and tried to look unconcerned.

On landing they repaired to what was almost an island, just at the foot of the rapids, had it not been connected with the mainland by a narrow strip of rock. Indeed it was little better than a huge rock itself, with patches of earth here and there; yet it made the most of its advantages, and its trees would have done credit to any soil. The whole area was not more than about forty square yards, yet they managed to find a spot tempting enough for a pic nic, with a little stream from the rapids clattering over the rocks and moss.

Running the rapids is not a very tedious affair, being all over in a few minutes, but getting the canoes back is quite another matter. So to save time, the gentlemen engaged canoes for themselves, the Major taking Ethel in the one he had brought over. Leaving those who were only spectators on the little island, which commanded a view of the rapids, the others walked up by the banks of the canal to the starting point. In the meantime the ladies settled down for a quiet chat, which occupied them until it was time to watch for the canoes. Soon they appeared in sight, the Major's leading, and the three others not far behind. Bobbing up and down, and darting between the rocks that rose up in the middle of the river, they looked like corks tossed by a child into a rapid stream. Then the figures got more and more distinct, and finally they were able to recognise the features of their friends, as they paddled triumphantly into the still water.

'And did you really enjoy it?' said Miss Kingston to Ethel, as they landed and prepared for their return home. 'I have been living here some fifteen years, but have never mustered courage to try it yet. But then I am of a very nervous temperament, and the doctors have always forbidden anything that was likely to excite me.'

'Well, it certainly is exciting,' replied Ethel, 'and I must confess to feeling a little afraid once or twice; but I did not dare to shew it, for I remembered what the Major said about that Mrs. Tennyson, so I just shut my eyes for a minute.'

'Bless your heart, my dear,' said Miss Kingston, 'he would never have been really rude to you. But I suppose you *must* keep quiet, or it would be dangerous.'

On the way home the Major devoted himself to Ethel, as was his wont to do whenever thrown into the company of any young and pretty woman. Now the Major could be very agreeable when he chose, and his blunt, honest manner had a charm of its own, and Ethel, feeling very grateful for all the trouble he had taken on her behalf, did her best to entertain him. Now all this was very nice for everyone but George, who had seen almost nothing of Ethel that day, and never had her to himself during the entire afternoon. So he managed to work himself up into a fit of jealousy, and began to pay great attention to Miss Lawrence all the way home. She, a pleasant, kind-hearted girl, rather enjoyed the society of an agreeable stranger, and never for a moment suspecting what lay behind it all, went in for as much laughing and talking as possible. They all went to the Kingstons for the evening, and a little impromptu dance was got up, the Major leading off with Ethel, and Charley Vaughan with Mrs. Kingston, while Miss Lawrence

played. And then for the first time those who had watched George most carefully lately began to notice that he was put out by something. The first of these was Tom Hunter. While the dance was going on, he saw that George stood by the piano with Miss Lawrence, and that instead of joining Ethel at its conclusion, as he would have done at any other time, he continued to hold aloof. So Tom danced with her himself.

Ethel, too, perceived that there was a difference, though she was entirely ignorant of the cause. She saw that he was moody and silent, but suspected nothing until Tom enlightened her.

'Our friend George seems rather in the dumps this evening,' he said, as they paused after having gone once or twice round the room.

'Yes, I noticed he was scarcely like himself,' she answered; 'he is generally cheerful without effort, and certainly what hilarity he has to-night seems forced.'

'But you have only seen him on his travels. Before we left Quebec, and indeed until we got on the steamer, he could scarcely be induced to take an interest in anything.'

'He told me you had kindly undertaken the journey for his benefit, and that it had done him a great deal of good. But why should he relapse to-night?'

'I don't know whether it was so much the journey as the pleasant companionship that has cheered him up.'

Ah! now you are trying to flatter me, Mr. Hunter, but really it is too—

'No indeed I am not!' very earnestly said Tom. 'I want you to put two and two together, as I am doing. The Major has monopolized you all day, and George has been left in the cold a little, that's all. But we mustn't lose our dance.'

This conversation set Ethel thinking. She liked George Creighton very much for such a short acquaintance, but it never occurred to her to look upon his attentions as really serious, yet she could not help thinking that if his altered demeanour was caused by jealousy, it must be more than a passing fancy on his part. Later on in the evening he danced once with her, but his manner was constrained and unlike his old self, as Ethel knew him. But he capped the climax by walking home with Mrs. Vaughan, which was such a complete innovation upon the accustomed order of things that everyone of the party noticed it, though they were of course discreetly silent.

Ethel was really hurt. She was a warm-hearted, impulsive girl, not a bit of a coquette, and could not understand so absurd an idea as being jealous upon such provocation. She forgot, or had never perhaps realized, how exacting some people in love are, and to what an extent the green-eyed monster will carry them. George, for his part, was sulky and angry—chiefly with himself. He knew he was completely in the wrong; that he had not the smallest justification for his absurd conduct, and that he was risking his chance of winning the love of a good and noble girl by his folly. Yet this knowledge only increased his anger, and after an abrupt good night, he turned in, tho' only to toss about during the greater part of the night, and wake in the morning peevish and unrefreshed.

IV.

Ethel, when she woke the next morning, lay for some little time thinking. She had been enjoying her holiday very much without the least consciousness of the why and the wherefore of the pleasure. The sun seemed to shine so brightly, and the air was so cool and refreshing that she had attributed it to youth, health, and the creature comforts by which she was surrounded. But when once her thoughts were turned in the direction of George Creighton, she began to realize how prominent a part she had unconsciously allowed him to assume in it all, and how very blank it would

seem if he were withdrawn from it. Hurt, almost angry, as she felt at his conduct the night before, she would gladly pass it all over and forget it, if they could only go back to the quiet happiness of the last week. And this, too, was the day of the pic-nic to Hay Lake, which they had all looked forward to with so much pleasure; surely it was not to be spoiled by a quarrel, or by coldness which was worse than a quarrel, because it could not be as readily noticed and settled one way or the other.

And then if—if she really allowed herself to love him, who was this George Creighton? Very nice, of course, as far as they knew; but then how little they did know. That he was in some sort of trouble she guessed from some casual remarks between him and his friend Mr. Hunter, but whether it was really serious, or to what extent he was to blame for it, she could not tell. Altogether it was not surprising that two of the party scarcely did as much justice as usual to the very substantial breakfast with which they began the day.

The entrance to Hay Lake lies about three miles below the village, on the American side, and is studded with a number of beautiful islands, to one of which the pic-nic party repaired. They went in two sailing boats supplied by two of the leading gentlemen of the place. There was, of course, the usual amount of manœuvring, common on such occasions, as to who should go with whom. The *Mars*, the larger of the two boats, took all our tourists except Tom and Ethel, who went in the *Lizzie*, a more comfortable craft, as well as a faster sailer. George could have accompanied her had he chosen, as a seat was offered for another of their party, but as he did not say anything or make the slightest motion to accept it, they went without him.

The day was fine, and the wind favourable, so they were not long in reaching the entrance to the lake. There, as the current was very strong, they furled their sails, and put out oars so as to get steerage way. It was no easy matter, with the swift current, and innumerable eddies, to steer between the rock-bound islets; but the boats were strong, and if they did run ashore—which only happened three times—the result was nothing more serious than a wetting for the gentlemen who had to go ashore to push them off. Finally, they arrived at their destination, all as jolly as possible, except Ethel, who was somewhat silent, and George, who was as miserable as a man could be, and heartily ashamed of himself.

'George,' said Tom aside, while the others were dragging up the boats; 'excuse my plain speaking, but you are making a fool of yourself—now don't.'

'I suppose I am,' that individual pathetically responded, 'well I won't.'

'Go and make it up with her at once, don't you see she is as unhappy about it as you are?'

'Do you think so?' said George, brightening up; 'but there is nothing to make up—we have had no quarrel.'

'Well, go and be nice again, you have been disagreeable long enough.'

'All right, old fellow, directly after luncheon.'

'As you like about that, but the sooner the better.'

The long sail had made them all pretty hungry, so they opened up the hampers at once, and made a hearty lunch. Afterwards they strolled about, or sat under the shade of the trees and enjoyed the fresh breeze. But George did not rest until he had secured Ethel, and asked her to take a stroll along the shore.

'Miss Vaughan,' he said as soon as they were out of earshot, 'I have been behaving like a bear, will you forgive me?'

'Oh! Mr. Creighton,' she answered, 'do not say that; you have not been rude to me in the least. There is really nothing to forgive.'

'If you think there is nothing to

forgive, I am very sorry. You must care absolutely nothing for me, if you do not mind in the least my sulky behaviour.'

'I did not say I liked the new phase in your character, I only said you had not been rude.'

'No, but I have been unkind and churlish, very different indeed from what I feel.'

'But I have no right to expect that —that—

'No, I suppose not. Nor have I any right to offer it—yet. But you will see, when you have known me a little longer and I have a right to speak, that it is no mere passing fancy. And you will try to love me, won't you? No, don't *try*. I do not want a forced love, only promise you will forgive and forget my unkind behaviour. Will you?'

'Yes, I said I would.'

'And now let me tell you about myself.' And then George explained to her how, by his own folly, he had lost his position in his father's business, and that it would be some time before he would be able to regain it or a similar one. 'The dear old governor is really kind-hearted at bottom, but of course I provoked him by throwing away my chances in the foolish way I did. I am sure he would forgive me, if he saw you,' he added, looking lovingly and proudly at her.

'Oh! Mr. Creighton, you take too much for granted,' exclaimed Ethel, who had been completely carried away by his vehemence, and was now half frightened at the result. 'I did not promise anything.'

'Nor did I ask you to. If you now honestly say that you don't care for me, I will not trouble you with another word. I do not ask you *now* to say you love me enough to marry me; we will wait for that. But you do like me a little, don't you, considering the short time you have known me?'

'Ye-es.'

'Say yes, George.'

'Oh, I mustn't.'

'But you must.'

'Ye-es, George.'

But it really is not fair to publish conversations of such a delicate nature, so our readers will excuse us if we merely remark that, after a pretty long walk, this interesting couple rejoined the main body, and although both were quiet, no one could accuse them of being sulky. On the contrary, George was as amiable as his best friends had ever known him to be, and, in the evening, when the wind fell, on the way home, he took an oar and pulled some three miles against the strong current without a murmur.

The next morning George got Tom to have a little chat with Charley Vaughan. He then learned for the first time that Ethel was somewhat of an heiress, that is, she had about three thousand dollars a year of her own. The Vaughans were very much surprised at the suddenness of the thing—had no personal objection to George—and in any case would make none, since Ethel seemed to like him. But, of course there could be no engagement yet, as George, according to his own account, had no income, nor immediate prospects.

But George cut the Gordian knot of all these difficulties with his usual impetuosity of character. He persuaded Tom Hunter to return with him at once to Quebec, to see his father, and arranged to meet the Vaughans a few weeks later in Toronto, should he have anything satisfactory to communicate. In any case, he was to write. The Vaughans would spend the time they originally intended at the Sault, as there was no necessity for their hurrying back.

Old Mr. Creighton fulfilled his son's predictions to the letter. He yielded to his requests at first, so far as to put him back into the business at a good salary, for the present. But when he had seen Ethel, which he went up to Toronto on purpose to do, he told George that he would take him back,

and give him a one-third partnership the day he was married.

From Tom Hunter's account, George not only proved a model husband, but developed quite an aptitude for business, and is now an eager advocate for pushing the direct sugar trade with the West Indies. But, then, as Tom says, he was always fond of sweets, both before and after his 'his fresh water cure.'

"MESSALINA SPEAKS."

"Audi alteram partem."—HORACE.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

APOLOGETIC PREFACE.

(This dramatic lyric is not meant as a defence of Messalina, as the wickedest empress is represented in history; but as an assertion of the principle that there is a soul of good in things evil. The stories about Messalina rest on the authority of Tacitus and Juvenal, and these writers, as Gibbon has remarked of the stories told of the Empress Theodora, by the historian Procopius, may be calumnies, the result of personal feeling. Both Tacitus and Juvenal were strangely under the influence of the pseudo-republican feeling of the Brutus and Cassius type, and so inclined to paint the women of the Imperial house in the darkest colours. Messalina could not have been wholly bad, for Tacitus records that the Chief of the College of Vestal Virgins endeavoured to save her, and the same writer mentions that, after her death, she had partizans who took the side of her children. In this poem she is regarded as a woman of the true Roman type, that type which, while Roman republican freedom was a reality, has left to later eyes its model of all that is pious, noble, and pure. Under the conditions of a corrupt society, such a type became changed. Yet amid the recklessness of its voluptuousness, the old Roman strength flashed out at times. No Christian in the martyrologies shewed more courage than the harlot Epicharis, when put to the torture for refusing to reveal the names of her fellow-conspirators against Nero. Yet her life had been one of the wildest sensuous *abandon*, as she looked to no Heaven to encourage her on the rack. Messalina's husband, the Emperor Claudius, seemed to combine every vice and weakness in his ill-omened name).

TWO sides to a story! *One* of mine
Points the lash of each poisoned line
In the famous Sixth Satire, our sex's shame
Pilloried in Messalina's name.
Smooth flows the verse, and the angry muse
Rich in the rhetoric of the stews,
Lingers each phase of vice to tell,
Loving the task of libel well!

Who knows not the picture Aquinas paints?
I mean the Satirist's, not the Saint's—
The palace left at the midnight hour
The orgies in lewd Lysisca's bower—

Whose reckless revels the breasts behold
That bore Britannicus, decked with gold—
The foul life's license of lust and wine—
His tale which the world has heard ; hear *mine*.

" *I* was no empress," not mine the praise,
" Born in the purple " of Rome's last days.
To cringe to eunuch and slave and fret
In a prison of courtly etiquette !
But a Roman woman whose grandsire died
As he fought and revelled at Sulla's side—
Not more his heiress in name and land,
Than in passionate heart and strong right hand !

In strength of the ancient Roman stamp,
That swam the Tiber from Tarquin's camp ;
Perhaps in courage to match that one
Who saved the city and doomed her son ;
Or her who wept not her jewels twain
Lavished and lost for Rome in vain—
Unmoved in her love's imperial pride,
When Freedom perished and Gracchus died.

Or well content with a calmer life,
The sweet home-ways of the Roman wife—
To spin the wool by the household fire,
While her boys are piling the pine logs higher.
At the hour of rest, when the day fulfils,
And the sun is low on the Sabine hills,
Such scenes, such joys our Rome had then,
For the mothers are mates of her bravest men !

Even *I*—had it pleased the gods above,
The sort of woman that heroes love—
Good to be joined as gold with gold
Pure with the strong and brave with bold.
Proud of a heart whose worth she knew—
Giving in pledge of true love, true—
And for love like this, be sure my own
With mutual fires as bright had shone.

What sort of hero was mine to mate ?
What sort of Cæsar bestowed by fate ?
Bold with grammarians war to wage,
Skilled in the lore of Numa's age.
With whom both folly and cowardice came,
A double curse to the Claudian name,
Yet worse to me whom ill-fortune gave,
To a freedman's client, a eunuch's slave !

Small joy had I in my place of pride,
Though to empire wed as the world is wide—
Though where I passed, to my service vowed,
Thirty legions their eagles bowed.
I could not bear it—reaction came—
Wild quest of pleasure that knows not shame,
Such passion-madness as ere the end,
To those they ruin the good gods send.

For the gods ordain, since earth began,
By perfect conditions the perfect man,
Vice comes or virtue, good comes or sin,
From the world without to the world within.
Life's *form* may vary, *itself* the same—
Cornelia's pride, Messalina's shame—
Through all whose passion, condemn who will,
Some voice of womanhood pleadeth still.

MEDICAL MANIAS.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M.D., TORONTO.

I HAVE not consulted my dictionary, in this my extremity, for a definition, but I shall pronounce a quack to be one who pretends to be what he is not, and with characteristic cunning hides what he is. This masque is not confined to the medical profession, although in the garb of a medicine man he can pretend to know all about diseases and their remedies with less chance of discovery than is possible in any other walk of life. Assumption and imperturbable effrontery will go far to inspire confidence in a practice of medicine, which is surrounded by so many uncertainties in respect to diseases and their remedies. Here ignorance can revel without much fear of detection. Every recovery is a miracle of skill if the patient should happen to be under the care of a 'natural-born' dispenser of medicine, or applier of charms. No ignorant pretender can open his mouth among the members of the legal profession without betraying his ignorance, and at once being relegated to a sphere more congenial to his mental capacity. Even the religious quack, whether lay or clerical, extremist, sensationalist, or revivalist, may wear a mask to deceive, but every word he utters, or every doctrine he 'wrestles' with, shows the quack, who may even be a sincere self-trickster, in gauging his vocation and his powers. He puts on a long face as a necessary part of a consistent character, but what comes out of his mouth condemns him.

Every city, town, and village is full of ignorant pretenders to medical lore and skill. To tickle the public ear and extract money from willing dupes, many devices are resorted to for this purpose. It has become fashionable among the medical guerillas to publish

a taking book, with a startling title, having reference to special diseases. Some of these empirics have a good deal of acuteness, and being educated can write a taking 'Medical Adviser' or 'Domestic Medicine,' full of innuendos about the cure of obscure diseases; but the most of them can scarcely write their own names, much less compose a literary and medical monograph. Such, however, employ some medical scribbler to get up a volume to order. These productions are highly sensational, and intended to frighten invalids to rush to the authors or publishers for relief. Every page is full of absurdities, ignorance, and assurance; save when the text is pirated bodily from the writings of some educated physician. Some weeks ago I had sent to me a pamphlet from Montreal in which were copious quotations from one of my annual reports. Some of these individuals assume the names of distinguished men; others appropriate the prescriptions of respectable practitioners as their own, and pretend that remedies which were intended for one class of diseases can cure all. It is in order then to steal the reported cures of cases in medical journals and manufacture others sufficiently marvellous to approach the supernatural. For instance, such will use Lallemand's reports of cases in letter and words, and, presuming on the ignorance of the reader, will attribute the cures as being due to their wonderful remedies. At this hour there is travelling in Ontario a licensed charlatan who placards on the fences, gates, and barns of the back townships and villages, that he is 'the greatest physician of the age.' He puts in largest type, with ornamental headings, a list of diplomas and licenses, which strike with astonishment the unsophisticated rustic and his wife. He can intuitively tell what is the matter with a patient the moment he casts his eye on him. He then recounts to the invalid in cunning generalities the feelings which are in a greater or less degree common to many diseases. This strikes the patient as a sort of heaven-born intuition, and none but a genius of no common order could thus recount his woes and pains at once. He prescribes his nostrums with confidence and faith in the patient's credulity, and charges a lordly fee to intensify the belief in the potency of such a costly drug. Were it cheap it could not be worth much, reasons the victim. He sold rheumatic belts at ten dollars each. I got possession of one and found it contained nothing but sulphur and saltpetre. It was worn around the loins and cured rheumatism, lumbago, kidney complaints, and dyspepsia. This medical vampyre bled his victims of their hard-earned gains in a plausible way that was astonishing to witness. His fame spreads far and near. Every gossip sounds his praises. He coins money for a time. After a few visits, and after a fair trial of the medicines, the chronics find that his fair promises of cure have been delusive. They begin to realize that they have got into the clutches of a rogue, and that he has been extracting money from them under false pretences. The crowds which thronged his room in some village tavern dwindle down to the number of a corporal's guard. The victims shamefacedly go back to the family physician, who honestly makes no promises of cure, but uses his skill to the best advantage. 'The greatest physician of the age' silently steals away and repeats the same marvels with the same pecuniary results in new fields, until a handsome competence is made, and after a few years, with a chuckle of satisfaction, he retires to enjoy the harvest reaped from ignorance and credulity. Experience shows that one lesson of this kind has no effect upon the public, for each brazen-faced successor of a similar type will gull the same neighbourhood and the same patients with equal facility to that of the first. The lessons which affect the pocket often have a telling and lasting effect, but medical quackery is an ex-

ception to that rule. I have often heard these characters spoken of as 'natural-born doctors.'

One of these 'natural-born' medical men was a Morris Taylor, of Texas, who was brought before a Recorder's Court, only a short time ago, accused of having administered poison to Mary Ann Tolden in a glass of water. Thomas Fish, a brother practitioner, and of sable hue, was called up as a witness on behalf of the Commonwealth. The 'doctor' was short in stature, slipshod, hobbled into Court with the assistance of a cane; had a small head, scant of wool, Solferino eyes, mouth cut bias (so says the record), and the look of one who had an eye to the main chance. The 'doctor' hobbled up to the stand and proceeded to answer the questions put to him by the Court in this manner:

By the Court.—What is your name?

'Dr.' F.—Dr. Thomas Fish.

Court.—What is your trade? What do you do for a living?

'Dr.' F.—Ise a doctor—er fissian (physician).

Court.—Under what school of medicine did you study?

'Dr.' F.—Hey! Didn't study at all. Cum into the wurl' a doctor. Was born a doctor. You see, boss, I cures people wid dis yere han', dis yere right han'. I jes puts it on 'em, and does a little summen to 'em and dey gets well; I does. I was worth more ter my old masser dan all the oder niggers he had. Ise a doctor, I is. (Here the witness surveyed the audience with a great deal of gravity and importance, hitched up his pants, and turned again to the Court.)

Court.—Do you know Mary Ann Tolden? If you do, state what was her condition when you saw her Sunday or Monday last?

'Dr.' F.—I knows her. Well, boss, you know, last Sunday or Monday, I disremember which, I was called in 'fessionally to see de young lady. I found her in 'vulsions and 'plaining of things wurrien 'bout her heart. Says I, 'Mary Ann, what's the matter?' Says she, 'Doctor, I feel things wurkin' round my heart.' I put this here right han' on her and she got still. I saw her sorter swelled out, and felt things a wurkin' round in dere—I knowed she mus' have some varmint in dere. So I give a tablespoonful of fresh milk, and den I took a speckled chicken—a real natural chicken—and cut it open and put it on her right side, jes' over whar de heart beats. I kep' it dere for some time, maybe half-hour. De treatment fotched 'em out; cured her up.

Court.—Have you a license to practise medicine?

'Dr.' F.—Yes, sir! (Here witness produced a City License, signed by the Mayor, authorizing him to carry on the occupation of a physician.)

Court.—Can you read?

'Dr.' F.—No, sir; I don't need ter. I'se de sebenth son of de sebenth son. My nollige was born wid me.

Court.—Have you a license from the County Board of Physicians?

'Dr.' F.—No, sir! What for I want to go to dem for? I'se a doctor, I is. I cures people wid my han'—my right han'. I don't give no doctor's stuff. (Here the witness looked disgusted, as though to insinuate that to go before the common board were a great insult.)

Court.—Do you get pay for your visits and doctoring?

'Dr.' F.—Pay? pay? In course I does. I'se no fool, I ain't. I'm a doctor, I is. Course I gets pay. I charges 'em $25 for every case, and I makes 'em pay me, I does. I'se a doctor, I is.'

This is a specimen of an ignorant man who candidly believed that he was possessed of a divine *afflatus* which gave him an inspiration to know diseases and cure them. The masses of the public possess the idea that on account of certain aptitudes, many untaught men and women know more about the practice of medicine than do those who make it a lifetime study. There is sufficient truth to pass cur-

rent in the opinion that talent for certain professions goes far to insure success, and the designing knave knows well how to cultivate this partial truth to his own advantage.

It is not to be wondered at that all kinds of nostrums were used and believed in a century and a half ago. The masses were ignorant and credulous. They were emerging out of the darkness of superstition, but had not got into the sunlight; nor have their children yet reached a point at which they can see through all the wiles and the cunning of medical impostors. Such flourish and grow rich on the misplaced confidence of the public. In olden times the history of quackery shows that the man who had the most assurance—promised the most—and who possessed good personal address, was sure to succeed in gulling the public to have faith in his nostrums. Printing, engraving, and advertising had not reached that perfection they have at present. The patent medicine men could not use that potency in pictures to catch the vulgar eye. They could not show, in all the horrors of wood-cuts, duplicates of the same man with a face full of loathsome sores, and alongside, in striking contrast, a countenance smooth and healthful in appearance as that of a ruddy child. The 'Anti-Scorbutic Pills' brought about the wondrous change. The ancients could not give, in all the definiteness of wood and steel cuts, the pinched-up and agonized features of a hollow-cheeked, sunken-eyed, lank man writhing in all the torments of dyspepsia or nervous headache, and, placed near him, the facial picture of the same 'childlike and bland' form, with a smile on his countenance so sweet that it looked as if a sunbeam had settled there, never to leave again. This transformation was brought about by the diligent use of 'Scorum's Tonic Bitters.' Buy them and live, refuse and die! Our forefathers could not have the privilege of studying in newspapers, almanacs, and the fly-sheets of magazines, a beautiful specimen of art as shown in the engraving of a bald head set gracefully on the plumpest shoulders of an otherwise beautiful young lady, and the same in juxtaposition adorned with luxuriant wavy tresses flowing adown the back and reaching to the ground. This growth was brought about by half a dozen applications to the scalp of the wonder-working 'Curmudgeon's Kathairon.' It matters not if all the hair bulbs have disappeared from beneath the glistening scalp, the 'Tricopherous' will make the hair grow without them. We are deeply affected when we see the array of chemical appliances needed to extract the medical virtues of some health-giving herb. Retorts, phials, stills, tubes, scales, and books are grouped together in formidable array on the title page of an almanac, and in front of them is pictured a venerable old man who might have passed for one of the patriarchs. So intensely is he gazing at the work of distillation going on from a retort that he seems to have passed all his weary pilgrimage in a constant study of chemical processes, seeking to find out the elixir of life. He must have found it, for above his head a winged recording-angel is flying through the air in flowing robes without hoop skirts, blowing a trumpet or dinner horn from whose expanded throat come the words 'For the healing of the nations.' Who could resist this appeal to buy a remedy that has such a sage discoverer, and such an advertising agency devoted to the relief of poor diseased humanity? Were this panacea bought and used as it should be, graveyards might be padlocked and announced on the gates 'to let.' An Indian is pictured in another almanac as doing service in the cause of humanity. He is supposed to be by nature a heaven-born herbalist. By a sort of medical apostolic descent he has in him the fluid extract of all the medical wisdom which may have accumulated and concentrated in his progenitors throughout un-

told centuries during the stone, bronze, and iron ages. If these aborigines are the descendants of the lost tribes, it may be well not to mention in detail that this frontispiece to a medical treatise represents an Indian, who must be a worthy medicine man, springing from the loins of those who doctored Asa. Holy writ significantly says the result of the treatment was that 'Asa slept with his fathers.'

This Indian is drawn full sized, with plumes, war-paint, kilt, tomahawk, moccasins, and a bunch of the precious healing herb in his hand. This medicine cleanses the blood without fail, and eradicates disease from every nook and cranny of the system, as ferrets do rats from their highways, by-ways, and haunts. It never fails; who will buy? The Indian is supposed to have an intuitive knowledge of the properties of medicinal herbs. His inductive philosophy is concentrated in mental processes which enable the red man to have a sort of inspiration, of an infallible kind, in unfolding the curative properties of all the plants in his native haunts. Like a poet he is born thus, not made. That is the only rational account I can give for the popular belief that Indian or Arab, African or Afghan, could by reason of this aboriginal and nomadic life instinctively know diseases and their remedies. This idea is taken advantage of to delude the public in a faith in the nostrums offered for sale, and which may not contain the faintest trace of a vegetable or herb in their composition.

Look at the medical quacks—*licensed* and unlicensed—who swarm on every hand. Their pills and mixtures are a never-failing source of health. They will cure all diseases from 'nose-ache to toe-ache—in all climates, in all systems, in all conditions of mind and body, and in all ages. Is your blood too rich? They will impoverish it. Is your blood too poor? They will enrich it. Does your liver discharge a superabundance of bile? 'Our' pills will check it. Is the biliary flow scanty, they will increase it. Is your appetite voracious or capricious? Worms, says 'Our Almanac.' Take the Wabash Pills, and your appetite will take its everlasting flight. Is your relish for food poor? Behold my panacea in the 'Great Double-Action Revolving Bitters!' Are your nerves unstrung? My 'Invigorator' is the key to bring them into tune. Are they in a horrid state of tension? Take a dose of our 'Abracadabra' and they will slacken instantly. Has rheumatism stiffened your joints? Apply our 'Lightning Relief,' and if one bottle do not suffice, *buy* another, and keep on purchasing until a cure is effected. Have you curvature of the spine, brain disease, or a dislocated joint? Our 'superinducted, non-interrupted, double insulated galvano-electric telephono-magnetic battery' will set all to rights in the twinkling of an eye. Does your neighbour tell you that you are in the last stage of consumption? Believe it at once. Apply to us for relief. We will rescue you from the jaws of death by the application of our 'Lung Renovator.' Is your neighbourhood afflicted by any particular epidemic? Inform us of the fact, and we will give that malady and the name of an infallible remedy a prominent place in our 'Almanac,' for particular distribution among your afflicted. We do it in the interest of humanity. Our pecuniary gains are small, but our great reward will be in a world to come. Doctors of high degree, clergymen of good repute, prominent citizens who lie not, invalids who have been at death's door with their hands on the latch, chemists who have analysed its wondrous remedial virtues, Queens, Kings, Emperors, and Mikadoes—all have extolled its miraculous power to raise afflicted humanity from the brink of the grave, and enable it to laugh at death. The High and Mighty of the earth have showered, in rich profusion,

honours and dignities on the discoverer. Copies of addresses, diplomas, certificates, and medals are seen in our almanacs. What poor invalid—hoping against hope—could resist such cumulative evidence as this? Here is hope to the despairing; go and buy.

Another trick of patent medicine men is to give a striking name to their medicines. There is something fascinating in a drug that has bottled up in it electricity in a fluid state, and is called 'Electric Oil,' or in an ointment that has laid away in it magnetism, and which goes by the taking appellation of 'Magnetic Ointment.' A 'Lightning Pain Destroyer' should make short work with any disease, and a 'Radical Specific Disease Exterminator' needs only to be spoken of in the same room with a patient to put to everlasting flight the most obdurate bodily infirmities. In newspaper advertisements the account of these drugs is preceded by some interesting or startling information of such a nature as to catch the reader's eye. It may be a description of one of the wonders of the world; or a phenomenon of nature, like a two-headed calf; or a strange appearance in the starry heavens; or a sea-serpent seen by reliable witnesses; or a curious physiological fact of interest; or a funny anecdote; but all these paragraphs end with a recommendation to buy some disease exterminator. So badly sold is the reader with such passages that he almost instinctively glances at the end of them first, lest he may be deceived by the cunning advertiser.

The shrewd medicine manufacturer and vendor knows that however worthless his drugs may be, a fortune is made by making them popular for even a short time. If he has, say, only $5,000 at his disposal, he can, with this sum, advertise his wares in a considerable number of newspapers throughout the country. Astounding certificates of cures must be circulated widely among the masses to attract attention. By this means about fifty millions of people can be reached on this continent. If one in every twenty of the population can be coaxed into buying *for trial* one box of 25 cent pills—worth 3 cents; or a bottle of medicine sold at a dollar—worth 10 cents, a fortune is made did the sale of the nostrum stop here. It is only a simple sum in multiplication to calculate that a much smaller sale than that supposed would ensure a handsome return. The drug may pass into forgetfulness, but its successor will gain equal, and it may be greater, popularity, if lying and fraud can pass unchallenged among the people in a similar way.

The man who advertises as 'The Retired Clergyman' is a transparent fraud. He has often been found out, but he moves his greatness to another city and tries again. His method of operation is to publish that he has been a missionary in India for many years, and there found out from the natives a secret cure for consumption, or cancer, or some other intractable disease. He will, in the interest of humanity, send the recipe to any one who wishes to benefit from it. This looks so plausibly genuine that tens of thousands send for it. In due time the secret prescription comes, and is found to contain the names of a number of well known drugs which may be harmless in themselves. Among them is one designated by a strange name, and is not known by any pharmacist. In fact, the so-called drug has no existence. The rogue states in the circular sent, that if all or any of the remedies mentioned cannot be furnished by druggists, he will send the medicine on receipt of five dollars. Here is where the fraud is found and where 'The Retired Clergyman' pockets the money of his dupes. Common remedies are sent, and these are furnished by druggists at a small cost. The 'Fellow Sufferer' is only another form of the same fraud. This man has been afflicted

for years. All the medical men in the country failed to cure him, but at last, providentially, he found an infallible remedy, the secret of which will be sent *free* to anyone inclosing postage stamps.

To give dignity and authority to any medicine man who tries this confidence dodge, he issues his medicines from 'The Humanitarian Association,' or 'The College of Physicians,' or 'The Pharmaceutical Society.' There is an appearance of genuineness about a high-sounding title like one of these, but, as a rule, the originator knows no more about medicine and its effects than he does about Sanscrit. All are uneducated charlatans, and those who are led to believe their assertions will be terribly deceived. The velvety cat's paw, with treacherous claws beneath, is seen in such an announcement as this: 'An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands, by an East Indian missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send this recipe *free of charge* to all who may desire it.'

About three years ago, a cure for cancer was said to have been found in a South American herb called Cundurango. A United States consul had got the secret from the natives. It was lauded to the skies by a number of leading newspapers, and even a few medical journals were taken in. A Vice-President of the United States wrote of its efficacy. At first the wonderful plant sold at five dollars an ounce, but finally came down to one dollar an ounce. The cancer-stricken bought it in large quantities, expecting relief. The herb grew luxuriantly on the Pacific Slopes, and for about a year it was imported under the auspices of the cunning consul and his fellow-operators. Fabulous sums were realized out of its sale. But the confiding victims of this swindle soon dwindled down after its uselessness had been tested in the cancer wards of large hospitals. Like the pedler's razors, it was imported only to sell—not for service; seeing it had no more curative properties than a bundle of hay. The number of people afflicted with cancer is very large, and any presumed remedy for this intractable disease is bought with avidity. Many people having harmless tumours, imagine that these may turn to cancer, and also invest in the herb.

It is astonishing in this day of learning how many fortunes are made out of all kinds of nostrums. Aloes and sour beer are dignified by the name of 'Yoman's Vinegar Bitters,' and this abominable mixture is said to be 'a sovereign balm' for every ailment. To tickle the fancy of the temperance people, the almanacs which record its many virtues declare the fact that this vile decoction contains no alcohol. 'Tomkins' Electric Oil,' which must be bottled lightning, is never failing, both internally and externally. One bottle will drive away, as if by magic, a 'crick in the back,' as well as consumption and its allies, cure wounds and 'any painful or harrassing disorder,' however different in condition or intensity. It may fairly be asked by the sagacious inventor why any sane person could refuse to pay the paltry sum of twenty-five cents for such a boon.

'Flipp's Cocoa,' liberally taken, will do wonders in its way. If taken without stint it will build up the constitution so strongly, and fortify each part with such skill, that doctors will become as scarce as feathers from an angel's wing.

Were it not so serious a matter, one is apt to smile at the assumption of

power, presumably by deputation, of the 'Gospel Health Movement.' It is intended to seize upon the religious susceptibilities of the public. The apparently artless simplicity of the movement is refreshing. It is set forth in the Toronto dailies as follows: 'All persons who have no faith in "curious arts" can be saved to-day from "all manner of sickness and diseases" in the name of the Lord Jesus, the Christ. No Christian man dare doubt. All men need to investigate. Christians read—Rom. xiv. 2; Eze. xlvii. 12; Rev. xxii. 2. Sceptics read—Acts xiii. 41; Matt. xi. 25; Prov. xiv. 5. Abundance of proof at this office.' This appeal to saint and sinner ought to bring forth fruit to such an adroit Biblical commentator. This attempt at playing upon the religious credulity of the public lacks the earnestness of Pastor Christopher Blumhardt, who has a curative establishment in the Black Forest, Germany. He treats all diseases by faith and prayer instead of medicine. This institute had been a bankrupt water-cure asylum, but the gambling and dancing *salon* was turned into a chapel. The house holds about 160 patients—many recovering because of the excellent climate, regular and well-cooked meals, and early hours. The pastor does not deny the efficacy of medicine, but, at the same time, has much greater reliance on the efficacy of prayer, being fully convinced from his own experience, which was great, that diseases could be cured by prayer and faith. He states that some wonderful cases have been cured by direct Divine interposition in answer to his petitions.

Dorothea Trudel, an ignorant country damsel, living on the banks of Lake Zurich, cured whole neighbourhoods by her prayers. The sick flocked to her by thousands. It is unaccountable that she died in 1862. I suppose she was like a finger-post, in being a usual medium to show the way, but did not walk therein herself.

The newspapers inform us every day how popular the so-called religious physician has become on this continent. Joel Mayn, of Wisconsin, preaches on Sundays and at any other opportune time, cures all diseases by laying on of hands. He is followed by crowds of his admirers from place to place, who declare he has marvellous powers. A party of fanatics in Mirable, Missouri, account for all diseases by devilish possession. Cast out the demon and the disease is gone. They tried their incantations on a typhoid patient, but 'the master of the house' was too strong for them—he had a large funeral.

A man in Alabama makes a salve under divine guidance. Each box—price twenty-five cents—is set apart by the composer under the auspices of a general prayer; but by paying fifty cents for a box a prayer for a special case will be given with it. These special prayers are said to make the salve doubly effective.

Such impositions pay well. Fools are not all dead yet. In the *London Review* of January, 1862, we have an account of some of the deceptions practised in Europe upon the willing dupes. Fortunes have been made out of these well-planned schemes, which succeed in playing upon the credulity of the victims. One of the most remarkable was the 'Medicinal Arabian Quilt,' wherein, we are told, is infused a salutary composition of eastern vegetables, and, by being wrapped up in that quilt, sufferers under all kinds of diseases were to find speedy relief. The inventor of the quilt arrangement also made a paper cap (foolscap) for the constant wear of those who are subject to catch cold (in the head I presume). It likewise refreshed the memory of the studious, and was so curiously contrived that gentlemen could wear it under their hats, or ladies under their bonnets. These remedies were sought for by the educated as well as the ignorant, and by the rich and poor alike.

A few days ago, a clairvoyant in a Canadian city sent me a printed circular of her exploits. She cures all diseases, and many who have been afflicted for a period of fifteen years have been restored to health by her manipulations. She cures the worst cases of tooth-ache in eight minutes, extracts corns, removes felons at a glance, restores youth in old age, and drives cancer away as if by magic. This wonderful faculty insures crowds of dupes from all classes of the community. The love-sick swain and languishing maiden find in her a solace. She can tell your troubles and difficulties at a glance, and bring a speedy remedy. She can inform you about your friends who are absent, which might prove very awkward to your friends, not wishing to be interviewed in any unknown and weird-like way. She is worth a whole corps of Toronto detectives in giving information about any articles or money that may be lost or stolen. She brings all the secrets of sweethearts to view by imparting any knowledge they may desire in revealing the intentions of those with whom they are concerned. By this invaluable prescience, early prosecutions for breaches of promise or of affections might be instituted, and thus prevent many harrowing scenes during the final act of such serio-comic social representations. It does her heart infinite credit to know that no timidity or reticence prevents her saying that, from her early childhood, she has manifested these prophetic powers to such a degree that the most experienced and philosophic persons of the age, who have consulted her during her extensive travels, have acknowledged and pronounced her to be the most successful foreteller of events that has ever come before the public. There is no relation of man to himself—to earth—to heaven—or to any other place, which she is not able to describe, and to point out how such relationships can be made conducive to man's happiness. Such wonderful visitants are rare on this terrestrial ball, but so transcendent are their faculties, acquirements, and talents, that earth's wisest men may 'pale their ineffectual fires' in her august presence. In proof of her position, she cites the work of her compeers and co-labourers out of the vasty deep of the world's history, and shows it can repeat itself with ever increasing intensity in her person and powers. Who could resist investing twenty-five cents in consulting a seer who can boast a lineage like that of the following?

'We read that Joseph interpreted Pharaoh's two dreams and truthfully predicted the seven years of plenty and the seven years of famine in Egypt. However, it is questionable with many, whether a person can tell another's mind, relate the past, or reveal the future.

'The history of the most notable individuals of the past leads us to infer that there have been true prophets, true intrepreters, true sibyls, true soothsayers and clairvoyants, who are peculiarly gifted to unerringly foretell both great and quite ordinary events, under what influence they have divulged most strange things sometimes, we are somewhat puzzled to learn. The aborigines have always entertained the highest respect for these circumspect persons among their dusky tribes, who are thus favoured by the Great Spirit, and will shield them from all perils and avoidable harm.

'Cassandra foretold the taking of Troy besieged by the Greeks; and Laocoön the Trojan priest, who assailed the wooden horse and correctly anticipated that it was filled with armed men, was mutually impressed by them concealed therein, and foreboded it meant mischief as he hurled his spear into its groaning side; the youthful Josephine was informed by a West India fortune-teller that she was to be Empress of France; a French sibyl informed Napoleon Bonaparte if he went north to Moscow, both he and his army would be ruined; a Virginia py-

thoness told George Washington during an Indian campaign under General Braddock, that no bullet ever cast should kill him, which often came into his mind, it is admitted, as he faced the deadly missiles on many a field of battle. Daniel in the lions' den, and Captain John Smith among the savages, under the direct protection of heaven as it may appear or actually be, both exercised great clairvoyant powers, one over the ferocious beasts, and the other over the savages, or Pocahontas, who flew to the iron-willed and prostrate captive's deliverance and besought her father to spare his life.

'It has come down to us by tradition and ancient writings that Alexander the Great, Æneas, Xerxes, and Julius Cæsar, were all accustomed to go and consult the oracles concerning what was about to transpire either in their favour or against them. Then the givers who pronounced oracles under the most formal incantations, were held in the highest esteem, as reliable clairvoyants are now. Either the genuineness of these established seers in their vocations of second sight, by which they usually predicted aright, or the credulity of the people, rendered them popular. Argue and construe what they say as we will, they are backed up by the most conclusive evidence of nearly 6,000 years, and their attempts at divination are still in vogue and regarded more essential than ever, it seems, to this day of ours with its almost universal enlightenment.

'The late E. B. Ward of Detroit, Mich., and Commodore Vanderbilt of New York City, who were men of luck, both made their millions of dollars apiece by always engaging in their most important business transactions under the advice and impressions of their favourite clairvoyants.'

This is a typical woman of dozens in this Province, who ply their trade among a public supposed to be enlightened and civilized.

This disreputable way of advertising is not confined to shams and pretenders. Let me introduce an example in burlesque, but true in its essentials. 'The editor of the Quoitsville *Tooting Horn* had the extreme pleasure of being present at a splendid surgical operation, performed by Dr. Octavius Cæsar, on an afflicted patient, who had sought relief from many other celebrated surgeons, but in vain. 'The operation proved a complete success. The brilliant surgery consisted of the excision of a part of the normal but inconvenient growth of the horn-like envelope usually found at the extremity of the great toe. The learned and scientific gentleman commenced by making an incision into the north-west angle of said outgrowth, "be the same more or less," and then continued cutting in a crescentic direction across the obnoxious and protruding part. The amputated section being concavo-convex on its edges and sides, strange to say, this operation was dexterously performed without the loss of a drop of blood. We (editorial) cannot say which to admire most, the endurance of the patient, across whose firmly-compressed lips no murmur of complaint or exclamation of pain passed during the trying ordeal, or the skill of the surgeon in bringing such a dangerous and delicate operation to so successful an issue. The paring of a big toenail is an historical event in the annals of surgery. Exchanges please copy, and send their accounts to Box 1,038, Quoitsville, for payment.'

Here is another *rara avis* of the same flock, with only the pin feathers on, to enable us to classify the real germs of a brood of cackling bipeds, who crow lustily in other yards besides that of Barnum. 'Magnum Bonum, Esq., M.D., of Demarara Collegiate Institute, the medical, astronomical, and hygienic *Receptaculum* for the training of graduates how to climb successfully over the *Pons Asinorum* of medical science and art, respectfully begs to inform the public that he has commenced to practise his

profession in Hardscrabble. His previous experience in the multifarious departments of his profession for nearly half a century; his uniform success; his thorough acquaintance with all the systems of medicine in the world, past, present, and to come; his willingness to adopt either, or all, to suit his patients; his special and unique treatment of diseases in all parts of the human system, whether chronic or acute, have been acquired by close study, special aptitude, and by supernatural inspiration, as well as from the instruction received at the feet of the greatest medical *savans* of Christendom. He studied ten years the efficacy of roots among the aborigines of this country. His knowledge of all recent patent appliances, remedies, and tests, is unrivalled. His urbanity of manner, politeness, suavity, and gentleness in dealing with the hydra-headed afflictions of humanity, produce salutary effects upon the most nervous females. His ardent desire from the welling depth of his heart to benefit his fellow-men, independent of all pecuniary considerations, has been the aim and object of his life. Special attention given to diseases of the *spleen*, now raging as an epidemic. The patronage of an intelligent public is respectfully solicited.' Of course these are slight extravaganzas on many of the efforts of erring brothers, who catch the public ear by a short cut, instead of by sterling merit and patient industry, and thus seek to earn an honest livelihood, and at the same time earnestly endeavour to ameliorate the miseries of humanity. These, and dozens of other catch-penny phrases and absurdities, are current, having the same brand of duplicity, cunning, and quackery. I dare not say these baits, advertisements, and utterances are those of ignorance and hypocrisy, for many of these wonderful healers are legally qualified to practise, instruct, and enlighten in the healing art. They cannot deceive, for are they not 'all *honourable* men?'

In looking over an original copy of a work on Materia Medica, in three volumes, by Dr. Jacob Silvius, dated Paris, A. D. 1542, and printed in Latin, I find a number of very curious recipes. On page 306, liber III, is a sacred remedy, about which not much is said. It is the '*Oleum Philosophorum.*' This oil of the philosophers is also called the oil of wisdom, perfect knowledge, holiness, and wonder. It produces numerous efficacious and sweet effects upon the senses and understanding of aged people. It is a modified elixir of life. When it is burned, dried, and reduced into a fine state, it penetrates and touches all diseased parts. It consumes all injurious materials in the human body. It cures epilepsy, paralysis, faintness, nerve diseases,' *doloribus frigidis*,' and *oblivion*. Before Dr. Silvius, the patent medicine men must 'retire in disgust and wonder.' They ought to extort from his ashes the secret, for if he could be made to blab it out, there would be 'millions in it.'

On page 208 he gives a remedy for brain, heart, and bowel diseases, consisting of cinnamon, cloves, mace, musk, spice, cardamoms, ginger, aloes, pepper, and sandal-wood. The cayenne pepper mixtures of old No. 6, or Radway's Ready Relief, could not approach the fiery intensity of this mixture as a remedy for so many diverse diseases. He clenches the arguments in favour of their power, '*In nomine Dei misericordis.*'

The following is also a curiosity in its way, now, after the lapse of more than three centuries of medical study: 'Pearles shall be beaten very small and searced thorow a lawne searce; then moule or grinde them on a mortar or marble stone with rose water, until you finde or feele no sharpnesse or sandinesse betweene thy fingers, then let them drie in such a place where no dust can come at them;' on this manner are all other pretious stones prepared. These, with sugar and rose water, are made into *Tabulates* or *Manus*

Christi, and are good for all faintnesses, hot *agues*, heavy fantasies and imaginations. To take away haire, take a pint of wine, drowne twenty green frogs therein, or as many as can be drowned therein, then set the pot forty daies in the warme sunne; afterwards straine it thorow a cloth, anoint the place therewith where you will take away the haire.'

There is on my desk a '*General Practice of Physicke*,' published in A. D. 1617, *being compiled and written by the famous and learned Doctour Christopher Wiitzung, in the German tongue.*' This book of 960 pages and 260 odd years of age, gives many wonderful recipes for all manners of ailments. Take the following as examples: 'In the sommer time when the sonne is in the Lion, thou shalt take a black bucke or hee goate, that is some three or foure yeares old; keepe him by himselfe the space of three weekes, and feede him with nothing else but these herbes, as small age, which is called the hand of God, parsley, mallows, pimpirell, juice of the oak, Paules betony, sasifrage of the wall and such like herbes with their rootes: item strawberie leaves, bean hulkes, the lesser branches of the vine: give him these herbes one after the other: thou shalt also give him red wine to drinke, but every third day give as much faire water as he is able to drinke. Now when he hath thus beene fed three weekes togither, he shall at the first full moone be killed or stucke; the first bloud shalt thou let pass away, and receive that which is middlemost or second; drie this in the sunne until thou canst powder it; or else if it cannot be done at the sunne, drie it in the oven, and so reserve it in some drie place.'

It is but fair to Dr. Sylvius to state that Sir Kenelm Digby, M.D., in 1668, stole from this book of the former many of his best recipes. A sympathetic cure for the toothache is one of them, and as decayed molars are now in the fashion, it may be well to give it and put dentistry to flight. It is as follows: 'With a rusty iron nail raise and cut the gum from about the tooth till it bleed, and that some of the blood stick upon the nail; then drive it into a wooden beam up to the head; after this is done, you shall never have the toothache in all your life.' This is said to be an infallible remedy. So the victims of this 'hell o' all diseases' may take heart.

Peter Levens, 'Master of Arts in Oxford, and student in Physick and Chirurgery,' in his 'Pathway to Health' also filched from friend Sylvius, in 1616, many of his unique remedies without acknowledgment. One of them was a cure for consumption, which principally consisted of taking a live cock, and after plucking him alive and then flaying him, he was beat to pieces, and stewed in a brass pot with dates, succory, endives, and parsley roots.

In an extract from the archives of the City of London, is found a statement of how our forefathers dealt with ignorant medical pretenders in the 13th century. One instance is worthy of notice: 'One Roger Clark professed to be learned in the art of medicine, and prescribed for a woman suffering from fever by the hanging of a certain document round her neck containing certain words which he stated were an antidote to the disease under which she suffered. The charm did not work. He was summoned before the mayor and aldermen in the Guildhall of London, at the instance of the husband of the patient, to show upon what authority he practised the art of medicine. His own statement was sufficient to convict him of being a rogue and an imposter, and he was forthwith ordered to be placed in a pillory, and and therein to be punished for the offence he had committed against society. His progress to the pillory is thus graphically described: 'It was adjudged that the same Roger Clark should be led through the middle of the City with trumpet and pipes, he riding on a horse

without a saddle; the said parchment and a whetstone, for his lies, being hung about his neck, a certain odorous domestic utensil being hung before him and another behind him.' The London *Lancet* says: 'The offence which Roger Clark committed was venial compared with some of the flagrant crimes which quacks now-a-days too frequently perpetrate. If he was righteously punished, how should we mete out punishment to the harpies and villains of our time, who prey upon the weakness and credulity of the miserable victims who are attracted by their infamous advertisements to place themselves under their care. Among the people of fashion in London quackery is cultivated. Can anyone wonder at lying advertisements, when it is known that Garrick, Lonsdale, and the Bishop of London, were for awhile the patients of Meyersbach? These were men of sense; but what is the intellectual state of our nobility? Perpetually enslaved by the novelty of fashion, however *outré*, they acquire a constitutional propensity to imitation in everything, and leave their physician as they cast off an old coat.' In the cities of Ontario to-day are dozens of such pretenders. I am credibly informed many of them have in a few years made a competency. On enquiry as to what class of society supports such, it is said mostly the ignorant, but, it is added, that no one could believe it unless they were witnesses of the fact, how many of our intelligent, well-educated, and best citizens patronize them in a stealthy way.

There may be deception through ignorance, or it may exist from the wilful delusion of charlatans. The first of these was prevalent in former times, when astrology, alchemy, necromancy, and witchcraft had full sway over the myriads of humanity. The relationship between the stars and human destiny (including diseases) was so firmly believed in, that bitter persecutions, ostracism from friends and homes, and even martyrdom followed the denial of this dual alliance. Chemists were pretending to have found the Elixir of Life, which would give perpetual youth to those who might partake of it. Sleight-of-hand and optical illusions were supposed to be the work of Satan. The almanacs of 1879 perpetuate a superstition on their title pages, in the picture of a nude, well-developed man, with the wall of his bowels cut away, and all the signs of the zodiac drawn in peculiar and particular relationship to different parts of the body. Lilly, 'a medicine man' of 1647, A. D. says of these symbols, in conjunctiou with man, 'There is nothing appertaining to the life of man in this world, which, in one way or another, hath not relations to the twelve houses of heaven, and as the twelve signs are appropriate to the particular members of man's body, so also do the twelve houses represent not one, but several parts of man, but his actions, quality of life and living; and the curiosity and judgment of our forefathers in astrology were such as they have allotted to every house a particular signification, as so distinguished human accidents throughout the whole twelve houses.'

This figure of humanity, and its various and grotesque surroundings of animate and inanimate creation, had its origin in Egypt. It belongs to its ritual as found in the papyri of the land of the Pyramids. Even the supposed cabalistic ℞ used in prescriptions to this hour, and written with a dash across one of its legs—being supposed to be the initial letter of 'recipe'—is only the astronomical sign of Jupiter (♃) slightly changed in shape. Names are often misleading, for the lunatic is still thought to be periodically affected by the moon, and the word itself perpetuates the error. Such mistakes as these even affect the treatment of the afflicted. The alchemists sought for many centuries to find out the elixir of life, or to discover the philosopher's stone, in which were immortality and untold riches, but in the meantime recommended the

greatest abominations as remedies for 'all the diseases flesh is heir to'—from mummies' dust to dried toad, from pickled spider to the fluid extract of bug, and from snake poison to flavoured corruption. Paracelsus has left to posterity a valuable ointment with which to anoint, not the wound, but the instrument inflicting it: 'Take of moss grown on the head of a thing which has been hanged and left in the air, of real mummy, of human blood still warm, each one an ounce; of linseed oil and turpentine three ounces. Mix well and anoint the sword or other instrument with it.' An application of this to the weapon which inflicted a wound cured it in a sort of vicarious way. Kircher, of last century, had a method which the marvel-working electro-therapeutics might learn a lesson from, and have the invention patented. It is ingenious, novel, and startling, qualities which give great leverage towards a success in medicine. He applied a poultice of iron-filings opposite the part affected, and gave to the afflicted, internally, ground or granulated magnetic iron, a scruple every two hours. The *modus operandi* was supposed to be, that when those metallic ingredients came near to each other an influence was engendered of so potent a nature that a cure was immediately effected. The faith in this novel remedy was so great that a patent medicine almanac could be filled with testimonials of its startling cures, in any locality where it was used. Sir Kenelm Digby, Secretary to Charles I., tells us how much confidence that gay king had in so-called 'sympathetic powders,' and how efficacious they were as cures and antidotes. These powders were not taken as medicine, nor applied to parts affected, but they were mixed in the blood of wounds, or in the discharges, and by a sort of spiritual reflex influence the sick recovered.

In the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' Sir Walter Scott refers to one of these practices:

'But she has ta'en the broken lance,
And washed it from the clotted gore,
And salv'd the splinter o'er and o'er.
William of Deloraine, in trance,
Whene'er she turned it round and round,
Twisted as if she galled his wound,
Then to her maiden she did say,
That he should be whole man and sound.'

Unless historians are parsimonious of the truth, Lord Bacon was led into all sorts of absurdities on the nostrum question. He gives a long list of antidotes for diseases, many of which give a poor opinion of the intellectual acumen of the author of the *Novum Organum*. Take the following: 'To cure warts, rub them with a green elder stick, then bury the stick.' Cures for whooping cough are: 'shell lime; using a drinking cup of ivy; allowing a pie-bald horse to breathe on the patient; giving nine fried mice, three a day for three days in succession; tying around a patient's neck a bag containing a caterpillar; passing the child nine times under the belly and over the back of a donkey; feeding it on currant cake made by a woman who did not change her name on getting married, or on bread and butter made in a house, the master of which is named John and the mistress Joan; and holding a toad in a child's mouth, in order that it may catch the disease; all of which are in use to this day as infallible.' This list of remedies reminds one of preventives and cures which exist in many of the outlying German Provinces. To swallow a piece of black thread or a hair of a cat is sure to bring on decline. The Tyrolese believe that eating a sparrow will induce St. Vitus's dance. Possibly the hopping nature of the bird may have something to do with the form of the disease. In Hesse Darmstadt, to spit in the fire will give a sore mouth. If this were true, there is a country not far away where sore mouth ought to be epidemic.

In the North of Scotland, down to a recent period, the strangest remedies were used, and even something approaching to incantations were handed down from generation to generation.

For example, the following rhyme in Gaelic was said over scalds or burns, after breathing three times on the part affected :

'Here comes I to cure a burnt sore ;
If the dead knew what the living endure,
The burnt sore would burn no more.'

If that appeal failed, then the following was substituted and sung with additional emphasis :

'An angel came from the north,
And he brought cold and frost ;
An angel came from the south,
And he brought heat and fire ,
The angel from the north
Put out the fire.'

The potency of charms of all kinds —of the laying on of hands—of the cure of eruptive fevers by wrappings of scarlet cloth—of the cure of lung disease by eating the lungs of foxes and other long-winded animals—of swallowing gold in its native state, and expecting this '*aurum potabile*' to act as a charm against evil spirits—the multiform credulities of physicians and people within the present century are marvellous evidences that even increased knowledge will not give sufficient light to drive these owls and bats from their haunts in the dark places of human belief. Within the last hundred and fifty years the poor victims of somnambulism, epilepsy, trance-waking and trance-sleeping, who thought themselves possessed of the devil, and were believed to be such by their neighbours, were anathematized and put to death, after being put to the proof by means of theological, legal, and medical tests such as would put to the blush any prelate or priest, chirurgeon or chief justice, in the Christendom of to-day. In the blaze of knowledge of this partially enlightened age humanity shudders to contemplate the ignorance and bigotry which sent these unfortunates to an untimely grave, because of bodily infirmities. The learned were carried away into gross absurdities in this direction down to a recent date.

It is but just to say that some patent remedies put up for special diseases contain no ingredients that are hurtful in themselves. These are not 'cure-alls,' and are made from some well known formula. The mistake lies in attempting to cure a particular disease by uniform treatment among patients who differ in constitution as much as do their faces. There is no general panacea of this nature. Many quack remedies, especially those of a purgative nature, may be harmless, but on account of the pretensions set up for them the poor sufferer is made to trust to them during the acute and curative stage of a disease, and then after the day of grace has passed, while leaning on this broken reed, medical aid is sent for when the physician's skill is impotent to save. The sin of omission is as hurtful in the invasion of disease as would be inactivity in a house on flames. The mischief is done before the rescue comes to hand, and the physician is blamed because he cannot work miracles such as the medical impostor readily promises to do. Great is the unsolved enigma of human credulity in the doctrines of medical pretenders, yet it promises to live forever.

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY W. M'DONNELL, JR.

I.

THE snow upon the earth has ceased to be,
The sun once more, with genial vigour, beams,
Light-flashes featly dance upon the lea,
Gem-decked flow on again the loosened streams.
Who feels not joy at the return of spring,
When hope and love relume each living thing,
When from each tree the gladsome voices call,
And life anew seems vouchsafed unto all?
His heart is broken and his soul is dead,
His life is but a cheerless changeless task;
Tho' 'tis not thus with me, I've cause to dread,
And for the primal time in grief to ask—
Why not again with flowers the paths are spread,
Which youth and fancy were once wont to tread?

II.

One autumn afternoon down by the sea
We paced and oft repaced the level strand;
I spoke not unto her nor she to me;
We walked on silent, hand fast-clasped in hand.
No word of wooing I had ever said,
No word of love us e'er had passed between,
But she knew and did I what glances mean,
And hearts speak loudly though the tongues are dead.
She knew, and well did I, that those few days
(So few, alas!) which happily had flown,
Left deep impressions life could not erase,
Were far more blissful than we e'er had known.
Had fate been kinder—ah! what might have been!
We parted in mute grief and tearless teen.

III.

The past, the bygone, the long-buried years,
Whose spirits, mem'ry-clad, surround me now,
Some with reproachful mien, some steeped in tears,
But few among them with approving brow,—
That past upon the present works a spell;
It makes the present with more years more sad;
The soul to some past joy it mindeth well
Turns, shrinking from the present, to be glad.
Thus, tho' the spring-time's happy charm ne'er dies,
A longing sorrow I cannot resist
Bedims, and o'er my vision casts a mist,—
I only see where'er I rest my eyes,
Whene'er I view a scene where beauty lies,
The face of her I loved, the hands I kissed.

DESCRIPTIVE MUSIC.

BY J. W. F. HARRISON, OTTAWA.

LESSING, in his 'Laocoön,' discussing the limits of poetry and painting, shows that each of these arts has its own special domain in which it stands alone and cannot be assisted or replaced by any other. Also that it has what may be termed a debatable ground in which it does something which *can* be accomplished by the sister art and in attempting which it may be either great or ridiculous according to circumstances and the genius of the artist; also, that it has its limits beyond which it cannot go and where the other art must replace it. Wagner, the Lessing of musical art, who, in his theoretical writings, has done for music in connection with poetry what Lessing has for painting, has shown that a somewhat analogous boundary exists between these two arts also. The domain of poetry is primarily that of description, either of thought, action, or of tangible objects, inducing a certain emotion as a result of such description.

The domain of music is emotion, pure and simple, impressed on the mind without the necessity of embodying the idea in any concrete form as in painting and poetry. Each art, however, frequently ventures beyond its strict limits with more or less success, according to the circumstances under which the attempt is made. Poetry often aims at the production of emotion by the mere sound and rhythmic flow of words apart from their meaning. Music, on the other hand, occasionally seeks to depict feelings and scenes which more properly belong to poetry. We propose to discuss briefly the manner in which this attempt may be made with success. The tendency towards music enters the human mind in proportion to the depth and solemnity of emotion expressed by the words uttered. According to Herbert Spencer, the evolution of music from ordinary speech is due to the greater complexity of emotion arising naturally from the progress of civilization, which brought in its train the necessity of an ever-increasing variety of vocal inflexions, with the final result of music. This idea is certainly confirmed by the course of music itself, which, at the present day, is full of a complexity of emotion and a sense of unsatisfied yearning seldom or never found in the flowing melodies of Haydn and Mozart. Examples of speech becoming rhythmic (the first step towards music) at moments of solemnity are of not unfrequent occurrence in real life, and in prose writings we constantly find them. Charles Reade in one of his novels, says, that every man speaks poetry in moments of great excitement or solemnity. Blackmore uses it with great effect: here is a graceful ending to a sad chapter in "Lorna Doone," in which he drops with apparent unconsciousness into poetic diction. 'All the beauty of the spring went for happy men to think of; all the increase of the year was for other eyes to mark. Not a sign of any sunrise for me from my fount of life; not a breath to stir the dead bones fallen on my heart's spring.' Charles Dickens appears to have known of this tendency in his own writings and to have objected to it. He himself says in a letter to Foster with regard to the latter correcting

the proof of his 'Battle of Life:' 'If in going over the proof you find the tendency to blank verse (I *cannot*, help it, when I am very much in earnest) too strong, knock out a word's brains here and there.' Here we see the striving towards music as a means of expression for which mere words are insufficient, and so prose merges into poetry. Poetry, in its turn, reaches on towards music. Evenly measured lines with the use of rhyme give us the melody which has always belonged to poetry; but Tennyson, above all others, has shown us to how great an extent music may be introduced in spoken words. His manner of playing with words is as well known to all as the poem in which he alludes to this manner as a flower he had found, and which had since been made common by those who stole the seed, so that 'now again the people call it but a weed.' Every one is familiar with the dismal desolation which is suggested by the reiteration of the monotonous refrain in 'Mariana,' the crooning melody which runs through 'The Dying Swan,' and the stirring ring of the mere sound of 'The Light Brigade.' In one of the least quoted stanzas of 'In Memoriam,' however, is a much more subtle example than any of these. The poet is describing the fresh effect of a clear sunset after a day of rain:

> 'Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
> That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
> Of evening over brake and bloom
> And meadow, slowly breathing bare.
>
> 'The round of space.'

These words are full of melody, partly effected by the repetition of vowels The prevailing sound of O in the second line gives a sombre tone well in keeping with the 'gorgeous gloom' described, and the music of the whole stanza has a powerful effect in impressing the mind emotionally with that which is expressed by the words intellectually.

This subtle onomatopœia appears the last stage of poetry before it merges into music. At this point music seems to claim the power of a separate existence. The musician's work now commences and he develops the resources of sound to the utmost. Not content with the few inflexions of which spoken words are capable, he extends the compass and to several octaves, and systematizes it by subdividing the whole range of sound into minute divisions. He also uses rhythm in a more marked manner, and thus music becomes a separate art, capable of expressing emotion, either alone as instrumental music, or combined with words. We may here remark that music has often been written for poetry by first reciting the poem with as much variety of inflexion as possible, and then imitating these inflexions in the music, that is, where the speaking-voice had in reciting risen or dropped, say, a third, the music has done the same, only using a wider interval, a sixth or even further. An interesting coincidence of this kind was observable in the recitation by the late J. M. Bellew, of Pope's poem 'Vital Spark,' in which he used almost the same inflexions as Schubert in his musical setting of the same words, though probably he never heard the song in question. Wagner also frequently uses in his '*aria parlante*' a close imitation of the inflexions of the speaking voice. These examples show that the evolution of music from speech, and more immediately from poetry, is by no means the imaginary idea it may appear to many. So far we have been considering emotion as excited primarily through the intellect. A mental effort has been necessary to take in the meaning of the picture or poem and to apply it to our own experience, the end of the process being a resulting emotion. Music, on the contrary, provides the means of acting on the feelings without the necessity for any concrete form; in this art, in its own domain, emotion is purely abstract.

There is a region, however, into which musical art sometimes ventures,

where it discards abstract emotion and tries to do the work of the poet by describing *things*, and in thus venturing on debatable ground music runs greater risk of failure and ridicule than any other art. Poetry and painting are alike in this, that they use conventional and arbitrary signs for things; an artist can paint a tree or place a nimbus round a head, this being the sign in painting by which we know a saint; a poet, too, can by a certain succession of printed characters, exactly denote whatever he chooses. In music the sounds we make, and the signs which denote them, have no correlative in outside life, and therefore, when the musician seeks to suggest something palpable, he must do so, always remembering what his art's real mission is and make his effects accordingly.

There is a wide difference between descriptive music, which, within certain bounds, is a legitimate form of art, and much that goes by that name which should be known as *mimetic*. This latter is a branch of music which has arisen from a thorough misapprehension of the scope and object of the art. Music is not an imitative art, although, as we shall presently observe, there are some instances of wonderful effects being made by great masters who have ventured into the field of musical mimicry; but these successes are rare and only achieved by the genius of the composer triumphing over the difficulties that must beset an artist who tries to force his art into channels for which it is unfit. The result is usually failure and the production of something utterly ridiculous. Such, for instance, is the piece so well known to our grandparents, 'The Battle of Prague,' and the modern production of an idiotic genius, 'The Battle of Manasseh,' together with the innumerable 'Rippling Streams,' 'Silvery Showers,' etc., of third rate composers of the present day. Great masters have, of necessity, found that anything which roused an emotion within them suggested music which, once composed, would henceforth, to them, always call up the image of the scene, event, or thought which inspired it. Naturally enough they would name their composition after it, as intending to represent not the thing itself, but their own emotions with regard to it; and, with rare exceptions, this is the only way in which descriptive music can exist. Schumann, who was very emotional and introspective, both in his character and in his music, and delighted to make his pieces descriptive of his own mental states, affections, etc., and named them accordingly, says on this subject: 'Many consider too carefully 'the difficult question of how far in- 'strumental music should enter into 'the representation of thoughts and 'events. It is certainly an error to 'think that a composer should take 'up pen and paper on purpose to ex- 'press, depict, or paint this thing or 'that; yet we must not rate acci- 'dental impressions and external in- 'fluences too lightly. An idea often 'works unconsciously with the musi- 'cal fancy, or the eye with the ear; 'and this ever-active organ, amid 'other sounds and tones, holds fast 'to certain outlines which may be 'condensed and perfected with the 'advancing music into distinct figures. 'Now the more elements there are 'congenial to music, and containing 'images or ideas begotten by sound, 'the more poetic and plastic the com- 'position will be. Why could not the 'thought of immortality occur to 'Beethoven in the midst of his fan- 'cies? Why might not the memory 'of some great departed hero inspire 'his labour? Why not the recollec- 'tion of a blessed poet or some one 'else? . . . . . Italy, the 'Alps, the image of the sea, spring, 'twilight,—has music told us naught 'of these? . . . . It is indeed 'poetic to designate the leading 'thought or something akin to it.'

Schumann's descriptive music is

almost entirely devoted to mental states, such as 'Caprices,' 'Soaring,' 'Wherefore?' 'Scenes of childhood,' etc., which we may designate 'tone-poems' in contradistinction to the more purely pictorial subjects which Mendelssohn frequently attempted with such great success; venturing often perilously near the confines of mimetic music, and sometimes stepping fearlessly over the boundary. We have seen Mendelssohn accused of representing the bray of a donkey in the overture to the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' as a premonition of the ass's head presently to be introduced in the play. We cannot say whether the accusation is true or not, but certainly the passage in question, consisting of a sudden jump down of a ninth from D sharp to the C sharp below is very suggestive of it; especially in the connection in which it appears, with little semi-quaver passages which might be taken as representing Puck, or Cobweb, or Mustard seed, dancing round him. The 'Hunting Song' in the 'Lieder' is a very fine tone-picture. In it hardly a bar seems to be without a special meaning. We hear the introductory sounding of the horns dying away in the hills, then the hunters' song, then a reply to it from a distant party which seems gradually to approach, until the two join and amid the rhythmic beat of hoofs and the rush of music the whole cavalcade dashes past in the excitement of the hunt. During the whole piece the hunters' song is heard, now in the bass, now in the treble, in changing keys interrupted by the clashing of octave passages, and imitations of echoing horns until, after a great climax of chords rising in chromatic progression, the whole dies away in delicate passages for the right hand with chord in the bass, still suggestive of distant horns, until the last echo is gone and we seem to be left once more solitary. Perhaps the cleverest instrumental tone-picture Mendelssohn ever produced is 'The Rivulet,' a little pianoforte piece which ought to be far better known than it is. This piece describes, without imitating, a rivulet in so graphic a manner that a painter who was also a musician could undoubtedly place on canvas all its salient points. So striking is the manner in which the idea is carried out, and so nearly does it approach to mimetic music, that we must dwell analytically on the piece, and hope that we may induce those who do not already know it to study it and see if they cannot discover in it all we claim for it. It opens with a graceful passage of three bars leading to a calm, quiet melody which seems, with its flowing accompaniment, at once to bring before the mind the character of the scene to be described; neither a river nor a brawling mountain stream, but a small rivulet meandering quietly along, with shady corners and wayward turnings. On the second half of the tenth bar comes a sombre change from the key of the piece, E major, into E minor, which seems at once to introduce us to over-hanging trees with boughs meeting overhead and shutting out the light. At the fifteenth bar the key of B major brings us back to light and sunshine. At this point the flowing accompaniment is transferred to the left hand, while little ripples of semi-quavers are introduced in the right. At the twenty-first bar, after a short crescendo, comes a quiet though brilliant passage in E minor, full of sparkle and spray. Evidently the rivulet here is shallow and clattering over stones, making the sunbeams glance from amid the ripples. This strife, however, is short, and in six bars moderates to a reminiscence of the flowing melody with which the piece opened. At the thirty-second bar sets in a mysterious flowing downwards of solemn chords in the treble, whilst the accompaniment in the left hand corresponds. Two bars later the right hand discontinues, with the exception of a solitary chord on the unaccented part of the bar, and seems to suggest that the stream has disap-

peared from view, perhaps behind rocks or trees, or through marsh-land where we cannot follow it, for during the next two bars we have only confused groping passages in which the two hands interchange parts. At the thirty-seventh bar it is struggling towards the light, and three bars later it is in the sunlight once more, and we welcome the strain with which the piece opened. This soon becomes perplexed and broken, then hurries again, and at bar fifty-three we have a rapid or even a cascade. This is the only *ff* in the piece, and comes to an abrupt end with a loud chord as though a sudden turn in the stream suddenly shut out the sound of the commotion. From here to the close, the piece murmurs itself away more and more softly into such a placid ending that one might well suppose the imaginary companion of the stream's wanderings to have been lulled to sleep on its bank by the sound of the water. Five bars from the end, Mendelssohn has approached very near to mimetic music. If any one will play this part very delicately, using the pedal, one can hardly fail to observe its resemblance to the sound made by the gurgling of water as the bubbles rise from below. Such a mere imitation of sound is, as we have observed, inartistic, but it is in this case so skilfully managed and so well interwoven with the closing passage, that it can displease no one. This brings us to a fact which we have already remarked, that great masters have repeatedly made this objectionable attempt at representing natural sounds in music with great success. Handel's 'Israel in Egypt' is full of such instances, of which the most striking is the 'Hailstone Chorus.' Here the composer boldly commences with imitations of detached raindrops gaining in power until amid the shriek of violins and the growl of basses the cry goes up, 'He gave them hailstones.' The imitation is carried out too in the words, 'Fire ran along the ground,' which are never introduced without running passages; in one place, indeed, where the basses have these passages and the other voices the words 'Hail! Fire!' we seem almost to see the 'Fire mingled with the hail' gliding serpentine along the ground. Notwithstanding all this dangerous imitation, this chorus stands as one of the grandest and most effective pieces of choral writing ever produced. This seems a paradox, that a composer can take a course that is wrong in art and yet make a fine and artistic effect. Undoubtedly it *is* wrong, for the imitation of any appearance or sound in music is absurd, and the more realistic it is, the more objectionable does it become. It is, in fact, almost an analogous thing to the application of white metal on colour in the picture of 'Perseus and the Graiæ,' for which the critics have recently so severely handled Mr. Burne-Jones. Realism can never be successfully introduced into an ideal representation, whether the medium of that representation be colour, marble, or sound. A statue with a real coat of mail, or a picture with real hair would jar completely on one's sense of fitness, although the representation of either with such perfection as to bring reality before the mind would be pleasing. So in music, if a composer desires to sketch a battle, he must depict the *emotion* of a battle, must fill his piece with tumult and passion, but the moment he imitates a cannon or a cavalry charge, or 'the groans of the wounded,' the illusion is broken and the listener is at once impressed with a sense of the ridiculous. The reason that a composer can, with impunity, thus employ a wrong method without paying the penalty of failure appears to lie in the fact that in music alone can such imitation be introduced *as a homogeneous portion of the work*. If Handel had used stage rain, or an imitation of real thunder, it would have been unendurable, but his imitations are, so to speak, the same materials

as the rest of the work. They are not 'designs in white metal on colour,' they harmonize with the rest of the chorus, and if it were sung right through without words, the composition would strike one as being complete, and no idea of any extraneous matter having been introduced for imitative purposes would occur to the hearer. It is thus that Mendelssohn's bubbles of water, at the close of the 'Rivulet,' appear perfectly fitting, because, as merely graceful passages to end a quiet piece, they are pleasing, quite irrespective of the realism lying underneath. Handel, however, has not always steered clear of the ridiculous in his imitations; for instance, in the song, 'Their land brought forth frogs,' the accompaniment is, throughout, a representation of the jumping of frogs, a thing which, of course, cannot be made at all realistic, and gives the song a jerky character which makes it, musically as well as descriptively, very unsatisfactory. Haydn too, has disfigured his 'Creation' with much bad imitation, and even Beethoven, in his 'Pastoral Symphony,' has introduced cuckoos and chirping birds, and thus rudely wakes us from the rural dream into which the rest of the movement had so wonderfully thrown us. Examples such as these have been well termed the magnificent faults of a master, and so they are, except in such cases as grow naturally out of the composition and are not introduced palpably for their own sake.

A doubt is apt to arise at times in the mind of the musician as to the artistic value and power of his art, from the fact that the same composition will express totally different things to different minds. This universal adaptability, however, is really the strong point of music. It is 'all things to all men;' it speaks a language which each mind can translate into its own dialect, and, when thus translated, it will usually be found that the different mental pictures produced in different individuals are simply varying symbols of the same emotion. We have seen it related that an invividual, on hearing the 'C minor Symphony' of Beethoven, used to think it was a military piece representing outposts reconnoitring, until the motto, 'Fate knocks at the door,' was explained to him. These two interpretations, although at first sight they appear to be widely removed from each other, are not utterly irreconcilable; the same music intended to illustrate the poetic motto might, to a mind not ideally inclined, express the more material idea. Mendelssohn very happily touches on this subject in one of his letters, where, replying to a friend who had asked him the meaning of some of his 'Lieder,' he says: 'People often complain that music is ambiguous, that their ideas on the subject always seem so vague, whereas every one understands words; with me it is exactly the reverse. . . . . What the music I love expresses to me is not thought too *indefinite* to put into words, but, on the contrary too definite. . . . if you ask me what *my* idea is, I say—just the song as it stands; and if I have in my mind a definite term or terms with regard to one or more of these songs, I will disclose them to no one, because the words of one person assume a totally different meaning in the mind of another person, and because the music of the song alone can awake the same ideas and the same feelings in one mind as in another—a feeling which is not, however, expressed in the same words. Resignation, melancholy, the praise of God, a hunting song—one person does not form the same conception from these that another does. Resignation is to the one what melancholy is to the other, the third can form no lively idea of either. To any man who is by nature a very keen sportsman, a hunting song and the praise of God would come pretty much to the same thing, and to such a one the sound of the hunting horn would really and truly be the praise

of God, whilst we hear nothing in it but a mere hunting song, and if we were to discuss it ever so often with him, we should get no further. Words have many meanings, and yet music we could both understand correctly.'

We believe this to be perfectly true, that music is exact in representation of emotion, but generally unsatisfactory in attempting to describe the *cause* of the emotion. Call a piece 'joy' and, if it be well conceived, a room-full of people will endorse its truth and feel the power with which it appeals to their hearts, only each person will differ as to the concrete form they will give to the idea. To a lover the piece will mean successful love; to a devotee, religion; to a worldling, money; and, yet the composer may have a meaning far removed from any of these. Had the piece been called by a name suggestive of any of these material ideas it would have appealed to very few, but, as pure emotion, as pure music, it appeals to all in whom feeling can be aroused by sound. Thus, the vagueness which perplexes many lovers of music and inclines them to doubt its greatness as an art, is in reality what constitutes its very individuality and enables it to lead them further than any other art, beginning in fact its work just where that of the others closes.

A SABBATH MORNING.

BY ELECTRA.

VOICES of Peace my waking senses greet,
A Sabbath dawning on a world asleep;
How wide the breathless silence, and how deep!
The mystic moonlight and the morning meet,
Like music chords harmoniously complete.
Oh, how I love to lie and let my spirit steep
In this dear hour of rest, that I may keep
Some memory of moments passing sweet.
But like a mighty angel comes the sun!
The silence breaks; for in the village street
The sound of voices and of passing feet
Tells that the day's first pulses have begun;
And soon the silvery moonlight radiance dies,
Lost in the brightness of the sunlit skies.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(*Continued.*)

RESERVED seats at public performances seem, by some curious affinity, to be occupied by reserved persons. The select public, seated nearest to the orator, preserved discreet silence. But the hearty applause from the sixpenny places made ample amends. There was enough of the lecturer's own vehemence and impetuosity in this opening attack—sustained, as it undeniably was by a sound foundation of truth—to appeal strongly to the majority of his audience. Mrs. Sowler began to think that her sixpence had been well laid out, after all; and Mrs. Farnaby pointed the direct application to her husband of all the hardest hits at commerce, by nodding her head at him as they were delivered.

Amelius went on.

'The next thing we have to discover is this:—Will our present system of government supply us with peaceable means for the reform of the abuses which I have already noticed? not forgetting that other enormous abuse, represented by our intolerable national expenditure, increasing with every year. Unless you insist on it, I do not propose to waste our precious time by saying anything about the House of Lords, for three good reasons. In the first place, that assembly is not elected by the people, and it has therefore no right of existence in a really free country. In the second place, out of its four hundred and eighty-five members, no less than one hundred and eighty-four directly profit by the expenditure of the public money; being in the annual receipt, under one pretence or another, of more than half a million sterling. In the third place, if the assembly of the Commons has in it the will, as well as the capacity, to lead the way in the needful reforms, the assembly of the Lords has no alternative but to follow, or to raise the revolution which it only escaped, by a hair's breadth, some forty years since. What do you say? Shall we waste our time in speaking of the House of Lords?'

Loud cries from the sixpenny benches answered No; the ostler and the fiery-faced woman being the most vociferous of all. Here and there, certain dissentient individuals raised a little hiss—led by Jervy, in the interests of 'the altar and the throne.'

Amelius resumed.

'Well, will the House of Commons help us to get purer Christianity, and cheaper government, by lawful and sufficient process of reform? Let me again remind you that this assembly has the power—if it has the will. Is it so constituted at present as to have the will? There is the question! The number of members is a little over six hundred and fifty. Out of this muster, one fifth only represent (or pretend to represent) the trading interests of the country. As for as the members charged with the interests of the working class, they are more easily counted still—they are two in number! Then, in heaven's name, you will ask what interest does the majority of members in this assembly represent? There is but one answer—the military and aristocratic interest. In these days of the decay of representa-

tive institutions, the House of Commons has become a complete misnomer. The Commons are not represented; modern members belong to classes of the community which have really no interest in providing for popular needs and lightening the popular burdens. In one word, there is no sort of hope for us in the House of Commons. And whose fault is this? I own it with shame and sorrow—it is emphatically the fault of the people. Yes, I say to you plainly, it is the disgrace and the peril of England that the people themselves have elected the representative assembly which ignores the people's wants. You voters, in town and country alike, have had every conceivable freedom and encouragement secured to you in the exercise of your sacred trust—and there is the modern House of Commons to prove that you are thoroughly unworthy of it!'

These bold words produced an outbreak of disapprobation from the audience, which, for the moment, completely overpowered the speaker's voice. They were prepared to listen with inexhaustible patience to the enumeration of their virtues and their wrongs—but they had not paid sixpence each to be informed of the vicious and contemptible part which they play in modern politics. They yelled and groaned and hissed—and felt that their handsome young lecturer had insulted them!

Amelius waited quietly until the disturbance had worn itself out.

'I am sorry I have made you angry with me,' he said, smiling.' The blame for this little disturbance really rests with the public speakers who are afraid of you and who flatter you—especially if you belong to the working classes. You are not accustomed to have the truth told you to your faces. Why, my good friends, the people in this country, who are unworthy of the great trust which the wise and generous English constitution places in their hands, are so numerous that they can be divided into distinct classes! There is the highly-educated class which despairs, and holds aloof. There is the class beneath—without self-respect, and therefore without public spirit—which can be bribed indirectly, by the gift of a place, by the concession of a lease, even by an invitation to a party at a great house which includes the wives and the daughters. And there is the lower class still—mercenary, corrupt, shameless to the marrow of its bones—which sells itself and its liberties for money and drink. When I began this discourse, and adverted to the great changes that are to come, I spoke of them as revolutionary changes. Am I an alarmist? Do I unjustly ignore the capacity for peaceable reformation which has preserved modern England from revolutions, thus far? God forbid that I should deny the truth, or that I should alarm you without need! But history tells me, if I look no further back than to the first French Revolution, that there are social and political corruptions, which strike their roots in a nation so widely and so deeply, that no force short of the force of a revolutionary convulsion can tear them up and cast them away. And I do personally fear (and older and wiser men than I agree with me), that the corruptions at which I have only been able to hint, in this brief address, are fast extending themselves—in England, as well as in Europe generally—beyond the reach of that lawful and bloodless reform which has served us so well in past years. Whether I am mistaken in this view (and I hope with all my heart it may be so), or whether events yet in the future will prove that I am right, the remedy in either case, the one sure foundation on which a permanent, complete, and worthy reformation can be built—whether it prevents a convulsion or whether it follows a convulsion—is only to be found within the covers of this book. Do not, I entreat you, suffer yourselves

to be persuaded by those purblind philosophers who assert that the divine virtue of Christianity is a virtue which is wearing out with the lapse of time. It is the abuse and corruption of Christianity that is wearing out—as all falsities and all impostures must and do wear out. Never, since Christ and his apostles first showed men the way to be better and happier, have the nations stood in sorer need of a return to that teaching, in its pristine purity and simplicity, than now! Never, more certainly than at this critical time, was it the interest as well as the duty of mankind to turn a deaf ear to the turmoil of false teachers, and to trust in that all-wise and all-merciful Voice which only ceased to exalt, console, and purify humanity, when it expired in darkness under the torture of the cross? Are these the wild words of an enthusiast? Is this the dream of an earthly Paradise in which it is sheer folly to believe? I can tell you of one existing community (one among others) which numbers some hundreds of persons; and which has found prosperity and happiness, by reducing the whole art and mystery of government to the simple solution set forth in the New Testament—fear God, and love thy neighbour as thyself.'

By these gradations Amelius arrived at the second of the two parts into which he had divided his address.

He now repeated, at greater length and with a more careful choice of language, the statement of the religious and social principles of the Community at Tadmor, which he had already addressed to his two fellow-travellers on the voyage to England. While he confined himself to plain narrative, describing a mode of life which was entirely new to his hearers, he held the attention of the audience. But when he began to argue the question of applying Christian Socialism to the government of large populations as well as small—when he inquired logically whether what he had proved to be good for some hundreds of persons was not also good for some thousands, and, conceding that, for some hundreds of thousands, and so on until he had arrived, by dint of sheer argument, at the conclusion that what had succeeded at Tadmor must necessarily succeed on a fair trial in London—then the public interest began to flag. People remembered their coughs and colds, and talked in whispers, and looked about them with a vague feeling of relief in staring at each other. Mrs. Sowler, hitherto content with furtively glancing at Mr. Farnaby from time to time, now began to look at him more boldly, as he stood in his corner with his eyes fixed sternly on the platform at the other end of the hall. He too began to feel that the lecture was changing its tone. It was no longer the daring outbreak which he had come to hear, as his sufficient justification (if necessary) for forbidding Amelius to enter his house. 'I have had enough of it,' he said, suddenly turning to his wife, 'let us go.'

If Mrs. Farnaby could have been forewarned that she was standing in that assembly of strangers, not as one of themselves, but as a woman with a formidable danger hanging over her head—or if she had only happened to look towards Phœbe, and had felt a passing reluctance to submit herself to the possibly insolent notice of a discharged servant—she might have gone out with her husband, and might have so escaped the peril that had been lying in wait for her, from the fatal moment when she first entered the hall. As it was, she refused to move. 'You forget the public discussion,' she said. 'Wait and see what sort of fight Amelius makes of it when the lecture is over.'

She spoke loud enough to be heard by some of the people seated nearest to her. Phœbe, critically examining the dresses of the few ladies in the reserved seats, twisted round on the bench, and noticed for the first time the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Farnaby

in their dim corner. 'Look!' she whispered to Jervy, 'there's the wretch who turned me out of her house without a character, and her husband with her.'

Jervy looked round, in his turn, a little doubtful of the accuracy of his sweetheart's information. 'Surely they wouldn't come to the sixpenny places,' he said. 'Are you certain it's Mr. and Mrs. Farnaby?'

He spoke in cautiously-lowered tones; but Mrs. Sowler had seen him look back at the lady and gentleman in the corner, and was listening attentively to catch the first words that fell from his lips.

'Which is Mr. Farnaby?' she asked.

'The man in the corner there, with the white-silk wrapper over his mouth, and his hat down to his eyebrows.'

Mrs. Sowler looked round for a moment—to make sure that Jervy's man and her man were one and the same.

'Farnaby?' she muttered to herself, in the tone of a person who heard the name for the first time. She considered a little, and leaning across Jervy, addressed herself to his companion. 'My dear,' she whispered, 'did that gentleman ever go by the name of Morgan, and have his letters addressed to the George and Dragon, in Tooley Street?' Phœbe lifted her eyebrows with a look of contemptuous surprise, which was an answer in itself. 'Fancy the great Mr. Farnaby going by an assumed name, and having his letters addressed to a public-house!' she said to Jervy. Mrs. Sowler asked no more questions. She relapsed into muttering to herself under her breath. 'His whiskers have turned gray, to be sure—but I know his eyes again; I'll take my oath to it, there's no mistaking *his* eyes!' She suddenly appealed to Jervy. 'Is he rich?' she asked. 'Rolling in riches!' was the answer. 'Where does he live?' Jervy was cautious how he replied to that; he consulted Phœbe. 'Shall I tell her?' Phœbe answered petulantly, 'I'm turned out of the house; I don't care what you tell her!' Jervy again addressed the old woman, still keeping his information in reserve. 'Why do you want to know where he lives?' 'He owes me money,' said Mrs. Sowler. Jervy looked hard at her, and emitted a long low whistle, expressive of blank amazement. The persons near, annoyed by the incessant whispering, looked round irritably, and insisted on silence. Jervy ventured, nevertheless, on a last interruption. 'You seem to be tired of this,' he remarked to Phœbe; 'let's go and get some oysters.' She rose directly. Jervy tapped Mrs. Sowler on the shoulder, as they passed her. 'Come and have some supper,' he said; 'I'll stand treat.'

The three were necessarily noticed by their neighbours as they passed out. Mrs. Farnaby discovered Phœbe—when it was too late. Mr. Farnaby happened to look first at the old woman. Sixteen years of squalid poverty effectually disguised her in that dim light. He only looked away again, and said to his wife impatiently, 'Let us go, too!' Mrs. Farnaby was still obstinate. 'You can go, if you like,' she said; 'I shall stay here.'

CHAPTER XIX.

'THREE dozen oysters, bread-and-butter, and bottled stout; a private room and a good fire.' Issuing these instructions, on his arrival at the tavern, Jervy was surprised by a sudden act of interference on the part of his venerable guest. Mrs. Sowler actually took it on herself to order her own supper!

'Nothing cold to eat or drink for me,' she said. 'Morning and night, waking and sleeping, I can't keep myself warm. See for yourself, Jervy, how I've lost flesh since you first knew me! A steak, broiling hot from the

gridiron, and gin-and-water, hotter still—that's the supper for me.'

'Take the order, waiter,' said Jervy resignedly; 'and let us see the private room.'

The tavern was of the old-fashioned English sort, which scorns to learn a lesson of brightness and elegance from France. The private room can only be described as a museum for the exhibition of dirt in all its varieties. Behind the bars of the rusty little grate a dying fire was drawing its last breath. Mrs. Sowler clamoured for wood and coals; revived the fire with her own hands; and seated herself shivering as close to the fender as the chair would go. After awhile, the composing effect of the heat began to make its influence felt: the head of the half-starved wretch sank; a species of stupor overcame her—half faintness, and half sleep.

Phœbe and her sweetheart sat together, waiting the appearance of the supper, on a little sofa at the other end of the room. Having certain objects to gain, Jervy put his arm round her waist and looked and spoke in his most insinuating manner.

'Try and put up with Mother Sowler for an hour or two,' he said. 'My sweet girl! I know she isn't fit company for you—but how can I turn my back on an old friend?'

'That's just what surprises me,' Phœbe answered. 'I don't understand such a person being a friend of yours.'

Always ready with the necessary lie, whenever the occasion called for it, Jervy invented a pathetic little story, in two short parts. First part: Mrs. Sowler rich and respected; a widow inhabiting a villa residence, and riding in her carriage. Second part: a villanous lawyer; misplaced confidence; reckless investments; death of the villain; ruin of Mrs. Sowler. 'Don't talk about her misfortunes when she wakes,' Jervy concluded, 'or she'll busrt out crying to a dead certainty. Only tell me, dear Phœbe, would *you* turn your back on a forlorn old creature because she has outlived all her other friends, and han'st a farthing left in the world? Poor as I am, I can help her to a supper, at any rate.'

Phœbe expressed her admiration of these noble sentiments by an inexpensive ebullition of tenderness, which failed to fulfil Jervy's private anticipations. He had aimed straight at her purse—and he had only hit her heart! He tried a broad hint next. 'I wonder whether I shall have a shilling or two left to give Mrs. Sowler, when I have paid for the supper?' He sighed, and pulled out some small change, and looked at it in eloquent silence. Phœbe was hit in the right place at last. She handed him her purse. 'What is mine will be yours, when we are married,' she said; 'why not now?' Jervy expressed his sense of obligation with the promptiude of a grateful man: he repeated those precious words, 'My sweet girl!' Phœbe laid her head on his shoulder—and let him kiss her, and enjoyed it in silent ecstacy with half closed eyes. The scoundrel waited and watched her, until she was completely under his influence. Then, and not till then, he risked the gradual revelation of the purpose which had induced him to withdraw from the hall, before the proceedings of the evening had reached their end.

'Did you hear what Mrs. Sowler said to me, just before we left the lecture?' he asked.

'No dear.'

'You remember that she asked me to tell her Farnaby's address?'

'O, yes! And she wanted to know if he had ever gone by the name of Morgan. Ridiculous—wasn't it?'

'I'm not so sure of that, my dear. She told me, in so many words, that Farnaby owed her money. He didn't make his fortune all at once, I suppose. How do we know what he might have done in his young days, or how he might have humbugged a feeble woman. Wait till our friend there at the fire has warmed her old bones

with some hot grog—and I'll find out something more about Farnaby's debt.

'Why dear? What is it to you?'

Jervy reflected for a moment, and decided that the time had come to speak more plainly.

'In the first place,' he said, 'it would only be an act of common humanity, on my part, to help Mrs. Sowler to get her money. You see that, don't you? Very well. Now, I am no Socialist, as you are aware; quite the contrary. At the same time, I am a remarkably just man; and I own I was struck by what Mr. Goldenheart said about the uses to which wealthy people are put, by the Rules at Tadmor. "The man who has got the money is bound, by the express law of Christian morality, to use it in assisting the man who has got none." Those were his words, as nearly as I can remember them. He put it still more strongly afterwards; he said, "A man who hoards up a large fortune, from a purely selfish motive—either because he is a miser, or because he looks only to the aggrandisement of his own family after his death—is, in either case, an essentially unchristian person, who stands in manifest need of enlightenment and control by Christian law." And then, if you remember, some of the people murmured; and Mr. Goldenheart stopped them by reading a line from the New Testament, which said exactly what he had been saying—only in fewer words. Now, my dear girl, Farnaby seems to me to be one of the many people pointed at in this young gentleman's lecture. Judging by looks, I should say he was a hard man.'

'That's just what he is—hard as iron! Looks at his servants as if they were dirt under his feet; and never speaks a kind word to them from one year's end to another.'

'Suppose I guess again? He's not particularly free-handed with his money—is he?'

'He! He will spend anything on himself and his grandeur; but he never gave away a halfpenny in his life.'

Jervy pointed to the fireplace, with a burst of virtuous indignation. 'And there's that poor old soul starving for want of the money he owes her! Damn it, I agree with the Socialists; it's a virtue to make that sort of man bleed. Look at you and me! We are the very people he ought to help—we might be married at once, if we only knew where to find a little money. I've seen a deal of the world, Phœbe; and my experience tells me there's something about that debt of Farnaby's which he doesn't want to have known. Why shouldn't we screw a few five-pound notes for ourselves out of the rich miser's fears?'

Phœbe was cautious. 'It's against the law—ain't it?' she said.

'Trust me to keep clear of the law,' Jervy answered. 'I won't stir in the matter till I know for certain that he daren't take the police into his confidence. It will be all easy enough when we are once sure of that. You have been long enough in the family to find out Farnaby's weak side. Would it do, if we got at him, to begin with, through his wife?'

Phœbe suddenly reddened to the roots of her hair. 'Don't talk to me about his wife!' she broke out fiercely; 'I've got a day of reckoning to come with that lady—' She looked at Jervy and checked herself. He was watching her with an eager curiosity, which not even his ready cunning was quick enough to conceal.

'I wouldn't intrude on your little secrets, darling, for the world!' he said, in his most persuasive tones. 'But, if you want advice, you know that I am heart and soul at your service.'

Phœbe looked across the room at Mrs. Sowler, still nodding over the fire.

'Never mind now,' she said; 'I don't think it's a matter for a man to advise about—it's between Mrs. Farnaby and me. Do what you like with her husband; I don't care; he's a brute, and I hate him. But there's

one thing I insist on—I won't have Miss Regina frightened or annoyed; mind that! She's a good creature. There, read the letter she wrote to me yesterday; and judge for yourself.'

Jervy looked at the letter. It was not very long. He resignedly took upon himself the burden of reading it.

'Dear Phœbe,—Don't be downhearted. I am your friend always, and I will help you to get another place. I am sorry to say that it was indeed Mrs. Ormond who found us out that day. She had her suspicions, and she watched us, and told my aunt. This she owned to me with her own lips. She said, "I would do anything, my dear, to save you from an ill-assorted marriage." I am very wretched about it, because I can never look on her as my friend again. My aunt, as you know, is of Mrs. Ormond's way of thinking. You must make allowances for her hot temper. Remember, out of your kindness towards me, you had been secretly helping forward the very thing which she was most eager to prevent. That made her very angry—but, never fear, she will come round in time. If you don't want to spend your little savings, while you are waiting for another situation, let me know. A share of my pocket-money is always at your service.—Your friend,

'REGINA.'

'Very nice indeed,' said Jervy, handing the letter back, and yawning as he did it. 'And convenient, too, if we run short of money. Ah, here's the waiter with the supper, at last! Now, Mrs. Sowler, there's a time for everything—it's time to wake up.'

He lifted the old woman off her chair, and settled her before the table, like a child. The sight of the hot food and drink roused her to a tigerish activity. She devoured the meat with her eyes as well as her teeth; she drank the hot gin-and-water in fierce gulps, and set down the glass with audible gasps of relief. 'Another one,' she cried, 'and I shall begin to feel warm again!'

Jervy, watching her from the opposite side of the table, with Phœbe close by him as usual, had his own motives for encouraging her to talk, by the easy means of encouraging her to drink. He sent for another glass of the hot grog. Phœbe, daintily picking up her oysters with her fork, affected to be shocked at Mrs. Sowler's coarse method of eating and drinking. She kept her eyes on her plate, and only consented to taste malt liquor under modest protest. When Jervy lit a cigar, after finishing his supper, she reminded him, in an impressively genteel manner, of the consideration which he owed to the presence of an elderly lady. 'I like it myself, dear,' she said mincingly; 'but perhaps Mrs. Sowler objects to the smell?'

Mrs. Sowler burst into a hoarse laugh. 'Do I look as if I was likely to be squeamish about smells?' she asked, with the savage contempt for her own poverty, which was one of the dangerous elements of her character. 'See the place I live in, young woman, and then talk about smells if you like!'

This was indelicate. Phœbe picked a last oyster out of its shell, and kept her eyes modestly fixed on her plate. Observing that the second glass of gin-and-water was fast becoming empty, Jervy risked the first advance on his way to Mrs. Sowler's confidence.

'About that debt of Farnaby's?' he began. 'Is it a debt of long standing?'

Mrs. Sowler was on her guard. In other words, Mrs. Sowler's head was only assailable by hot grog, when hot grog was administered in large quantities. She said it was a debt of long standing, and she said no more.

'Has it been standing seven years?'

Mrs. Sowler emptied her glass, and looked hard at Jervy across the table. 'My memory isn't good for much, at my time of life.' She gave him that answer, and she gave him no more.

Jervy yielded with his best grace.

'Try a third glass,' he said; 'there's luck, you know, in odd numbers.'

Mrs. Sowler met this advance in the spirit in which it was made. She was obliging enough to consult her memory, even before the third glass made its appearance. 'Seven years, did you say?' she repeated. 'More than twice seven years, Jervy! What do you think of that?'

Jervy wasted no time in thinking. He went on with his questions.

'Are you quite sure that the man I pointed out to you, at the lecture, is the same man who went by the name of Morgan, and had his letters addressed to the public-house?'

'Quite sure. I'd swear to him anywhere—only by his eyes.'

'And have you never yet asked him to pay the debt?'

'How could I ask him, when I never knew what his name was till you told me to-night?'

'What amount of money does he owe you?'

Whether Mrs. Sowler had her mind prophetically fixed on a fourth glass of grog, or whether she thought it time to begin asking questions on her own account, is not easy to say. Whatever her motive might be, she slyly shook her head, and winked at Jervy. 'The money's my business,' she remarked. 'You tell me where he lives—and I'll make him pay me.'

Jervy was equal to the occasion. 'You won't do anything of the sort,' he said.

Mrs. Sowler laughed defiantly. 'So you think, my fine fellow?'

'I don't think at all, old lady—I'm certain. In the first place, Farnaby don't owe you the debt by law, after seven years. In the second place, just look at yourself in the glass there. Do you think the servants will let you in, when you knock at Farnaby's door? You want a clever fellow to help you—or you'll never recover that debt.'

Mrs. Sowler was accessible to reason (even half way through her third glass of grog), when reason was presented to her in convincing terms. She came to the point at once. 'How much do you want?' she asked.

'Nothing,' Jervy answered; 'I don't look to *you* to pay my commission.'

Mrs. Sowler reflected a little—and understood him. 'Say that again,' she insisted, 'in the presence of your young woman as witness.'

Jervy touched his young woman's hand under the table, warning her to make no objection, and to leave it to him. Having declared for the second time that he would not take a farthing from Mrs. Sowler, he went on with his inquiries.

'I'm acting in your interests, Mother Sowler,' he said; 'and you'll be the loser, if you don't answer my questions patiently, and tell me the truth. I want to go back to the debt. What is it for?'

'For six weeks' keep of a child, at ten shillings a week.'

Phœbe looked up from her plate.

'Whose child?' Jervy asked, noticing the sudden movement.

'Morgan's child—the same man you said was Farnaby.'

'Do you know who the mother was?'

'I wish I did! I should have got the money out of her long ago.'

Jervy stole a look at Phœbe. She turned pale; she was listening, with her eyes riveted on Mrs. Sowler's ugly face.

'How long ago was it?' Jervy went on.

'Better than sixteen years.'

'Did Farnaby himself give you the child?'

'With his own hands, over the garden paling of a house at Ramsgate. He saw me and the child into the train for London. I had ten pounds from him, and no more. He promised to see me, and settle everything, in a month's time. I have never set eyes on him from that day, till I saw him paying his money this evening at the door of the hall.'

Jervy stole another look at Phœbe. She was still perfectly unconscious that he was observing her. Her attention was completely absorbed by Mrs. Sowler's replies. Speculating on the possible result, Jervy abandoned the question of the debt, and devoted his next inquiries to the subject of the child.

'I promise you every farthing of your money, Mother Sowler,' he said, 'with interest added to it. How old was the child when Farnaby gave it to you?'

'Old? Not a week old, I should say!'

'Not a week old?' Jervy repeated, with his eye on Phœbe. 'Dear, dear me, a new-born baby, one may say!'

The girl's excitement was fast getting beyond control. She leaned across the table, in her eagerness to hear more.

'And how long was the poor child under your care?' Jervy went on.

'How can I tell you, at this distance of time? For some months, I should say. This I'm certain of—I kept it for six good weeks, after the ten pounds he gave me were spent. And then—' she stopped, and looked at Phœbe.

'And then you got rid of it?'

'Mrs. Sowler felt for Jervy's foot under the table, and gave it a significant kick. 'I have done nothing to be ashamed of, Miss,' she said, addressing her answer defiantly to Phœbe. 'Being too poor to keep the little dear myself, I placed it under the care of a good lady, who adopted it.'

Phœbe could restrain herself no longer. She burst out with the next question, before Jervy could open his lips.

'Do you know where the lady is now?'

'No,' said Mrs. Sowler, shortly; I don't.'

'Do you know where to find the child?'

Mrs. Sowler stirred up the remains of her grog. 'I know no more than you do. Any more questions, Miss?'

Phœbe's excitement completely blinded her to the evident signs of a change in Mrs. Sowler's temper for the worse. She went on headlong.

'Have you never seen the child since you gave her to the lady?'

Mrs. Sowler set down her glass, just as she was raising it to her lips. Jervy paused, thunderstruck, in the act of lighting a second cigar.

'*Her?*' Mrs. Sowler repeated, slowly; her eyes fixed on Phœbe with a lowering expression of suspicion and surprise. 'HER?' She turned to Jervy. 'Did you ask me if the child was a girl or a boy?'

'I never even thought of it,' Jervy replied.

'Did I happen to say it myself without being asked?'

Jervy deliberately abandoned Phœbe to the implacable old wretch, before whom she had betrayed herself. It was the one likely way of forcing the girl to confess everything. 'No,' he answered; 'you never said it without being asked.'

Mrs. Sowler turned once more to Phœbe. 'How do you know the child was a girl?' she inquired.

Phœbe trembled, and said nothing. She sat with her head down, and her hands, fast clasped together, resting on her lap.

'Might I ask, if you please,' Mrs. Sowler proceeded, with a ferocious assumption of courtesy, 'how old you are, Miss? You're young enough and pretty enough not to mind answering to your age, I'm sure.'

Even Jervy's villanous experience of the world failed to forewarn him of what was coming. Phœbe, it is needless to say, instantly fell into the trap.

'Twenty-four,' she replied, 'next birthday.'

'And the child was put into my hands sixteen years ago,' said Mrs. Sowler. 'Take sixteen from twenty-four, and eight remains. I'm more surprised than ever, Miss, at your

knowing it to be a girl. It couldn't have been *your* child—could it?'

Phœbe started to her feet, in a state of fury. 'Do you hear that?' she cried, appealing to Jervy. 'How dare you bring me here to be insulted by that drunken wretch?'

Mrs. Sowler rose on her side. The old savage snatched up her empty glass—intending to throw it at Phœbe. At the same moment the ready Jervy caught her by the arm; dragged her out of the room; and shut the door behind them.

There was a bench on the landing outside. He pushed Mrs. Sowler down on the bench with one hand, and took Phœbe's purse out of his pocket with the other. 'Here's a pound,' he said, 'towards the recovery of that debt of yours. Go home quietly, and meet me at the door of this house to-morrow evening, at six.'

Mrs. Sowler, opening her lips to protest, suddenly closed them again, fascinated by the sight of the gold. She clutched the coin, and became friendly and familiar in a moment. 'Help me down stairs, deary,' she said, 'and put me into a cab. I'm afraid of the night air.'

'One word more, before I put you into the cab.' said Jervy. 'What did you really do with the child?'

Mrs. Sowler grinned hideously, and whispered her reply, in the strictest confidence.

'Sold her to Moll Davis, for five-and-sixpence.'

'Who was Moll Davis?'

'A cadger.'

'And you really know nothing now of Moll Davis or the child?'

'Should I want you to help me if I did?' Mrs. Sowler asked, contemptuously. 'They may be both dead and buried, for all I know to the contrary.'

Jervy put her into the cab, without further delay. 'Now for the other one!' he said to himself, as he hurried back to the private room.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME men would have found it no easy task to console Phœbe, under the circumstances. Jervy had the immense advantage of not feeling the slightest sympathy for her: he was in full command of his large resources of fluent assurance and ready flattery. In less than five minutes, Phœbe's tears were dried, and her lover had his arm round her waist again, in the character of a cherished and forgiven man.

'Now, my angel!' he said (Phœbe sighed tenderly; he had never called her his angel before), 'tell me all about it, in confidence. Only let me know the facts—and I shall see my way to protecting you against any annoyance from Mrs. Sowler in the future. You have made a very extraordinary discovery. Come closer to me, my dear girl. How did it happen?'

'I heard it in the kitchen,' said Phœbe.

Jervy started. 'Did any one else hear it?' he asked.

'No. They were all in the housekeeper's room, looking at the Indian curiosities which her son in Canada had sent to her. I had left my bird on the dresser—and I ran into the kitchen to put the cage in a safer place, being afraid of the cat. One of the swinging windows in the skylight was open; and I heard voices in the back room above, which is Mrs. Farnaby's room.'

'Whose voices did you hear?'

'Mrs. Farnaby's voice and Mr. Goldenheart's.'

'Mrs. Farnaby?' Jervy repeated, in surprise. 'Are you sure it was *Mrs!*'

'Of course I am! Do you think I don't know that horrid woman's voice? She was saying a most extraordinary thing when I first heard her—she was asking if there was anything wrong in showing her naked foot. And a man answered, and the voice was Mr. Gold-

enheart's. You would have felt curious to hear more, if you had been in my place, wouldn't you? I opened the second window in the kitchen, so as to make sure of not missing anything. And what do you think I heard her say?'

'You mean Mrs. Farnaby!'

'Yes. I heard her say, "Look at my right foot—you see there's nothing the matter with it." And then, after a while, she said, "Look at my left foot—look between the third toe and the fourth." Did you ever hear of such an audacious thing for a married woman to say to a young man?'

'Go on! go on! What did *he* say?'

'Nothing; I suppose he was looking at her foot.'

'Her left foot?'

'Yes. Her left foot was nothing to be proud of, I can tell you! By her own account she had some horrid deformity in it, between the third toe and the fourth. No; I didn't hear her say what the deformity was. I only heard her call it so—and she said her "poor darling" was born with the same fault, and that was her defence against being imposed upon by rogues—I remember the very words—"in the past days when I employed people to find her." Yes! she said "*her*." I heard it plainly. And she talked afterwards of her "poor lost daughter," who might be still living somewhere, and wondering who her mother was. Naturally enough, when I heard that hateful old drunkard talking about a child given to her by Mr. Farnaby, I put two and two together—Dear me, how strangely you look! What's wrong with you?'

'I'm only very much interested—that's all. But there's one thing I don't understand. What had Mr. Goldenheart to do with all this?'

'Didn't I tell you?'

'No.'

'Well, then, I tell you now. Mrs. Farnaby is not only a heartless wretch, who turns a poor girl out of her situation, and refuses to give her a character—she's a fool besides. That precious exhibition of her nasty foot was to inform Mr. Goldenheart of something she wanted him to know. If he happened to meet with a girl in his walks or his travels, and if he found that she had the same deformity in the same foot, then he might know for certain—'

'All right! I understand. But why Mr. Goldenheart?'

'Because she had a dream that Mr. Goldenheart had found the lost girl, and because she thought there was one chance in a hundred that her dream might come true! Did you ever hear of such a fool before? From what I could make out, I believe she actually cried about it. And that same woman turns me into the street to be ruined, for all she knows or cares. Mind this! I would have kept her secret—it was no business of mine, after all—if she had behaved decently to me. As it is, I mean to be even with her; and what I heard down in the kitchen is more than enough to help me to it. I'll expose her somehow—I don't quite know how; but that will come with time. You will keep the secret, dear, I'm sure. We are soon to have all our secrets in common, when we are man and wife, ain't we? Why, you're not listening to me! What *is* the matter with you?'

Jervy suddenly looked up. His soft insinuating manner had vanished; he spoke roughly and impatiently.

'I want to know something. Has Farnaby's wife got money of her own?'

Phœbe's mind was still disturbed by the change in her lover. 'You speak as if you were angry with me,' she said.

Jervy recovered his insinuating tones with some difficulty. 'My dear girl, I love you! How can I be angry with you? You've set me thinking—and it bothers me a little, that's all. Do you happen to know if Mrs. Farnaby has got money of her own?'

Phœbe answered this time. 'I've heard Miss Regina say that Mrs. Farnaby's father was a rich man,' she said.

'What was his name?'

'Ronald.'

'Do you know when he died?'

'No.'

Jervy fell into thought again, biting his nails in great perplexity. After a moment or two, an idea came to him. 'The tombstone will tell me!' he exclaimed, speaking to himself. He turned to Phœbe, before she could express her surprise, and asked if she knew where Mr. Ronald was buried,

'Yes,' said Phœbe, 'I've heard that. In Highgate cemetery. But why do you want to know?'

Jervy looked at his watch. 'It's getting late,' he said; 'I'll see you safe home.'

'But I want to know—'

'Put on your bonnet, and wait till we are out in the street.'

Jervy paid the bill, with all needfull remembrance of the waiter. He was generous, he was polite; but he was apparently in no hurry to favour Phœbe with the explanation that he had promised. They had left the tavern for some minutes—and he was still rude enough to remain absorbed in his own reflections. Phœbe's patience gave way.

'I have told you everything,' she said reproachfully; 'I don't call it fair dealing to keep me in the dark after that.'

He roused himself directly. 'My dear girl, you entirely mistake me!'

The reply was as ready as usual; but it was spoken rather absently. Only that moment he had decided on informing Phœbe (to some extent, at least) of the purpose which he was then meditating. He would infinitely have preferred using Mrs. Sowler as his sole accomplice. But he knew the girl too well to run that risk. If he refused to satisfy her curiosity, she would be deterred by no scruples of delicacy from privately watching him; and she might say something (either by word of mouth or by writing) to the kind young mistress who was in correspondence with her, which might lead to disastrous results. It was of the last importance to him, so far to associate Phœbe with his projected enterprise, as to give her an interest of her own in keeping his secrets.

'I have not the least wish,' he resumed, 'to conceal anything from you. So far as I can see my way at present, you shall see it too.' Reserving in this dexterous manner the freedom of lying, whenever he found it necessary to depart from the truth, he smiled encouragingly, and waited to be questioned.

Phœbe repeated the inquiry she had made at the tavern. 'Why do you want to know where Mr. Ronald is buried?' she asked bluntly.

'Mr. Ronald's tombstone, my dear, will tell me the date of Mr. Ronald's death,' Jervy rejoined. 'When I have got the date, I shall go to a place near St. Paul's, called Doctors' Commons; I shall pay a shilling fee; and I shall have the privilege of looking at Mr. Ronald's will.

'And what good will that do you?'

'Very properly put, Phœbe! Even shillings are not to be wasted, in our position. But *my* shilling will buy two sixpennyworth's of information. I shall find out what sum of money Mr. Ronald has left to his daughter; and I shall know for certain whether Mrs. Farnaby's husband has any power over it, or not.'

'Well?' said Phœbe, not much interested so far—'and what then?'

Jervy looked about him. They were in a crowded thoroughfare at the time. He preserved a discreet silence, until they had arrived at the first turning which led down a quiet street.

'What I have to tell you,' he said, 'must not be accidentally heard by anybody. Here, my dear, we are all but out of the world—and here I can

speak to you safely. I promise you two good things. You shall bring Mrs. Farnaby to that day of reckoning; and we will find money enough to marry on comfortably as soon as you like.'

Phœbe's languid interest in the subject began to revive: she insisted on having a clearer explanation than this. 'Do you mean to get the money out of Mr. Farnaby?' she inquired,

'I will have nothing to do with Mr. Farnaby—unless I find that his wife's money is not at her own disposal. What you heard in the kitchen has altered all my plans. Wait a minute—and you will see what I am driving at. How much do you think Mrs. Farnaby would give me, if I found that lost daughter of hers?'

Phœbe suddenly stood still, and looked at the sordid scoundrel who was tempting her in blank amazement.

'But nobody knows where the daughter is,' she objected.

'You and I know that the daughter has a deformity in her left foot,' Jervy replied; 'and you and I know exactly in what part of the foot it is. There's not only money to be made out of that knowledge—but money made easily, without the slightest risk. Suppose I managed the matter by correspondence, without appearing in it personally? Don't you think Mrs. Farnaby would open her purse beforehand, if I mentioned the exact position of that little deformity, as a proof that I was to be depended on?'

Phœbe was unable, or unwilling to draw the obvious conclusion, even now.

'But, what would you do,' she said, 'when Mrs. Farnaby insisted on seeing her daughter?'

There was something in the girl's tone—half fearful, half suspicious—which warned Jervy that he was treading on dangerous ground. He knew perfectly well what he proposed to do, in the case that had been so plainly put to him. It was the simplest thing in the world. He had only to make an appointment with Mrs. Farnaby for a meeting on a future day, and to take to flight in the interval; leaving a polite note behind him to say that it was all a mistake, and that he regretted being too poor to return the money. Thus far, the truth had flowed from him in an uninterrupted stream. The time had evidently come to check the flow. Phœbe was vain, Phœbe was vindictive; and more promising still, Phœbe was a fool. But she was not quite capable of consenting to an act of the vilest infamy, in cold blood. Jervy looked at her—and saw that the foreseen necessity for lying had come at last.

'That's just the difficulty,' he said; 'that's just where I don't see my way plainly yet. Can you advise me?'

Phœbe started, and drew back from him. '*I* advise you!' she exclaimed. 'It frightens me to think of it. If you make her believe she is going to see her daughter, and if she finds out that you have robbed and deceived her, I can tell you this—with her furious temper—you would drive her mad.'

Jervy's reply was a model of well-acted indignation. 'Don't talk of anything so horrible,' he exclaimed. 'If you believe me capable of such cruelty as that, go to Mrs. Farnaby and warn her at once!'

'It's too bad to speak to me in that way!' Phœbe rejoined, with the frank impetuosity of an offended woman. 'You know I would die rather than get you into trouble. Beg my pardon directly—or I won't walk another step with you!'

Jervy made the necessary apologies, with all possible humility. He had gained his end—he could now postpone any further discussion of the subject, without arousing Phœbe's distrust. 'Let us say no more about it, for the present,' he suggested; 'we will think it over, and talk of pleasanter things in the mean time. Kiss

me, my dear girl, there's nobody looking.'

So he made peace with his sweetheart, and secured to himself, at the same tine, the full liberty of future action of which he stood in need. If Phœbe asked any more questions, the necessary answer was obvious to the meanest capacity. He had merely to say, 'The matter is beset with difficulties which I didn't see at first—I have given it up.'

Their nearest way back to Phœbe's lodgings took them through the street which led to the Hampden Institution. Passing along the opposite side of the way, they saw the private door opened. Two men stepped out. A third man, inside, called after one of them, 'Mr. Goldenheart! you have left the statement of receipts in the waiting-room.' 'Never mind,' Amelius answered; 'the night's receipts are so small that I would rather not be reminded of them again.' 'In my country,' a third voice remarked, 'if he had lectured as he has lectured to-night, I reckon I'd have given him three hundred dollars, gold (sixty pounds, English currency), and have made my own profit by the transaction. The British nation has lost its taste, sir, for intellectual recreation. I wish you good-evening.'

Jervy hurried Phœbe out of the way, just as the two gentlemen were crossing the street. He had not forgotten events at Tadmor—and he was by no means eager to renew his former acquaintance with Amelius.

CHAPTER XXI.

RUFUS and his young friend walked together silently as far as a large Square. Here they stopped, having reached the point at which it was necessary to take different directions, on their way home.

'I've a word of advice, my son, for your private ear,' said the New Englander. 'The barometer behind your waistcoat points to a downhearted state of the moral atmosphere. Come along to home with me—you want a whisky-cocktail badly.'

'No, thank you, my dear fellow,' Amelius answered a little sadly. 'I own I'm downhearted, as you say. You see, I expected this lecture to be a new opening for me. Personally, as you know, I don't care two straws about money. But my marriage depends on my adding to my income; and the first attempt I've made to do that has ended in a total failure. I'm all abroad again, when I look to the future—and I'm afraid I'm fool enough to let it weigh on my spirits. No, the cocktail isn't the right remedy for me. I don't get the exercise and fresh air, here, that I used to get at Tadmor. My head burns after all that talking to-night. A good long walk will put me right, and nothing else will.'

Rufus at once offered to accompany him. Amelius shook his head. 'Did you ever walk a mile in your life, when you could ride?' he asked good-humouredly. 'I mean to be on my legs for four or five hours; I should only have to send you home in a cab. Thank you, old fellow, for the brotherly interest you take in me. I'll breakfast with you to-morrow, at your hotel. Good-night.'

Some curious prevision of evil seemed to trouble the mind of the good New Englander. He held Amelius fast by the hand: he said, very earnestly, 'It goes against the grit with me to see you wandering off by yourself at this time of night—it does, I tell you! Do me a favour for once, my bright boy—go right away to bed.'

Amelius smiled, and released his hand. 'I shouldn't sleep, if I did go to bed. Breakfast to-morrow, at ten o'clock. Good-night, again.'

He started on his walk, at a pace which set pursuit on the part of Rufus at defiance. The American stood watching him, until he was lost to sight in the darkness. 'What a grip

that young fellow has got on me, in no more than a few months!' Rufus thought, as he slowly turned away in the direction of his hotel. 'Lord send the poor boy may keep clear of mischief this night!'

Meanwhile, Amelius walked on swiftly, straight before him, careless in what direction he turned his steps, so long as he felt the cool air and kept moving.

His thoughts were not at first occupied with the doubtful question of his marriage. The lecture was still the uppermost subject in his mind. He had reserved for the conclusion of his address the justification of his view of the future, afforded by the widespread and frightful poverty among the millions of the population of London alone. On this melancholy theme he had spoken with the eloquence of true feeling, and had produced a strong impression, even on those members of the audience who were most resolutely opposed to the opinions which he advocated. Without any undue exercise of self-esteem, he could look back on the close of his address with the conviction that he had really done justice to himself and to his cause. The retrospect of the public discussion that had followed failed to give him the same pleasure. His warm temper, his vehemently sincere belief in the truth of his own convictions, placed him at a serious disadvantage towards the more self-restrained speakers (all older than himself) who rose, one after another, to combat his views. More than once, he had lost his temper, and had been obliged to make his apologies. More than once, he had been indebted to the ready help of Rufus, who had taken part in the battle of words, with the generous purpose of covering his retreat.' 'No!' he thought to himself, with bitter humility, 'I'm not fit for public discussions. If they put me into Parliament to-morrow, I should only get called to order and do nothing.'

He reached the bank of the Thames, at the eastward end of the Strand.

Walking straight on, as absently as ever, he crossed Waterloo Bridge, and followed the broad street that lay before him on the other side. He was thinking of the future again: Regina was in his mind now. The one prospect that he could see of a tranquil and happy life—with duties as well as well as pleasures; duties that might rouse him to find the vocation for which he was fit—was the prospect of his marriage. What was the obstacle that stood in his way? The vile obstacle of money; the contemptible spirit of ostentation which forbade him to live humbly on his own sufficient little income, and insisted that he should purchase domestic happiness at the price of the tawdry splendour of a rich tradesman and his friends. And Regina, who was free to follow her own better impulses—Regina, whose heart acknowledged him as its master—bowed before the golden image which was the tutelary deity of her uncle's household, and said resignedly, 'Love must wait!

Still walking blindly on, he was roused on a sudden to a sense of passing events. Crossing a side-street at the moment, a man caught him roughly by the arm and saved him from being run over. The man had a broom in his hand; he was a crossing-sweeper. 'I think I've earned my penny, sir,' he said.

Amelius gave him half-a-crown. The man shouldered his broom, and tossed up the money, in a transport of delight. 'Here's something to go home with!' he cried, as he caught the half-crown again.

'Have you got a family at home?' Amelius asked.

'Only one, sir,' said the man. 'The others are all dead. She's as good a girl and as pretty a girl as ever put on a petticoat—though I say it that shouldn't. Thank you kindly, sir, good-night!

Amelius looked after the poor fel-

low, happy at least for that night! 'If I had only been lucky enough to fall in love with the crossing-sweeper's daughter,' he thought bitterly, '*she* would have married me when I asked her.'

He looked along the street. It curved away in the distance, with no visible limit to it. Arrived at the next side-street on his left, Amelius turned down it, weary of walking longer in the same direction. Whither it might lead him he neither knew nor cared. In his present humour, it was a pleasurable sensation to feel himself lost in London.

The short street suddenly widened; a blaze of flaring gaslight dazzled his eyes; he heard all round him the shouting of innumerable voices. For the first time since he had been in London, he found himself in one of the street-markets of the poor.

On either side of the roadway, the barrows of the costermongers — the wandering tradesmen of the highway —were drawn up in rows; and every man was advertising his wares, by means of the cheap publicity of his own voice. Fish and vegetables; pottery and writing-paper; looking-glasses, saucepans, and coloured prints —all appealed together to the scantily-filled purses of the crowds who thronged the pavement. One lusty vagabond, stood up in a rickety donkey-cart, knee-deep in apples, selling a great wooden-measure full for a penny, and yelling louder than all the rest. 'Never was such apples sold in the public streets before! Sweet as flowers, and sound as a bell. Who says the poor ain't looked after,' cried the fellow, with ferocious irony, 'when they can have such apple-sauce as this to their loin of pork? Here's nobby apples; here's a pennorth for your money. Sold again! Hullo, you! you look hungry. Catch! There's an apple for nothing, just to taste. Be in time, be in time, before they're all sold!' Amelius moved forward a few steps, and was half deafened by rival butchers, shouting, 'Buy, buy, buy!' to audiences of ragged women, who fingered the meat doubtfully, with longing eyes. A little farther—and there was a blind man, selling staylaces, and singing a Psalm; and, beyond him again, a broken-down soldier playing 'God save the Queen' on a tin flageolet. The one silent person in this sordid carnival was a Lascar beggar, with a printed placard round his neck, addressed to 'The Charitable Public.' He held a tallow-candle to illuminate the copious narrative of his misfortunes; and the one reader he obtained was a fat man, who scratched his head, and remarked to Amelius that he didn't like foreigners. Starving boys and girls lurked among the costermongers' barrows, and begged piteously on pretence of selling cigar-lights and comic songs. Furious women stood at the doors of public-houses, and railed on their drunken husbands for spending the house-money in gin. A thicker crowd, towards the middle of the street, poured in and out at the door of a cookshop. Here the people presented a less terrible spectacle — they were even touching to see. These were the patient poor, who bought hot morsels of sheep's heart and liver at a penny an ounce, with lamentable little mouthsful of peas-pudding, greens, and potatoes at a halfpenny each. Pale children in corners supped on penny basins of soup, and looked with hungry admiration at their enviable neighbours who could afford to buy stewed eels for twopence. Everywhere there was the same noble resignation to their hard fate, in old and young alike. No impatience, no complaints. In this wretched place, the language of true gratitude was still to be heard, thanking the good-natured cook for a little spoonful of gravy thrown in for nothing—and here, humble mercy that had its one superfluous halfpenny to spare gave that halfpenny to utter destitution, and gave it with right good-will. Amelius spent all his shillings and sixpences, in doubling and trebling

the poor little pennyworths of food—and left the place with tears in his eyes.

He was near the end of the street by this time. The sight of the misery about him, and the sense of his own utter inability to remedy it, weighed heavily on his spirits. He thought of the peaceful and prosperous life at Tadmor. Were his happy brethren of the Community and these miserable people about him, creatures of the same all-merciful God? The terrible doubts which come to all thinking men—the doubts which are not to be stifled by crying, 'O fie!' in a pulpit—rose darkly in his mind. He quickened his pace. 'Let me get out of it,' he said to himself; 'let me get out of it!'

It was not easy to pass quickly through the people loitering and gossiping about him. There was greater freedom for a rapid walker in the road. He was on the point of stepping off the pavement, when a voice behind him—a sweet soft voice, though it spoke very faintly—said, 'Are you good-natured, sir?'

He turned and found himself face to face with one of the saddest sisterhood on earth—the sisterhood of the streets.

(To be continued.)

ACROSS THE GULF.

BY FLEURANGE.

WHERE the great cataract, Niagara, falls,
And all the air is whitened with the spray
That like a crown of pearls around it lies,
A winding path leads to the utmost crag,
And down the steep a fairy stair is flung
Confronting in its fragile nothingness
The world of hurling waters. There, alone,
A blind girl stands. As on the dizzy verge
Of Alpine heights, a snow-drop half afraid
Hangs trembling petals o'er the dim abyss—
White-robed she bends above the roaring gulf
And clasps with timid hands the slender rail
That guards the deep descent. A pale, sweet face
Turned towards the wonders that she cannot see

And tremulous with passionate despair—
Half-parted lips that, in their tender curves,
Droop mournfully, and heavy lashes wet
With unshed tears.——
Before her sweeps
The crystal glory rounding from the rock
And melting into sunbeams as it falls.
A thousand changing tints of flashing dew,
Strewn like a garland at Niagara's feet,
Weave ever higher their mystic blossomings,
And higher still in showers of starry bloom,
Till one wild leap flings to the top-most crag
Its vivid splendour, and across the foam
There glows a rainbow wreath of victory.
But not for her the beauty or the power;
She hears the grand, deep music in her soul,
And vainly pictures the Unseen. Oh! Fate,
Too cruel in thy gifts—the self-same world
Holds blindness and Niagara!
And yet
We all are standing helpless on the brink
Where Science totters and where Reason falls—
We feel the solid earth beneath our feet
And know that we are masters of its lore.
From darkest caves of thought we pluck the pearl
Of knowledge, and the magic of its gleam
Guides us through æons of uncounted years
Back to the great First Cause,—a step—and then
We falter on the verge of the Unknown:
The deep gulf yawns before us—we are blind.
But ever and anon across the gloom
We hear the waters of Eternity
Sounding mysterious music through the night,
And though we cannot see their endless sweep
We know a rainbow rests upon their foam—
The wondrous radiance of the smile of God.

BROCKVILLE.

ANOTHER WORD OR TWO.

BY A WOMAN OF NEWFANGLE.

I HAVE called you together again, my dears, to make a few remarks upon what has been said by 'Non-Resident.' I shall be as brief as I can. It is satisfactory to find that 'Non-Resident' is conscious of the 'odium attaching to the foolish and extreme opinions of some of its (The Woman Question's) most indiscreet supporters,' and of the 'indiscretion' of some 'female speaker who had the misfortune to say, possibly under a momentary excitement, that men were "the lower and coarser half of humanity."' An article of some ten or twelve pages can hardly be imagined to have been composed under 'momentary excitement.' However, all this is very well indeed, but would have been much better if a similar apology had been made for the 'foolish and extreme opinion,' the 'indiscretion' and 'misfortune' of saying that 'the moment that the principle of self-interest' (the basis of all commercial transactions) 'comes into play, the average man' (that is, almost every man) 'is more ready to grind down, to overwork, to underpay, to cheat outright a woman than a man, just because he thinks he can do it with more impunity.' But we have no such apology. So, far from it, 'Non-Resident' comes up again to the charge and pours in another volley of the same accusation. To be sure, the tone is very much lowered. All we are told now is that 'where men will cheat men, they will be more ready to cheat women, as more helpless,' and that this is 'simply human nature.' This is a very different matter. Still it is prefaced with an array of dishonesties, which is evidently meant to convey the impression that such men are very numerous. A 'statement of simple *facts*' is made in supposed proof of it. It is quoted that 'during the last year the Working Women's Protection Union of New York, one of whose objects it is to provide gratuitous legal services for women defrauded' (*sic*) 'by their employers, has recovered no less an amount than $21,000 for 6,500 women, and that without any expense to the claimants, who range from the servant to the teacher. How much suffering the lack of this $21,000 might have caused we may best realize by remembering that few, indeed, of the women who work have not helpless relatives depending upon them.' Now, my dears, $21,000 is a large sum here, but in a city like New York it is a mere drop of water in the sea. Then 6,500 women is a large number, but it represents only one in about sixty of what I understand to be the adult female population of New York and its suburbs or outlying cities; $21,000 yields an average of $3.26 in each case. These women, we are told, 'range from the servant to the teacher; their average earnings, as wages and payments go there (servant girls get twelve dollars a month), cannot certainly be set down at less than $200 a year. That, I believe, is a low estimate. Of that sum $3.26 amounts to about one dollar in sixty-one, or one cent in sixty-one, and 'the lack of this' very small proportion could hardly be supposed to cause much suffering to helpless relatives. No doubt some of the claims would be larger, but then

others would become insignificant, so that one balances the other. Looked at in this way, the statement is found to be sensational, got up for a purpose, as all such statements always are. But, that you may understand it better, let us reduce it to our Newfangle standard, and then we can bring our own experience to bear upon it. Following a precise proportion between the two populations, as nearly as I can come to it at the moment, we shall have six and a half women sueing for twenty-one dollars. But, as we cannot divide a woman by two—though there are some of whom half would be a sufficient allowance—let us throw in the fraction and say seven, with an average claim for three dollars. Now, in the whole township and spread over twelve months, that does not strike one as a very heinous amount of iniquity. But yet from that large deductions must be made. 'Non-Resident' tells us that 'this sum is not to be wholly set down to masculine injustice, for women are too often shamefully thoughtless and unjust in their dealings with their own sex.' We may safely accept this upon so good an authority, and may, therefore, fairly suppose that in at least two of the seven cases the defendant men would be acting, or rather suffering, on behalf of their wives. Then, as in Newfangle, we by no means take it for granted that a suit for money necessarily implies an attempt to defraud, and as we should, indeed, set it down as a gross calumny to say so, we may strike off two more on that ground.

There is yet another point to consider, as to which I will follow 'Non-Resident's' frequent example and quote from other authorities. I will read the following to you from a late London paper:—

'If there is one member of the judicial bench from whose lips it might be confidently asserted that nothing derogatory to the dignity of womanhood would fall, that member is certainly Mr. Baron Huddleston (a Baron of the High Court of Exchequer, my dears). Some surprise and disconcertment have, therefore, naturally been caused at a few observations which this most knightly-hearted and accomplished judge recently made at the Exeter Assizes. While a certain case in court was proceeding, one of the counsel committed himself to the rash statement that "a woman would swear anything," an abominable heresy which his lordship might have been expected sternly and promptly to condemn. As a matter of fact, Mr. Baron Huddleston did rebuke the assertion, but only in the mildest manner, and, indeed, his qualification of the charge seems something very like a confirmation of it. While protesting that "his experience of women was not sufficient to enable him to go quite so far as this," he declared as an undoubted fact that a woman told a lie with very much better effect than did a man; and he proceeded to place on record his testimony to the circumstance that "women lie more logically' (score a point here for "Non-Resident") "than men," as well as his own incapacity to "gauge the veracity of a female witness"—an intellectual compliment to the sex involving a grave ethical opprobrium.'

I will leave it to yourselves, my dears, to determine whether we should be in excess by striking off one more case from the list on this ground. You hesitate? The question before you is this: If you are asked to believe that men will cheat women out of some vast sum, of which we are told, as you will hear presently, $21,000 represents but a very small fraction, do you find it hard to believe that women might cheat men out of a seventh part of $21,000? If you cannot bring yourselves to believe the latter, with what sort of conscience can you credit the former? It is much to be lamented that such a question should have been brought before the public in this way, and more still before you,

but we have it and we must deal with it. Men who owe money say that they do not; women to whom money is not due say that it is. As the case is put by 'Non-Resident,' and on the testimony—and stronger could not be—before you, shall we or shall we not strike off one case on this ground? You assent now? All of you? Very well. Speaking generally, whatever may be the fact in New York, here such a Protective Union would undoubtedly have the effect of bringing every trumpery and slippery case into court, and of making the most of it when there. There would be no direct cost to the claimant, at the worst she could lose nothing, and there would be a pleasurable excitement and notoriety about it. These various considerations would all be unquestionably in full force in Newfangle (and, if human nature be the same in both places, in New York also), and would reduce our seven cases to two. It may be very sad that we should have even two rogues capable of cheating poor women of three dollars apiece, but, as it seems that there must be some roguery everywhere, and there are some two thousand of us here to share it, we need not break our hearts about it, nor get up sensational statements of the amount of cruel cheating inflicted by men upon women, 'helpless' women. Nay, it is not impossible that we may have two or three women able and willing to impose upon our men to that extent, if they have a whole year given them to do it in.

Now, my dears, you have only to judge of the $21,000 and the 6,500 cases of imputed fraud at New York by the same tests that we have applied here—tests derived partly from 'Non-Resident's' own admission, partly from the commonest charity towards our fellow-creatures, and partly from the testimony of the judgment seat—and the delinquency of those dreadful men dwindles down to very small proportions; indeed, I must say to little better, after such strenuous denunciations, than a ridiculous anti-climax. The 6,500 cheating men become 1,856, which gives us one in about 215 of the adult male population of New York.

And surely so much the better from every possible point of view. Human nature is faulty enough without being blackened beyond its deserts. When an apparent, it cannot surely be a real, attempt is made to establish an antagonism between men and women, and to make young creatures like yourselves, my dears, believe that you are going out into a world where you will be the victims and prey, if not of your own fathers and brothers, husbands and sons, of the fathers and brothers, and husbands and sons of other women, of men who will cheat you out of your honest earnings, the sooner you are disabused of any such idea the better.

It is almost a waste of time to notice the stories that we are told, in order to prove a 'preposterous system of sex-protection — the protection of the stronger against the weaker' (!). A 'lady' is paid $900 a year for certain services. That is about their marketable value, about what a corresponding clerk, with similar qualifications, is paid in a mercantile house in London or Liverpool, and I should suppose, therefore, in New York. As for the 'man' who gets $1,800 for what are said to be inferior services, no decision could be come to without knowing more about the case. Again, publishers, as a rule, very justifiably trade upon established reputations and would decline any 'illustrations' by an unknown artist, be it man or woman, unless accompanied by special testimonials, and most likely even then. The 'gentleman friend' performed a miracle, unless he came with such adequate testimonials in his hand. Such want of appreciation as that shown in the instance of the cabinet has happened in hundreds of cases to men. As a rule, the greater the excellence of the work, the more it is over the heads of ordinary people, and the less understood. At a famous picture-sale two works were bought, the one for

twenty-one times the price paid to the artist, the other for thirty-two times. The painters were both still living, both were, and had been, in affluent circumstances, and had been under no necessity to dispose of their productions beneath their value. So much had even themselves been mistaken in their judgment of their own performances! One of them was Copley Fielding, President of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, the other was David Roberts, R.A. It need not be said that neither of them was a woman. If he had been, or both, say, what a capital sensational story! In short, to tell such tales with the expectation that they will not be seen through and through by everybody of any discernment, is mere child's play.

Well, my dears, you have now seen how, by bringing to bear upon any subject some of that fierce light which is said to beat upon a throne, it will come out in its real form and colour, and will out-blazen all prejudice and misrepresentation—far be it from me, in this case, to say wilful misrepresentation.

'Non-Resident' says that 'the said $21,000 in New York alone must represent a very small fraction of such uncollected debts,' that is, debts for the recovery of which 'the weak are obliged to band themselves together to resist the oppression of the strong.' We hear nothing about the suits instituted for the recovery of money by men, possibly from women, or by women from women, in the course of a year, in New York; if we did, it would doubtless give a very different complexion to the case. But not to dwell upon that, of what sum may $21,000 be properly said to constitute *a very small fraction?* Of $100,000, $200,000, $500,000? It is hard to assign a limit. Where is the proof? 'Non-Resident' does not seem quite clearly to understand that when any person undertakes to prove a case by '*facts*,' as 'Non-Resident' has done, all mere assertion outside of those facts falls to the ground. We are compelled to say the same of the 'number of flagrant instances of this kind from my own personal knowledge.' In a case of such grave importance as that now under consideration, no vague charges like this can be admitted. The 'instances' might be looked at through the wrong end of the glass. There might be great difference of opinion as to what constitutes 'flagrant instances.'

Then, my dears, I do not see very well why these women are called 'weak' and 'helpless' in this matter. They have power to combine against their employers, they can put the engine of the law in force, the Courts are open to them, they can recover $21,000. Why not all the vast sum of which this is said to be 'a very small fraction?' And, mind you, the judge is a man, the counsel are men, the statutes have been enacted by men; yet, strange to say, women recover $21,000—a queer commentary on 'the oppression of the weak by the strong.' I should add, the jury are men, too. Stay though, can we make quite sure that they are not women personating their husbands, with the marital trousers on? It could be done. In the name of the majesty of the law, this should be looked to.

I will now, my dears, if it shall not tire you, notice, as shortly as I can, such farther points in 'Non-Resident's' article as seem to require it. The 'Movement for the Higher Education of Women' was not 'stigmatised' by me, nor anything of the kind. It is an excellent thing as far as it goes, but I pointed out what it may reasonably be hoped to do, and what it never can do.

When you have done laughing at a woman's doing 'a good day's ploughing,' and at a man's not being able to make as much fire as will boil a little water in a kettle—how about camping out?—I will proceed. You Newfangle girls know better than that, at any rate. If you could take in such stuff as that, you would have to give up all claim to the 'quick wits,' which 'Non-

Resident' does you the honour to attribute to you. But perhaps it was merely 'poking fun' to try our mettle. A 'squalling baby' may be out of a man's line, yet I have known men wonderfully tender and handy with young children, even infants.

Thanks for the compliment, but we women of Newfangle make no pretension to any greater 'intellectual or moral influence' than that of our husbands, nor to any quicker wits. Some of us are smart enough, and some very stupid. In any case, we have quite enough to do in our own department for all the wits we can muster. We do not interfere with our husbands' business any more than we expect them to make the puddings or hush a 'squalling baby.' We know very well that not to us is 'the prosperity and beauty of Newfangle due.' And as for 'finer tastes,' I am afraid the less said about them the better, so long as we continue slaves to the hideous monstrosities of fashion, not to speak of its indecencies. You smile, my dears, and, at your age, the supremity of fashion —do you not remember Molly's saying that she 'might as soon be dead as out of the fashion'—swallows up all other considerations, even that of feminine modesty; but I, who have outlived it all, and can overlook, as it were from a height, generation after generation of fashion's vagaries, know that modesty and immodesty are but names when fashion is in question. When I was a girl, short petticoats were in fashion, and, of course, the briefer the skirts the higher the fashion, and, whether or not I may ever have made a display of my knees in waltzing, there were plenty of other girls who did. You laugh, my dears, laugh away, you will never laugh younger. The thing, after all, is only in name and in idea; I know that well enough, only, as I say, the less we pretend to 'finer tastes' the better.

I did not say that comparatively the movement for female *education* had come to nothing, but for *female practice of physic*. My meaning must have been clear from what I was then speaking of. From a limited point of view it might be extremely desirable that there should be female physicians, but the trial seems to have shown that it is too limited. Time was that medical practice, such as it was then, was, in great degree, in the hands of women, a particular branch of practice wholly so. That it should have passed, by women's own choice, of course, into the hands of men, is a pretty sure indication of the amount of success which female physicians are likely to achieve. A limited success they ought to have, and will have, but it has been, and will be, no more than that. All honour, as 'Non-Resident' says, to female medical missionaries! But it would be more to the purpose to point to ladies in full practice at home in every house one enters. 'Non-Resident' is a little excited about the great progress made by women in the last fifty years. There has been within that period an amazing 'march of intellect.' Women have kept pace with the times, that is all, and all that was needed. Go back a little more than fifty years, and but little, and where then were all the wonderful inventions and discoveries that have completely revolutionized and regenerated society? I can well remember, when a child, passing, all at once, out of a suburban road, struggling with the gloom of oil lamps, into the full blaze of a street lighted by gas. That, my dears, was an apt emblem of the prodigious progress then making and working. 'To-day,' triumphantly cries 'Non-Resident,' 'the first magazine we take up has probably feminine names appended to about half of its articles, poems, and stories —and not the worse half either.' It is easy to try that, as matter of fact. Magazines are sown broadcast over the land. Try it. Fifty years ago there were no magazines to speak of, but there were annuals, with a host of male and female writers. We had Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Opie, Mrs.

Hemans, Miss Landon, Joanna Baillie, Mary Howitt, Miss Barrett, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Inchbald, Miss Burney, Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Porter, Hannah More, Lady Morgan, Lady Blessington, Miss Ferrier, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Crowe—how many more that escape one, but that is enough. Not so bad for the dark ages before 'higher education.' Can we match them with it? Stay, Mrs. Somerville, a full match, at least, for any lady professor of to-day; I cannot call them all to mind. The great advance in wealth, luxury, and refinement has created immensely increased opportunities, and of these female artists, with others, have taken advantage. Some few of them, say half a dozen, perhaps more, are now assuming prominent places. Women though they be, they are warmly welcomed into them. No sooner did the Misses Mutrie display their charming talent, though it was only in flower painting, than their pictures were hung, year after year, on the line at the Royal Academy; flower pictures, be it observed, being somewhat hurtful to the colour of adjoining pictures. Then a capital picture by Miss Thompson was hung also on the line, was spoken of by the Prince of Wales at the Academy dinner, and the lady woke the next morning to find herself famous, and she has been fortunate enough to remain so. It were well if male genuine claims were not so rare. But 'Non-Resident' will please 'make a note' of these instances. They put to flight the 'oppression' theory.

I fear that 'Non-Resident' is a little nettled at my speaking of logic. I am surprised to find the quotation, with pride, of 'the logic of the heart and reason of unreason.' What sort of climate 'Non-Resident' inhabits I cannot say, but it must be one where they learn to blow hot and cold. It shall be whichever 'Non-Resident' likes. I am afraid that it might not be easier to reconcile the spirit which is exhibited against men with the logic of the heart than with the logic of the head, or what is said about a certain unfortunate lieutenant. He had a noble record before, and that, with the uncertainty and difference of opinion which hangs over the lamentable and shocking event, might have saved him. But it is sought to trip me up, in return, in my 'logical conclusions.' Quite right. If there be a blot, hit it. But I will be judged by all who know the real force and meaning of words whether the phrase, 'it is not by any means sought to deny or underrate the mental difference,' does not distinctly imply not only mere difference but inferiority also, and candour in acknowledging it. I understood it so. I understand it so still.

I should be extremely curious to learn whether the female telegraph operators, who are said to have done the 'same work at about a third of the price,' are doing it now, or doing it at all. It would not consist with my own experience and observation, but then that, to be sure, is of very narrow range.

To sum up, there can be no reason why women should not, indeed there is every possible reason why they should, be afforded all facility for making the most of their lives and of any talents with which they may be gifted. What ordinary school and college education can do for them let them have by all means. As I have said before, it would be better for men that women should rise in the scale of intelligence. But ordinary education, lower or 'higher,' will not make them a career in the world. It does not make a career for men. It *may* facilitate it a little. But neither of women nor of men will it make divines, lawyers, doctors, poets, musicians, painters, sculptors, actors, authors, what not. For all these there must be special studies and special aptitudes, more or less, for some of them wholly. There must be energy, industry, persever-

ance, there must be entire devotion. They will not brook a 'divided duty.' Can or will women give them all these, except here and there one? Will they do it before they are married? Can they do it afterward? Therefore, as I said before, great disappointment awaits those who expect much from the 'higher education' of women, so far as success and prosperity in the world go. On the other hand, instances without end may be cited of genius which has surmounted every difficulty and deficiency and has laughed at the lack of opportunities. Look for a moment at the career of Lord Beaconsfield. Politicians, and statesmen, and critics will differ about him, but there is his career, and a wonderful one nevertheless. How much of it was shadowed forth when he left a private school, a stripling of seventeen, at the close of all the education that anybody but himself ever gave him? That school was kept for forty years or more, with an average of sixty boys. You may calculate what number would probably pass through it in that period. How many of those boys, when they made a 'cock-shy,' as they called it, I know the young dogs, of the jugs and basins, etc., on the last evening of their last 'half,' found their education opening up a career before them?

You may go, my dears. How many of you—and you have not done amiss at school either—will ever distinguish yourselves, or even get your own living, is more than I can tell. I cannot say that I see any great promise of it at present. You laugh—do you?—at your grandmother before her face, and you will laugh at her behind her back, I should not wonder. There, go along with you!

SERVANTS AND EMPLOYERS.

BY MRS. FRANCIS J. MOORE, LONDON.

IN dealing with the subject of Servants and Employers, I must, of necessity, repeat a great deal that has already been written by far abler writers than myself. It is a matter upon which so much thought has, of late years, been expended, that I can scarcely hope to bring forward many new ideas to bear upon it; and perhaps those very points, which, I believe, to lay claim to some novelty, may be novel to me only, have been previously commented on by various writers. However, I must take my chance of having been preceded, and can but crave the indulgence of my readers, if they happen to know before hand all I have to say.

The Servant and Employer question is one of the utmost importance, both in its present and future aspect. The *causes* of the decline of good old-fashioned serving seem to me not difficult to find: the *remedy* for such decline, by no means so easy.

I think that one great cause, if not the greatest, lies in the fact that the present age is essentially an age of progression—progression too, especially amongst the lower orders. Each year adds further facilities for acquiring knowledge of every sort. I do not say but that all classes have the same opportunities for improvement; but we must take into consideration that the ignorant, uncultivated mind is far

more prone to become upset (if I may so term it) by any sudden advance in education, any sudden rise in life, in short, by anything totally unexpected and unprepared for, than is the mind which is, in a measure, prepared for such advancement by previous bringing-up, by education, and, in many instances, by anticipation also. Remember that I speak of classes,—of generalities; were I to quote exceptions, this article would be endless, inasmuch as there are, and ever will be, exceptions by thousands to this general rule, amongst both the former and the latter class of people.

I would not say, however, that, for the reasons I have mentioned, the education of the lower orders is unwise and futile; on the contrary, I look upon it as one of the most important steps in civilization, and one which must, eventually, be of immense benefit to mankind; but I do believe that it has most certainly been the fundamental cause of the almost total cessation of good servants; servants, content to receive moderate wages, to serve respectfully and faithfully; servants, in short, who did not think 'Jack was as good as his master' (meaning, of course, as high in status); but who, nevertheless, have been loved and respected by their employers, and looked upon, in many instances, more like old and dear friends than anything else.

Some people will say: 'But our servants are as ignorant as were any in the very oldest time; what then has education done for them?' Quite true, my friends; but although *they* may be ignorant enough, it does not alter the *raison d'être*, viz.: That the serving class, generally, has been of late years raised, and that, notwithstanding gross uncultivation in many individual cases, still, as a class, they hold themselves higher—the natural consequence of living in an age, when, as I said, progression is undoubtedly the leading element.

Another cause, I hold as most important, is that travel has been for many years so easy of accomplishment to what it was formerly, thus bringing into contact so many different nations, and opening so many new fields of labour to both sexes. When we think of emigration—for which such enormous facilities now exist—we can scarcely fail to trace another sufficient reason for the servant decline.

For example, a man emigrates, and for a few years works very hard—for he soon finds out that *all pay* and *no work* is by no means the rule in any colony—but this man becomes, at last, owner of a good lot of land (which he can seldom hope to own in England, under her existing law of entail); his daughters usually marry early and well; his sons commence life with a small capital, perhaps even a farm, and so they go on from father to son. The whole family is raised, and thus others, of a like class, are raised although it may be vicariously.

Emigration not only affects the colonies but Europe also, for the facts I have related are well known there, and even exaggerated. It is a very general belief amongst servants in England that they have but to cross the 'Big Pond' in order to command enormous wages and do next to nothing! In this they are greatly mistaken, for servants must work in the new countries as in the old. They obtain, however, greater privileges, especially in the United States, where they also get very high wages. The result is that the wages in England are increasing daily, and there are fewer real servants left to choose from. These few know their power, ask preposterous wages (and in most cases get them), give very little work in return, and often plenty of impudence!

There is yet another cause, existing principally in England, for the 'servant decline'—the extreme cheapness of dress, whereby a maid-servant can, at the cost of a few shillings,

make herself as fine as her mistress, and the stable-boy or footman sees no earthly reason why he should not, when off duty, don a suit of cheap 'ready-mades' and look as much like 'master' as he can. Formerly this was impossible; servants' dress was a sort of uniform; all materials in price higher; all wages lower; servants' respect for their employers higher; their status lower. The course of years has changed this most enviable state of affairs. We cannot hope for a return of the 'good old times' (so far as servants were concerned). We should, therefore, continue, in some measure, to ameliorate the evils of which we all complain by adapting ourselves to circumstances over which, to use a well-worn expression, we have no control, and most assuredly we have none, for the age *will* progress, the lower classes *will* get educated, *will* dress, *will* emigrate in spite of us. We must make the best of what we have, and not help to make the *worst*, as some people undoubtedly do —treason though it may be to say so. I do believe that if employers were to think more about acting as an example to their servants there would be fewer complaints to make. Let no one take offence at my words. No wise master or mistress will cavil at them, and should an unwise one find the cap fit a little too closely who shall say that harm is done?

I think—in common with many—that there are grave faults on both sides. We must look at the subject fairly, making full allowance for the progression of the class to which I have alluded; then, by diligent self-searching, find out whether we are entirely blameless; whether our ancestors, too, were blameless.

In remote ages, people had but small need to study the wishes or dispositions of their servants, or rather slaves —for they were little better. These poor wretches had scarcely a desire beyond obediently performing their employers' commands, and receiving more kicks and cuffs than wages. Later on, we find gentlemen and ladies with confidential maids and valets; servants who had a complete hold over them, who knew their private affairs as well as they themselves, often better, and who generally took full advantage of such an unnatural state of things, by causing, in many instances, dire mischief. Fortunately this species is pretty well extinct, and there are but few masters and mistresses now, I think, who would care to confide their hopes and fears, their loves and griefs, to the maid and valet of modern times.

Let us contemplate, for a moment, the modern lady's maid. Are not her airs something appalling?—her independence and self-esteem supreme? What a favour conferred, should she perform some little office she did not absolutely engage to perform! I know of some young ladies in England who were in despair at the absence of their own maid, because their mamma's maid would not think of dressing their hair; and alas, for the bringing up of some girls, they could not possibly dress their own! What a wide field for reflection does this one sentence call forth, *Could not dress their own hair.* Think of it! and yet there are thousands of daughters whose mothers have never taught them differently—whose grandmothers and their great-grandmothers have been just as helpless as they are themselves! If mistresses ever hope to be properly served and helped, they must learn also to help themselves. Let your servants see that, although you may not be capable physically of doing hard, servant's work, you at least thoroughly understand their duties. Never, never let your servants think that you cannot, if necessary, perform all those little personal offices which should surely be part of every lady's education. There are but few servants, now-a-days, who can be trusted with the knowledge that you are utterly dependent upon them—without their

presuming on such a humiliating fact —for it *is* humiliating. Let ladies have their maids, by all means, if they can afford it—with some ladies they are an absolute necessity, for many people are so placed by position and means, that they are almost constantly engaged by the calls which society has upon them, and, who, consequently, have really not time to see after various little personal and domestic matters. This is no reason, though, why they should not understand them. Mothers, train your daughters to help themselves, so that thus they can train others. Daughters, listen to the mothers who would so train you. Does any woman ever regret the fact that she can help herself? No. But how many and futile are the regrets of the helpless. I would say, therefore, that one of the first principles which every lady should lay down for herself, if she wishes to become a good mistress, is—self-help. Our beloved Queen and her royal children are examples in this respect to every lady and gentleman, in whatever sphere they may be; no fine ladyism or dandyism about *them*. How horrified would some of our ancestors be to see the precious *châtelaine*—the badge of good mothership — now converted into a mere pretty ornament! How many a faithful Dorcas would quake to behold her ample and modest muslin cap turned into the cheap lace *d'oyley*, which adorns the head of the modern English Abigail, or the no-cap-at-all of America and other countries!

How few people seem to think they have any *duties* towards their servants! Yet most assuredly they have. Servants are our equals as human beings. Let us use the slight control we have over them wisely. Let them feel that they have not merely an employer to give orders, but a kind and judicious guardian, ready to lend an ear to their troubles or joys, and to give advice and assistance if necessary. I do thoroughly believe that the influence of a really wise master or mistress is never utterly thrown away. Servants may discard good counsel; but in their hearts they must respect the employer who gives it, and, sooner or later, the good influence will work in them, unless they be of a naturally bad disposition.

I believe that a good, conscientious mistress seldom fails in obtaining and and retaining capable and trustworthy servants, who will love and respect her. I have rarely met with servants who respected employers unworthy of respect. If we do find such, it is generally some old family nurse who can see no fault in the child she has brought up—her 'young lady' is her divinity always; also, many a 'young master' can do no wrong in the eyes of old butler Greyhead, who carried him pick-a-back, and helped him to knead mud pies!

What respect can a servant have for those people whose lives are spent in frivolity? What love for the family which is for ever at logger heads—for ever indulging in the renowned 'family jars'? What reverence for those who live, perhaps quietly enough, but without any sort of real religion amongst them?

People should not hold themselves too much aloof from their servants, but should sometimes talk to them upon various matters unconnected with their daily routine of work. Few servants will take interest in an employer who takes none in them. To show an utter lack of sympathy with one's servants is quite as bad as the undue familiarity with old time 'confidential' valets and ladies' maids, of which I have spoken in an earlier portion of this article.

As I have already suggested, I do not expect to shed any startling lustre of information upon this well-worn subject, I merely hope that my remarks may possibly give rise to earnest thought upon it in the minds of those whose opportunities are greater than mine for sifting the very important question of 'Servants and Employers.'

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—*Continued.*

THE gardener's well-tanned cheek turned to a deeper shade. 'You had better ask the Minister,' answered he contemptuously, and moved towards the door.

'I *have* asked the Minister, and I have come from him to you,' replied the other, regarding him attentively; 'he is a kind man, and pities you from the bottom of his heart.'

'It's my belief you take your whusky before breakfast,' growled Mr. Groad; but although his voice was gruff, the other noticed that his eyes showed much disquiet.

'Well, if I do, it's only what *you* do, my good fellow.'

'Not a drop has passed my lips this blessed morn', ejaculated the gardener solemnly.

'Then you keep it in your mouth all night, and that's what makes you smell of it so confoundedly,' was Mayne's unexpected rejoinder. 'Now, look here, don't put yourself in a passion; a religious man like you should never give way to temper, especially in such a time of affliction. Think of your poor murdered bairn.'

'The man's mad,' muttered the gardener, grasping his shovel.

'But you *have* lost poor Jem, have you not?' pursued the other, earnestly.

'Not as I knows on.'

'Well anyhow you very nearly lost him; he was half-drowned in the mill-stream, was he not?'

I'm off to the green-'us,' said Mr. Groad, evasively. The subject that had been so unexpectedly broached had been strictly tabooed to him, by Mr. Walcot's orders, so he took refuge in his physical infirmity.

Mayne quietly placed himself between his companion and the door.

'Then your Jem lied, did he, when he said that Master Frank had pushed him in?'

'We are all for ourselves here,' said the Parrot.

'Quite right, Poll. A lie is nothing,' continued Mayne, airily, 'but a lie that is made up between two persons —such as a father and his son—to accuse another wrongfully, is in the eye of the law a conspiracy. The punishment for that is Penal Servitude. Look here, John Groad, you be careful; don't you say anything that may get you into trouble.'

The speaker had exactly hit the difficulty that was agitating Mr. Groad's brain, and this expression of solicitude for his welfare shot to the very core of it. He knew that some such phrase was used to prisoners when they were taken into custody, and in his guilty mind he already felt the handcuffs about his wrists. The charge he had made against poor Frankie he had committed to writing under Mr. Walcot's orders, and now, as it seemed to him, that gentlemen had turned round upon him, and was about to sacrifice him to justice.

'I can't hear a word you say,' murmured Mr. Groad, with a face, however, that much belied his word.

'That's a pity,' observed his companion, drily. 'It is not necessary, however, to *hear* the judge—when he gives you 'seven years.' The sentence has just the same effect in writing.

At this moment the door opened and in came Jem Groad, with an armful of potatoes. His cunning eyes roved from his father to his visitor, with an air of much suspicion and alarm.

'Go to your bedroom, lad, till I call you,' growled the gardener, angrily.

'Not so fast,' cried Mayne, seizing the boy by the arm; 'it is only fair that Jem should have his chance of escaping prison walls, and dry bread, and whipping. If he still sticks to it that Master Frank pushed him in, well and good; the judge will decide it; but if he makes a clean breast of it there will be no disposition on the part of the prosecution to press hard upon him.'

'He didn't do it,' cried Jem, suddenly dropping the potatoes and falling on his knees; 'I slipped off the bridge of myself, and nobody didn't push me. Only father and Mr. Walcot —they made me say as 'twas Master Frank.'

There was a long silence, which the parrot was first to break with his monotonous cry, 'We are all for ourselves here.'

At this repetition of what it was now but too evident was the family motto, the old gentleman uttered a sullen imprecation. 'The boy's a liar when he says that I had anything to do with it. It was Muster Walcot's business—not mine, nor Jem's—from first to last. Of course if he now thinks different, well and good, so far as I'm concerned; but I am not a-going to be made a scapegoat of.'

There was a certain smothered indignation about the old man's tones which did not escape his visitor's keen ear.

'If you rely upon Mr. Walcot to get you out of this,' he said, 'you are trusting to a reed, and a rotten one,'

'You don't mean to say as he's been and rounded on me?' cried the old man, passionately.

Here was a difficulty, which also involved a nice point in morals. Mayne could hardly say Walcot had betrayed him, and yet if he answered 'No' the man might prefer to stick to his patron and his story. He took a middle course.

'Does Mr. Walcot look to you, Mr. Groad, like one who, being himself in danger, never peaches.'

'Did he tell about *them?*' interrupted the other, with his hand to his ear, and speaking with great vehemence. 'Has he told Sir Robert about the peaches?'

Mr. Mayne, nodded.

'Then I've done with him,' cried the old man, bitterly. 'He took his oath as he'd never tell if I only served him. There was only ten dozen of 'em, as he saw himself, Master Mayne; and they was the first I ever sent to Covent Garden.'

'That is as it may be, Mr. Groad, replied Mayne coldly; 'but I think I may promise that no steps will be taken to your detriment, if only you tell the truth, as Jem has done, about the matter of Master Frank. In the meantime keep a quiet tongue in your head, and if Mr. Walcot comes here, be careful not to let him know I've been before him, or that any one knows, besides you two, of your having taken too much upon yourself in the way of perquisites.'

'Yes, sir, yes, that was it,' cried the gardener, clasping his hands; 'it was just overstepping my rights, though that villain Walcot called it thieving. I'll be thankful, indeed, if you'll say a good word for me. As for him, I will do what you like that may do him an ill turn.'

'And I'll say what I knows,' said Jem, with clumsy fervour, 'and more, too, sooner than go to prison.'

'Quite right,' said Mr. Mayne approvingly. 'You are a chip of the old block, you are, Jem. Good morning.

'Good morning, sir,' echoed father and son in servile key.

'We are all for ourselves here,' chimed in the parrot.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHECK AND COUNTERCHECK.

BY noon that day with such good will did Mr. Frederic Mayne pursue his part in what he subsequently spoke of as the Great Rebellion, that he had obtained Mr. Groad's signature to a brief narrative describing the plot he had entered into against Master Frank Nicoll's peace of mind, at Mr. Walcot's suggestion, and, acknowledging its falsehood. To this Gilbert Holm had also added in writing his corroborative evidence, in stating which his remarks upon the arch-conspirator did not certainly err upon the side of leniency. The document, on the whole, as it seemed both to Mayne and Dyneley, was proof sufficient to carry conviction to any mind—however warped and prejudiced—and with it the strongest loathing and disgust for the offender. It was, in short, a bill of indictment against one Ferdinand Walcot, setting forth his gross abuse of the powers entrusted to him, as the administrator of Sir Robert's affairs, in the suborning of witnesses, whose own misdeeds against his employer he had condoned on condition of their becoming his instruments. The object, too, of this base conspiracy being an innocent child, left nothing to be desired for raising the flame of honest indignation in any breast—far less in that of one so kind and just as the judge to whom they were about to make appeal. Had the two young men entertained the least doubt of the result, they would, having thus got up the case, like a firm of attorneys (except that they worked for nothing), have placed it in the hands of Lady Arden herself as their counsel and advocate. But it was their object to spare her all the pain and distress of mind they could, and it was their hope and natural expectation that by the time she came to know of the cruelty and wrong practice on her little son, the chief delinquent would have been dismissed her roof with ignominy. So it was arranged that one or both of them should seek an interview with Sir Robert without informing any one else—not excepting even George Gresham—of their intentions. They judged that the less the members of the family at the Hall were mixed up with so grave an accusation, the less poignantly Sir Robert would feel the exposure of his brother-in-law, and they especially wished that he should not associate them in his mind in days to come with a proceeding, which, however necessary, must needs be most unwelcome to him. In the end, and for this same reason, as regarded the Curate, Mayne persuaded the former to place the whole affair in his own hands, which, being thus brought under Sir Robert's notice by a comparative stranger, should be rendered as little unpalatable to him as was possible.

It had become not unusual of late for the Master of the Hall to absent himself from the rest of the family till late in the day; he took his morning meal in his study, to which, as we have said, there was an access from his dressing-room, and left his *alter ego*, Mr. Walcot, to represent him in matters not only temporal but spiritual—that is to say, at family prayers. It had happened so upon the day after the little dinner party, nor did he put in an appearance, as was his wont, even at luncheon. Lady Arden had explained that her husband was indisposed, but seemed disinclined to enter into further particulars. His manner, though still kind, had indeed been more *distrait* to her than ever that morning, while his wan and haggard air had for the first time given her real cause for anxiety. He had drop-

ped a hint, too, of the probability of his going abroad for a few months for the benefit of his health, and when she had offered to accompany him he declined, though with an ample acknowledgement of the self-sacrifice on her part which such a proposal had involved. What annoyed her was that, by way of allaying her anxiety, he had said something of the safe hands in which he would find himself, as though his intended companion, Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, had been little short of all in all to him.

'Is Sir Robert well enough this afternoon, Lady Arden, to admit of my having a few words with him,' Mayne had asked, unconscious of this rift in the domestic lute. And her ladyship had replied, with a touch of tartness, 'I really can't say Mr. Mayne; you had better apply to Mr. Walcot, who has been closeted with him all the morning.'

Here was tinder, Mayne saw at once, if he only chose to apply a spark —one hint of what he had got written down on the paper in his breast-pocket —but mindful of the Curate's warning, he took no advantage of the opportunity. To ask for Mr. Walcot's good offices in the matter was under the circumstances out of the question, so he wrote a few lines to Sir Robert, asking permission to speak with him in private upon an important matter, and gave them to Parker the butler.

That dignitary returned in a few minutes with word that his master would see Mr. Mayne, and at once ushered him into the study, where Sir Robert sat at his desk, with Walcot standing by his side.

It was not a pleasant errand for Mr. Mayne under any circumstances, to beard, as it were, the lion in his den, but it was ten times more embarrassing thus to find his jackal in immediate attendance on him.

Sir Robert rose, and bowed with a cold smile, but without taking the hand that his visitor stretched out to him.

'I regret to hear that you are unwell, sir,' said the latter, firmly: 'I should not have intruded on you at such a time, if what I wished to say to you was not of great importance.

'I am quite well enough, Mr. Mayne, to hear anything you may have to say to me,' was the frigid response.

'My communication, however, is of a strictly private nature,' returned Mayne, with a significant glance at Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, who returned it with a half-indifferent, half-amused air, which incensed the other exceedingly. It seemed to say, 'I don't know what you are come about, my young friend, but you had much better save your breath to cool your porridge, or for some other purpose of utility. It is no use wasting it against *me*.'

'I have no secrets from Ferdinand Walcot,' observed Sir Robert, laying his hand upon his brother-in-law's wrist affectionately.

'He has, however, some secrets of his own which he takes care to keep from *you*,' replied Mayne, boldly. 'I tell him to his face, and in your presence, that he has deceived and tricked you.'

Sir Robert would have risen from his seat, but for the heavy hand that Walcot placed upon his shoulder, while at the same time he whispered something in his ear. As it was the baronet regarded his guest with looks not of incredulity, for their significance was far beyond that—but of amazement and indignation.

'Here are the proofs of what I say in writing,' continued Mayne, 'signed by the persons used by Mr. Walcot as his tools, namely, John Groad and Gilbert Holm. With their assistance, secured by his knowledge of certain dishonest acts committed against yourself, and dishonestly concealed by him from you —— Yes, sir, you may read it with your own eyes'—for Sir Robert held out a trembling hand for the document—'how, while he has used the guilty for his own ends, he has not hesitated to sacrifice youth and innocence.' There was a sharp tearing

sound, and the paper was rent asunder, as he spoke, and cast by Sir Robert contemptuously upon the floor.

'It will take far more, sir, than the testimony of two such men as you have named, with your own to boot,' cried he, indignantly, 'to make me think one thought that has disgrace or deceit in it regarding Ferdinand Walcot. He is above the reach of calumny, nor will I insult him so far as to read what slander may have designed against him.'

'To be thus wilfully deaf and blind, Sir Robert,' urged Mayne, earnestly, but not without a touch of pity as he caught the look of misplaced tenderness and confidence the other had bestowed on his companion, 'is to belie your nature, which is honest and just and kind. Do not let that man there warp it. At least investigate this matter with fairness, as though it concerned another, not yourself.'

'If it concerned another, sir,' answered the Baronet haughtily, 'it is possible, though even then I should not stoop to notice it, that I might bid you take it to some other judge, but since, according to your own showing, it only concerns me and mine, I should scorn myself were I to pay any, the least, regard to it. My only hope, as regards yourself, sir, is that in making so infamous a charge, you have been made the catspaw by some more designing person, whose name, however, I will not ask you to disclose. Tell him only this from me, that in traducing my dear friend and relative, he is doing *him* no disservice in my eyes, but only making himself contemptible and disgraced in them.'

'I do not know to whom you allude, sir,' replied Mayne, gravely. 'I came here of my own free will, and solely out of the love of justice implanted in every honest man. Is it possible that you refuse to listen to me, or to ask a single question which may elicit right from wrong?'

For a moment Sir Robert hesitated; this appeal to his natural sense of justice was not without its force; as he was about to reply Mr. Walcot whispered a few words into his ear.

'True, true,' he replied. 'Since it seems you are so anxious to be interrogated, Mr. Mayne, may I ask you, leaving this mighty accusation where it lies' (and he pointed contemptuously to the ground), 'whether it is true that you are abetting my friend and nephew, George Gresham, in his courtship of Miss Elise Hurt, being yourself as well aware as I am that his word is pledged to my niece Evelyn.'

'Indeed, sir, I cannot see,' returned Mayne, with a faint smile, for he felt the importance of the admission sought to be extorted from him, 'how it is possible that I can abet my friend in any such enterprise.'

'Ha! then you own, at least, that he meditates it,' put in Sir Robert, quickly. 'Come you are in love with truth and right it seems; answer this question fairly, does George woo this girl, my nieces' governess—or not?'

'I do not think it necessary, Arden, to ask that question,' observed Walcot, speaking aloud for the first time. 'You have only to read the gentleman's face. He cannot, of course, deny the fact of your nephew's disloyalty. His views of wooing, however, may be somewhat different from those entertained by honourable men, to judge by what has come under my notice in his own case. Up to this time I have hesitated to expose him—not, I admit, for his own sake, but because I knew the pain it would cause a man like you to find his nephew's friend and chosen companion abusing the hospitality of your roof. You have an orphan girl beneath it, Arden, the attendant upon your nieces, whose position and office one would have thought would have protected her from the designs of any man, but whom this *gentleman* here has made the object of his attentions.'

'That is surely impossible!' exclaimed Sir Robert. 'To whom do you refer?'

'You may well ask him,' observed

Mayne, contemptuously. 'He has told a falsehood.'

'I have told the truth,' answered Walcot, calmly. 'If Mr. Mayne has really that desire he has just now expressed to elicit right from wrong, let him deny the charge I have made against him in the presence of her, whom it is no fault of his if she may not be termed his victim.'

'This is too much,' cried Mayne, his long-suppressed indignation getting at last the better of him. 'Your impudence passes all bounds, though neither it nor your lies, nor the malice of them astonish me. I should scorn, Sir Robert, to give you aught but my bare word in reply to an accusation so infamous, but for the sake of this young woman herself, and her reputation, which this man has not hesitated to sully, I accept his challenge. Let me meet her, here before you, face to face.'

With that smile of amused assurance still upon his lips, which acted on Frederic Mayne like the dart of the matador upon the bull, Mr. Walcot answered, 'Let it be so;' and touched the bell at his right hand.

'It is unnecessary, Ferdinand—have I not *your* word?' said Sir Robert gently.

'Nay, Arden, since the gentleman talks of proofs, let his desire be gratified. Parker, Sir Robert wishes to see Annabel Spence.'

And the butler left the room with astonishment depicted on his stately features.

'One word, Sir Robert, before this girl appears,' said Mayne earnestly. 'It is probable that this man here——'

'My brother-in-law,' put in the Baronet coldly.

'Unhappily he does stand in that relationship to you; but if he was of your own blood, it would still be necessary to speak the truth of him. I say it is probable that he will seek to twist a certain circumstance to his advantage, by making it appear a premeditated act, instead of what it was, an unfortunate accident. The other morning when strolling before breakfast in the garden, I happened to step into the summer-house with my cigar, and to my great surprise found that it had a tenant—the young woman in question, of whose very name I was at that time ignorant, and with whom I never before exchanged a syllable in my life; I did speak a few common-place words to her, to which I have no recollection that she answered anything; and on leaving the arbour I met Mr. Walcot, to whom I then explained the matter as I do now.'

Mr. Walcot gave a little laugh, by no means in the way of corroboration; it seemed to say, 'Of all the clumsy scoundrels that I have yet come across, this person is surely the most unfortunate as well as the most depraved.'

As he did so the door opened, and in walked the compromised young lady. What was unlucky for her, in the eyes of the superficial observer, was the vulgar brilliancy of her costume. Her flaunting little cap, set upon a mountain of light brown hair, was adorned with cherry-coloured ribands; her dress was blue, and disclosed a margin of petticoat trimmed with that exquisite lace which is sold for threepence-halfpenny the yard. Her face, however, was without a trace of colour; her usually bright black eyes were softened by the presence of tears, and she trembled in every limb.

'Perhaps you would like to ask this young person a few questions yourself, Sir Robert,' said Mr. Walcot.

The Baronet shook his head; his eyes were fixed on the newcomer with a look of disfavour that almost amounted to loathing. 'How could I ever have thought this girl resembled my sainted Madeline,' was what he was saying to himself. And, indeed, Miss Spence was far from looking her best, whether as respected her attire, or the expression of her face, which was downcast, and even guilty. She had taken up a corner of her apron, and

was applying it to her eyes with persistent vigour.

'Annabel Spence,' said Mr. Walcot, speaking with great distinctness, 'Sir Robert has sent for you not in anger, but in sincere sorrow, for an imprudence into which he has reason to believe you have been led to by another person more to blame than yourself. No harm is intended to you, if only you will speak the truth; the questions which I shall put to you are few and simple. You will be caused no unnecessary pain; but they must be answered. When you met Mr. Mayne the other morning in the terrace summer-house, was it by design on your part?'

Annabel began to sob, and to apply her apron to her eyes more vigorously than ever.

'Nun—nun—no, sir,'

'Very good; we are glad to hear it. But was it by design on his? I mean were you there by his appointment?'

'Yes, sir.'

Mayne started, and looked at the girl with supreme amazement.

'You hear her,' said Sir Robert.

'Yes, sir, I hear her; but her words are not her own words, they have been put in her mouth beforehand by that man. Unhappy girl! you know not what misfortunes you may be drawing down on other heads by so infamous a falsehood; as for me, I care nothing for such slanders. But I charge you, for the sake of others who have been kind to you beneath this roof, and whose bread you eat, to tell the truth, and shame ——this villain? Do you dare to assert, so far from having appointed to meet you, that I ever spoke one word to you before that morning, or that I said anything on that occasion which you might not repeat now?'

'The girl must not be intimidated,' exclaimed Mr. Walcot, sternly; for Annabel was sobbing bitterly.

'Quite right, quite right,' assented Sir Robert. 'For my part I am quite satisfied as to this matter; but I will ask one question more, the answer to which will include everything. Did this gentleman here ever address you in unbecoming language?'

'Nun—nun—no, sir.'

'I mean, Annabel, in language unbecoming one in his station to one in yours—the language of affection?'

She looked up as if by a great effort, her fine eyes swimming in tears; 'Oh, yes, sir, many times.'

'That will do; you may leave the room,' said Sir Robert; then added, with but little less of peremptoriness, 'and you, Mr. Mayne, may leave my house as soon as you can conveniently do so. And I must beg that in the meantime you hold no converse with any ladies of my family, whom your conduct has insulted beyond expression.

It was in Mayne's mind to warn Sir Robert even then that a day would surely come when he would know how he had been duped and deceived, and would recognize the true character of the man in whom he misplaced such confidence; but, after all, this would only be assertion, and what would that avail when even the proofs he would have brought forward had been treated with indifference and contempt? Moreover, it must be confessed that Mr. Mayne had been a good deal discomposed by two experiences that had happened within the last five minutes; he had been accused and found guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman, and had found himself compelled to contradict a lady.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN COUNCIL.

IF it had not been for the serious consequences likely to arise, as regarded others, from this defeat, Frederic Mayne's strong sense of humour would have almost caused him to enjoy his own discomfiture at

the hands of his enemy. Never certainly—though he had belonged to a midshipman's mess—had such amazing impudence been exhibited within his experience, as that displayed by Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, who, so far from bowing to fate in the shape of a charge of subornation and dishonesty, supported by written proof, had sublimely soared into the region of Public Prosecutor, and persuaded 'the Court' to dismiss his accuser with disgrace and reprobation. Conscious as he was of his innocence, and of the cruel wrong that Sir Robert's incredulity had done him, Mayne did not for an instant contemplate disobeying his host's command that he should leave his roof, and hold no converse with the ladies of his household. In *his* eyes the young man felt that he was guilty of the offence laid to his charge, and being so, that it would be an outrage on the hospitality which he had so long enjoyed to disregard Sir Robert's sentence, however, unjust and harsh, to avoid meeting any of its inmates, and took his way to the Manor Farm, where he well knew the Curate would be awaiting with impatience the result of his late interview. To his great relief he also found here his friend George Gresham, whom Dyneley, overcome with a sense of responsibility, had after the other's departure on his eventful errand taken into his confidence.

'Well, what has happened?' ejaculated both young men, rising eagerly from their chairs as the emissary presented himself in the Curate's parlour.

'Nothing—— At least except to *me*,' replied Mayne, with an air half-crestfallen, half comic, 'I have been tried by court-martial, found guilty and turned out of the ship.'

'What! you don't mean to say that my uncle didn't believe you?' exclaimed Gresham, incredulously.

'Most certainly I do; he will believe nobody except Mr. Ferdinand Walcot.'

'But the evidence, the written evidence,' urged the Curate; 'no one could get over *that*.'

'Yes one could, if one tore it up and refused to read it, which is just what Sir Robert did,' was the quiet reply.

'But my uncle must be bewitched?' cried Gresham, angrily. 'This Walcot must be the Devil himself!'

'That is Gilbert Holm's view,' returned Mayne, coolly, 'and upon my life I begin to think it a just one. If you had heard the villain quote, if not Scripture, yet morality, for his own ends, as I did, you would think so too.'

'What on earth had *he* to do with morality,' exclaimed Gresham, with contemptuous impatience.

'Well, a good deal,' said Mayne, with a laugh—which, to say the truth, was a little forced. The subject of Miss Spence was an unpleasant one. He knew that his audience would acquit him of all serious intention of wrong, but there had been something even in the Curate's manner, when he had described that arbour scene, which smacked of incredulity. Young men are so hard upon young men.

'Instead of replying to *my* charges, he accused me of a flirtation with your fair cousins' ladies' maid. Dyneley knows the circumstances on which the accusation was founded, and without going into them, I think that you know *me* quite well enough to acquit me of such a charge.'

'Of course,' said Gresham; 'Dyneley has been telling me, however, that he feared this fellow would take some advantage of your little imprudence.'

'There was no little imprudence,' interrupted Mayne, with irritation; 'it was a pure accident my meeting with the girl in the arbour.'

'No doubt it was; but you might have indulged, perhaps, in some innocent chaff, which by some perversion——'

'You are altogether wrong, Gresham; I give you my word of honour.'

'Yes, yes,' said Dyneley, 'there

was really nothing in it, though of course the circumstances were suspicious, and in malicious hands easily capable of misinterpretation.'

'Well, they *were* misrepresented,' continued Mayne. 'And you may imagine Sir Robert's indignation at the suggestion of my having so misbehaved myself.'

'I should have insisted on the girl herself being called to prove my innocence,' observed the Curate. 'I can understand your wishing to spare her feelings, but in so serious a matter——'

'She *was* called,' put in Mayne, with an uncomfortable laugh, 'and would you believe it—suborned, no doubt, like the rest of them by that scoundrel,—she said I met her by appointment, and that I had made love to her more than once.'

There was a total silence, save for a single ejaculation of Mr. Gresham's.

'Oh, by Jove,' he said, in a hushed voice.

'Very good, gentlemen,' observed Mayne, bitterly; 'it seems, then, that you are of Sir Robert's opinion and Mr. Walcot's?'

'No, no,' cried the Curate, eagerly.

'My dear fellow, how can you be so foolish?' remonstrated Gresham, convulsed with suppressed mirth. 'Of course, we believe your word. Only the idea of this young person—your chief witness— not only breaking down under cross-examination, but going over to the other side, and in so delicate a matter; it is really very funny.' And the young man threw himself back into his chair, and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks

'I am glad you are amused, Gresham,' observed Mayne, severely. He was very angry, and the more so because he suspected the Curate of maintaining his own gravity only by the greatest efforts. 'There is very little else to amuse you in this affair. I do assure you. I was not the only person charged with flirtation. Mr. Walcot accused you point blank of making love to Miss Hurt, just as he did me in the case of the waiting maid.

'The insolent hound!' exclaimed Gresham, sobered in an instant. 'Did he dare to breathe a word against Elise?'

'Well, he was not very complimentary in his inuendoes, so far as you were concerned, and that's the truth. However, what moved your uncle against you was the fact of your having departed from your allegiance as regards another.'

'I never promised it. She knows I never did.'

'The point is, my dear Gresham, that your uncle supposed it was promised. When he asked me "Could I deny that you paid attentions to Miss Hurt?" and I was silent, I saw he was deeply angered. Yet since I was not born blind, and had been under the same roof with you and her so long, what *could* I say Gresham?'

'The truth,' answered the other impetuously. 'Of course you were right in what you did, if you suspected my attachment; but as for me, I will tell him this very day that I mean to make Elise my wife. Evelyn, God bless her! though I love her as my own sister, never cared for me in that way. No uncle's wishes could make her do so. He is neither so unjust nor so unkind as to resent the instincts of nature. It is true I have endeavoured to conceal from him my affection for Elise; that was a piece of cowardice I own unworthy of me, and still more so of her; it was only at my urgent entreaty that she consented to it, and even then unwillingly. Oh! if you but knew that girl's nobility of spirit; her undaunted courage in the very jaws of death; her simplicity and frankness—if I had only let her be frank! Yes, I will go to him at once and tell him all.'

The young man had risen from his seat, and taken a quick stride towards the door ere the Curate could lay hand upon his arm.

'Are you mad, Gresham,' he cried,

'thus to rush upon destruction? Do you not see that Walcot has first dropped poison into your uncle's ears, and then closed them. To an appeal from you he would be worse than deaf. We must waste no more strength in individual struggles against the common enemy. We must make common cause against him. Lady Arden herself, nay, even the young ladies, must be with us, not excepting little Frank. Such a weight of feeling backed by the testimony which this man Walcot has not destroyed—for Holm, at least, is a living voice we can rely upon—will surely be irresistible. Only we must do nothing rashly, nor without due concert, however strong our cause, and however confident, and justly confident we may feel in Sir Robert's love of truth and justice, it is certain that one who loves neither has for the present obtained absolute power over him.'

'But how the Devil has he done it?' inquired Gresham, with impatient irritation.

'The Devil only knows,' replied Mayne; 'but he *has* done it. He has him body and soul; so that every one in Sir Robert's house is at this man's tender mercy. Dyneley is quite right. You have got your work cut out for you.'

'Still,' said the Curate, 'if we can only gain Sir Robert's ear——'

'You will find this man sitting "squat" by the side of it, just as the Fiend does in "Paradise Lost." Sir Robert's reply will be like the notice of a circular, "all applications to be made to the secretary." You have not seen what I have seen. By Jingo, if I were his next of kin, as you are, Gresham, I would take out a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*.'

'You are not serious, I am sure, Mayne,' said Gresham, reprovingly, 'I should be ungrateful, indeed, no matter what course my uncle may think proper to pursue, if I ever treated him with aught but respect.'

'Very good; you will act as you think proper. But as for me, I confess my sense of obligation to Sir Robert Arden is somewhat less than it was a few hours ago.'

'You have certainly been treated very ill,' said Dyneley. 'However, it is impossible but that the right will come uppermost and justice be done, and that within the next twenty-four hours. In the meantime, as you think it proper to absent yourself from Sir Robert's roof till all is explained, take up your quarters here with me.'

'Not I,' answered Mayne, resolutely, 'though I thank you all the same for your hospitality. I dare not trust myself within sight and touch of Ferdinand Walcot. If I were once to permit myself the luxury of a few words in private with him—dear me, I can't bear to think of it; in five minutes (or I have forgotten my training) that shark would be a jelly-fish. I suppose I can procure a horse and trap in the village without trespassing upon the Hall stables for them.'

'Yes, yes,' said the Curate, thoughtfully. 'I can drive you over to Mirton in the dog-cart myself at once, if you must go. Perhaps it is better you should do so, for the sake of the ladies. If any domestic dissension should arise, your presence would, without doubt, render it still more distressing.'

Notwithstanding his sense of the danger that threatened the household at the Hall, and his sincere regret at Mayne's departure under such untoward circumstances, the curate was by no means in a depressed condition. He had a firm belief that matters would in the end be set right, and then—being human—he could not but feel a certain elation in the knowledge that had just been imparted to him for the first time for certain, that not only had Gresham given up all intention of aspiring to Evelyn's hand, but that Evelyn herself had never encouraged him to do so.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN EMBARRASSING REPAST.

HOW often it happens that though misfortunes occur to us in sufficient plenty, the one especial thing to which we have looked forward with prescient pain is spared us! Something else, quite unlooked for, may happen to vex us, but not *that* in the expectation of which we may have passed sleepless nights and anxious days. [Wherein lies the folly of the Despondent, half of whose miseries in life are caused by their misplaced apprehensions.] Thus the incubus that sat upon George Gresham from the moment he had heard of Dyneley's tale of Walcot's wrong-doings, and which grew heavier with every word of Mayne's supplementary narrative, was the thought, 'And I shall have to meet this scoundrel at the dinner-table to-night, and be obliged not only to keep silence as to what has happened, but to be civil to him.' There was no time before the family meal to lay before Lady Arden the facts of the case or to devise any plan of attack with her against the common enemy; and to attack him without any plan would be, it was now evident, to court defeat and discomfiture. Gresham foresaw that his own future was threatened, that his whole life was in danger of being marred by this man's hatred, and subtlety; but he was young and sanguine, and to do him justice, felt even more keenly the humiliating position in which Lady Arden and the girls were placed than his own not unmerited disgrace. He had invited his uncle's wrath by his own duplicity; it was the natural punishment of his own cowardice in not having confessed his love for Elise; but Lady Arden and her children had done nothing to deserve the loss of Sir Robert's confidence and favour. And he justly feared the worst—or something at least that was very bad—for them. Sir Robert would never have shut his ears to such a tale as Mayne had had to tell him, concerning the persecution of poor innocent Frank, had he not surrendered his judgment to Walcot's keeping; and if Lady Arden's personal advocacy of the cause of her own son should fail, it would be a sign indeed, that the whole family—and their future prospect—were at this scoundrel's mercy. In any case it was clear that their position was perilous; and the coming appeal to the master of the Hall would be a crucial test of it. There was no alternative between Walcot's being kicked out of the house, and its present inmates remaining there in a subordinate position.

It was with a heavy heart then that Gresham dressed for dinner that night and descended to the drawing-room, and yet, as we have said, it was filled quite as much with indignation as with sorrow. He felt that whatever he should eat in the presence of this subtle villain would disagree with him, and that he should need all his self-control to prevent his 'saying things' that would have similar effect upon Mr. Ferdinand Walcot's digestion. Moreover, it would not be an easy task, in the presence of that gentleman and Sir Robert, to invent a reason for Mayne's sudden departure, without leave-taking, from that hospitable roof. It was probable that whatever he said would be accepted in silence, but if it was not so, if anything was uttered by Walcot to Frederick Mayne's disparagement as a gentleman, Gresham was quite resolute to give him the lie.

Mr. Gresham was certainly not in a frame of mind that would be approved of by the faculty as one in which to sit down to a late dinner.

To his great surprise he perceived at once by the countenances of the three ladies that something had happened to put *them* also in an abnormal

state. He was late, of course, by a few minutes, but neither Sir Robert nor his brother-in-law were with the rest as usual.

'Your uncle is unwell, George,' explained Lady Arden, 'and will dine in his own room.'

She did not even mention Mr. Walcot, but he understood at once that that gentleman was keeping his host company, and also that Lady Arden disapproved of it.

'We shall indeed be a small party then,' said Gresham, 'for I am sorry to say Mayne has received news which has compelled him to leave us at a moment's notice. He begged me to make a thousand apologies for him, for you had all gone for a walk (this was fortunately true) when he got the message, and Dyneley took him over to Mirton in the dog-cart to catch the coach at once.'

'We are all sorry to lose Mr. Mayne,' said Lady Arden, quietly. Gresham felt that this would not have been her way of receiving such a piece of intelligence under ordinary circumstances; but on the other hand her expression of good will showed she had heard nothing—or at least not what he feared—to his friend's disadvantage.

'I am sure he regrets the necessity of his departure as much as is possible,' said Gresham earnestly. 'I am not at liberty just now to state the reason of it; but I will explain to-morrow, Lady Arden. In the meantime I am sure you will acquit him of any rudeness.'

'I don't think Mr. Mayne could be rude if he tried,' observed Evelyn.

'You are right, Evy,' answered Gresham, gratefully. 'He has too kind a heart.'

'I am sure Baba will miss him exceedingly,' said Milly. There was nothing surprising in the Great Baba's views, which were always weighty if not final, being alluded to on this subject more than any other, yet there was a blush on Milly's cheek, and an embarrassment in her tone, which did not escape Gresham's notice and which, under other circumstances, would certainly have provoked his raillery. He was sure that the girl felt sorrow for his friend's departure on her own account, and thought he knew why she affected personally to ignore it; but there was something in her manner and that of her sister, as he had observed in Lady Arden herself, which was both unexpected and unaccountable. He had certainly looked for some surprise as well as regret to have been expressed at this bad news; but they were silent. The reason of which he guessed to be that the minds of his companions were already occupied by some other event of greater consequence, and, to judge by their faces, of sadder import.

'Mr. Mayne's departure is a sad break-up to our little party, no doubt,' said Lady Arden, with the air of one who dismisses an unpleasant subject, 'but there are worse breakings-up in store for us, I fear.'

To this Gresham answered nothing, first because he saw the observation made the girls look very uncomfortable, and secondly, because he did not understand its meaning. Lady Arden often talked when despondent and dyspeptic, about her own 'breaking-up,' and of her doubts whether she herself would be 'spared' to them—in supposed allusion to the celestial beings who were yearning for her company in another sphere. Fortunately the conversation was here cut short by the presence of Parker, the butler, who announced that dinner was served in a tone so especially unctuous that Gresham felt more certain than ever that some family catastrophe had taken place, a conviction which was not weakened by the behaviour of the company at table.

His own attempts to lift the conversation could not be expected, under the circumstances, to be very effective, and no one seconded them. Lady Arden uttered more sighs than words,

and the girls were almost as silent, while the three collectively ate about as much as three sparrows, without any of the liveliness displayed by those energetic little creatures over their meals.

Once Gresham attempted to take the bull by the horns, to evoke, as it were, a ministerial explanation, by hoping that there had been no serious change for the worse in his uncle's health since the morning, to which Lady Arden had replied stiffly, 'I see no marked change in him myself, but I am assured that there is such by one whose word in this house is Law.'

'It isn't Gospel, though, nor anything like it,' answered Gresham, sharply.

'To dispute it, however, is to be worse than an Infidel,' answered her ladyship, 'so pray be silent.'

As the ladies rose from the table his hostess stooped down and whispered in his ear, 'Go to the smoking-room, George, at once, and whatever you may hear going on in the house, take no notice of it, but remain where you are. I will come to you when all is over.'

Gresham obeyed in silent amazement. What was likely to be going on in the house, and what *could* she mean by 'all being over?'

CHAPTER XXXII.

A DOUBLE DEPARTURE.

LIKE some deserted Paterfamilias who awaits below stairs the tidings of an addition to his family from the lips of the doctor, Gresham remained in an attitude of attention and anxiety for some hours, with the cigar in his mouth now alight and now extinguished. Strange sounds reached his ears from the distant hall, of muffled voices, of shuffling feet, and of the dragging of heavy weights, and at last he distinctly caught the sound of wheels on the gravel sweep. Could that be the doctor's arrival or departure? or was it possible, he wondered, that Mr. Ferdinand Walcot was gone? It was not unlikely, though it seemed too good to be true, that after some battle royal between Sir Robert and his wife, the latter, though he had already evidence that she had suffered in the fray, might have conquered, and driven the enemy from her roof. So firmly did this idea gain possession of his mind, that presently, when Lady Arden herself entered the room, with a white and anguished face, he started up and exclaimed mechanically, 'Has he left the Hall?'

'Yes,' answered she, sadly, and burst into tears.

'It was so unusual for her, despite her invalidish ways, to give way to weakness of this sort, that he felt at once some dire catastrophe had taken place. Her victory, perhaps, had cost her a serious quarrel with her husband.

'Yes, George,' she sobbed, 'he has gone; never, as I believe, to return again. I have been cruelly used; but I do not blame my dear husband. He is no longer master of his own actions.'

'Good Heavens! Lady Arden, is my uncle mad?'

'Yes, George; not, indeed, mad in one sense, but worse than mad to leave those who love and honour him, to place himself in the hands of—I must speak the truth, George—of a designing and unprincipled man.'

'My dear Madam, that is only half the truth,' observed Gresham. Ferdinand Walcot is a most pernicious villain! But I understood you that, at whatever sacrifice, you had got rid of him—that he had left the Hall?'

'And so he has, George; but he has taken my husband with him.'

'What? Taken Sir Robert with him—away from you and yours, and his own home?'

She nodded, for her heart was too full for speech.

'But on what pretext?'

'His health. He declares that his "beloved brother"—as he dared to call him in my presence—needs change of scene, sea air, repose, and I know not what. Then said I "My place is by his side;" whereupon he answered that the physician, whom it appears my husband has been privately consulting by letter, had decided otherwise; that the change was to be complete; that as little as possible to remind him of old associations were imperatively insisted upon. "Then why," cried I, "are *you* to be his companion?"

'Then my poor husband answered for the first time for himself, that he could not be parted from his Ferdinand. What humiliation, what disgrace, George!' and the poor woman dropped into a chair and rocked herself to and fro.

It is, indeed, my dear Lady Arden, most humiliating and disgraceful—for my poor uncle; but you, at least, have no cause to reproach yourself.'

'Yes, I have,' exclaimed she passionately. 'I have been indolent and careless. I have suffered this man to get the upper hand of him, without an effort to prevent it, and merely for the sake of peace and quietness. I have not done my duty. I scarcely blame this—this wicked wretch—more than myself. I have been wilfully deaf and blind to many things for many years. Yet this punishment is more than I have deserved.'

'It is, indeed,' said Gresham, sympathisingly. 'It is impossible you could have guessed half the villainy that has been going on about you. I have a tale to tell you which will unmask it all; and I wish to Heaven I had told it before now. Even as it is, when my uncle comes to know about it—which he shall do from my own lips—it cannot be but that his eyes will be opened.'

Lady Arden shook her head. 'No, George; he must find this man out for himself; then he will come back to us who love him, and in his right mind. Nothing that *you* can say would stir him a hair's breadth. He does not pretend that I have done anything to vex him; but with you he is vehemently displeased. The one thing I have been able to do was to keep you and him apart this night. I could not trust you, knowing how outspoken you are, to see him before he went. If you had met, with that villain standing by his side to egg him on, I am certain you would have resented it. Even as it is, I fear much evil has been done to you, as respects your future.'

'Dear Lady Arden, do not think of me.'

'I cannot help it, for you have been wronged—materially at least—even worse than I. You are Sir Robert's own flesh and blood; his only relative. And I fear—I do fear, George—that he will now take but little count of that. As for me, I was amply, generously provided for on my marriage; and my dear children, if they should reap no further benefits, can never regard your uncle save with affection and gratitude. It was my hope that one of them —— Dear George, I have a heavy sorrow, I fear, in store for you.'

'If you refer to Evelyn, dear Lady Arden,' said Gresham, earnestly, 'pray dismiss that sorrow from your mind. She will suffer nothing—nor to say the truth, shall I—from the separation at which you hint. We have loved one another as brother and sister, and shall ever love; but in no other way. It was my duty, perhaps, to have told you so before; though, indeed, I have never represented it as otherwise.'

'Then Sir Robert knew this?' exclaimed Lady Arden.

'He did, and more. I am grateful to him that he took it for granted, without representing me to you, as he might have done, in an unfavourable light.'

'I remember now that he said you had deceived us all; but I had no

room in my mind for any deceiver save one.'

'Your daughter herself will answer for me,' said Gresham, drawing himself up, 'that I have in no way deceived her. I have not been so frank to others as I might have been; but I have never misrepresented my sentiments to herself. There is no one I more respect and revere more; and, perhaps, at one time——but she never loved me, Lady Arden.'

'Well, well, I do not understand it. But if matters are so, it is not now to be regretted. Sir Robert said that all was over between you two, and I imagined that he meant to put his veto on your marriage. I have been blind to everything, it seems, and like one just recovering sight all is dim and confused.' She passed her hand over her eyes, and sighed wearily.

'Dear Lady Arden, I feel it a cruelty to question you in this matter, but so much hangs on it, and time may be of such priceless value. Would you tell me briefly how it all happened?'

'Well, a few hours ago, having heard that there had been some disturbance among the domestics, and that it was being brought to Sir Robert's ears instead of mine, I went into the study for the purpose of setting things right, and especially of saving my husband from such a source of worry, for which his state of health made him particularly unfitted. I found Sir Robert and Mr. Walcot with certain papers on the desk before them; and Parker and the footman in the act of leaving the room. I at once asked what was the matter, and my husband answered, "Nothing, dear," though his face flushed very much, as if in contradiction to his words.

'"Sir Robert has only been transacting a matter of business," explained Mr. Walcot.

'"But the men?" I said. "I hope nothing is amiss with Parker, for he has been with us so long."

'"No, no, nothing," repeated my husband. Then Mr. Walcot whispered to him, and he continued, "The fact is, my dear—and, as Ferdinand says, there is no reason why you should not know it—I called the men in as witnesses; I have been making my will."

'"Good Heavens," cried I, "why so, Robert? What should put that into your head?"

'"I have been far from well, dear," he answered, "for some time; I am not so young as I was; there is no knowing what may happen; it is always well to be prepared for the worst."

'At this Mr. Walcot nodded approval, and added gravely, "In your case, Arden, I hope we may say, for the best."

'His tone was full of tenderness, but his face, which was turned towards me, wore an expression which chilled my very blood. It was one of devilish malignity and triumph.

'"I don't think it was illness, Robert," said I, boldly, "that put into your head to make your will, but this man."

'"Her ladyship fears that her interests have not been sufficiently consulted," observed Walcot, coldly. Then I lost my temper, George, and gave that man the lie. Of course it was wrong and unladylike, but there are some things no woman can stand; to see him there by my husband's side dearer to him in every way than myself, and suggesting to him that I was actuated by such a sordid fear, was too much for me. I told him what I thought of his conduct and of himself without reserve; and turning to my husband, I bade him choose between Ferdinand Walcot and me—his wife; for that I would not dwell another twenty-four hours under the same roof with such a scoundrel."'

'I should have liked to have heard you,' cried Gresham, enthusiastically.

'Yes, George, but I believe it was the very worst thing I could have

said, for it brought to a head the very subject which it seems my husband and this man had been debating—namely, the necessity of Sir Robert going abroad.

'Then the wretch turned to my husband, and again he whispered, and again my husband bowed his head in assent, but this time, I am sure, not without great distress and perplexity.

'"I am sorry, Lady Arden, that your mind has been prejudiced against me," said Mr. Walcot, whom my poor husband had thus in my presence made his spokesman, "but you and I are, at all events, still agreed in one thing, that this question of Sir Robert's health is paramount," and then he went on to say what I have told you, about the necessity for change, &c. He also said that many things had happened at the Hall of late to trouble Sir Robert, and which rendered it advisable to sever for the present all associations with its tenants, among them some misconduct of Mr. Mayne's, which I hardly listened to (so furious was I with this man, and so positive that he was speaking falsehood), and also some "deception," as he called it on your part, which had set your uncle justly against you. And to all this my poor husband nodded approval, though I noticed, without once raising his eyes to mine. Then, without vouchsafing a word of reply to his mouthpiece, I demanded of Sir Robert himself to be allowed to be his companion on his travels in search of health, as my relation to him entitled me to be. The appeal evidently moved him, but on Mr. Walcot's reminding him that I had just stated that I would not live under the same roof with him (Walcot), my poor husband murmured, "true, true," and then, "I cannot part from Ferdinand." And he has *not* parted from him,' concluded the poor lady, once more bursting into a passion of tears, 'he has taken him with him to murder him, for what I know, and will, at all events, never, never suffer him to return to me and mine.'

Notwithstanding the distress that Gresham experienced at the spectacle of Lady Arden's grief, her excessive indulgence of it did afford him a very welcome opportunity for reflection. If he had had to reply to her last words upon the instant, he would have found it very difficult to say aught with hope or comfort in it, for, as a matter of fact, he took a view of matters at least as gloomy as her own, and even more so. It was, no doubt, her passion that caused her to say that Walcot, 'for all she knew,' intended to murder Sir Robert, but it really did seem to Gresham that that terrible contingency was by no means excluded from the chapter of possibilities. That the baronet's will had just been made largely in his brother-in-law's favour he felt certain; and his belief in Walcot's villainy had no limit. Moreover, he felt that Lady Arden had good grounds for her conviction that her husband's evil genius would never permit him to return to the Hall, which he knew by this time was inhabited by his enemies only. At Halcombe, too, were the proofs of his dishonest and cruel conduct, which at a distance were comparatively powerless to harm him, since he would be sure to intercept all letters, or throw discredit on their contents.

'My dear Lady Arden,' said Gresham, after a long silence, 'Time tries all, and in the end my uncle cannot fail to have his eyes opened to this man's character. The generosity of his disposition will then at once cause him to own himself to have been in the wrong, and he will return to us a wiser man—a better and a kinder he cannot be.'

'You have a noble heart, George,' said Lady Arden, pressing his hand. 'It is not for my sake, I know, that you refrain from reproaching my dear husband. His present severity does not cause you to forget old kindnesses.'

'Why should it?' returned Gresham,

simply. 'The kindnesses were his own; the severity and injustice have been grafted for the moment on him by another. You are right in saying that he is not himself. He is the mere tool and mouthpiece of Ferdinand Walcot.

'But how could he ever have become so? That is the mystery to me. I know that Mr. Walcot has a soft tongue and a strong will; but that he should have power over my husband to cause him to do ill is incomprehensible to me. If Sir Robert were not what we all know him to be, one would think this man had some hold of him—some compromising secret—the fear of the divulgence of which made my poor husband his slave.'

'That, however, as you say is out of the question,' answered Gresham musingly. 'No my impression is that my uncle is the victim of some superstitious belief, and that Walcot works upon his credulity – or rather, I should say, that is Mayne's impression, and his opinion is worth more than mine. He has seen something of these spirit-rappers, and of the influence they acquire over credulous natures, and Sir Robert is credulous, you know, when his confidence has once been won.'

Lady Arden sighed, not so much from the consciousness of having failed to win her husband's confidence as from the reflection that she had not striven to win it.

'Good night, dear George,' she said, presently. 'I am very worn and weary. To-morrow, perhaps, the future may look brighter; to-night all is dark to me.'

Good night, dear Lady Arden.'

Their parting was very affectionate they had always liked one another, and their common love and pity for Sir Robert in his misfortune (as they both considered it) drew them still nearer together. Weary as Lady Arden was, she did not however, omit to pay her usual nightly visit to the Great Baba, who held *levées* in his chamber at all hours, like the Kings of France. Such visitations never disturbed him; he would open his large blue eyes mechanically at the kisses of his mother and sisters, and with a murmured, 'Dood night,' close them again in slumber. But upon this occasion he woke up; a tear had fallen from his mother's eye, as she stooped down to caress him upon his tender cheek.

'What Mumma ty for?' he inquired wonderingly.

'Because dear Papa has gone, darling.' she answered, unable to restrain her grief.

'Why didn't Uncky Ferdinand go instead?' was the unexpected reply.

'He is gone with him, my darling.'

'Oh. Then Papa has not gone to heaven?' observed the little atom, sedately.

'No, no; not yet, darling, thank goodness,' answered his mother, with a want of logic in singular contrast to the stern rationalism of her child. 'Papa has gone away in the carriage, but I fear for ever so long a time.'

'Oh, then, he'll tum home again,' was the comforting rejoinder. 'I thought he had gone in the feather coach.'

Which was the Great Baba's euphonious term for a hearse and plumes.

(To be continued.)

A FEW WORDS ON CRITICISM.

BY WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR, OTTAWA.

A CRITIC, says Ste. Beuve somewhere, is a man who knows how to read and who teaches others. The remark is a profound one, and serves to set criticism at once in its true light—a light altogether different from that in which it is ordinarily viewed. To the vulgar mind the critic is the fault-finder, a being of artificial tastes, who loves to pour scorn on the common judgments of mankind—who finds admirable what no one else can understand, and commonplace what the rest of the world crowns with applause. A certain amount of misunderstanding of this kind is indeed inevitable. The majority of men, carried away by what is admirable in their idols, resent being told that some clay is mixed with the gold. Tell an ardent admirer of Byron that the poet, wide and powerful as is the sweep of his passionate rhetoric, is, when all is said and done, a trifle commonplace in thought, and he will likely denounce you as an unimaginative prig, upon whom the splendid flights of the bard are thrown away. Tell one who has made Macaulay his Bible that the style of that great writer, forcible and lucid as it is, is often overladen with epithet, and antithetical at the cost both of sense and of truth, and he will set you down as some envious Dryasdust, who would fain make the approaches to knowledge as dreary and uninviting as possible. Or gently insinuate to a Dickens-worshipper that there is a lack of art in the construction of the great novelist's plots, that his colours are too strong and his work here and there too coarse, that neither his mirth nor his pathos stir very deep thoughts, and that he is, in general, too contented with cheap effects, and you will be looked upon at once as a most outlandish and inhuman creature.

Yet these are things that criticism must say, or else forever hold its peace. They may be beyond the grasp or comprehension of many, but some are from time to time rising to the point at which such observations become instructive and stimulating. There is no law of nature which binds every healthily-constituted being to go on indefinitely in a bland, indiscriminating admiration even of such undeniably great writers as Byron, Macaulay, and Dickens. On the contrary, nothing can be more certain than that, with wider culture, comes a disturbance of the state of mind which renders such indiscriminating judgments impossible. If the devotee, say, of Dickens has not been utterly spoilt by over indulgence in his favourite author, he will find in Thackeray something which was wanting in the writings of the more popular novelist, a subtler analysis of character, a higher tone of thought, a general flavour of intellectual refinement. Or let him, if he can, turn to French literature, and see how Balzac, for example, will build up a character, by what a succession of delicate touches, and by what strokes of penetrative insight. Let him extend his reading, and he will, if he but uses his opportunities aright, become a critic in spite of himself. He will find when he returns to his Dickens, that his point of view is

no longer the same, that he sees now what he never saw before; makes distinctions where he would not have dreamed there was room for any, and, in a word, is a wiser, though not necessarily a sadder, man.

And herein we catch sight of the true answer which should be made to those who, speaking from a lower level, challenge the conclusions at which all higher criticism has unanimously arrived. In these days, where so many profane voices are raised against the study of the classics, it is not uncommon to hear men who confessedly know not a word of Greek or Latin disputing the value of the Greek and Latin literatures. Of course it may be said, 'Why dispute with such people?' but it is not always as easy as it would seem to avoid disputing with them. We may, however, safely challenge them to make an experiment for themselves, or to examine the results of the experiments already made. Who that ever, by adequate preparation, obtained an introduction for himself into the realm of classical literature failed to find it incomparable in form, that is incomparable *as literature?* What thorough classical scholar ever turned round and pronounced classical literature poor and unprofitable? So with the art of the ancients, their sculpture, and architecture. If you want any one *not* to admire that, and place it in the front rank of what man has achieved in the world, you must take care to keep him away from the best examples of modern art. All culture leads up to this in the most inevitable manner, just as all musical culture leads up to admiration of Beethoven and Bach. Those whose taste in literature and art is poorest have still some rudimentary perceptions of what is excellent; and we may, therefore, confidently say to them when they are foolish enough to sit in judgment upon the dicta of a culture to which they have not attained: 'Extend your knowledge, multiply your experiences, allow yourself a wider range in the enjoyment of such things as you can enjoy, and see if you do not work towards an admiration of those things which the highest criticism pronounces to be supreme.' We might despair of art if, as men became more familiar with beautiful forms, they did not verge towards agreement in their critical judgments, if in the higher regions of artistic creation *the true* did not visibly shake itself free from the false, and stand forth for the homage of all. Happily this is the case, making all allowance for momentary disputes over contemporary art; the world acquires definitive possession, one by one of the masterpieces of genius, and counts up its treasures with a feeling of security. And who shall separate it from the love of what is truly great and noble? Surely neither life nor death nor any other creature!

We thus see that culture leads directly to criticism, and that, if you would suppress criticism, you must suppress culture. We begin also to see more clearly the meaning of Ste. Beuve's declaration that the critic is a man who knows how to read and who teaches others. He knows how to read in the sense of knowing the meaning of what he reads, and not merely its signification but its significance, its relative position in the world of literature, the degree in which it is original or imitated, and a hundred other things about it which it would take too long to mention. The unsuspecting reader who takes up a book thinks that, provided he can exercise average intelligence, he is master of the situation. So he is perhaps if the author is Dickens, whose demands upon his readers are perhaps the lightest ever made by any author of equal fame. But so he is not in a thousand other cases. The very phraseology used will at times stagger him, for, though the words may not be unusual, the sense in which they are here and there employed is such as he is not accustomed to. I remember a case in point. M.

Guizot, in his 'Mémoires,' makes the observation that men who cannot make allowances for the imperfections of humanity, and the very unsatisfactory conditions (from a moral point of view) under which government has to be carried on, should hold aloof from politics, and confine themselves to 'pure speculation,' meaning, of course, philosophical speculation. Showing the passage to a friend who was well acquainted with the French language, I found that by 'pure speculation' he understood *commerce*. In fact, he so translated it, and thus robbed the sentence of all its point; for why on earth should men who are over-scrupulous in politics betake their tender consciences to the 'pure speculation' of business? Nothing could be more inconsequent.

This may, perhaps, be an extreme case, but it is as good an illustration as any of the way in which the uncultured reader will hack and hew any author whose level of thought is much higher than his own. And, two to one, such a reader, when he comes across anything that does not yield up its meaning at once, will assail his author for using unmeaning language, it being settled in his mind that what is unmeaning to him must be equally so to all the world. Many of the phrases which the science of to-day has made the common property of the reading world are wholly void of meaning, unless understood in the precise sense in which they may happen to be employed, though the words of which they are composed are as common as words can be. What words, for example, are better understood than 'protective' and 'resemblance'? but ask some one who is wholly unacquainted with the literature of Darwinism, what a 'protective resemblance' is, and he will be utterly at a loss for an answer. You might give him a day to think over it, but nothing would, or could, come of his cogitations. The same remark applies to the much more familiar term 'natural selection'; you must either know the special sense in which the words are used or else find them a meaningless formula. Many phrases of a scientific or semi-scientific character have been caught up by the multitude and are used with very slight reference to their true signification. How many of those whom we hear repeating the phrase, 'flying off at a tangent,' have the slightest conception of what 'flying off at a tangent' means? But to know the meaning of such phrases, so as to feel their force, is *a part* of knowing how to read.

Some persons are unable to read (in our present sense), not because they have read so little, but because of the narrowness of their emotional range, and a certain want of what may be called moral flexibility. I have heard Clough's beautiful 'Easter Day Ode,' cited by a devout enemy of all theology as a stirring denial of the Resurrection. All the pathos and regret of the poem were lost sight of in the simple iteration of the words occurring several times as a refrain:

> He is not risen, no—
> He lies and moulders low;
> Christ is not risen!

The whole moral drift of the poem was mistaken; and instead of sympathy with a faith which had raised men to a lofty level, and might yet have great possibilities of action on humanity, nothing was seen but a categorical denial of the central doctrine of that faith. One is inclined to trust that the poet was never himself confronted with such an interpretation of his Ode.

In some cases an undue preoccupation with moral interests destroys, or at least impairs, the sense for art. There are those who for want of a wide familiarity with ideas, look with suspicion upon everything which does not directly enforce their own favourite moral lessons. We could not have a better example of the contrary of this than the poet Milton. Here was a rigid moralist, a man whose own conduct was above reproach, and who

understood as well as any one else, to say the least, the importance to society of established moral rules, but whose extraordinary breadth of culture and range of feeling made him as much at home amid images drawn from classic mythology, the encounters of irresponsible gods and nymphs, the idyllic loves of shepherds and shepherdesses, as amid the serious political and theological controversies of his time. Art symbolises the free powers of nature, and where it is true to its mission can no more teach individual license than the lilies of the field, or than sunshine, wind and rain. Lucretius, in the splendid exordium to his immortal work, and Clough, in such a poem as 'Natura Naturans,' fill the mind with a sense of the glory of the universe, and do more to destroy the deadly sin of prurience than a thousand moral discourses. But to feel this, and to yield oneself to the strong and pure inspiration of the poet so as to be carried with him far above the level of all gross conceptions, one must needs have taken a wide survey of things, and learnt the salutary lesson that perpetual fussiness in morals is not the great preservative of moral order—that the world lives, and is likely to live, by such laws as conduce to its well-being, and can do without the leading strings of even the best-intentioned nurses. To know this is culture, and is one foundation at least for a true criticism of life and whatever claims to represent life.

Prejudice, it is needless to say, blinds many a one to the true sense of what they read, and to this extent they must, of course, be classed among the incapables. I have known narrow religionists try to read such authors as Spencer and Tyndall, but all in vain. The hatred they felt for the author choked all understanding of him, or else the line of thought was so totally different from what they were accustomed to, that they felt as though they had embarked on an open sea in a rudderless boat. On the other hand, I have known sceptics take in hand such a work as Newman's 'Grammar of Assent,' and lay it down without having clearly understood the drift of one page or recognised the force of a single sentence in the book. They read clad in a triple panoply of wilful opposition to the author, and of course they might better have left it alone. In such cases it is not ignorance that has to be overcome so much as passion, and when, in grown-up people, passions have run to this length there is little to be done to moderate them. With the young, however, there is more hope, and we need not hesitate to mention, as the great solvent of not yet irremediably hardened prejudice—culture.

From the definition we have given of criticism, and from our representation of it as an out-growth of culture, it is evident in the first place that it cannot be a limited thing. There is no end to it in fact. The perfect critic would have to be omniscient, and then, it may be feared, he would find criticism or anything else dull work. In a certain sense it may be said that every one is a critic up to a certain point, criticism being essentially based on comparison, and comparison of some kind, if only with one's own experiences, being inseparable from the reading of any book. But the critic, in an adequate sense, is he who is fitted by education, by culture, by sympathy, by insight, by acquired tact, to *appreciate* a literary work; who knows its *real* merits, and who, therefore, if he praises it, praises the right things, and not, as is so often done, the wrong; who knows its defects and can speak of them in duly-measured language; who sees into the composition and make-up of the book, and knows both what aids the writer had, and what difficulties he overcame; divines the prevailing mood under which it was written, and its essential character; sees it as the development and embodiment of a central thought and purpose, or, contrariwise, as a haphazard

combination of more or less incongruous materials; finally, makes the distinction between what belongs to the author—what bears the special imprint of his own mind, his mark in the corner, as the French say—and what reflects simply the current literary ideas of the time. Such a man, it seems hardly necessary to say, is not by nature a fault-finder, nor is he so by profession. I forget what writer it is—Rivarol, I think—who says that the critic before he inflicts one wound has received twenty; but it is very true, and worth bearing in mind. Far from seeking matter of blame, the happiness of the critic consists in finding something to praise; his true goal is, to quote Ste. Beuve again, '*une admiration nette, distincte et sentie.*' The world at large is content to admire vaguely and confusedly, and, in so doing, it includes in its admiration things no-way excellent. Thus it is that popularity has spoilt so many authors; the indiscriminating applause of the multidude leads them to think their very faults admirable, or at least effectually prevents them from recognising their faults as faults. They see that they have only to exert their special talent in order to win success, and they exert it with little thought of bringing it under discipline, or putting it to the worthiest use. They do not act, as old Phocion did, who, when the multidude applauded anything he had said, turned sharply round and asked what absurdity he had uttered. The question rather is, 'How did I make that hit? I must try it again.' And the thing is tried again, perhaps through a series of attempts, each feebler than the one before.

A true criticism discerns where the real strength of an author lies; and there have been critics whose insight and power of analysis have been such as to reveal the author to himself in a manner that has filled him with surprise. To be praised in a general way is but little satisfaction to a superior mind, but to have one's true points of superiority or originality clearly discerned and adequately expressed, to feel that a moment of recognition has been given to one's real self, is a satisfaction almost unique. Beranger said that a certain criticism of his poems by Ste. Beuve drew tears from his eyes, such was the intellectual sympathy that the criticism displayed. And this is indeed what constitutes the critic's highest pleasure, the disengaging of the real from the conventional, and coming into immediate contact with the spirit of an author. Every mind has its own essential quality, or, so to speak, its own peculiar flavour, masked of course to the majority by all that is not essential or peculiar, but discernable by the few. The critic is an amateur in such things. An original talent is to him like a fragrant flower the odour of which he inhales till he learns to know it among a thousand. To point out faults and shortcomings, therefore, is but a necessity of his trade, not that which lends its attraction in his eyes, or which constitutes the crown and reward of his labours. Robert Browning is not addressing critics in particular when he says:—

> 'Because you spend your lives in praising—
> To praise you search the wide world over,'

but he might be, as criticism is ever on the search for beauty and truth, and, but for the desire that these create, would have no existence.

Many are the taunts that have been thrown at critics, and no doubt the profession has had, like all others, its unworthy representatives, purblind pedants, fatuous fops, and incompetents of every grade. But after all has been said that can be said about 'irresponsible reviewers' and about men who have failed in every other walk in literature betaking themselves to criticism, the fact remains that criticism is a permanent necessity of civilization, and is becoming more and more a necessity as civilization becomes more complex. The task of criticism

moreover is one which no broken-down literary adventurer is fit to undertake. The original creators in the world of letters and of art occupy, no doubt, a supreme position, and deserve the homage of mankind; but the well-equipped critic, the man of wide reading, of cultivated taste, of well-balanced mind and complete intellectual disinterestedness is a man whom society may well honour. The balance of faculties which we require in the critic is something in which the greatest geniuses are sometimes sadly lacking. In fact the business of a genius would seem to be simply *to be a genius*, and give the world his one special gift; and, that done, we find him even as other men. On one side there is preponderant development, on another there is possibly deficiency. It is ungracious perhaps to look such noble gift-horses in the mouth; but their surpassing merits should not lead us to disparage men who, if less brilliantly endowed, possess, nevertheless, special faculties of no common order. The accomplished critic, with his calm penetrative glance and infinite tact, is a man whom those who know and love literature best know how to value.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the critic finds all the materials for his criticism in the work before him. Far from it: he has materials in his own mind, derived from his wide experience of human thought; he knows the ways of men, and has grasped so many relations that nothing can touch his mind that does not waken countless associations and vibrate along a thousand lives. So that in interpreting an author he takes of his own and weaves it in with his presentation of the author's thoughts. To know what critics have done and can do for the illustration of great texts, and the cultivation of the minds of the educated classes, let any one run through a number of volumes of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and try to do justice to a few of the numberless essays that will there be found under such names as De Rémusat, Schérer, Janet, St. Réné-Taillandier, Renan, Réville, to mention only a few of the more prominent ones. The work of these men is immense, and executed with a faithfulness that is an honour to them and to French letters. Our own Review literature will show the same thing, but in a less striking form. It is not the work of broken-down literary men that we see in such periodicals, but work, in many cases, vastly better than any that the brilliant phrase-maker to whom the sneer to which we allude is due ever put off his hands.

Criticism should be the voice of impartial and enlightened reason. Too often what passes for criticism is the voice of hireling adulation or hireling enmity. Illustrations of this will occur to everybne, but there is no use in blaming criticism, which, as has been said, is an intellectual necessity of the age. The foregoing remarks have been made in the hope that they may help to clear away some prevalent misconceptions by showing the organic connection, so to speak, that exists between criticism as a function, or as a mode of intellectual activity, and the very simplest intellectual processes. Such a mode of regarding it should do away with the odium that in so many minds attaches to the idea of criticism Let us all try to be critics according to the measure of our abilities and opportunities. Let us aim at seeing all we can, at gaining as many points of view as possible. Let us compare carefully and judge impartially; and we may depend upon it we shall be the better for the very effort.

ROUND THE TABLE.

Charles Lever in Canada.

THE lovers of Charles Lever's writings have doubtless experienced a shock of disappointment at the bald and disjointed biography lately issued from the pen of W. J. Fitzpatrick, 'LL.D., M.R.I.A., Professor of History; J.P., &c., &c.' With a subject replete with biographical interest, and a history full of variety and adventure, 'The life of Charles Lever,' in Mr. Fitspatrick's hands, has dwindled down into a series of trivial ancedotes, carelessly strung together, and feebly told. The genial characteristics of the great novelist, his bright humour and *bonhommie*, are lost in a maze of insignificant traits and stories that are too dull and pointless to bear repetition. Better that the author of 'Charles O'Malley,' 'Tony Butler' and 'Sir Brooke Fosbrooke' should have been known by his writings alone, than have suffered at the hands of such an historian.

It is, however, with reference to Lever's Canadian experiences that I write. He is said to have visited Canada in 1829, as the medical officer of an emigrant ship bound for Quebec. He is stated to have 'spent the summer of 1829 in Canada and the States; visited some of the Indian settlements and Lake Erie, and went as far as *Inscarara*.' Where that may be, we are not told, and a search through gazetteers and maps of the period has failed to enlighten us. He is stated to have passed 'from civilized districts to the prairie,—with the determination to seek the experiences of *forest life*, with an Indian tribe.' Forest life upon the prairie! He there got so thoroughly in accord with the red man's habits and manner of life, that 'the Indian Sachem formally admitted him into tribal privileges, and initiated him into *membership*.' Growing tired of his savage companions, and being told that an attempt to escape would cost his life, he finally absconds with an Indian called 'Tahata' or 'the Post,' and arrives at Quebec in December, attired in 'mocassins and head feathers!' There he sees 'men slipping along in rackets;' (snow shoes?) and 'women wrapped in furs sitting snugly in chairs, pushed along the ice some ten or twelve miles an hour.' To illustrate the combination of vulgar egotism with impertinent curiosity which marked the emigrant population of Canada, we are told a story about a person Lever is supposed to have met in travelling from 'Utica to the Springs' (Saratoga?). From such barbarous surroundings, 'Lever flung himself into the ranks of the less repulsive red man.'

It will be remembered that in 1829 the population of Lower Canada was about three quarters of a million, and of Upper Canada a quarter of million; that the St. Lawrence, Rideau, and Welland canals were building or built, and steamboats plying upon all the lakes. Where then did Lever obtain his experience of savage life? We are told by his historian, that in 'Roland Cashel' he details his history when a prisoner with the *Comanches*, a savage American tribe! Comanches in Canada! Surely the Professor of History in the Royal Hibernian Academy should study the geography and history of Canada.

Considerations of time and plan lead me to think Lever's experience of savage life in Canada apocryphal.

Certainly the adventures detailed in 'Con Cregan,'—with which his historian credits him,—could never have happened to him. Moreover, he is stated to have been in Germany during the same year as that allotted for his Canadian experiences. No doubt Lever crossed the Atlantic, and spent a short time in Canada and the United States, but about the Indian adventures—*Credat* Indians.

CANADA'S DESTINIES.

—If it were not for John Bull's strong aversion to the consideration of all troublesome questions one moment before they are forced upon him, and for the conventional type of 'loyalty' imposed by a partisan press on the people of Canada, the question of Canada's political future would be one of the burning issues of the day. There is nothing lacking to make the present connection between Canada and the Mother Country one of the absurdest, and yet one of the most embarrassing of political 'survivals.' It is no longer an organic tie, but simply an antiquated constitutional form, out of which all virtue has long since vanished. Everyone sees this, except those who are too indolent or too obstinate to see it. But such is the terrorism exerted by the party press that people dare not speak what they think. In this case, as in a thousand others, each party is watching the other in the hope of being able to turn against it whatever odium may attach to the striking out of a new line of policy. If the Liberals showed the faintest disposition to make Canada's relation to the Mother Country a matter for free discussion, *in the interest of Canada*, the Tories would instantly rouse against them all the forces of prejudice and hyprocrisy throughout the country, and no doubt would succeed in making a powerful stir. And precisely the same would happen if the Conservatives made the first move. Our brave Liberals would raise a frantic cry about 'loyalty,' as if the loyalty of a Canadian were not due in the first place to Canada. And we call ourselves a free people, while we have to go into nooks and corners, in order to confide to our friends what we think respecting the paramount interests of our country. Surely it is time this folly ceased. Party government may be a fine thing, 'distinctly precious, blessed, subtle, significant and supreme,' as the art-critic said lately in *Punch*; but if the Grit party and the Tory party are to be the upper and nether mill-stones which, between them, are to crush out free speech and free thought in all matters of fundamental importance, then are we paying too dearly for the party system.

What every one knows is that Canada's position is at present most unsatisfactory; that it is embarrassing to the Mother Country, and that, under it, Canadian interests are everywhere at a disadvantage. We have no national feeling, no national sense of responsibility. We are interesting neither to ourselves nor to others. Englishmen care next to nothing for us, and the other nations of Europe care absolutely nothing; whereas 'American' civilisation is a matter of constant interest and study. We are growing visibly on the shady side of the wall, while our neighbours, owing to the simple fact that they are solving great political and social problems for themselves, and are independently maintaining their own prestige in the world, are enjoying no end of sunshine. If they had only our population, the eyes of Europe would still be turned to them and not to us. Who wants to know anything of a colony? Our British fellow-countrymen, when they cross the Atlantic, think the only thing worth stepping upon Canadian territory for is to see our side of Niagara Falls. Dickens, Thackeray, Huxley, Tyndall, Proctor, Froude—what did we see of any of these men in Canada. The attraction is all to the south of us; we are nothing. Would this be

the case if we were an independent people, holding our own as best we could in the great family of nations? No one will suppose so for a moment. The only question seems to be whether after our long tutelage, we are really fit for the burdens of an independent national life. We might be at a loss at first, but surely the spirit of our people would rise to the occasion, and we should find within ourselves a strength we have never realized. Every year passed under the present system, is a heavy loss to the country. We all feel it, young and old. We know we are not doing justice to ourselves, and yet in deference to the Grit and Tory Grundies, we hold our peace. But let some able politician, shaking himself aloof from party, declare boldly that the hour of Canada's majority has arrived, and he will perhaps be surprised at the amount of support he will receive. VOX CLAM.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress, by JUSTIN MCCARTHY. Vols. I. and II. New York: Harper Brothers; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

It is with much pleasure that we hail this recent contribution to contemporary history, and our pleasure is the greater when we see that the subject has sufficient charms to attract the attention of a liberal Member of Parliament. It has been well said that the history of the day before yesterday is less known than that of any other period of our national life. We know of to-day's doings in a more or less fragmentary, confused way from the newspapers. But there are few among us who could sit down and write a tolerably connected account of the way the world wagged in 1878. The historian of recent periods suffers most from lack of material. There are, it is true, newspaper files by the car-load,—but in one way or another experience soon teaches the student how little their columns are to be relied on. Read from day to day, their contents bear the impress of truth, but we too often find that their gravest announcements of facts are only the condensation of idle rumour, their most serious personal charges only the outcome of malignant political hatred and backstairs gossip. Such a historian finds the living actors who grace the scenes he paints all interested, perhaps unconsciously, in warping or colouring facts,—and it is not till years have elapsed and struggling ambitions lie quieted in their graves, that the information stored away in correspondence, diaries, and memoirs, begins to see the light. The difficulties that beset the man who essays to picture what passed beneath his own eyes are well exemplified in Mr. Kinglake's 'History of the Crimea,' as are also the peculiar advantages that attend such a position. No historian writing fifty years after the event could have amassed the wealth of illustrative detail as to the currents of the 'heady fights' of Balaclava or Inkerman that Kinglake gathered from the lips of the survivors; but at the same time, we may add, no such historian would have cared to use this material. It is well perhaps that there should be on record such a full account of individual deeds of prowess, and the book will always be of interest to the military student; but, as a whole, one may parody the famous saying uttered *à propos* of a charge recorded in its voluminous pages, 'C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas *l'histoire*.'

In one way newspapers afford invaluable assistance to the writer of modern history. We refer to the infallible test they afford to the varying pulse of public opinion. They may, and often do, mislead as to facts, but there is one thing they never seek to conceal from us, and that is the public feeling as to these facts. Of course we refer at present to the general English press, and

not to those merely partisan organs, of which we have too many specimens amongst us, which find relief after every political reverse in an ostrich-like hiding of the head. Such a paper as the *Times*, varying with the shifting current of upper middle-class opinion, and disclosing especially in its correspondence columns the unbiassed views of the ordinary citizen, supplies an unerring index to the health of the body politic. And in the modern view of history, the spirit in which a rumour was received by a nation (although that rumour afterwards proved unfounded), may be a fact of sufficient importance to be chronicled although the occasion that gave rise to it may sink into utter insignificance.

For example, few things now seem to us more trifling than the so-called "Acts of Aggression" on the part of Cardinal Wiseman, dealt with by Mr. McCarthy in his chapter on "The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill." Slight as they now appear to us, the historian would but ill perform his part if he did not give us a full account of the outburst of indignation that promptly responded to the appeal contained in Lord John Russell's famous Durham letter. We see in that great but aimless movement the evidence of a disturbed and unsettled state of the national mind as to the national religion; the premonitory symptoms of that struggle against Tractarianism which has survived all the original leaders of that school and is now being waged with unabated fury between Ritualists and Evangelicals. In a more benighted age the public wrath that found harmless vent in platform speeches, letters to the *Times*, and endless cartoons and squibs in *Punch*, would have expended itself in more active persecutions, and when the reaction came, it would not have been able to remove all trace of the contest as was done in 1871 by the simple repeal of the effete and foolish Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.

It is not too much to say that modern history is largely indebted to our caricaturists. The main incident of the week, or the chief topic of discussion, is presented in a striking way, and the attitude of the national mind towards it pretty clearly indicated. Looked at in this light, how strange an instance of the irony of fate was it, when the sudden outburst of Jingoism called forth a reproduction of all *Punch's* cartoons upon Lord Beaconsfield! With what a bitter smile must he have looked over its pages and recognised the fact that the main current of opinion had steadily considered him as a man of broken pledges, and one in whom the strategist outweighed the statesman.

Of the contemporary criticism afforded by such means, Mr. McCarthy has made careful use. His sketches of leading politicians strike us as true as well as life-like, and he has not let his national predilections warp his judgment in estimating Irish orators and statesmen.

It is an interesting and curious fact that it is only men of the Liberal shade of politics who care to undertake the task of bringing our history books down to date. Such a writer was Washington Wilkes, who wrote the useful book called "The Half-Century," which covers the first half of the nineteenth century, in fact he was a little more of a partisan and less of a man of the world than Mr. Justin McCarthy. His work is adapted to fill the place of an introduction to the history now under review, and the two together form the most encouraging study for progressive minds, and the facts they relate explain sufficiently why Conservative historians prefer to draw their inspiration from more remote ages and to depict very different manners and contests in which their defeats have been less marked and conspicuous.

There are a few blots to be noticed in this work. It is hardly correct to describe Lower Canada as "*Western* Canada," and the epithet "steepy" as applied to the hilly streets of Quebec is picturesque, but we see no reason why it should displace its old and recognised relation "steep." Occasionally Mr. McCarthy indulges in fine writing. "Making the currents of the air man's faithful Ariel," is a description of electricity worthy of a penny-a-liner, and is objectionable as containing the worst faults of cheap journalistic composition. In the first place electricity is *not* an air current, and secondly the jingle of "air" and "Ariel" has a most unpleasant sound. We also notice the inevitable bull. Speaking of the attempt by Francis on Her Majesty's life, Mr. McCarthy tells us that he fired a pistol at her, and in the same breath he says it was not certain whether the weapon was loaded or not! Of course what he means is 'loaded with ball.'

We shall look forward with much interest to the remaining volumes of this work.

Impressions of Theophrastus Such, by GEORGE ELIOT. New York: Harper Brothers; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

Grave indeed is the task of the critic whose duty it is to appraise the works of George Eliot. When the book to be noticed is so important, the public expects the review itself to contain something out of the common; and, as a rule, the expectation is wofully disappointed. In fact George Eliot has arrived at that pitch, not of *absolute* greatness (for she attained that long since), but of *recognised* greatness where all glory and honour are forestalled and lightly taken for granted. To us, petty men of the press, who scrawl her praises upon her margin spaces, appreciation seems so easy and natural that some of our race are almost tempted to think their applauding bespeaks them kindred spirits; but a little more, and they could have written 'Middlemarch' or 'Daniel Deronda' themselves. To this is attributable that flood of reviews, presumptuously inundating George Eliot with praise, or more venturously daring to compare her earlier with her more recent works to the disadvantage of the latter,—a species of criticism which enables the writer to show at once the requisite amount of admiration for the great novelist and his superiority to her foibles.

It is hard to tell which of these types is the more nauseous, but certainly they have been both followed in most of the critiques that have appeared on 'Theophrastus Such.'

The indiscriminate praiser may be set down as a human parrot, repeating what he has heard others say, *because* others say it, not from any internal conviction of its truth. A number of years have passed since George Eliot first laid the result of her researches into the depths of human nature before the public, and, as is always the case with the leaders of thought, her views have become, to a considerable extent, familiarised among most ordinarily intelligent readers. But for this slow process of infiltration we may well doubt if some of her votaries who now prate about her 'keen and subtle insight into character' would have had wit enough to know it was either keen or subtle. Appreciation of this class is at best but the sharpness imparted to a dull knife by quick friction against one with a better edge; the blade owes all to its contact with the finer steel, which passes on to its real work unmoved by the thought that its blunter comrade is watching its movements critically. We suppose all minds that leave their impress on the age they live in have to endure this indiscriminate admiration. Its real worth may be easily tested. These oracles of the Book Column are every whit as loud in their praise of the far commoner spirits, who take their form and pressure from their generation instead of leaving their mark upon it. An unimaginative Trollope is to these men as big a Triton among the minnows, as George Eliot herself. He is popular, so is she; he has the choice for voluminousness and general fecundity. These writers of profuse panegyrics on both authors would be puzzled if asked to foretell the relative position of Eliot and Trollope fifty or a hundred years hence. Both seem to them to be admirable. But they have not the grace to discern the inward difference between them. George Eliot would sketch you the character of a bore in a single chapter, leaving the whole man limned distinctly on your mind's eye, and opening up to you new vistas of meaning in the subject and strange misgivings as to the hidden strain of boredom that has lurked hitherto unsuspected, in your own heart. Trollope will paint you the like character, and will take three volumes of more than Pre-Raphaelite detail to do it in. *His* bore will button-hole you, and prose on and on with even flow of very life-like words. You will hear his daily and hourly talk, his endless repetitions and senseless tales till you are sick to death of him. As you throw down the third volume with an intense feeling of relief, you see that Trollope's writing is to Eliot's what a photograph is to a picture, or a travelling panorama of Greece is to Childe Harold. It is not too much to say that there are studies of character in 'Theophrastus Such' each of which a photographic novelist would have watered down into a shelf-ful of volumes.

If these sayers of smooth things without discrimination are offensive, as they must be, to our author, what must she think of those others who, appealing from 'Philip drunk to Philip sober,' affect to admire the later work, but only to find in that admiration ground for regretting earlier productions.

These are the men who complain that Theophrastus does not appear to have

ever met with Mrs. Poyser. They also hint that George Eliot's style is not quite so transparently clear as it used to be. It would be quite useless to ask them whether it is reasonable to expect to be able to pick up the meaning of a sentence embodying the result of some deep mental analysis as instantaneously as the meaning of one that pictures a midland village green or a pretty girl admiring her trinkets and ribbons in the glass. Neither would they understand it, if we told them that even George Eliot seldom meets more than one Mrs. Poyser in a lifetime, and that a George Eliot would not stoop to imitate even herself in the creation of a new character. The complaint which these writers in effect make is, that our author's philosophy has got the upper hand in her tales, to the detriment of the general effect. They would fain still have the thrilling interest of the 'Mill on the Floss,' or the idyllic sweetness of 'Silas Marner.' As well might they bid the blossom forbear from setting into fruit in due season.

Undoubtedly the tendency which was first noticeably perceptible in 'Daniel Deronda' has, in the present work, declared itself very markedly, and there is no attempt in 'Theophrastus' to present us with even a thread of the tale to join the thoughts together.

After the first few chapters in which Theophrastus depicts his own essential being, we come to a series of short sketches, each chapter rounding off completely in itself some character or phase of modern society. Though it is Theophrastus who beholds and who speaks, yet he does not distort or colour the objects he presents to us in the long gallery of his acquaintance sufficiently to keep us aware of his personality, or to add perceptibly to our means of estimating his qualities. George Eliot perceives this so clearly that in the last chapter, 'The Modern Hep! Hep! Hep!' there is no attempt to remind us of the imaginary speaker, and Theophrastus fades away from our vision without a word of farewell.

We do not think that in writing these "Impressions" George Eliot has in any way shown an intention to abandon the field in which her fame has been chiefly won. The material she has used would not have been readily made available for a novel, it was evidently burning in her mind and had to find utterance, but in all probability it will remain her only prose work not cast in the regular mould of fiction, even as 'The Spanish Gypsy' will remain her only long poem. In understanding the range of her genius to its full extent, after ages would not feel inclined to part with either of these works, although a new novel from her pen were offered in substitution for each of them.

In these papers walk the men of to-day, differing in the fashion of their life and thought as clearly and distinctly from the men of twenty-five, or even of ten years ago as their wives differ in the fashion of their dresses in a like period. Do you want to know the byways of scientific controversy as conducted in this year of grace?—the history of poor Merman in the chapter 'How We Encourage Research' will enlighten you. Here walks Spike, the 'political molecule,' whose radicalism goes to the root of nothing and whose liberalism is a pure outcome of narrow selfishness.

If you wish to see how a man may start with high aims in life, and gradually hoodwinking himself, may allow circumstances to turn him into an utterly different being from the ideal he set before himself,—read the story of Mixtus the 'involuntary renegade.' Here, too, walks the lady authoress, big with the fame of one book and an appendix, and apt to persecute her friends with an album containing the usual newspaper puffs.

And among all these varied characters, probing their weaknesses, exposing their motives more clearly than they dare confess to themselves in the secrecy of their closets, walks Theophrastus. He or she, for, in narrating, Theophrastus and George Eliot are one, feels a kindred failing with many of these poor weak men.

In the midst of the sarcasm, of the stinging lash of reproof, and of the blinding flash of truth let in upon cankered places and crannies of the soul, we hear this just Inquisitor examine herself, trace out the kindred fault in her own breast, expose it in its true colours, accept her share of ridicule or blame, in the same loving spirit that Thackeray was wont to display when, after exposing the vices and follies of mankind, he would go apart with his 'mea culpâ,' and write himself down also as a snob and worthy of the pillory as such.

We have left ourselves no room for

detailed examination of any one of these marvellous little essays. We should like to extract the whole of the tenth chapter 'On Debasing the Moral Currency,' but as that is impossible we trust our readers will lose no time in getting the book and reading it for themselves.

The Dominion Annual Register and Review for 1878, or the Twelfth Year of the Canadian Union. Edited by HENRY J. MORGAN. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

The indisputable worth and great success of the British *Annual Register*, no doubt, inspired Mr. Morgan to the production of a work modelled upon similar lines for Canada. It is but commonplace to say that his book supplies an undoubted want. This fact is the more evident to any one who finds himself under the necessity of looking up the circumstances of any particular event in any particular year. Say it is a political event; he will probably refer, in the first place, to the files of the leading newspapers; but newspapers are not infallible guides in political matters, and, to make sure of his ground he must industriously search the pages of the *Journals* of Parliament and rummage blue books without number. The *Annual Register* will save this labour in the vast majority of cases. But it will not be alone valuable in matters political. It is a compact *repertoire* of all the events of the year—political, social, financial, scientific, and literary. Alison, the historian, has testified to the value of the British *Register* in terms of the highest praise, and should Mr. Morgan's book have a long existence—as we hope it will have, for it deserves it—the future historian of Canada will find in it much work ready to his hand. It is not to the historian alone, however, that it will be valuable. It will be extremely welcome in every journalist's room; to the public man, of whatever kind, it will be invaluable; while every one who takes interest in the character of the stock upon his book-shelves will feel that no more valuable work than this could find a place upon them. In preparing his first volume, Mr. Morgan had to consider whether to pass over unnoticed the eleven years of Confederation which have gone by, or to summarize the leading events of each year. He wisely, as we think, chose the latter course. There is no marked event which has happened since the 1st July, 1867, which is not noted. Such a task required a good deal of labour and research, but they have been expended to a good purpose. Following this retrospect, we have the political history of Canada for the year 1878. This is the principal feature of the book, occupying fully one-half its entire number of pages. The value of such a history is that it is impartial. A careful perusal of Mr. Morgan's review enables us to say, without any reserve whatever, that it leaves nothing to be desired on the score of impartiality. Governments come and go—the 'ins' of to-day are the 'outs' of to-morrow. To show any bias would be a fatal blot; but there is no bias in the political history for 1878. This part of the book is fittingly closed with a list of the candidates in the general election of last year, with the number of votes polled by each. Some space is then devoted to each Province apart from Dominion politics. Following this is a journal of remarkable occurrences, which is as full as could be desired. There is, then, an account of the reception in Canada, from the time of their arrival in Halifax to their taking possession of Rideau Hall, of His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. It might be objected that there is a little too much space given to this particular feature, but it must be borne in mind that we are not in the habit of changing our Governors-General every year, and that, in all probability, five or six years will have elapsed before the pages of the *Register* will make note of another such ceremony. Science is dealt with by a scientific hand. The business retrospect is ample. There are some pages devoted to remarkable trials. A list of public appointments for the Dominion and each Province is given. There is a very full obituary. And the whole winds up with an appendix containing the names of members returned to serve in the House of Commons during the first, second, and third Parliaments. Altogether, the book is exceedingly creditable to the editor. It shows great research and industry, and is written in good, strong English. Mr. Morgan has given abundant proof that those who regarded him as peculiarly fitted for the preparation of a work of this kind were not mistaken in their opinion.

MR. RATTRAY'S "THE SCOT IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA."

Few subjects of study are so interesting and picturesque as the national character. What its ingredients are, how they have come together, and in what manner they have fused, or are fusing themselves, into the national life of a people are never-failing questions of interest. In the case of Canada, as indeed of all countries of a composite colonization, the inquiry, moreover, is of vast importance, as the results of the analysis cannot but be of service in directing the future line of the country's progress, and in stimulating the development of those characteristics which conduce most to the success of its people. But it is not for these reasons alone that we hail the forthcoming of Mr. W. J. Rattray's book on 'The Scot in British North America.' More especially we welcome it on account of the pleasure we anticipate in perusing a work of a great national character by one of the most accomplished native writers and best informed men of our young country. Little as he may be personally known, for his modest ways and quiet manner of life have rarely brought him into contact with the people, Mr. Rattray has by the few long been known as perhaps the ablest of the leaders of intellect in Canada—and to him this magazine and many of the journalistic enterprises of Toronto owe much for literary and advisory services, always generously and often disinterestedly rendered. The subject which is now occupying Mr. Rattray's pen, moreover, is one with which he is peculiarly competent to deal; and from a perusal of the advance sheets of a portion of the work, issued as a prospectus by the publishers, we can warmly bespeak for the enterprise the hearty encouragement of all Canadians. We say *all* Canadians, because, though the work professes to deal with but one element—a large one indeed—in the nationality of Canada, it will, nevertheless, treat so much of the political, material, social, and intellectual life of the country, and promises to be written in so pl i!osophic a vein, and in such a cosmopolitan spirit, that no Canadian who loves his country and is proud of its annals can fail to give the work his most cordial support. 'The old maxim,' says Mr. Rattray, in his introductory preface, '"no one can put off his country," has lost its international value in a legal sense; but it remains valid in regard to character, tendencies, and aptitude of the individual man.' What these traits are in the Scottish character, and what influence they have had in contributing to the intellectual and material progress of Canada are the subjects of Mr. Rattray's inquiry. To read the author's initial chapter alone—issued in the prospectus already mentioned—is to be impressed with the rare qualifications which Mr. Rattray possesses for the work he has undertaken; and we are confident that the book will take high place, not only in Canada, but wherever interest is felt in historical facts respecting the 'Scot Abroad,' and in the triumphs of energy and industry, integrity and perseverance, gathered by laborious research, and narrated with rare literary skill.

We shall, perhaps, best be doing the work service, before it is further proceeded with, by calling attention here to the author's and publisher's urgent request for information respecting Scottish settlements in various parts of the Dominion, and for any material of a biographical, historical, or statistical character likely to be of service in the preparation of the work. There are, doubtless, many of the readers of THE MONTHLY who can supply something, and thus aid in the production of a work of much national interest. The book, which we understand is to be brought out in four divisions, at $2 each, is to be issued from the publishing house of Maclear & Co., Toronto—a firm-name well and favourably known in the Province,—and it will be the product, mechanically, of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., from whose printing house the beautiful specimen pages before us have been issued.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1879.

THE SCENE OF 'EVANGELINE.'

BY G. A. MACKENZIE.

THERE is no event in the history of this continent which has come down to us clothed with more romantic interest than the expulsion of the French settlers in 1755 from the old Acadian country. A community, simple, happy, and prosperous, living under the patriarchal sway of their clergy, cherishing the legends and habits of rural life in the old world, given to the picturesque observances of their religion, are suddenly removed in a body from the fields which they are peacefully cultivating, on a charge of disaffection to the government to which they have become subject, their property confiscated, their families broken up, and the members thereof dispersed in strange lands, to spend the rest of their days in poverty and neglect. Upon this event, sad enough in its plain realities, the American poet has founded the most touching of his poems. Longfellow is the poet of the family and the fireside. He does not scale the loftier heights of passion, nor explore with subtlety the depths of feeling, but he moves with simplicity and sweetness on the levels of thought where all can walk with him, and simply and sweetly has he told the sorrowful story of 'love in Acadie,' which has made that quiet country-side on the Bay of Fundy known wherever English poetry is read.

Let us for a moment recall the circumstances which led to the strange episode in colonial history out of which the story has sprung. Nova Scotia, or Acadie, was ceded by France to Great Britain at the treaty of Utrecht. With the transfer of territory there was, however, no transfer of the loyalty of the people. It is true they took the oath of allegiance to the King, but with the omission of the clause requiring military service. As military service would have entailed the necessity of bearing arms, not only against their Indian allies, but also their own countrymen, the Acadians steadfastly refused to take the oath without such a modification. Successive Governors gave up in despair the attempt to extort from them a more comprehensive form of submission. In course of time the Acadians began to consider themselves as holding a

peculiar character. They were not independent, they were not French subjects, but neither were they ordinary British subjects. They claimed to be 'neutrals,' and by many of them the laws of 'neutrality' were very freely interpreted against the English. As Canada and Cape Breton remained French, in the intermittent warfare between the two powers which followed the treaty, the Acadian 'neutrals' became a source of serious embarrassment to the colonial government. In any outbreak of hostilities the French could count upon gaining information and even active aid from their countrymen in Acadie. The priests also, who by the indulgence of the English Government, were appointed by the Bishop of Quebec, contributed to keep alive the feeling against England as the enemy of Fatherland and Holy Church. Moreover the English colonists were constantly subjected to attack by the Indians, who were the friends of the French, and whose hostility was fanned by the disaffected amongst the 'neutrals.' On the whole the presence of the French settlers was a cause of continual annoyance and trouble to the colonial government, besides being a serious hindrance to the opening up and settlement of the country. When at last a body of young Acadians were taken in arms at Cumberland, where they had joined an invading French force, the authorities at Halifax, out of all patience, determined to eradicate the French from Nova Scotia at a single stroke, and gave the orders which were carried out at Minas in the manner described in the poem.

The scene of 'Evangeline' is in itself not unworthy of the historic and poetic associations which cluster round it. The district of Minas is at the upper end of the Annapolis valley, in the present Township of Horton. The Basin of Minas, celebrated in the poem, appears on the modern maps of Nova Scotia as the 'Basin of Mines,' or 'Mines Basin;' and the Village of Horton and a railway station called 'Grand Pré'—*Grand Pree* in the dialect of to-day—probably mark the central part of the Acadian village.

The muddy Annapolis flows sluggishly between the North and South mountain ranges of Nova Scotia. It enters the Bay of Fundy at Annapolis Royal, where French and English often met in arms in the old days, and where there is still a mouldering fort, occupied by French and English in turns for many years. The valley of the Annapolis is called the garden of Nova Scotia. It is a good agricultural region, though perhaps it would not be called a garden in a richer country. There is no part of it better than Minas district. As one drives to-day through the pleasant country, so beautifully situated on the sheltered basin, one can readily imagine how attached to their home the Acadian farmers must have been, and with what anguish they must have watched it fade away for ever from their sight. To-day there is an air of prosperity and solid comfort about the whole country-side. The farmers' houses are uniformly large and handsome, overlooking well-cultivated fields and symmetrical rows of vigorous fruit trees.

Five years after the exile of the Acadians, settlers from Connecticut took up the deserted farms. They found ox-carts and the implements of husbandry scattered about the fields, and the bones of cattle which had perished for want of care in the winter. To-day if you enter one of the big comfortable homesteads in Horton, you will probably be received by the grandson or great-grandson of one of these New Englanders, who will give you some facts about the old French village from his scanty store of tradition, and display some relics which the plough has turned up on the sites of Acadian houses.

Probably the person who named 'Wolfville' was a New Englander, and had no sense that there was anything in the name out of harmony

with the associations of the region. It is at Wolfville that the sentimental traveller must quarter himself if he would explore the scene of Evangeline. There, at the Acadia Hotel, he may get a comfortable bed and indigestible meals, and may hire horses at a fancy price. Horses are not scarce in Wolfville; but tourists who take an interest in 'Evangeline' are, and this fact the worthy proprietor of the Acadia Hotel takes into consideration in making his charges. Wolfville is well-to-do and common-place. The Baptists reign supreme there, and possess a magnificent college with a cupola and pillars, all of painted wood, and a seminary for Baptist young ladies.

The road from Wolfville to Horton seems to have been one of the main roads through the Acadian settlement, which, like the villages of Quebec, no doubt straggled over a large extent of ground. The gnarled and decaying trunks of ancient willow trees still stand by the road-side, laid out it may be two hundred years ago by the hands of the immigrants from La Rochelle and Poitou. After passing the fine mansions of Wolfville, surrounded by their great elms, you rise to high ground, and the whole of the historic scene is spread before you.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the beautiful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmer had raised with labour incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floodgates
Opened and welcomed the sea, to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain, and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.

This hillside, sloping gently to the *grand pré*—great prairie—was dotted with rustic houses, 'such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries,' with dormer windows and projecting gables. Imagination may reconstruct the rustic scene as the poet has sketched it; the matrons and maidens sitting in the summer evening at the 'gossiping looms,' in snow-white caps and bright-coloured kirtles: the white-haired priest walking with reverend step, while the children pause to kiss the hand extended to bless them, and the women rise with a glad smile to greet him; the labourers slowly plodding homewards from the fields; the columns of pale blue smoke rising like incense from a hundred hearths, 'the homes of peace and contentment.' All has vanished; but if we try and recall the scene, may we not do it with the poet's fancy?

Away off there is Blomidon, a sullen promontory jutting into the basin, his head wreathed in mist so that you may account him as tall as you will. French and New English, Nova Scotians and Canadians come and go and possess the earth, the ocean is driven back and the forest primeval hewn down, but Blomidon stands guard over the Basin, unmoved and sulky amid all the changes.

And there, a broad peninsula reaching out into the Basin, is the great prairie, first reclaimed from the ocean by the French and afterwards added to by the New Englanders. To the north-west are a few trees and a house or two crowning an eminence, which rises slightly above the general level. That is Long Island, an island only in name now, for the great sea-wall sweeps round and meets it, converting, what was once a wide area of water, dividing it from the shore, into hayfields. Within the circuit of the outer dike are the older earthworks of the French, the lines which mark the gradual progress of the farmers in their advance upon the ocean, now slowly disappearing under the plough

and harrow. There are no fences to divide the fields of the different landowners. The low, flat plain, basking in the warmth of the hazy summer day, is almost as lonely and still as it must have been after Winslow's ships had sailed away with the Acadians. A few scattered cattle are grazing; a solitary labourer swings his scythe; on the mirror-like surface of the basin beyond, a little sail-boat is becalmed.

I doubt if the tides are allowed to wander at will at stated seasons over the meadow, as Mr. Longfellow asserts. The salt-water does not improve the soil, and, now-a-days at any rate, the inhabitants most jealously bar its entrance. They tell of a great upheaval of the waters some years ago, the 'Saxby tide' as it is called, from one who predicted it, when the whole plain was submerged, and cattle and crops and houses were destroyed. The ocean does not enter at any time with the concurrence of the farmers. They have ingeniously constructed gates, called *abadoes (? à bas d'eau)*, which allow the small streams that intersect the meadow to escape, and close of themselves at the flow of the tide. The dikes are anxiously looked after. An official inspection is made every month, and weak points discovered in the earthen walls are at once strengthened by the united labour of the owners of the reclaimed land.

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré!

And indeed the New England soldiers who had the matter in hand did the work of destruction very effectually. A few cellars, which are being gradually filled up, are all that is left to mark the sites of the Acadian houses. Visitors are shown the place where the blacksmith's shop stood—'Basil the blacksmith, who was a mighty man in the village and honoured of all men'—and also the site of the church, and, opposite it on the other side of a former road, the house of the parish priest. The poor man's cellar and well are the sole relics of what seems once to have been a comfortable homestead. Here Col. John Winslow of Massachusetts, the officer whose business it was to remove the Acadians, quartered himself, apparently with satisfactory results. 'As you have taken possession of the friar's house,' wrote his friend Jedediah Prebble from the camp at Cumberland, 'I hope you will execute the office of priest.' 'I rejoice to hear that the lines are fallen to you in pleasant places, and that you have a goodly heritage. I understand that you are surrounded by the good things of this world, and, having a sanctified place for your habitation, hope you will be prepared for the enjoyments of another.'

In the church opposite—the grain grows on its site now—on the 5th September, 1755, all the male inhabitants of the district from ten years old and upwards, were ordered to assemble by a proclamation of Winslow's. They came at the time appointed, little suspecting the fate that was impending. They were shut into the church and Winslow, rising with the Governor's warrant in his hand, announced the purpose for which they had been assembled. He was not a hard-hearted man. He had written to Governor Lawrence at Halifax that the duty laid upon him, though he felt it to be necessary, was a disagreeable one, and he told his prisoners that it was against his natural make and temper. He reminded them of the long indulgence they had obtained at His Majesty's hands; they themselves best knew what use they had made of it. He had simply to deliver to them His Majesty's orders—that their lands and cattle and all their effects, saving money and household goods, should be forfeited to the Crown, and themselves removed from the Province. So overwhelming a calamity had not presented itself as possible to the Acadians, and we may imagine with what sore am-

azement the intimation of it smote upon their hearts.

"As, when the air is serene, in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—
'Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!'
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

The church was turned into a temporary jail where the male Acadians were kept under restraint. Winslow's orders, signed by himself, as to the confinement of the prisoners, are extant. Attached to them is this postscript: 'Sept. 5.—The French people not having with them any provision and many of them pleading hunger, begged for bread, on which I gave them, and ordered that for the future they be supplied by their respective families. Thus ended the memorable fifth day of September, a day of great fatigue and trouble.—J. W.'

The immigrants from Connecticut, on their arrival, searched for the church bell, naturally deeming that it could not have been carried away by the French, but failed to find one. 'So the old folks cal'clated,' as one of their descendants remarked, 'that they couldn't ever have had a bell.' He was not aware, probably, that he was making a damaging charge against Mr. Longfellow.

Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded.

. . . . . while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower. . . . . &c.

Off to the north-east from the site of the church is the mouth of the Gaspereau, where the English ships lay at anchor. The Gaspereau winds through a lovely vale in which a pretty village nestles, bearing the same name as the river. The river has the peculiarity of all these Acadian streams. As the tide rises it runs up; as it falls, it runs down; and at low tide it is almost empty. A common sight in these parts is a slimy water course meandering gracefully under trees that droop from the banks, but with hardly any water to indicate what it is intended to be. 'I never knew before how much water adds to a river,' says Charles Dudley Warner speaking of one of these streams. All encomiums on Acadian scenery must be taken to apply to the time when the tide is high.

The more modern dikes have extended the farming land beyond the spot where the boats of the English sailors were beached, and where the Acadians were embarked. You may walk to-day for miles on the top of the great solid bank which encloses the shore, once the scene of such sad confusion.

To the Gaspereau's mouth moved on the mournful procession.
There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms with wildest entreaties.

* * * * * *

Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the waggons,
Like to a gipsy camp or a leaguer after a battle,

All escape cut off by the sea and the sentinels
near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless
Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the
bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats
of the sailors.

* * * * * *

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in
autumn the blood red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and
o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon
mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling
huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the
roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky, and the sea, and the
ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes
of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn,
like the quivering hands of a martyr,
Then as the winds seized the gleeds and the
burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once
from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of
flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on
the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud
in their anguish,
'We shall behold no more our homes in the
village of Grand-Pré.'

History gives us these statistics: 255 houses, 276 barns, 11 mills and 1 church were burned by Winslow at Grand-Pré, and 1,923 persons transported from the village and its neighbourhood. By a sort of poetic justice, Winslow and his family, 20 years later, were driven into exile for hostility to America.

Whether so hard a sentence as that described was merited by the Acadian population, it is no part of this paper to decide. But this is certain, that numbers of peaceful and innocent people suffered with the guilty; that an apparently reasonably request to be allowed to choose other homes for themselves, where they might remove with some leisure, seems to have received no recognition; and that, in their transportation and subsequent dispersion, the unfortunate people suffered cruelly.

The Acadians who were landed in Pennsylvania petitioned the King for a legal hearing of their case. Their memorial is a most pathetic document, but it gained them no redress. After asserting their fidelity to the English crown, and setting forth the grounds of their claim for redress, the exiles say: 'We were transported into the English Colonies, and this was done in so much haste and with so little regard to our necessities and the tenderest ties of nature, that from the most social enjoyments and affluent circumstances, many found themselves destitute of the necessaries of life. Parents were separated from their children, and husbands from their wives, some of whom have not to this day met again; and we were so crowded in the transport vessels that we had not room even for all our bodies to lay down at once, and consequently were prevented from carrying with us proper necessaries, especially for the support and comfort of the aged and weak, many of whom ended their misery with their lives. And even those amongst us who had suffered deeply from your Majesty's enemies, on account of their attachment to your Majesty's government, were equally involved in the common calamity, of which René Leblanc, the notary-public before mentioned, is a remarkable instance. He was seized, confined, and brought away among the rest of the people, *and his family, consisting of twenty children and about one hundred and fifty grand-children, were scattered in different colonies, so that he was put on shore at New York with only his wife and two youngest children*, in an infirm state of health, from whence he joined three more of his children at Philadelphia, where he died without any more notice being taken of him than any of us, notwithstanding his many years' labour and deep suffering for your Majesty's service.'

If the district of Minas was once the scene of disaffection, it is gratifying to know that no part of Nova

Scotia is better disposed to the present order of things. May loyalty to the union extend and grow strong throughout the whole country! And let us hope that the prosperous dwellers by the basin of Minas shall never again see ships with hostile purpose rounding Blomidon; that the comfortable homesteads will be safe from the torch of an enemy; that none but friendly feet will ever tread the quiet lanes and smiling fields of Acadie.

GRAND PRÉ.

STILL stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousand of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

Longfellow.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

BY GEO. W. FIELD, ELORA.

[The papers have of late been much occupied with the emigration of the better class of farmers, which is now steadily setting into our country from Great Britain. In despair at repeatedly bad harvests, a number have at last made up their minds to try their fortunes in the New World. The grief of those who have already landed, on leaving those homes of which their ancestors, in many cases, had been masters for generations, is said to have been peculiarly poignant.

FARE ye well! old England's hamlets, one long ling'ring last adieu,
While the hills are slowly sinking, merging in the rising blue:
England where I early sported, where life's vig'rous prime was passed,
Where I hoped, amid my fathers' kindred dust to find at last.

Fare you well! old home forever, while we follow yonder star,
Beck'ning brightly on to westward, o'er the ocean hills afar,
On to where the broad St. Lawrence seaward mighty volumes pours,
Sweeping, from the loud Niag'ra, all his inland garnered stores—

On to where the sunset prairies roll to meet their guardian sun;
On to where that bright maid Comfort waits by Labour to be won;
Genial faces there shall greet us; ours by kindly hands be wrung,
Brothers', sisters' voices welcome in the same dear mother tongue.

There are mem'ries, dark and golden, shadow-sprites—a spectral band
Rising wildly, sadly floating round that dim and fading land;
Children, of the wayward fancy, wand'ring restless to and fro,
Gath'ring for the soul the brilliance and the shade of long ago.

It was there we laid our first-born, when Death struck his cruellest blow,
Down by where the meadow brooklet murmurs in its summer flow;
Ah, the flowers we rev'rent planted, how they bloomed and looked so gay
When we paid that falt'ring visit at the sunset yesterday.

Still we fain had proudly hovered 'round those scenes so fondly dear;
Fain we too would stand beside her, when to England danger's near;
But, dark Fortune, 'tis not given man to stem thy fickle tide,
And a willing hand must tarry where the willing skies provide.

And Hope rising points us onward, onward, o'er the waiting sea
Where the Western Queen is smiling on her children brave and free,
Where, from out her palace lonely, ocean-girdled, mountain-crowned,
Canada beams forth her welcome to the nations wond'ring round.

Fare ye well then England's hamlets still may Plenty crown your store,
Still may Freedom guard your portals, as so oft in days of yore;
Still may Valour linger round you, Honour scorn to bow the knee,
Mirth and Comfort and Contentment flourish there eternally.

ARE LEGISLATURES PARLIAMENTS?*

BY WM. LEGGO, OTTAWA.

IT is gratifying to observe that the intellectual progress of Canada is equal to her material advancement. The shelves of the Library of Parliament at Ottawa prove that she possesses men able to write, and that her own history, industries, and elements of wealth furnish varied and ample subjects on which their talents are usefully employed. To those unacquainted with the inner life of Ottawa, the amount of literary and artistic talent moving in its circles is surprising, and if there were but a tolerable certainty that the valuable and interesting information which the numerous highly-educated members of the civil service are able to lay before the public would be published without loss to the writers—saying nothing of profit—a large mass of admirable reading and information, valuable from a national point of view, would soon be placed before the Canadian people. In Ottawa, as the seat of Government, is centered the most reliable and extensive data respecting the Dominion, whether we seek for its history, its sources of wealth, or its development; its educational, its political, or its social progress; and in the departments are found many men of great culture, the best of whose lives have been spent in the public service, and who have necessarily obtained an accuracy and an extent of knowledge on these subjects which no other persons can hope to secure. In the great library,—now numbering 93,000 volumes—in the public archives, and in the departmental appliances, these gentlemen have at command a storehouse of references and authority, as to Canadian matters, unequalled on the Continent; and when we add to the list of opportunities the leisure—we may add the luxurious—leisure which many enjoy, we are inclined to express some surprise, and not a little disappointment, that these great facilities are not more largely used. The answer, however, is at hand. Expressing these views not long since to one of these gentlemen, his reply was—'There is much in what you say,—but you must reflect that, though we may be willing to write without compensation, we can hardly be expected to print gratuitously. The reply means this: that the country is yet too young to support a literature of its own. Works on general subjects are produced in foreign countries, possibly better, certainly cheaper, than they can be in Canada, and works on subjects peculiarly Canadian have not a field sufficiently large to bring a profit either to writer or publisher. Under these circumstances it is gratifying to find that, though thus handicapped, several gentlemen of the civil service have produced valuable books. Chief among these is Mr. Todd, the Librarian of Parliament. He has not permitted the sloth which so frequently attacks departmental officers to destroy his usefulness. Possessing peculiar faculties, and surrounded by exceptional facilities, this most industrious and

*Are Legislatures Parliaments? A Study and Review, by Fennings Taylor, Deputy Clerk and Clerk Assistant to the Senate of Canada, author of 'Sketches of British Americans,' with photographs by Notman; 'The Life and Death of the Honourable T. D'Arcy M'Gee;' 'The Last Three Bishops Appointed by the Crown for the Anglican Church of Canada,' &c.—Montreal: John Lovell 1879.

able official has produced a work of great importance, and of so great value that it is now the leading authority wherever British Parliamentary law prevails. Mr. Todd's 'Parliamentary Government in England' is the *vade mecum* of all public men, not only in England, but also in every colony where representative institutions obtain. He is now preparing a second edition of his work, and he is also engaged in enlarging the *brochure*, 'A Constitutional Governor.' Mr. Bourinot, Clerk Assistant to the House of Commons, has nearly ready for the press a work much needed. It is a singular fact that until the appearance of Mr. Todd's 'Parliamentary Government,' there was no book on the subject even in England, and it is as singular that there does not yet exist a work supplying full and authoritative information on parliamentary practice. Sir Erskine May's work has not so wide or practical a range as Mr. Todd's. Mr. Bourinot's work is intended to supply this want, and as he is an elegant writer, and is intimate with all the technicalities and minutiæ of the proceedings in the Houses of Parliament, his book will, doubtless, prove a valuable contribution to the legal works of the country. Mr. Fennings Taylor, of the Senate, Mr. Russell, of the Crown Lands Department of Ontario, Mr. LeSueur, of the Post Office Department, Mr. Morgan, of the Archives Office, Mr. E. A. Meredith, LL.D., late Deputy Minister of the Interior, the late Col. Coffin, Receiver-General, Mr. Griffin, Deputy Postmaster-General, Lieut.-Col. White, of the Post Office Department, Col. Gray, lately in the public service, but now Chief Justice of British Columbia, and Mr. F. A. Dixon, the writer of the charming plays produced at Rideau Hall during Lord Dufferin's administration, and of the 'Masque of Welcome,' sung before His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, shortly after their arrival in Canada, are examples of officers who have contributed in various degrees to the literature of Canada. Their work has been produced chiefly for magazines, and is to some extent fugitive, but they, and many others, require only the incentive of protection from loss to stimulate them to productions of a more solid character. Next to Mr. Todd, among the gentlemen of the civil service, stands Mr. Fennings Taylor as a writer on important subjects. His works forming the caption of this article are well known to every Canadian student, and his last effort, 'Are Legislatures Parliaments?' we now propose to discuss. Canadians may feel proud that the peculiar system known as the 'Confederacy' of Canada is attracting constant notice wherever British institutions are known or studied. So important is it in the eyes of all statesmen that its working is being anxiously watched in Europe, and the most far-seeing public men are drawing lessons from its progress. Remarkable articles in the last two numbers of the *Westminster Review*, on 'The Federation of the English Empire,' take the Dominion of Canada as a model upon which the writer proposes to confederate all the possessions of Great Britain. That the principle of constitutional, or, as it is popularly though erroneously termed, 'responsible' government has been more fully and more rapidly developed in Canada than in Britain itself, is a curious and suggestive fact, since it proves that in Canada the elements from which the highest form of popular government yet discovered has been constructed exist in a purity and fulness hitherto unknown in any other country. Any work, therefore, which adds to our knowledge of the political history of Canada,—which throws any light on her institutions, or corrects any popular errors as to her governmental working, will be received with gratitude, and be read with avidity by all classes. Every fre-

quenter of the lobbies and galleries of the Houses of Parliament must be struck by the very superficial knowledge possessed by many of the members, both of the Commons and Senate, of the political history of the country for which they are legislating, and even of the meaning or usefulness of many of the proceedings in which they are hourly taking part. To our legislators especially, such works as those of Mr. Todd, Mr. Fennings Taylor, and Mr. Bourinot, should be familiar.

Mr. Taylor is well known as a ripe scholar and an elegant and forcible writer. His style is peculiarly graceful, and his language a model of taste and perspicuity. He expresses his thoughts with great lucidity and strength, and his work, though on a comparatively dry subject, is rendered attractive, even to the listless reader, by his beauty of expression. His great experience as a superior officer of the Senate, and the opportunities which an intimate acquaintance with all the leading statesmen of Canada have afforded him of acquiring a minute and accurate knowledge of political matters render him a most fitting exponent of the important subject with which in this, perhaps his best production, he has so elaborately dealt.

What is the difference between a 'Parliament' and a 'Legislature?' If there be any, is it a merely verbal one, or does it involve matters of consequence? These are the questions proposed to himself by Mr. Taylor, and the book of 208 pages now before us is his reply. The preface is a brief condensation of the answer. It tells us that:

'The inquiry which has suggested what follows is a very interesting and important one, for it includes a good deal more than a question of grammatical construction, and rises much higher than a mere play on the value of terms that are commonly accepted as interchangeable. There need be no controversy on the etymology of the words in our title page, for their origin and derivation can easily be traced. It may at once be admitted that they are popularly regarded as synonymous and convertible; nor can their relationship be questioned, for the "business of law-making" is necessarily interlaced with, and necessarily includes, the duty of talking and consulting. But the question we propose to examine refers less to the ordinary kinship than to the official use of the two words "Legislature" and "Parliament." Such examination is the more necessary as the suggested meaning of these words, as supplied by the English Statutes, is by no means identical with their common meaning, as given in the English dictionaries. Nor does this divergence exhaust our embarrassment, for the two words have been differently employed, and, consequently, differently interpreted by the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and by the Legislatures of the Colonies. Were the distinctions thus drawn only verbal, they would scarcely deserve attention. But they are not so. On the contrary, the Imperial Parliament has placed an exact and limited meaning on these initial words, which has either escaped the notice of, or has not been assented to by, the Provincial Legislatures; and, as the distinction made by the former includes some important consequences to the latter, it may be worth while to give the whole subject a patient examination. Indeed, the law of the case can scarcely be interpreted apart from the history of the case, and the latter can only be gathered by a careful reference to the practice of the Legislatures, as it is found in the Journals and Records of the Provinces, and these, again, must be studied with the aid of those lights which, actually or presumably, have been shed on them by Ministers of the Crown in England.'

In illustration of his argument, Mr. Taylor cites three important Imperial Statutes, the Act 31 Geo. III., 1791, commonly known as 'The Constitutional Act of 1791,' which divided the Province of Quebec into the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada; the Act 3rd and 4th Victoria, 1840, which re-united these Provinces, and formed the Province of

Canada; and the Confederation Act of 1867, cited as 'The British North America Act, 1867.' In the first of these Acts nowhere is the word 'Parliament' used as a term applicable to the new system, nor is the word 'Legislature' anywhere used as an alternative expression, much less as an equivalent one for the word 'Parliament.' The same remark may be made as to the Act of 1840. Both Acts were passed to aid His Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council and Assembly, to make laws for the peace, welfare, and good government of the inhabitants of the respective Provinces. They conferred no 'powers,' no 'privileges,' no 'immunities,' beyond the power to make laws. The functions of the Legislatures created by these Acts were, in a certain sense, municipal, and they had no powers except those specially declared by them, or such as were necessary for their due and orderly management. Every Statute of the Legislature was declared to be passed under the authority of the supreme authority of the Empire—the Parliament of England. This seat of all British power possessed a variety of 'powers,' 'privileges' and 'immunities' with which centuries of use, or custom, had supplied it, but these were not conferred on the Legislatures created in Canada, either in 1791 or in 1840. The Imperial power reserved the gift of these attributes until 1867, when the Dominion was established, and a 'Parliament' created supplied with all the adjuncts of the British institution of which it was made as perfect a copy as circumstances would permit. The framers of the Constitutional Acts of 1791 and 1840, and of the Confederation Act of 1867, carefully preserved the distinction between the terms 'Parliament' and 'Legislature.' The Assemblies of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, created by the Act of 1791; that of the Province of Canada, created by the Act of 1840; and those of the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, created by the Act of 1867, as well as those of Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, and British Columbia, which subsequently came into Confederation, are in no instance spoken of as 'Parliaments' or as parts of a 'Parliament.' It is only when the ruling power of the Dominion is created—when the legislative bodies of the Commons and Senate are spoken of—that the word 'Parliament' is introduced, and then the draftsman is careful to give to the first Parliament ever created in British North America by express words all the 'privileges, immunities and powers' possessed by the Imperial Parliament.

Mr. Taylor, therefore, argues that the British North America Act, 1867, should be regarded as the interpreter of the Acts of 1791 and 1840, since it not only uses the words 'Parliament' and 'Legislature,' but for the first time, it defines their meaning, and points at their powers. He then deduces the conclusion 'that as a Legislature is a body distinguished from, and not identical with, a Parliament, so must it be ruled by the conditions of its creation, and not by the conditions under which the body from which it is distinguished was created. A Parliament possesses hereditary as well as inherent right. A Legislature possesses only a charter right; for it has no other or higher powers than those contained in the Act under which it is established, and therefore its authority, like the authority of a municipality, is absolutely limited by the law.' Mr. Taylor then draws the somewhat alarming inference that the 'privileges, immunities, and powers' claimed by the Legislatures of Upper Canada and of Lower Canada, under the Act of 1791, by that of Canada under the Act of 1840, and by the several Provinces confederated, under the Act of 1867, were, and are unjustly claimed, and if contested would

have been, or will yet be, held by the Supreme Court of Canada, and by the Privy Council of England, to be unwarrantable assumptions of an arbitrary and absolutely illegal authority. What are these 'privileges, immunities, and powers?' They are not distinctly stated, but we gather that they consist chiefly of freedom by the members from arrest for debt—the right to imprison for contempt of the House—freedom from prosecution, civil or criminal, for words spoken in debate—and access at all reasonable times to the Executive Head of the Government.

The account given by Mr. Taylor of the assumption of these large powers by the Legislature of Upper Canada, is highly interesting. The first Lieut.-Governor of that Province was John Graves Simcoe, Esq., Lord Dorchester, late Guy Carleton, Esq., being Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over the whole of Canada, then known as the Province of Quebec. The first Session of the first Provincial Parliament of the new Province of Upper Canada met at Newark, now Niagara, on the 17th of September, 1792. The Legislature consisted of a Legislative Council of seven, and a House of Assembly of sixteen members. The first journal of the Council opens thus:—

'NEWARK, Monday, 17th Sept. 1792.

'Prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Stewart.

'Present:

'The Honourable
'William Osgoode,
'James Baby,
'Robert Hamilton,
'Richard Cartwright, jr.
'John Munro,
'Alexander Grant,
'Peter Russell.'

The House was a full one—all the sixteen members being present—John Macdonell, one of the members of Glengarry, was elected Speaker. On his election, the House, in obedience to the command of the Lieutenant-Governor, attended at the bar of the Legislative Council. The three estates, King, Lords and Commons, of the Imperial Parliament, were then reproduced in miniature,—Mr. Simcoe being 'King,' the Legislative Council being 'Lords,' and the Legislative Assembly being the 'Commons.' 'Thus, according to Governor Simcoe's view of the occasion, were the three estates of the Upper Canada Legislature, consisting of twenty-four persons, assembled to make laws for the peace, welfare, and good government of the Province.' They met in a log-house, and it is said occasionally adjourned to the adjoining woods to escape the heat of their small 'House of Parliament.' The modesty and simplicity of the building were, however, amply compensated by the grandeur and dignity of the ceremonies of the occasion, and by the lofty tone of the 'Speech from the Throne.' His Excellency thus addressed the two Houses:—

'*Honourable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council, and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:*

'I have summoned you together under the authority of an Act of the Parliament of Great Britain, passed in the last year, and which has established the British Constitution, and also the forms which secure and maintain it in this distant country.

'The wisdom and beneficence of our Most Gracious Sovereign and the British Parliament have been eminently proved, not only in imparting to us the same form of government, but also in securing the benefit by the many provisions that guard this memorable Act, so that the blessing of our invaluable Constitution, thus protected and amplified, we may hope, may be established to the remotest posterity.

'The great and momentous trusts and duties which have been committed to the representatives of this Province, in a degree infinitely beyond whatever till this period have distinguished any other colony, have originated from the British nation upon a just consideration of the energy and hazard with which the inhabitants of this Province have so conspi-

cuously supported and defended the British Constitution.

'It is from the same patriotism now called upon to exercise with due deliberation and foresight the various offices of the civil administration that your fellow subjects of the British Empire expect the foundation of that union of industry and wealth, of commerce and power, which may last through all succeeding ages. The natural advantages of the Province of Upper Canada are inferior to none on this side of the Atlantic; there can be no separate interest through its whole extent; the British form of Government has prepared the way for its speedy colonization, and I trust that your fostering care will improve the favourable situation, and that a numerous and agricultural people will speedily take possession of a soil and climate which, under the British laws, and the munificence with which His Majesty has granted the lands of the Crown, offer such superior advantages to all who shall live under its government.'

These great utterances fell on grateful ears. The twenty-three gentlemen, to whom they were addressed, had been suddenly constituted the ruling power over a country whose extent and natural wealth exceeded a thousand fold the area and wealth of many a European Kingdom, holding high seats in the great councils of the nations of the world. They found themselves the very counterparts of the two greatest deliberative assemblies of the globe. To them was confided the important trust of building up a great empire, having almost a continent for their territory. In their hands was placed the power of fashioning a political system worthy of the great country from which the precious gift had proceeded, and they may be excused if, on the first impulse of a laudable pride, they took positions, which now bear the appearance of arrogant assumption. Here in the humble log-shanty of the modest little village of Newark was planted on the 17th September, 1792, the germ which in three fourths of a century, produced on the 1st July, 1867, the great Confederacy now favourably known and mentioned with respect in all parts of the globe —the Dominion of Canada.

And now was committed the initial error which, according to Mr. Taylor, has run like a dark thread through the systems of all the British North American provinces—the Lieut.-Governor took delight in proclaiming the new system to be the 'image and transcript of the British Constitution,' and without considering whether he, or the assembly, possessed the power they, with his assistance, instantly appropriated all the 'privileges, immunities, and powers,' with which the British Houses of Parliament were undoubtedly endowed. The first step in the appropriation was the presentation of the Speaker of the Assembly to his Excellency for his approval, when, following British practice, he formally approved of the selection, and solemnly promised that the members of the House should 'enjoy freedom of debate, access to his person, and privilege from arrest.' The privileges of the British Houses were here formally tendered to the new Assembly, but we look in vain for the authority of his Excellency thus to confer important civil rights upon a select body of men, which were denied to their fellow-citizens,—rights too, which, as between a member and his creditor, might be used to the serious injustice of the latter. No authority for this grant is to be found in the Constitutional Act of 1791, or in his Excellency's Commission, or in the Royal Instructions, and Mr. Taylor therefore concludes that the grant was a mere nullity. Mr. Taylor uses the following strong language in summing up the arguments on this point:

'Thus it would seem that Governor Simcoe made a serious mistake when, in the absence of law and authority, he used the king's name without leave to do what the king personally was powerless to perform, for His Majesty would not screen debtors from their creditors. In the absence of law the king could not authorize the arrest, imprisonment, or fine,

of offenders by such self-constituted courts as Legislative Assemblies, any more than he could do so under the authority of such statutory corporations as County Councils. Neither could he by any exercise of personal authority confer on such assemblies privileges to which they were not entitled by law, which governors were powerless to bestow, and which the Sovereign and Parliament of England evidently did not intend they should possess.'

On Monday, the 15th October, 1792, the Lieut.-Governor after assenting to a number of bills, closed his speech proroguing the House as follows :—

'I particularly recommend to you to explain that the Province is singularly blessed not with a mutilated constitution, but with a constitution which has stood the test of experience, and as the very image and transcript of that of Great Britain, by which she has long established and secured to her subjects as much freedom and happiness as it is possible to be enjoyed under the subordination necessary to civilized society.'

The ambitious style which the new authorities from the first adopted has led to an extravagance in expenditure which is now causing serious attention in the several provinces of the Confederacy. The example of the Lieut.-Governor in inaugurating the elaborate system, having been copied in Upper Canada, and followed in the other provinces, has doubtless had much to do with the useless and disproportionate expense of carrying on the Government of the several Provinces of which the people are now beginning to complain. In some of the Provinces the Legislative Council has been abandoned, without loss to Governmental efficiency, and with much gain in pecuniary outlay. But a feeling is daily gaining ground that the Local Legislatures possessing in reality little more than municipal powers are entirely too expensive—that the whole system is too elaborate and costly, and that ere long it must be reduced to simpler forms, and a more economical expenditure. It is curious that this public feeling, which is yearly gaining force, brings us back to exactly the form of government which the British Parliament in 1791 supposed it was creating in Upper Canada. There is nothing in the Constitutional Act of that year leading us to suppose that the Government would have been worked on any other than municipal lines. Mr. Simcoe in his desire to have the 'very image' of the highly elaborated and expensive British Constitution established among a very youthful and poor people, cast aside the unassuming garb of a municipality and decked the feeble and tottering infant in all the gold and silver, the purple and fine linen of the Imperial parent. It was a fatal error, and has produced a system so expensive and burdensome to the people that now, seeing the provincial machinery to be like a steam trip hammer provided to crush a fly, they are growing restive under the needless expense, and will soon be clamouring for a radical change. If this change be made, it will, as has already been intimated, be but a return to the original intention of the Imperial Parliament, and the sooner the return be made the better for the country.

On Monday, the 17th December, 1792, the Legislature of Lower Canada assembled under the Constitutional Act of 1791, Major-General Sir Alured Clarke being the Lieut.-Governor. The Legislative Council was composed of fifteen members, and the House of Assembly of fifty members. The Councillors present were :

The Honourable William Smith, Chief Justice of the Province and Speaker of the House.

Hugh Finley,
Picotte de Bellestre,
Thomas Dunn,
Edward Harrison,
Francois Baby,
John Collins,
J. G. Chaussegros de Lery,
Joseph de Longueuil,
Charles de Lanaudiere,
George Parnall,
R. A. de Boucherville,
John Fraser,
Henry Caldwell.

Here too, the error was committed of assuming the name and *rôle* of a Parliament. The words employed in the first journals of the Council are:

'At the Provincial Parliament begun and holden at Quebec, in pursuance of an Act passed in the Parliament of Great Britain.'

On being presented to His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Panet, the Speaker of the Assembly, made the following demand:

'I most humbly claim, in the name of the House of Assembly, the freedom of speech, and generally all the privileges and liberties that are enjoyed by the Commons of Great Britain, our mother country.'

This was received by His Excellency with more caution than was exhibited a few months before by his brother Governor of Upper Canada, as his reply was:

'The House may depend on being allowed the full exercise and enjoyment of all just rights and lawful privileges.'

But though the Lieutenant-Governor of Lower Canada was more guarded in his offer of privileges than Mr. Simcoe had been, it does not appear that his House of Assembly was less disposed than that of the Upper Province to assume all the immunities of the British House. The members immediately commenced a system of self-appropriations, until, at length, the popular belief in their right to retain what they had really filched became permanently fixed, and the practice of the two Provinces became identical.

No opposition was made to these assumptions until 1812, for no occasion had until then arisen to test the question of authority. On the 11th February, 1812, a letter from Alexander McDonell, Esq., member for Glengarry, to the Speaker of the Upper Canada Assembly, was read in the House, in which that gentleman complained that William Warren Baldwin had grossly and flagrantly violated the privileges of that honourable body by issuing as Deputy Clerk of the Crown, and endorsing and placing in the hands of the Sheriff of the Home District, as Attorney-at-Law, a writ for the purpose of arresting Mr. McDonell in the month of July preceding. He further stated that the Deputy Sheriff told Mr. Baldwin when the writ was lodged, that as a member of the House of Assembly, Mr. McDonell was privileged from arrest:—this, Mr. Baldwin denied, and insisted on his complying implicitly with the tenor of the writ. The Sheriff declined. He further stated, that as Mr. Baldwin was, as Master in Chancery, the organ of communication from the Legislative Council to the Legislative Assembly, his violation of privilege was the less pardonable, and he submitted to the House that Mr. Baldwin should be declared a violator of the privileges of the House.

Proceedings were taken on this letter. Mr. Baldwin was summoned to the bar, but before he could attend he was further charged on the motion of Mr. Gough, seconded by Mr. Rodgers, with having been guilty of a false, scandalous, audacious, contemptuous libel of the House, by publicly charging the House, in the hearing of several members thereof, with injustice to his father, Robert Baldwin, one of the Commissioners for amending and reforming the public highways and roads for the District of Newcastle. But three of seventeen members in attendance, of a House of twenty, voted against this extraordinary resolution. A motion, declaring Mr. Baldwin guilty of a breach of the privileges of the House by suing out a *capias* for the arrest of Mr. McDonell, was then carried. These resolutions having been communicated to the Legislative Council, that body immediately dismissed Mr. Baldwin from its service as one of its officers, without discussion. Mr. Taylor thus comments on this remarkable exhibition of power:

'Indeed, when it is borne in mind that

the Chief Justice of the Province was the Speaker of the Legislative Council, it almost justifies the impression that the Upper Canada Legislature was most anxious to repress inquiry, and to intimidate, and run to earth, any one who should venture to make it. Though the Legislative Council abstained from expressing an opinion, it evidently concurred with the House of Assembly in treating the question of the "privileges, immunities, and powers" of their respective bodies as a sealed question, which no one should be permitted to open, and as a settled question which even the courts of law should not be allowed to disturb by their intervention, or destroy by their judgment.'

Having asserted their assumed rights, the Assembly begged the Council to restore Mr. Baldwin to his position as Master in Chancery, which was immediately done, and thus the matter ended. It does not appear that the question was carried before the courts, and the Houses remained victors.

From this period to 1817, changes were made in the formula adopted by the Speakers both in Upper and Lower Canada, in claiming the privileges of the Houses at the opening of the Legislatures. Mr. Taylor suspects, for there is no direct evidence of the fact, that these modifications were suggested by the Imperial authorities. The replies too were more guarded and the premises were narrowed. In the Lower Province the answer came to be this: 'The Governor-in-Chief will always respect the just rights and constitutional privileges of the Assembly,' or 'The Governor-in-Chief recognizes the accustomed and constitutional rights and privileges of the Assembly.' In Upper Canada, the reply settled down to 'The Lieutenant-Governor grants, and upon all occasions will recognise and allow their constitutional privileges.'

These words, it will be seen, were vague. Nothing was definite, the Assembly now possessed privileges to which they were entitled, leaving them entirely undefined. The change was unpalatable to the Houses, and they chafed greatly at the narrowing effect of the granting words, which were in striking contrast with the broad and extensive expressions of Mr. Simcoe. In 1817, the Upper Canada House made a strenuous effort to commit the Lieutenant-Governor to as wide an expression, as the first Lieutenant-Governor had approved of, and on the 4th February of that year, Mr. Nichol, seconded by Mr. Burwell, moved:

'That the Speaker do demand from the Lieutenant-Governor, the rights and privileges of this House as amply as they are enjoyed by the House of Commons of Great Britain.'

And the motion was carried unanimously. But this arrogant demand was met by an evasive answer. The Assembly was politely assured 'that their privileges should be respected,' leaving them as before, undetermined. Though this form of reply, which meant nothing, was preserved till 1841, it must not be supposed that in practice the Assembly either forgot or yielded up the extensive immunities they claimed. They actually enjoyed them to as full an extent as if they were inherent, and had never been questioned.

But a change came. The advent of Lord Sydenham marks an era in the history of the question now under discussion. The Act of 1791 did not direct how a Speaker of the Assembly was to be chosen. Mr. Simcoe therefore naturally adopted the forms of the British House of Commons. These suggested that, before the Speaker could be said to be fully in possession of his powers, his election should be approved by the Lieutenant-Governor—this involved presentation to His Excellency, and the prayer for privileges, and their grant, including the important one that was subsequently challenged by Mr. Baldwin—freedom from arrest. It has been shewn that this immunity had been gradually withdrawn, though not in specific terms. A diluted form of expression had come into use which meant any-

thing or nothing. In November, 1827, an incident occurred which led up to the change inaugurated by Lord Sydenham in 1841. On the second day of that month the Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau was re-elected Speaker of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada. Bitter personal differences then existed between him and the Governor-in-Chief, the Earl of Dalhousie. When Mr. Papineau, in accordance with established usage, presented himself at the bar of the Legislative Council for approval, the Speaker of the Council, by command of the Governor, used language which to us seems nothing less than shocking; he said to Mr. Papineau that 'The claim made by the Assembly was disallowed, and they were to go back and choose another person for their Speaker.' This outrage, of which English history furnishes but two examples, one in the Tudor, the other in the Stuart times, was met in the only way possible, by the instant re-election of Mr. Papineau. Lord Dalhousie was properly humiliated and he took the only course open to him; he prorogued the Legislature by proclamation, resigned, and returned to England. He was succeeded by Sir James Kempt, who having no objection to Mr. Papineau approved his election. These proceedings gave rise to much discussion, and the Assembly passed several resolutions which clearly proved that the claim for the 'privileges, immunities, and powers' of the British House of Commons had no solid foundation. In Mr. Taylor's words, 'Their adoption has destroyed a fiction that apparently has been firmly believed and fondly cherished, viz: that the Legislature of Lower Canada, like the Imperial Parliament, derived its privileges from the Common Law of England, whereas, the resolutions, by implication, if not actually, declared that it was created by a special Statute, and that therefore it was controlled by the obligations of a modern law, and not by forms derived only from ancient custom.' This episode in the parliamentary history of Canada led, it is believed, to the change of procedure which took place in 1841. It came now to be understood that in the words of a resolution adopted by the Lower Canada House, 'the approval of Mr. Speaker by His Excellency was an act of courtesy, and not an obligation of law.'

Now we come to the Statute reuniting the two Canadas. This is the Imperial Act of 3 & 4 Vic., c. 35, passed 23rd July, 1840, which went into effect on the 10th February, 1841. By sec. 33 the Legislative Assembly is empowered to elect a Speaker. The first House, under the new Act, met on 14th January, 1841, and after an animated debate it was determined that the Speaker need not be presented to His Excellency for approval, but in answer to the stereotyped prayer for 'privileges' Lord Sydenham replied that 'he grants, and on all occasions will recognize and allow, their constitutional privileges.' His Excellency cautiously avoided any explicit enumeration of the privileges thus granted, and they were left by him still undetermined. The matter remained in this state until 'The British North America Act, 1867,' created the Confederacy known as the Dominion of Canada, and in direct terms gave to it a Parliament, and not a Legislature. Section 18 provides that 'The privileges, immunities and powers to be held, enjoyed, and exercised by the Senate and by the House of Commons and by the members thereof respectively, shall be such as are from time to time defined by Act of the Parliament of Canada, but, so that the same shall never exceed these at the passing of the Act held, enjoyed and exercised by the Commons House of Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and by the members thereof.' Doubts having arisen with regard to the power of defining these privileges by a Canadian Act, the clause was repealed by 38 & 39 Vic.,

c. 38, 19th July, 1875, and this one was substituted. 'The privileges, immunities and powers to be held, enjoyed and exercised by the Senate and by the House of Commons, and by the members thereof respectively, shall be such as are from time to time defined by Act of the Parliament of Canada, but so that any Act of the Parliament of Canada defining such privileges, immunities and powers shall not confer any privileges, immunities or powers exceeding those at the passing of such Act, held, enjoyed and exercised by the Commons House of Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and by the members thereof.' What are these privileges? We can authoritatively answer the question by referring to the Lords' Journal of 1874 where we find the following entry:—When Mr. Brand was re-elected Speaker of the House of Commons, after the Lord Chancellor, on Her Majesty's behalf, had approved of the choice, Mr. Brand said: 'I submit myself with all humility and gratitude to Her Majesty's gracious commands, and it is now my duty in the name and on the behalf of the Commons of the United Kingdom, to lay claim, by humble petition to Her Majesty, to all their ancient and undoubted rights and privileges, particularly to freedom of speech in debate,—to freedom from arrest of their persons and servants; to free access to Her Majesty when occasion shall require; and that the most favourable construction should be put upon all their proceedings, and with regard to myself I pray that if any error shall be committed it may be imputed to myself, and not to Her Majesty's Loyal Commons.' Such are the privileges of the Senate and Commons of Canada at this moment.

We will now enquire into those of the several Provinces forming the Confederacy. Canadians of the present day will smile at the following account which Mr. Taylor gives us of the state of public feeling in 1818, and of the cool assumption of power by the Assembly of Upper Canada. The battle for civil rights had commenced—the war against the Family Compact had been inaugurated; the Tories of the day arrogated to themselves all the loyalty of the times. The Liberals were stigmatized as 'Hickory Yankees,' 'English Luddites,' 'Scotch Radicals,' 'Irish Exiles,' and they were soon called 'Rebels.' These, in order to ventilate their grievances, and force from the Tories, who filled all the positions of power and all the avenues to them, at least a portion of the civil liberty which should have been equally divided, called a CONVENTION OF DELEGATES to consider the state of public affairs. This alarming proposition was looked upon by the Tories as but one step removed from rebellion. The Lieut.-Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, caught the infection, and on opening the Legislature at the then town of Muddy York—now the beautiful City of Toronto—said

> 'Should it appear that a convention of delegates cannot exist without danger to the Constitution, in forming a law of prevention, your dispassionate wisdom will be careful that it shall not unwarily trespass on the sacred right of the subject to seek a redress of his grievances by petition.'

This invitation to active interference bore the ridiculous fruit of a resolution moved in the House by Mr. Jones, seconded by Mr. Vankoughnet, in these words—

> 'Resolved, that no known member of the meeting of persons styling themselves Delegates from the different districts of this Province shall be allowed a seat within the bar of this House.'

This monstrous assumption of the right of expulsion was actually carried almost unanimously—two members only, Mr. Secord and Mr. Casey, voting against it. It does not seem, however, that any occasion occurred for acting upon it, but its passage is a curious revelation of the ideas of power held by the Assembly of Upper Canada

sixty years ago. At this stage of his work, Mr. Taylor gives us a graphic sketch of the rise of Constitutional, or as it is generally termed 'Responsible Government' in Canada. The account is too long for reproduction, and any *resumé* would do it an injustice. It is alone worth the price of the book, and is a valuable contribution to the history of that principle. It is, however, germane to the enquiry, 'Are Legislatures Parliaments?' because as Mr. Simcoe, in 1792, without authority, assumed to clothe the Provincial Legislature with the privileges, powers and immunities of the Imperial House of Commons, so, in 1842, Sir Charles Bagot, Governor-General of the Province of Canada, in the face of instructions to the contrary, given to preceding Governors by the Colonial Office, established, in fact, if not in words, the system of Responsible Government in this country. In both cases the gifts were in excess of the authority of the donors, but they were acquiesced in by the Imperial authorities, though the first was secured with but little remonstrance, while the second was acquired only after a violent and protracted struggle. Mr. Taylor concludes his fifth chapter in the following glowing words:—

'Though separated by an interval of fifty years, Governors Simcoe and Sir Charles Bagot seem to have been alike desirous of raising the Local Legislatures to the highest rank, and to this end to clothe them with the attributes of Parliament. Those eminent men, with the intuition of statesmen, apparently saw, though afar off, to what authority those limited inquests would eventually grow, and hence they did not hesitate by word and deed to promote, as far as in them lay, whatever way best suited, to advance and strengthen such growth. We are witnesses of what has taken place, and if we are wise we shall contentedly appreciate the greater freedom our political institutions have acquired and fuller consideration we have consequently won. In passing, it may be noted that Governor Simcoe and Sir Charles Bagot were of the same political school, and held sympathetic opinions of the value to the Empire of "ships, colonies and commerce." They were both Tories. Both were large-hearted and open-handed rulers. They withheld nothing it was in their power to grant, and even when under the guidance of an attractive illusion, they professed to bestow what they had not the right to give, the intention betrayed a generous and far-seeing purpose—for its aim was to promote the happiness of the Canadian people, and not to advance the private or selfish ends of their rulers. Superfine cynics say of such persons and of others like-minded, that they belong to the "Stupid Party." It would be easy to exchange sneer for sneer and answer such imputations in words conveniently chosen from the vocabulary of Scorn. But it is not necessary; for, were the reproach true, it would not change the fact that Canada is as much, and many think more, indebted to the party thus defamed than to the party of its defamers for the most valuable and enduring parts in her system of Constitutional Government.'

The privileges of the Provincial Legislature can now be easily settled. The recent case of *Landers* v. *Woodworth** throws much light on the vexed question. It had been decided by the English Privy Council in the case of *Beaumont* v. *Barrett* † that the power of punishing contempts is inherent in every Assembly possessing a supreme legislative authority—whether they are such as tend indirectly to obstruct their proceedings, or directly to bring their authority into contempt. The Houses of Assembly in Jamaica, being possessed of supreme legislative authority over that island and its dependencies, have such power, and were therefore justified in committing a party guilty of publishing certain libellous paragraphs, which had been resolved a breach of the privileges of the House, to prison. The later case, however, of *Kielley* v. *Carson*‡ distinctly overruled *Beaumont* v. *Barrett*. It was there held that the

* 2 Canada Supreme Court Reports, 158.
† 1 Moore P. C. Cases, 59.
‡ 4 Moore P. C. C. 63.

House of Assembly of the island of Newfoundland does not possess, as a legal incident, the power of arrest, with a view of adjudication on a contempt committed out of the House; but only such powers as are reasonably necessary for the proper exercise of its functions and duties as a local legislature. And it was further intimated that the British House of Commons possesses this power only by virtue of ancient usage and presumption, the *lex et consuetudo parliamenti*. In *Fenton* v. *Hampton** it was held that the *lex et consuetudo parliamenti* applies exclusively to the House of Lords and House of Commons in England, and is not conferred upon a Supreme Legislative Assembly of a Colony or Settlement by the introduction of the Common Law of England into the Colony. No distinction in this respect exists between Colonial Legislative Councils and Assemblies, whose power is derived by grant from the Crown, or created under the authority of an Act of the Imperial Parliament. In that case the contempt consisted in refusing to appear before a Committee of the Legislative Assembly of Van Dieman's Land to give evidence. In the still more recent case of *Doyle* v. *Falconer*† it was held that the Legislative Assembly of the island of Dominica does not possess the power of punishing a contempt, though committed in its presence and by one of its members. Such authority does not belong to a Colonial House of Assembly by analogy to the *lex et consuetudo parliamenti*, which is inherent in the two Houses of Parliament in the United Kingdom, or to a Court of Justice, which is a Court of Record—a Colonial House of Assembly having no judicial functions. There can be no doubt that on the authority of these decisions the case of *McNab* v. *Bidwell & Baldwin** would not now be considered as law. It was there held that the House of Assembly of Upper Canada had a constitutional right to call persons before it for the purpose of obtaining information; and if the House adjudged the conduct of such persons, in answering or refusing to answer before a Select Committee to be a contempt, it had the right of imprisoning them.

As to immunity from arrest, it was held in *The Queen* v. *Gamble & Boulton*† that a member of the Provincial Legislature was privileged from arrest in civil cases, and that the period for which the privilege lasted, was the same as in England; but this has been modified by local legislation for section 38 of chapter 12 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario provides, that 'Except for any breach of this Act, no member of said Assembly (the Legislative Assembly) shall be liable to arrest, detention, or molestation, for any debt or cause whatever of a civil nature within the legislative authority of this Province, during any Session of the Legislature, or during the twenty days preceding, or the twenty days following such Session.'

The law may now therefore be briefly summed up thus: The privileges, immunities and powers of the members of the Dominion House of Commons and of the Senate are precisely the same as those of the Imperial Houses of Parliament, and they are enumerated by Mr. Brand, Speaker of the Commons in 1874, as we have already shewn. Those of the Legislative Assemblies and Councils of the several Provinces are confined to the right to remove any person, whether a member or a stranger, from their Chamber, who is obstructing their proceedings; but they have no power to punish by imprisonment for any such contempt; nor have they the power to commit for disobedience of

* 11 Moore P. C. C. 347.
† Law Reports, 1 Privy Council Cases in Appeal, 323.

* Draper, Upper Canada Reports, 144.
† 9 Upper Canada Queen's Bench Reports, 546.

a mandate to attend and give evidence. The immunity from arrest is given in Ontario by the Statute we have already noticed.

The subject is highly important, involving as it does, the liberty of the subject, and the country is deeply indebted to Mr. Taylor for the industry and ability exhibited in his treatment of it, since we now know precisely what constitutes a Parliament, and what a Legislature, and their members need no longer be in doubt as to the extent of their privileges, their immunities, or their powers.

ON THE BEACH.

BY GOWAN LEA.

SO thick the mist is hanging round,
Vast ocean is not seen;
But we may hear her rolling wave,
And mark where she hath been.

The veil is rent; a gleam of light;
The forest lands appear!—
Again the brooding vapours dip;
Earth looks more hopeless, drear.

As mist upon the mountain-side;
Or as the tidal flow;
So Doubt within the human breast,
Arising, falling low.

The pulse of Nature, Life's heart-throb,
Lo, everywhere we hail!
Not more upon the heaving sea,
Than in the soul's deep vale.

Peak's Island,
August, 1879.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.*

BY GENERAL HEWSON, C.E., TORONTO.

THE 'Thirteen Colonies' of North America possessed little or no original force of unity. Strung out in a thin line along the vast extent of coast between New Brunswick and Florida, if they had been given independence freely and separately, they would, in all likelihood, have failed to find any internal ground for confederation. The union which arose between them was a product of common danger. Their subsequent consolidation into a nationality followed from the impetus of that force after it had ceased to operate, on the declaration of peace. If the passions of the American revolution had been allowed to pass away previously, that consolidation would probably have been found impossible, because of the differences of habits and sympathies between the Puritans of New England and the Southern cavaliers. But a controlling element presented itself to give their union of a convenience already satisfied, permanence. From the day at which the Thirteen Colonies had expanded in thought and feeling to the dimensions of the common inheritance which extended in their rear, they felt the instinct of a common destiny, the principle of a national life, in a *sense of Empire*—in such a fraternity of ambition as that which found voice in the exclamation:

> 'No pent-up Utica confines our powers;
> But the whole boundless Continent is ours!'

The Provinces of this Dominion have not been moved towards each other by lasting forces of internal attraction. Having a seaboard nearer home, the farmers of Ontario are not bound by any original reciprocity of convenience to the fishers and shippers of New Brunswick, Prince Edward, Nova Scotia. The Maritime Provinces are drawn by their interests less powerfully towards the carrying trade of this poor Dominion than they are towards the Transatlantic and the coasting traffic of the great and rich Union across the border. Outside the area of country whose material interests follow for six months of the year the line of navigation and the line of railway discharging at Montreal upon ships of the sea, there does not exist to-day a fixed ground of reason to sustain, after the British sympathies of the people shall have cooled, the present promise of Canadian nationality.

"Commerce is King." Acts of Parliament creating embryo nations operate in new societies subject to his veto. They become sooner or later a dead-letter unless they shall have received from him previously the quickening of material life. Mr. Goldwin Smith spoke thoughtfully when he said that the forces of ultimate preponderance which act with political effect in this Dominion of *to day*, favour annexation to the United States. Instead of hiding our heads, as the os-

* *Reports on the Canadian Pacific Railway.* By SANDFORD FLEMING, C.M.G., Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, 1879.

Notes on the Canadian Pacific Railway. By General M. BUTT HEWSON, formerly Originator and Promoter of the Memphis and Louisville Railroad; Chief Engineer (under Commission from the State of Mississippi) on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad; Chief Engineer of the Mississippi Central Railroad; Chief Engineer of the Arkansas Midland Railroad; Consulting Engineer of the Mississippi, Ouachita and Red River Railroad, &c., &c., &c.

trich hides his, from the pursuit of that unwelcome conclusion, we are told by the practical instinct of this population of architects of their own fortunes, to look the conclusion in the face with the manful determination that it shall be reversed! For that reversal the country relies on the Pacific Railway. The *Province*-creators look to the *Nation*-creators to carry out that great enterprise so as to illuminate with fixed life the black letter of the latter's work, so as to set this embryo Dominion going throughout its several parts, in the development of all that is within it of the elements of vitality. The Pacific Railway may be used for the realisation of that popular expectation if it be carried out with breadth and courage. It can certainly be so located as to make New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the factors and carriers; Quebec and Ontario the bankers and manufacturers, of the millions of agriculturists who may be planted on the rich lands of the North-West, to supply to these scattered Provinces, as the millions of agriculturists who have been planted on the rich lands of the Mississippi Valley have supplied to the scattered communities along the seaboard of the United States, a centripetal attraction of ample grasp to bind around a common core all the outlying parts of a great American empire.

The location of the Canadian Pacific has been made in disregard of its power to 'fasten life in' the Dominion. Delivering the business of the North-West so far in the interior as the neutral waters of Lake Superior, it gives that business over at the first opportunity on its transit, to foreign rivalry. It ignores, thus, the National Policy which would have taken pains to exclude, as far as possible, the intervention of the ample capital and dashing enterprise of the people of the United States between the carrying and the manufacturing interests of Ontario and Quebec, and a vast domestic market of supply and demand whose exclusive possession would give so much ground of permanence to our political union. Further: the location of the Pacific Railway has been made to rest on a system of eastern connections which give the winter commerce of the country to a port of the United States. If only because of its *political complexion*, that fact is highly objectionable even where it is unavoidable; but where it may be avoided with actual economy, it ought not to be submitted to by the country. Now the location of what ought to be the national highway, not only gives the commerce of our future to Portland for the time, but that highway being the arterial outlet of the transportation of the future, the giving *now* establishes that subordination of Canadian independence for ever. It suppresses thus, and as the pamphlet, 'Notes on the Canadian Pacific Railway,' shows, does so in wantonness, a vast development of reciprocal interests available in the hands of statesmanship for bringing into play the powerful attraction which may be set into operation, with the effect of binding together around the North-Western core, the inland and the outlying Provinces of what is little other than a union of black-letter.

Since its inception, the Pacific Railway has been treated by the Government of Ottawa in a narrow spirit. The pamphlet, 'Notes on the Pacific Railway,' says:

'One Ministry felt free to yield to local pressure in restricting the route of the road through the Province of Ontario to the south of Lake Nipissing. . . . Again, the road, designed though it is to connect the two oceans and to discharge 'Asiatic commerce' on the St. Lawrence, has been made to 'begin in the woods!' Its ultimate connection with tide-water was, it is true, provided for at the same time by an 'Order in Council,' one declaring that connection to lie over two sides of a triangle whose base is perfectly available for making the connection in about half the mileage of the sides! The general purpose of the

railway was compromised for some local consideration in order to build a branch whose only supposable uses had been already discharged elsewhere; and was again compromised when the influence of local interests was allowed to determine the site of a river-crossing!

'Some struggling settlements exist on the northern border of Georgian Bay. Others battle on to crops on the northern shore of Lake Superior. These insignificant facts have been, seemingly, allowed to fix one part of this great line of inter-oceanic commerce! A few dozen of town-lot speculators had cast their fortunes at a port of Lake Superior; and made good their determination to control the route of this vast undertaking in order to give value, by a short branch, to their 'landing!'

'Forty or fifty thousand people in Manitoba constitute an influence which has been permitted to determine a vital point—the general question of route—in the design of a great project whose capabilities go to the creation of an empire! Ten thousand inhabitants in the southern part of Vancouver Island and the southern mainland of British Columbia, represent another consideration dominating the grand practicabilities of that creative enterprise—committing it to an extravagant project of marine ferriage, or placing its existence as an agency of British commeree, subject to the foreign guns of San Juan. All this dragging-down of the Pacific Railway below its proper level being, it may be feared, unavoidable so long as its execution is left in Colonial hands, the intervention of the Imperial Authorities in that execution is a very necessity of things if it is to be held on the high ground of Imperial interests. . . .

'The surveyed line of the Canadian Pacific is open to objection on grounds which may be glanced at in the following summary:—

'That from the Valley of the Ottawa to Manitoba—about 900 miles—it traverses a country which contains but insignificent areas fit for cultivation, a country whose rocky and broken surfaces involve lines needlessly unfavourable and works needlessly heavy;

'That it is exposed for 150 miles to seizure in the event of war, by parties from American ships dominating Lake Superior; and that it is again exposed to seizure by troops penetrating from the boundary of the United States into Manitoba from two days' march to four, at any point of the track for a length of 400 miles;

'That for 200 miles west of Selkirk it runs through a district in which facilities of settlement exist already, in the navigation of Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Winnipegosis;

'That of the 800 miles between Winnipegosis and the mountains, 500 miles go through a region unsuited to agricultural settlement;

'That the pass selected for the crossing the Rockies is twice as high as that of Peace River, and probably one-third higher than any* that is likely to be found *necessary* in crossing from Peace River by way of the central plateau into the slopes of the Pacific.'

The people of Canada must be supposed not to have intended that the Pacific Railway should be subordinated to local or sectional interests. They may be regarded as submitting to its burdens, not to please Manitoba, not to please British Columbia, not to give value to lots at Kamanistiquia or at Prince Arthur's Landing; but to consolidate and to develop their political unity, and to place its maintenance under the safe-guard of *a great line of defence*. Scattered settlers extending in a thin front along the frontier of a great nation, and receiving at all points of 1,500 miles of that front the pressure of that nation's expanding population, the practical intelligence of the Canadian people sees that their control of their own political destiny demands that they shall have, not only a frontier, but also an interior; not only a front, but also a rear. 'Notes on the Canadian Pacific Railway' suggests, for the National line, a route which promises to meet these necessities, and to give the political union of the country the fullest obtainable base in reciprocating interests. It says:—

'A *prima facie* case presenting itself

* This rests on speculation as to the continental summit of a route up the Omineca and, passing the Fraser-Skeena "divide," descending to the Pacific by the Sabine and Skeena.

thus in support of this conclusion, the Peace River Pass taken in conjunction with the extraordinary richness and adaptation to settlement of the Peace River country, seems to determine one point on the true route for the Canadian Pacific Railway.

'Portland cannot be accepted forever as the winter outlet of Canada. If dependence on a foreign power in that case is to be stopped at all, the stoppage must govern the location in reference to the Atlantic Ocean of the great arterial line of this nursling Empire. Halifax, or St. John, or both, offering an escape from holding the trans-continental commerce of Canada subject to the good pleasure of the United States, the summer port of the Canadian Pacific should be selected in reference to these harbours as its winter ports. At or near Quebec is the lowest point at which the St. Lawrence can be regarded bridgeable. About 40 miles farther than Montreal, on a straight line, from Peace River Pass, it is now nearer by railway than Montreal to Halifax by from 150 to 170 miles. Saving ultimately a railway transportation of over 90 miles to St. John, and over 330 miles to Halifax, the true point for discharge of the Pacific Railway upon summer-tide-water would seem, on these grounds, to be Quebec.

'If Quebec be accepted as a fixed point in the East, and the Peace River Pass as a fixed point in the West, a question arises as to the intermediate route. To follow the line now contemplated by way of Montreal, Nipissing, Selkirk, etc., would involve an unnecessary length of track, which would aggregate a total excess, between tide-water and tide-water, of probably not less than 240 miles. With even six trains each way per day, the working-expenses over that distance would cost a million of dollars per annum. It is needless to add to that reason, if Quebec be accepted as the summer port, other proof of the conclusion that the route which has been surveyed should not have been considered until a thorough investigation had been made of the direct route.

'The straight line between Quebec and Hudson's Hope cannot be followed otherwise than generally. Special considerations demand modification in that basis of experimental examinations. What these are can be determined but by those who are in possession of access to official reports and maps of the country to be traversed. A few may be suggested here, at a venture by way of illustration. The broken country back of Quebec demands, probably, that the route be thrown as soon as may be into the valley of the St. Maurice. Passing out of that into the rainshed of Hudson Bay—at a maximum elevation of, perhaps, 1,400 feet—it should be directed upon the Abbittibi and the Moose with a view to connection without any considerable increase in length of track, with navigation by ships or steamers from Hudson Bay. Proceeding, tapping on its way the Albany River, the Weemisk River, the Wastickwa River, etc., it would tap the navigation of Lake Winnipeg from the south, and of Nelson River from the north, at Jack River—crossing the latter at, say where it is said to be but 200 yards wide, Norway House.

'Continuing westwardly from Norway House, the deviations from the straight line suggested by great special considerations would take the railway to, suppose Big Bend, so as to tap the navigation of the Saskatchewan above the Grand Rapid. Proceeding into the valley of the River *Lac la Ronge*, it would go on to tap the Beaver River and the Athabasca; and tapping the Peace River near the mouth of the Smokey, might continue thence to Hudson's Hope as it entered Peace River Pass.

'The line sketched out here is sketched as but a basis of experimental work subject to modification, or, as facts may demand, rejection. It may prove, on investigation, to be unsuited totally. It involves some assumptions which do not rest on a sufficient breadth of information, and other assumptions that are little better as a ground for grave decision, than conjecture. But Peace River Pass being once accepted as a point on the route of the Canadian Pacific, and Quebec as its point of discharge upon summer-tide-water, the circuit by way of Lake Nippissing, Lake Superior, and Manitoba, involves so great an excess of length that it ought to be held inadmissible until all facts, physical and agricultural, shall have been first brought out in reference to the line from Quebec by way of Norway House.'

In giving local application to the line indicated thus on general considerations, the pamphlet says:

'What interest has *New Brunswick* in a railway discharging Canadian freights for Europe at Portland? Quebec made the terminus of the Pacific Railway on the St. Lawrence, about 290 miles of railway (7 miles shorter than the line connecting Montreal with Portland), would give the shipping interests of that Province the opportunity of competing for the winter freights of half a Continent, at St. John.

'What interest has *Nova Scotia* in a railway discharging Canadian freights for Europe at Portland? Quebec made the terminus of the Pacific Railway on summer-tide-water, a chord-line across the bow-line of the Intercolonial will spring into existence, reducing the distance to Halifax to 510 miles; and thus will the establishment of the terminus at Quebec give the shipping interests of Nova Scotia, subject to the drawback of transportation over 220 miles of railway, the great advantage of their geographical position in competition with St. John for the winter-freights of the British North American Empire of the future, at Halifax.'

The Canadian Pacific discharging at Quebec, direct lines would follow under the necessity of things from Quebec to St. John and to Halifax. A trunk involving no considerable addition to the length of rail to either port, would apply for about 170 miles out of Quebec—to a connection with the New Brunswick and Canada Railway at Houlton. Following the Houlton branch of that line to Debec junction, it would fork there, extending on the one hand, in about 160 miles, to Painsec junction on the Intercolonial; and on the other hand, in about 120 miles, to St. John. This would give Quebec one outlet on the Atlantic at the cost of transportation over 290 miles, to St. John; and another offering more favourable conditions in reference to European commerce, at the cost of transportation over 510 miles, to Halifax. But further advantages of the proposed change of location are pointed out in the pamphlet thus:

'Five or six hundred miles of railway running up the St. Maurice and down to the Moose, would tap Hudson Bay. That line once ready to discharge upon the St. Lawrence at Quebec the treasures awaiting to be claimed by enterprise on and around that great sea, it would quicken the latent energies of the French Canadian population by directing a powerful stream of industrial blood into its heart. The timber, the soil, the minerals, the fisheries—with their whales and their seals and their salmon and their caplin and their cod—thrown open by that line even to Hudson Bay, would fix the Canadian Pacific firmly in the local interests of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, by placing new openings for industry and wealth at the service of their lumbermen, their farmers, their miners, their sailors, their ship-carpenters, their merchants, their capitalists.

'On neither the route adopted, nor on the route proposed in the following pages, does the Pacific Railway obtain a broad basis in the special interests of Ontario. While meeting that expediency, a further development of the Imperial and of the National character of the enterprise may be obtained in the case of the line proposed in this pamphlet by constructing from its crossing of the Moose, a branch-line of 350 miles up the Abittibbi and down the Montreal River to a junction with two lines converging on a point east of Lake Nipissing—one of these lines progressing now by way of Ottawa from Montreal, the other progressing now from Toronto. The point of junction of that Pacific Railway branch with these two lines from the south being retired some eighty miles inland from the Georgian Bay, and in a country highly defensible, this expedient would supply an interior line of communication in direct connection with a base upon Hudson Bay; and while giving about 700 miles of Railway to local development in Ontario, would give that Province at its great railway-centre, a terminus of the Canadian Pacific. Montreal would continue to enjoy the *present*—its canals, its lakes, its Grand Trunks—and being provided, like Toronto, with one terminus of the Pacific Railway, would be asked by the proposed change of route but to divide the *future*, in a highly expedient distribution of the industrial and commercial vitality of the country, with that centre of French Canadian life, 'the Ancient Capital.'

* * * * *

'The political policy which England has placed on trial in the creation of the Dominion of Canada involves a great British interest. In the fore-front of that policy lies the Canadian Pacific Railway. Based on Halifax, its summer-outlet at the fortress of Quebec—on the defensible waters of the St. Lawrence—and opening up communication from the rear with Europe by way of Hudson Bay, and perhaps by way of Mackenzie River, it supplies a line of transportation three hundred miles north of the frontier, for maintaining the defence of British interests on the great lakes and on the Northern Pacific. Giving to English commerce and enterprise the vast wealth of land and water within the basin of a great inland sea; grasping the fisheries of the Northern Ocean for a hardy population south of them; opening, probably, a direct route by way of that ocean between England and the boundless wheat-region drained by the Mackenzie; and planting British power in a position on the shores of the Pacific from which it can overshadow rivalry in the surrounding waters, the Canadian Pacific Railway stands in relation to Imperial policy in the creation of this Dominion, as an essential base of its development, the very spinal column of another North American Empire! The route suggested above places that great enterprise fairly within the objects of British statesmanship; and raising it out of the Colonial into the Imperial, makes it a legitimate subject for Imperial support.'

The mistake that has been made in the location of the Pacific Railway is vital. That a mistake *has* been made is a conclusion which, after seven years of 'explorations' in that part of British Columbia which has been described as a 'sea of mountains,' begins to take form in the public mind. And now that the world is about to conclude that it is cheaper to carry inter-oceanic freights over an elevation of 1800 feet than over an elevation of 3700, that a railway through the rich soils of the Peace is more likely to obtain freights and promote settlement than one through the northern limits of the great American desert, the said world settles down to the belief that the proper crossing of the Rocky Mountains is that of Peace River Pass! But it has no sooner sat down to consider that conclusion, than it has become startled by the declaration of the map that, of all parts of British Columbia, the part north of 'the sea of mountains,' the part offering the strongest presumptions, *prima facie*, of the best extension to tide-water of the Pacific, is 'unexplored!'

'Explorations' are in progress at last for testing the route by Peace River Pass. But they have been begun in adherence to the blunder of the present location through Manitoba; and promise, therefore, to prove, as all the previous explorations have proved in fact, to be a waste of time and money. A glance at the 'Report on the Canadian Pacific Railway by Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, 1879,' shows strikingly that, including all the contributions to the subject by travellers, seven years of Pacific Railway explorations, at a cost of four millions, have left us with very little knowledge of the North-West. Even a breadth of tinting which the actual range of the information does not justify, fails to disturb the conclusion from the laborious studies embodied by Mr. Ridout on the map which accompanies Mr. Fleming's last report, that we know to-day but little of the North-West—know nothing of it in the way proper for presenting to men of sense so grave a proposition as the construction of the Pacific Railway in consideration of a grant of lands along the line.

'Notes on the Canadian Pacific Railway' advises that the present system of explorations be stopped. It is certainly high time to consider the advice when that system can be studied under the light of the fact that it has nothing to show—certainly nothing of any value—to the country for so vast an expenditure as four millions. The 'Notes' says:

'The general considerations which suggest the route by Norway House bring in question the antecedent proceedings. That four millions of dollars—nearly $2,000 per mile of railway—have been expended on surveys which have steadily ignored what seems, on *prima facie* evidence, to be the true line until the contrary shall have been established, is a fact so grave as to set men thinking radically. But, is the mode of exploration pursued the best—the most economical, the broadest? Colonel Dennis, the Canadian Surveyor-General, may be supposed to have answered that question in his adoption of the survey-system under which the Government of the United States makes the work of exploration *subserve the uses of settlement*. It is proposed here that that system shall be extended to the region traversed by the route suggested above for the Pacific Railway, so that the moneys spent on the latter service in future shall accomplish a permanent result by establishing in the field, in the note-book, and on the map, a fixed guide for the sale and the settlement of the Crown Lands. If the four millions of dollars expended up to this time on Pacific Railway surveys where facts may—in all likelihood *will*—prove these expenditures to be mere waste of money, had been expended on section-line surveys after the American system adopted by Colonel Dennis in Manitoba, Canada would be in possession to-day of an immense breadth of accurate knowledge of the topographical and agricultural facts of her great North-West. And these surveys embodied in such a map as the Surveyor-General's map of Manitoba, the determination of the best route for the Pacific Railway could be made by running across the continent five or six thousand miles of experimental lines at a cost not exceeding a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.'*

Mr. Sandford Fleming seems to feel the insufficiency of the present mode of 'exploration.' He says in the Report under consideration in this article:

'I have endeavoured to collect all known information respecting the country within the limits of the Prairie Region. To make it easy of reference, the whole region has been subdivided into blocks, bounded by each separate parallel of latitude and longitude. I have placed side by side the descriptions of scientific travellers, and all statements made on reliable authority which are available. Thus all facts collected have been systematically arranged, and the result is set forth in the appendix. A map has also been prepared on which an attempt has been made to indicate generally the character of the soil, separating that of more or less value from tracts which are comparatively worthless.

'It will be seen that much yet remains to be discovered respecting large areas, and it is this information which I suggest should be obtained in the coming season by careful explorations of the sections where our knowledge is deficient. This *or some other similar method of systematically arranging the facts* as they are collected, can alone give moderately correct ideas of a country so vast in its dimensions. Some misconception, I fear, has already arisen respecting the character of portions of the Territory. Large tracts have been declared worthless on very slender data, and equally extensive areas have been pronounced to be of the greatest fertility on insufficient grounds.

'The course I suggest will dispel all erroneous opinions. Moreover, correct information is indispensable to enable us to mature a scheme of colonization railways for the ultimate development of every considerable tract of cultivable and habitable land.'

This reference of Mr. Fleming to the necessity of more 'explorations' glances outside his own system. It speaks of '*some other* or similar method of systematically arranging the facts as they are collected,' so as to 'give a *moderately* correct idea of a country so vast in its dimensions.' The 'Notes' points out clearly what that 'some other' method ought to be—what it should have been at the outset; and what it must be ultimately if the Pacific Railway is to be located knowingly, or the lands along its route to be offered as a basis for its construc-

* This assumes, under the light of extensive practical experience, a rate for these engineering surveys of from $25 to $30 per mile. The Pacific Railway lines have, it is true, cost $64 per mile; but lines much more elaborate than they—those of Col. Dennis's 'block'-surveys in Manitoba and the North-West—have cost much less—$37 per mile. What are called 'Standard' lines of the section-surveys of the United States are run out at a cost varying from $10 to $16 per mile.

tion in a way likely to be considered seriously by men of business. Speaking after the fact of seven years of 'exploration,' and in full view of their results, it says :—

'A mistake has been made in the mode of exploration. An investment of fifty or a hundred millions ought not to be predicated on anything short of full knowledge. The present system of investigation may stumble on a good line ; but it fails to supply evidence that there may not be found even ten miles on either side of that line, one better by many millions of dollars. The exploration ought to proceed on a plan of breadth, one serving to show not only a good line, but *the best* line. Besides this reason for stopping at once the present mode of proceedings, there exists the further reason that, while that mode *wastes*—and has carried the waste already to millions—all outlays, save those on the line ultimately adopted, the method proposed in the following pages applies almost all its outlays to a work of permanence which is a very necessity of settlement. With such a map as Colonel Dennis's map of Manitoba, I can affirm on the authority of many years of personal experience in the determination of railway-routes through regions new and thinly settled, that the question of the route across the Continent may, in the first place, be simplified in the office by the projection of several lines on the map on a basis of specific knowledge. A personal examination of half a dozen points — known to Engineers in the United States as 'ruling points'—on the lines laid down thus, will be sufficient for the rejection of the more unpromising of those projected routes. The few whose relative merits cannot be determined by this reconnoisance may then be subjected to instrumentation. That experimental survey may be made in the case of the Canada Pacific at a special cost which ought not to exceed $150,000—a cost sufficient in conjunction with the permanent work of the settlement-surveys, to determine not only a good route, but a route based on such a fulness of knowledge that it may be pronounced with confidence to be the *best* route.

'Another reason why the system of single line-explorations should be abandoned for that of section-line surveys, rests on that necessity of the Pacific Railway, the utilisation of its rich lands as a convertible resource. The last report of the Chief Engineer of the railway presents strikingly the utter poverty of the information which has been collected, so far, as to the character of those lands. Half-a-dozen professors of Botany might spend the natural terms of their lives in flying visits along Indian trails in the North-West without supplying knowledge of the soils of that region in the way necessary for its presentation to investors in the regular course of business. The section-line survey supplies information in a very different way. Used as they are now in every land-office of the United States as a basis of its sales, and used as they have been in the land of the Illinois Central Railway as a basis of its sales and of its credits, books of maps and field-notes compiled from section-line-surveys are very necessities for the utilisation of the magnificent lands of the North-West as a means of obtaining money for the Pacific Railway.'

The 'Notes' add :—

'It is proposed here that "explorations," whether topographical or botanical, on special routes for the Canada Pacific, shall be stopped. Instrumentation, whether on trial or on location, involves, when made in advance of general knowledge of the country, a still more costly waste. "Section"-line-surveys—at intervals of a mile apart—are hardly necessary for guiding the determination of the proper route of the Pacific Railway ; for "Township"-line-surveys—at intervals of six miles apart—will probably be found sufficient. It is suggested, therefore, that these latter be run out, "blazed," noted, and mapped, along the proposed route from Quebec, by way of Norway House and Peace River Pass, to the Pacific. The breadth of the survey at the eastern end may be narrow, the east and west lines, or "base"-lines, being "offsetted" on meridians wherever necessary to conform to the general direction of the proposed route. Beyond the Rocky Mountains these surveys—in the region marked on the map as "unexplored"—would take a wide range, so as to embrace the lacustrine plateau between the Rockies and the Cascades for, say, three degrees of latitude. The "Township" lines having supplied the facts, agricultural and physical, somewhat gener-

ally, it might be found necessary subsequently, to fill the intervals at some places with "section"-lines so as to obtain these facts in specification. But, be the detail in which the work may be carried out whatever experience shall demand, every dollar spent on it would be spent on a result of permanence, on a very necessity which must be met sooner or later, as a basis of agricultural settlement.

'About 400 miles of the belt proposed above for settlement-survey lie within Quebec. The cost of that part of the whole would be chargeable in fairness to the Crown Lands Department of the Government of that Province. Ontario would, doubtless, meet the obligation of paying for the survey of her lands lying within the proposed belt, for a length of about 300 miles. The 600 miles remaining east of Norway House applying to lands of the Dominion, would constitute a legitimate charge upon the Dominion. If the Imperial Government accept the fact of its deep interest in this great British Railway, it will not hesitate to make the proposed surveys from Norway House to the Pacific, itself. A company of the Royal Engineers set at that work, its completion would place before the English people the offer of fifty millions of acres in a preciseness of knowledge as to the character of the land and as to the construction of the railway—in substitution for mere general statements as to the soil and to the topography—which is absolutely necessary to supply satisfactory grounds of consideration for an acceptance involving so grave a commitment.'

An expenditnre of four millions of dollars having been made under the present system of explorations and surveys, the fact that that expenditure is chargeable on the face of its results with being a mere waste, demands that its continuance shall be stopped until, at all events, the merits of a substitute system shall have been considered. Passing now to the mode of construction, the attention of thoughtful men becomes startled when called on to consider that the country has entered on the construction of 2,700 or 2,800 miles of railway at a cost, on the sections now under work, of from $27,000 to $83,000 per mile; on the sections next to come under work—those in British Columbia—of from $59,000 to $84,000 per mile! Under this head of its subject, the 'Notes' says:

'The Canadian Pacific Railway should not cost at first a dollar more than necessary to make it passable by trains. Interest kept down thus, the opening should take place as soon as possible so as to begin the process of developing business. Running through a country perfectly new, it will not require at the outset the class of works proper to great traffic. The bridge-piers are, in truth, the only constructions that demand permanence. Its road-bed high, well-drained and well cross-tied, it can dispense as long as necessary with ballast, fences, cattle-guards, road-crossings. Except at such places as the intersection of rivers, station-buildings will not be necessary. A colonization road whose object at first is that of simply opening up the country for settlement, it may resort freely to undulating grades, sharp curves, wooden bridges, and almost unbroken stretches of single-track-embankment. Rock-work, deep cuts, high embankments, etc., being all avoided by, where unavoidable otherwise, substitutions of one sort or another, the road and rolling-stock ought not to cost for the purpose of opening for traffic between Quebec and Peace River Pass, more than $15,000 or $16,000 per mile. Any subsequent addition of ballast, substitution of trestling by filling, replacement of undulating gradients by heavy work, etc., etc., may be made in employment of idle rolling-stock—made by degrees at the charge of revenue and in the continued production of revenue, by a system of labour associated with the encouragement of settlement.'

It says on the same head, this:—

'The mode of construction adopted for the Canadian Pacific demands reconsideration. I do not remember to have seen any estimate of its cost on the Prairies; but recollect that the figures for British Columbia are set at about $75,000 a mile. Between Lake Superior and Manitoba they go up to about $83,000 a mile! Such sums as these represent for a railway through a wilderness, are open to grave question—going as they do to the practicability of construct-

ing the line without danger to the credit of the country. If the $20,000,000 being invested in the railway between Lake Superior and Manitoba had been applied to the railway—the colonization line at a cost of about $15,000 a mile—proposed in the following pages, it would have connected Quebec with Hudson Bay; and have carried the railway seven hundred miles farther westward—completely through "the woodland region" to the threshold of the western granary, at Norway House. There that expenditure would, in any event, have flung open the gate of the future greatness of the country; and would have brought the project to a stage at which, there is very little room for doubt, the offer of a land-grant of fifty millions of acres made in the business-like way of presentation under the specifications of section-line surveys, would enlist British capital in the extension of the line to the Pacific. A contrast of the results that *might have been* accomplished thus for the same amount of money, with the results that *will have been* accomplished in the case of the expenditures between Lake Superior and Manitoba, supplies not only a striking commentary on the route adopted, but also a startling comparison of the cost of the mode of construction with the expediencies of the case.*

The 'Notes' urge that this great enterprise be entered on *de novo;* and that the commitments to the present blunder be boldly disregarded, so as to carry out the road on the high ground of Imperial and National interests. It says:

'Yellow Head Pass should, it seems to me, never have been thought of as a point on the Pacific Railway while a pass half the height offers at the discharge through the Rocky Mountains, of Peace River. In this and other points glanced at in the following pages I cannot avoid setting down the present location of the National Railway as an error. The plea set up in apology for that mistake, that the Canadian North-West will be crossed hereafter by several lines to the Pacific, supplies, assuredly, no reason why the *first* should be fixed on the route which is the most objectionable. Nor is the investment of twenty millions in the blunder which evidently has been made, a good reason why a hundred millions more should be invested in continuation of that blunder. Indeed that commitment ought not to count for anything against the overruling expediency of placing the Railway on an Imperial and National plane—certainly ought not to count so when it is considered that those twenty millions supply a distinct want of the day, in giving access for even six months of the year to the lines of emigrant distribution centering at Winnipeg in the navigation of Red River, of the Assinaboine River, of Lake Manitoba, of Lake Winnipegosis, of Lake Winnipeg, of the River Saskatchawan.'

The 'Notes' deals with its subject without any consideration for parties. It goes forward as in a great practical business; and in the firm belief that the country will suffer very much more by the course marked out for the location and construction of the Canadian Pacific than if the leaders of both its political parties and all the interests they represent were sunk to the bottom of the sea. It offers the following apology:

'I went into studies of the Pacific Railway to employ idle hours. The results are given to the public in obedience to an old Engineer's sympathy with a great Engineering enterprise. And views of a pertinent experience presented independently of the political authority may, perhaps, prove to be of more or less service to the country. It may be well to add that in dealing with the question I have not intended to reflect on either individuals or governments. Indeed, I had been restrained for a long time in giving my views on the subject to the public by the unavoidable seeming of discourtesy to the engineer in charge of the railway. But the extent to which I have seen what I must suppose to be mistakes of the management carried, has led me to reflect that that seeming is not real. The points involved are seldom or never strictly professional;

* At the rate on the route between Lake Superior and Manitoba, the construction eastwardly in extension of that route to the valley of the Ottawa, would cost as much as the construction, on the basis proposed in the 'Notes,' of the line from Quebec by Hudson Bay, Norway House, and Peace River Pass, to the gold fields of the Omineca!

and where they are strictly professional, they may be presumed to find their explanation in *political pressure*. In specifying acts of Governments, I have had no thought of discrimination between the Government of Sir John Macdonald and that of the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie. Both Cabinets are responsible for errors in the management of this great practical enterprise ; and because of, simply, the conditions of their existence.'

And now that great, that ruinous, blunders have been committed in the case of the Pacific Railway, there is hope for its future in the consideration that these blunders are chargeable fairly to both parties. Where both are not responsible in common, the aggregate responsibility in the case of either is about evenly balanced by the aggregate responsibility of the other. There is, therefore, no reason why the corrective shall not be applied patriotically and boldly with the approval of both. On the contrary, the responsibility of each for the mistakes already committed, places on each the obligation of earnest concurrence in the conclusion that the location* and construction of the Pacific Railway—being properly outside the functions, as they are certainly outside the intelligence, of Ministries—ought to be placed in the hands of a commission of specialists removed beyond the embarrassments of factious carping. If the voice of party would but remain silent in the event of a transfer of the work to a non-political body occupying the proper relation to the ministry of the day, no happier selection for the management could be made than the Deputy Minister of the Interior, the Deputy Minister of Railways, and the Deputy Minister of Immigration.

* The section-line surveys proposed in the text can be confined to routes of promise. Each would require two lines of parallel—one as a base line and the other as a check. To conform generally to their route, these parallels should be offsetted, at intervals, on meridians. All that would remain to be done then, would be the running out of meridian-lines of such lengths, and at such distances apart, as would be necessary to shew the route for a sufficient width, *in cross-section*. This work could be made available subsequently, by filling in, for the purposes of settlement ; but the lines suggested would be sufficient for railway exploration ; and could be carried out to any extent likely to be required for that purpose in, at most, three years.

GATHERED ROSES.

BY F. W. BOURDILLON.

ONLY a bee made prisoner,
Caught in a gathered rose !
Was he not 'ware, a flower so fair
For the first gatherer grows !

Only a heart made prisoner,
Going out free no more !
Was he not 'ware, a face so fair
Must have been gathered before ?

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXI.—*(Continued.)*

HIS heart ached as he looked at her, she was so poor and so young. The lost creature had, to all appearance, barely passed the boundary between childhood and girlhood—she could hardly be more than fifteen or sixteen years old. Her eyes, of the purest and loveliest blue, rested on Amelius with a vacantly patient look, like the eyes of a suffering child. The soft oval outline of her face would have been perfect if the cheeks had been filled out; they were wasted and hollow, and sadly pale. Her delicate lips had none of the rosy colour of youth; and her finely-modelled chin was disfigured by a piece of plaster covering some injury. She was little and thin; her worn and scanty clothing showed her frail youthful figure still waiting for its perfection of growth. Her pretty little bare hands were reddened by the raw night air. She trembled as Amelius looked at her in silence, with compassionate wonder. But for the words in which she had accosted him, it would have been impossible to associate her with the lamentable life that she led. The appearance of the girl was artlessly virginal and innocent: she looked as if she had passed through the contamination of the streets, without being touched by it, without fearing it, or feeling it, or understanding it. Robed in pure white, with her gentle blue eyes raised to heaven, a painter might have shown her on his canvas as a saint or an angel; and the critical world would have said, Here is the true ideal—Raphael himself might have painted this!

'You look very pale,' said Amelius. 'Are you ill?'

'No, sir—only hungry.'

Her eyes half-closed; she reeled as she said the words. Amelius held her up, and looked round him. They were close to a stall at which coffee and slices of bread-and-butter were sold. He ordered some coffee to be poured out, and offered her the food. She thanked him and tried to eat. 'I can't help it, sir,' she said faintly. The bread dropped from her hand; her weary head sank on his shoulder.

Two young women—older members of the sad sisterhood—were passing at the moment. 'She's too far gone, sir, to eat,' said one of them. 'I know what would do her good, if you don't mind going into a public-house.'

'Where is it?' said Amelius. 'Be quick!'

One of the women led the way. The other helped Amelius to support the girl. They entered the crowded public-house. In less than a minute, the first woman had forced her way through the drunken customers at the bar, and had returned with a glass of port-wine and cloves. The girl revived as the stimulant passed her lips. She opened her innocent blue eyes again, in vague surprise. 'I shan't die this time,' she said quietly.

A corner of the place was not occupied; a small empty cask stood there. Amelius made the poor creature sit down and rest a little. He had only gold in his purse; and, when the woman had paid for the wine, he offered

her some of the change. She declined to take it. 'I've got a shilling or two, sir,' she said; 'and I can take care of myself. Give it to Simple Sally.'

'You'll save her a beating, sir, for one night, at least,' said the other woman. 'We call her Simple Sally, because she's a little soft, poor soul—hasn't grown up you know, in her mind, since she was a child. Give her some of your change, sir, and you'll be doing a kind thing.'

All that is most unselfish, all that is most divinely compassionate and self-sacrificing in a woman's nature, was as beautiful and undefiled as ever in these women—the outcasts of the hard highway!

Amelius turned to the girl. Her head had sunk on her bosom; she was half asleep. She looked up as he approached her.

'Would you have been beaten to-night,' he asked, 'if you had not met with me?'

'Father always beats me, sir,' said Simple Sally, 'if I don't bring money home. He threw a knife at me last night. It didn't hurt me much—it only cut me here,' said the girl, pointing to the plaster on her chin.

One of the women touched Amelius on the shoulder, and whispered to him. 'He's no more her father, sir, than I am. She's a helpless creature—and he takes advantage of her. If I only had a place to take her to, he should never set eyes on her again. Show the gentleman your bosom, Sally.'

She opened her poor threadbare little shawl. Over the lovely girlish breast, still only growing to the rounded beauty of womanhood, there was a hideous blue-black bruise. Simple Sally smiled, and said, 'That *did* hurt me, sir. I'd rather have the knife.'

Some of the nearest drinkers at the bar looked round and laughed. Amelius tenderly drew the shawl over the girl's cold bosom. 'For God's sake, let us get out of this place!' he said.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE influence of the cool air completed Simple Sally's recovery. She was able to eat now. Amelius proposed retracing his steps to the provision-shop, and giving her the best food that the place afforded. She preferred the bread-and-butter at the coffee-stall. Those thick slices, piled up on the plate, tempted her as a luxury. On trying the luxury, one slice satisfied her. 'I thought I was hungry enough to eat the whole plateful,' said the girl, turning away from the stall, in the vacantly-submissive manner which it saddened Amelius to see. He bought more of the bread-and-butter, on the chance that her appetite might revive. While he was wrapping it in a morsel of paper, one of her elder companions touched him and whispered, 'There he is, sir!' Amelius looked at her. 'The brute who calls himself her father,' the woman exclaimed impatiently.

Amelius turned, and saw Simple Sally with her arm in the grasp of a half-drunken ruffian; one of the swarming wild-beasts of Low London, dirtied down from head to foot to the colour of the street mud—the living danger and disgrace of English civilisation. As Amelius eyed him, he drew the girl away a step or two. 'You've got a gentleman this time,' he said to her; 'I shall expect gold to-night, or else—!' He finished the sentence by lifting his monstrous fist, and shaking it in her face. Cautiously as he had lowered his tones in speaking, the words had reached the keenly-sensitive ears of Amelius. Urged by his hot temper, he sprang forward. In another moment, he would have knocked the brute down—but for the timely interference of the arm of the law, clad in a policeman's greatcoat. 'Don't get yourself into trouble, sir,' said the man good-humouredly. 'Now, you Hell-fire (that's the nice name they know him by, sir, in these parts), be off with

you!' The wild beast on two legs cowered at the voice of authority, like the wild beast on four: he was lost to sight, at the dark end of the street, in a moment.

'I saw him threaten her with his fist,' said Amelius, his eyes still aflame with indignation. 'He has bruised her frightfully on the breast. Is there no protection for the poor creature?'

'Well, sir,' the policeman answered, 'you can summons him if you like. I daresay he'd get a month's hard labour. But, don't you see, it would be all the worse for her when he came out of prison.'

The policeman's view of the girl's position was beyond dispute. Amelius turned to her gently; she was shivering with cold or terror, perhaps with both. 'Tell me,' he said, 'is that man really your father?'

'Lord bless you, sir!' interposed the policeman, astonished at the gentleman's simplicity, 'Simple Sally hasn't got father or mother—have you, my girl?'

She paid no heed to the policeman. The sorrow and sympathy, plainly visible in Amelius filled her with a childish interest and surprise. She dimly understood that it was sorrow and sympathy for *her*. The bare idea of distressing this new friend, so unimaginably kind and considerate, seemed to frighten her. 'Don't fret about *me*, sir,' she said timidly; 'I don't mind having no father nor mother; I don't mind being beaten.' She appealed to the nearest of her two women-friends. 'We get used to everything, don't we Jenny.'

Amelius could bear no more. 'It's enough to break one's heart to hear you, and see you!' he burst out—and suddenly turned his head aside. His generous nature was touched to the quick; he could only control himself by an effort of resolution that shook him, body and soul. '1 can't and won't let that unfortunate creature go back to be beaten and starved!' he said, passionately addressing himself to the policeman. 'O, look at her! How helpless, and how young!'

The policeman stared. These were strange words to him. But all true emotion carries with it, among all true people, its own title to respect. He spoke to Amelius with marked respect.

'It's a hard case, sir, no doubt,' he said. 'The girl's a quiet well disposed creature—and the other two there are the same. They're of the sort that keep to themselves, and don't drink. They all of them do well enough, as long as they don't let the liquor overcome them. Half the time it's the men's fault when they do drink. Perhaps the workhouse might take her in for the night. What's this you've got, my girl, in your hand? Money?'

Amelius hastened to say that he had given her the money. 'The workhouse!' he repeated. 'The very sound of it is horrible.' 'Make your mind easy, sir,' said the policeman; 'they won't take her in at the workhouse with money in her hand.'

In sheer despair, Amelius asked helplessly if there was no hotel near. The policeman pointed to Simple Sally's threadbare and scanty clothes, and left them to answer the question for themselves. 'There's a place they call a coffee-house,' he said, with the air of a man who thought he had better provoke as little further inquiry on that subject as possible.

Too completely pre-occupied, or too innocent in the ways of London, to understand the man, Amelius decided on trying the coffee-house. A suspicious old woman met them at the door, and spied the policeman in the background. Without waiting for any inquiries, she said, 'All full for to-night'—and shut the door in their faces.

'Is there no other place?' said Amelius.

'There's a lodging house,' the policeman answered, more doubtfully than ever. 'It's getting late, sir; and I'm afraid you'll find 'em packed like

herrings in a barrel. Come, and see for yourself.'

He led the way into a wretchedly-lighted by-street, and knocked with his foot on a trap-door in the pavement. The door was pushed open from below by a bright eyed boy with a dirty nightcap on his head. 'Any of 'em wanted to-night, sir?' asked the bright-eyed boy, the moment he saw the policeman. 'What does he mean?' said Amelius. 'There's a sprinkling of thieves among them, sir,' the police man explained. 'Stand out of the way, Jacob, and let the gentleman look in.'

He produced his lantern, and directed the light downwards, as he spoke. Amelius looked in. The policeman's figure of speech, likening the lodgers to 'herrings in a barrel,' accurately described the scene. On the floor of a kitchen, men, women, and children lay all huddled together in closely-packed rows. Ghastly faces rose terrified out of the seething obscurity when the light of the lantern fell on them. The stench drove Amelius back sickened and shuddering. 'How's the sore place on your head, Jacob?' the policeman inquired. 'This is a civil boy,' he explained to Amelius, 'and I like to encourage him.' 'Better, thank you, sir,' said the bright-eyed boy. 'Good-night, Jacob.' 'Good-night, sir.' The trap-door fell—and the lodging-house disappeared like the vision of a frightful dream.

There was a moment of silence, among the little group on the pavement. It was not easy to solve the question of what to do next. 'There seems to be some difficulty,' the policeman remarked, 'about housing this girl for the night.'

'Why shouldn't we take her along with us?' one of the women suggested. 'She won't mind sleeping three in a bed, *I* know.'

'What are you thinking of?' the other woman remonstrated. 'When he finds she don't come home, our place will be the first place he looks for her in.'

Amelius settled the difficulty in his own headlong way. 'I'll take care of her for the night,' he said. 'Sally, will you trust yourself with me?'

She put her hand in his, with the air of a child who was ready to go home. Her wan face brightened for the first time. 'Thank you, sir,' she said; 'I'll go anywhere along with you.'

The policeman smiled. The two women looked thunderstruck. Before they had recovered themselves, Amelius forced them to take some money from him, and cordially shook hands with them. 'You're good creatures,' he said, in his eager, hearty way; 'I'm sincerely sorry for you. Now, Mr. Policeman, show me where to find a cab—and take that for the trouble I am giving you. You're a humane man and a credit to the force.'

In five minutes more, Amelius was on the way to his lodgings, with Simple Sally by his side. The act of reckless imprudence which he was committing was nothing but an act of Christian duty, to his mind. Not the slightest misgiving troubled him. 'I shall provide for her in some way!' he thought to himself cheerfully. He looked at her. The weary outcast was asleep already in her corner of the cab. From time to time she still shivered, even in her sleep. Amelius took off his greatcoat and covered her with it. How some of his friends at the Club would have laughed, if they had seen him at that moment!

He was obliged to wake her, when the cab stopped. His key admitted them to the house. He lit his candle in the hall and led her up the stairs. 'You'll soon be asleep again, Sally,' he whispered. She looked round the little sitting-room with drowsy admiration. 'What a pretty place to live in!' she said. 'Are you hungry again?' Amelius asked. She shook her head, and took off her shabby bonnet; her pretty light-brown hair fell about her face and her shoulders. 'I think I'm too tired, sir, to be hungry. Might I take

the sofa-pillow and lay down on the hearthrug?'

Amelius opened the door of his bedroom. 'You are to pass the night more comfortably than that,' he answered. 'There is a bed for you here.'

She followed him in, and looked round the bed-room, with renewed admiration of everything she saw. At sight of tbe hair-brushes and the comb, she clapped her hands in ecstasy.. 'O, how different from mine!' she exclaimed. 'Is the comb tortoiseshell, sir, like one sees in the shop-windows?' The bath and the towels caught her eye next; she stood looking at them with longing eyes, completely forgetful of the wonderful comb. 'I've often peeped into the ironmongers' shops,' she said, 'and thought I should be the happiest girl in the world, if I had such a bath as that. A little pitcher is all I have got of my own, and they swear at me when I want it filled more than once. In all my life, I have never had as much water as I should like.' She paused and thought for a moment. The forlorn, vacant look, appeared again, and dimmed the beauty of her blue eyes. 'It will be hard to go back, after seeing all these pretty things,' she said to herself—and sighed, with that inborn submission to her fate so melancholy to see in a creature so young.

'You shall never go back again to that dreadful life,' Amelius interposed. 'Never speak of it, never think of it any more. O, don't look at me like that!'

She listened with an expression of pain, and suddenly lifted both her hands to her head. There was something so wonderful in the idea which he had suggested to her, that her mind was not able to take it all in at once. 'You made my head giddy,' she said. 'I'm such a poor, stupid girl—I feel out of myself, when a gentleman like you sets me thinking of new things. Would you mind saying it again, sir?'

'I'll say it to-morrow morning,' Amelius rejoined kindly. 'You are tired, Sally—go to rest.'

She roused herself and looked at the bed. 'Is that your bed, sir?'

'It's your bed to-night,' said Amelius. 'I shall sleep on the sofa, in the next room.'

Her eyes rested on him for a moment, in speechless surprise; she looked back again at the bed. 'Are you going to let me sleep by myself?' she asked wonderingly. Not the faintest suggestion of immodesty—nothing that the most profligate man living could have interpreted impurely—showed itself in her look or manner, as she said those words.

Amelius thought of what one of her women-friends had told him. 'She hasn't grown up, you know, in her mind, since she was a child.' There were other senses in the poor victim that were still undeveloped, besides the mental sense. He was at a loss how to answer her, with the respect which was due to that all-atoning ignorance. His silence amazed and frightened her. 'Have I said anything to make you angry with me?' she asked.

Amelius hesitated no longer. 'My poor girl,' he said, 'I pity you from the bottom of my heart! Sleep well, Simple Sally—sleep well.' He left her hurriedly, and shut the door between them.

She followed him as far as the closed door; and stood there alone, trying to understand him, and trying all in vain! After a while, she found courage enough to whisper through the door. 'If you please, sir—' She stopped, startled by her own boldness. He never heard her; he was standing at the window, looking out thoughtfully at the night; feeling less confident of the future already. She still stood at the door, wretched in the firm persuasion that she had offended him. Once, she lifted her hand to knock at the door, and let it drop again at her side. A second time she made the effort, and desperately summoned the reso-

lution to knock. He opened the door directly.

'I'm very sorry if I said anything wrong,' she began faintly, her breath coming and going in quick hysteric gasps. 'Will you please forgive me, and say good-night?' Amelius took her hand; he said it with the utmost gentleness, but still he said it sorrowfully. She was not quite comforted yet. 'Would you mind, sir—?' She paused awkwardly, afraid to go on. There was something so completely childlike in the artless perplexity of her eyes, that Amelius smiled. The change in his expression gave her back her courage in an instant: her pale, delicate lips reflected her smile prettily. 'Would you mind giving me a kiss, sir?' she said.

Amelius kissed her. Let the man who can honestly say he would have done otherwise, blame him. He shut the door between them once more. She was quite happy now. He heard her singing to herself as she got ready for bed.

Once, in the wakeful watches of the night, she startled him. He heard a cry of pain or terror in the bedroom. 'What is it!' he asked through the door, 'what has frightened you?' there was no answer. After a minute or two, the cry was repeated. He opened the door, and looked in. She was sleeping, and dreaming as she slept. One little thin white arm was lifted in the air, and waved restlessly to and fro over her head. 'Don't kill me!' she murmured, in low moaning tones—'O, don't kill me!' Amelius took her arm gently, and laid it back on the coverlid of the bed. His touch seemed to exercise some calming influence over her; she sighed, and turned her head on the pillow; a faint flush rose on her wasted cheeks, and passed away again—she sank quietly into dreamless sleep.

Amelius returned to his sofa, and fell into a broken slumber. The hours of the night passed. The sad light of the November morning dawned mistily through the uncurtained window, and woke him.

He started up, and looked at the bedroom door. 'Now what is to be done?' That was his first thought, on wakening; he was beginning to feel his responsibilities at last.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE landlady of the lodgings decided what was to be done.

'You will be so good, sir, as to leave my apartments immediately,' she said to Amelius. 'I make no claim to the week's rent, in consideration of the short notice. This is a respectable house, and it shall be kept respectable at any sacrifice.'

Amelius explained and protested; he appealed to the landlady's sense of justice and sense of duty, as a Christian woman. The reasoning which would have been irresistible at Tadmor was reasoning completely thrown away in London. The landlady remained as impenetrable as the Egyptian Sphinx. 'If that creature in the bedroom is not out of my house in an hour's time, I shall send for the police.' Having answered her lodger's arguments in those terms, she left the room, and banged the door after her.

'Thank you, sir, for being so kind to me. I'll go away directly—and then perhaps the lady will forgive you,'

Amelius looked round. Simple Sally had heard it all. She was dressed in her wretched clothes, and was standing at the open bedroom door, crying.

'Wait a little,' said Amelius, wiping her eyes with his own handkerchief; 'and we will go away together. I want to get you some better clothes; and I don't exactly know how to set about it. Don't cry, my dear—don't cry.'

The deaf maid-of-all-work came in, as he spoke. She too was in tears. Amelius had been good to her, in

many little ways—and she was the guilty person who had led to the discovery of the bedroom. 'If you had only told me, sir,' she said penitently, 'I'd have kep' it secret. But, there, I went in with your 'ot water as usual, and, O Lor, I was that startled I dropped the jug, and run down stairs again—?' Amelius stopped the further progress of the apology. 'I don't blame you, Maria,' he said; 'I'm in a difficulty. Help me out of it; and you will do me a kindness.' Maria partially heard him, and no more. Afraid of reaching the landlady's ears as well as the maid's ears, if he raised his voice, he asked if she could read writing. Yes, she could read writing, if it was plain. Amelius immediately reduced the expression of his necessities to writing, in large text. Maria was delighted. She knew the nearest shop at which ready-made outer clothing for women could be obtained, and nothing was wanted, as a certain guide to an ignorant man, but two pieces of string. With one piece, she measured Simple Sally's height, and with the other she took the slender girth of the girl's waist—while Amelius opened his writing-desk and supplied himself with the last sum of spare money that he possessed. He had just closed the desk again, when the voice of the merciless landlady was heard, calling imperatively for Maria. The maid-of-all-work handed the two indicative strings to Amelius. 'They'll 'elp you at the shop,' she said—and shuffled out of the room.

Amelius turned to Simple Sally. 'I am going to get you some new clothes,' he began.

The girl stopped him there; she was incapable of listening to a word more. Every trace of sorrow vanished from her face in an instant. She clapped her hands. 'O!' she cried, 'new clothes! clean clothes! Let me go with you.'

Even Amelius saw that it was impossible to take her out in the streets with him in broad daylight, dressed as she was then. 'No, no,' he said, 'wait here till you get your new things. I won't be half an hour gone. Lock yourself in if you are afraid, and open the door to nobody till I come back!' Sally hesitated; she began to look frightened. 'Think of the new dress, and the pretty bonnet,' suggested Amelius, speaking unconsciously in the tone in which he might have promised a new toy to a child. He had taken the right way with her. Her face brightened again. 'I'll do anything you tell me,' she said. He put the key in her hand, and was out in the street directly.

Amelius possessed one valuable moral quality which is exceedingly rare among Englishmen. He was not in the least ashamed of putting himself in a ridiculous position, when he was conscious that his own motives justified him. The smiling and tittering of the shop-women, when he stated the nature of his errand, and produced his two pieces of string, failed to annoy him in the smallest degree. He laughed too. 'Funny, isn't it,' he said, 'a man like me buying gowns and the rest of it? She can't come herself—and you'll advise me, like good creatures, won't you?' They advised their handsome young customer to such good purpose, that he was in possession of a gray walking costume, a black-cloth jacket, a plain lavender-coloured bonnet, a pair of black gloves, and a paper of pins, in little more than ten minutes' time. The nearest trunk-maker supplied a travelling box to hold all these treasures; and a passing cab took Amelius back to the lodgings, just as the half hour was out. But one event had happened during his absence. The landlady had knocked at the door, and had called through it in a terrible voice: 'Half an hour more!' and had retired again without waiting for an answer.

Amelius carried the box into the bedroom. 'Be as quick as you can, Sally,' he said—and left her alone, to

enjoy the full rapture of discovering the new clothes.

When she opened the door and showed herself, the change was so wonderful that Amelius was literally unable to speak to her. Joy flushed her pale cheeks, and diffused its tender radiance over her pure blue eyes. A more charming little creature, in that momentary transfiguration of pride and delight, no man's eyes ever looked on. She ran across the room to Amelius, and threw her arms round his neck. 'Let me be your servant!' she cried, 'I want to live with you all my life. Jump me up! I'm wild —I want to fly through the window.' She caught sight of herself in the looking-glass, and suddenly became composed and serious. 'O,' she said, with the quaintest mixture of awe and astonishment, 'was there ever such another bonnet as this? Do look at it—do please look at it!'

Amelius good-naturedly approached to look at it. At the same moment the sitting-room door was opened, without any preliminary ceremony of knocking—and Rufus walked into the room. 'It's half after ten,' he said, 'and the breakfast is spoiling as fast as it can.'

Before Amelius could make his excuses for having completely forgotten his engagement, Rufus discovered Sally. No woman, young or old, high in rank or low in rank, ever found the New Englander unprepared with his own characteristic acknowledgment of the debt of courtesy which he owed to the sex. With his customary vast strides, he marched up to Sally and insisted on shaking hands with her. 'How do you find yourself, Miss? I take pleasure in making your acquaintance.' The girl turned to Amelius with wide-eyed wonder and doubt. 'Go into the next room, Sally, for a minute or two,' he said. 'This gentleman is a friend of mine, and I have something to say to him.'

'That's an *active* little girl,' said Rufus, looking after her as she ran to the friendly shelter of the bedroom. 'Reminds me of one of our girls at Coolspring—she does. Well, now, and who may Sally be?'

Amelius answered the question, as usual, without the slightest reserve. Rufus waited in impenetrable silence until he had completed his narrative —then took him gently by the arm, and led him to the window. With his hands in his pockets and his long legs planted wide apart on his big feet, the American carefully studied the face of his young friend under the strongest light that could fall on it. 'No,' said Rufus, speaking quietly to himself, 'the boy is not raving mad, so far as I can see. He has every appearance on him of meaning what he says. And this is what comes of the Community at Tadmor, is it? Well, civil and religious liberty is dearly purchased sometimes in the United States—and that's a fact.'

Amelius turned away to pack his portmanteau. 'I don't understand you,' he said.

'I don't suppose you do,' Rufus remarked. 'I'm at a similar loss myself to understand *you*. My store of sensible remarks is copious on most occasions—but I'm darned if I ain't dried up in the face of this! Might I venture to ask, what that venerable Chief Christian at Tadmor would say to the predicament in which I find my young Socialist this morning?'

'What would he say?' Amelius repeated. 'Just what he said when Mellicent first came among us. "Ah, dear me! Another of the Fallen Leaves!" I wish I had the dear old man here to help me. *He* would know how to restore that poor starved outraged beaten creature to the happy place on God's earth which God intended her to fill!'

Rufus abruptly took him by the hand. 'You mean that?' he said.

'What else could I mean?' Amelius rejoined, sharply.

'Bring her right away to breakfast at the hotel!' cried Rufus, with every

appearance of feeling infinitely relieved 'I don't say I can supply you with the venerable Chief Christian—but I can find a woman to fix you, who is as nigh to being an angel (barring the wings) as any she creature that ever put on a petticoat.' He knocked at the bedroom door, turning a deaf ear to every appeal for further information which Amelius could address to him. 'Breakfast is waiting, Miss!' he called out; 'and I'm bound to tell you that the temper of the cook at our hotel is a long way on the wrong side of uncertain. Well, Amelius, this is the age of exhibitions. If there's ever an exhibition of ignorance in the business of packing a portmanteau, you run for the Gold Medal—and a unanimous jury will vote it, I reckon, to a young man from Tadmor. Clear out, will you? and leave it to me.'

He pulled off his coat, and conquered the difficulties of packing in a hurry, as if he had done nothing else all his life. The landlady herself, appearing with pitiless punctuality exactly at the expiration of the hour, 'smoothed her horrid front' in the polite and placable presence of Rufus. He insisted on shaking hands with her; he took pleasure in making her acquaintance; she reminded him, he did assure her, of the lady of the captain-general of the Coolspring Branch of the St. Vitus Commandery; and he would take the liberty to inquire whether they were related or not. Under cover of this fashionable conversation, Simple Sally was taken out of the room by Amelius without attracting notice. Rufus followed them, still talking to the landlady, all the way down the stairs and out to the street-door.

While Amelius was waiting for his friend outside the house, a young man driving by in a cab leaned out and looked at him. The young man was Jervy, on his way from Mr. Ronald's tombstone to Doctors' Commons.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WITH a rapid succession of events the morning had begun. With a rapid succession of events the day went on.

The breakfast being over, rooms at the hotel were engaged by Rufus for his 'two young friends.' After this, the next thing to be done was to provide Simple Sally with certain necessary, but invisible, articles of clothing, which Amelius had never thought of. A note to the nearest shop produced the speedy arrival of a smart lady, accompanied by a boy and a large basket. There was some difficulty in persuading Sally to trust herself alone in her room with the stranger. She was afraid, poor soul, of everybody but Amelius. Even the good American failed to win her confidence. The distrust implanted in her feeble mind by the terrible life that she had led was the instinctive distrust of a wild animal. 'Why must I go among other people?' she whispered piteously to Amelius. 'I only want to be with You.' It was as completely useless to reason with her as it would have been to explain the advantages of a comfortable cage to a newly-caught bird. There was but one way of inducing her to submit to the most gently-exerted interference. Amelius had only to say, 'Do it, Sally, to please me.' And Sally sighed, and did it.

In her absence Amelius reiterated his inquiries, in relation to that unknown friend whom Rufus had not scrupled to describe as 'an angel—barring the wings.'

The lady in question (the American briefly explained) was an English woman—the wife of one of his countrymen, established in London as a merchant. He had known them both intimately before their departure from the United States; and the old friendship had been cordially renewed on his arrival in England. Associated

with many other charitable institutions, Mrs. Payson was one of the managing committee of a 'Home for Friendless Women,' especially adapted to receive poor girls in Sally's melancholy position. Rufus offered to write a note to Mrs. Payson; inquiring at what hour she could receive his friend and himself, and obtain permission for them to see the 'Home.' Amelius (after some hesitation) accepted the proposal. The messenger had not been long despatched with the note before the smart person from the shop made her appearance once more, reporting that 'the young lady's outfit had been perfectly arranged,' and presenting the inevitable result in the shape of a bill. The last farthing of ready money in the possession of Amelius proved to be insufficient to discharge the debt. He accepted a loan from Rufus until he could give his bankers the necessary order to sell out some of his money invested in the Funds. His answer, when Rufus protested against this course, was characteristic of the teaching which he owed to the Community. 'My dear fellow, I am bound to return the money you have lent me—in the interests of our poor brethren. The next friend who borrows of you may not have the means of paying you back.'

After waiting for the return of Simple Sally, and waiting in vain, Amelius sent a chambermaid to her room, with a message to her. Rufus disapproved of this hasty proceeding. 'Why disturb the girl at her looking-glass?' asked the old bachelor, with his quaintly-humorous smile.

Sally came in with no bright pleasure in her eyes this time; the girl looked worn and haggard. She drew Amelius away into a corner, and whispered to him. 'I get a pain sometimes where the bruise is,' she said; 'and I've got it bad now.' She glanced, with an odd furtive jealousy, at Rufus. 'I kept away from you,' she explained, 'because I didn't want *him* to know.' She stopped and put her hand on her bosom, and clenched her teeth fast. 'Never mind,' she said cheerfully, as the pang passed away again; 'I can bear it.'

Amelius, with his customary impetuosity, instantly ordered the most comfortable carriage that the hotel possessed. He had heard terrible stories of the possible result of an injury to a woman's bosom. 'I shall take her to the best doctor in London,' he announced. Sally whispered to him again—still with her eye on Rufus. 'Is *he* going with us?' she asked. 'No,' said Amelius; 'one of us must stay here to receive a message.' Rufus looked after them very gravely, as the two left the room together.

Applying for information to the mistress of the hotel, Amelius obtained the address of a consulting surgeon of great celebrity, while Sally was getting ready to go out.

'Why don't you like my good friend up-stairs?' he said to the girl as they drove away from the house. The answer came swift and straight from the heart of the daughter of Eve. 'Because *you* like him!' Amelius changed the subject: he asked if she was still in pain. She shook her head impatiently. Pain or no pain, the uppermost idea in her mind was still that idea of being his servant, which had already found expression in words before they left the lodgings. 'Will you let me keep my beautiful new dress for going out on Sundays?' she asked. 'The shabby old things will do when I am your servant. I can black your boots, and brush your clothes, and keep your room tidy—and I will try hard to learn, if you will have me taught to cook.' Amelius attempted to change the subject again. He might as well have talked to her in an unknown tongue. The glorious prospect of being his servant absorbed the whole of her attention. 'I'm little and I'm stupid,' she went on; 'but I do think I could learn to cook, if I knew

I was doing it for You.' She paused and looked at him anxiously. 'Do let me try!' she pleaded; 'I haven't had much pleasure in my life—and I should like it so!' It was impossible to resist this. 'You shall be as happy as I can make you, Sally,' Amelius answered; 'God knows it isn't much you ask for!'

Something in those compassionate words set her thinking in another direction. It was sad to see how slowly and painfully she realized the idea that had been suggested to her.

'I wonder whether you *can* make me happy?' she said. 'I suppose I have been happy before this—but I don't know when. I don't remember a time when I was not hungry or cold. Wait a bit. I do think I *was* happy once. It was a long while ago, and it took me a weary time to do it—but I did learn at last to play a tune on the fiddle. The old man and his wife took it in turns to teach me. Somebody gave me to the old man and his wife; I don't know who it was, and I don't remember their names. They were musicians. In the fine streets they sang hymns; and in the poor streets they sang comic songs. It was cold, to be sure, standing barefoot on the pavement—but I got plenty of halfpence. The people said I was so little it was a shame to send me out, and so I got halfpence. I had bread and apples for supper, and a nice little corner under the staircase, to sleep in. Do you know, I do think I did enjoy myself at that time?' she concluded, still a little doubtful whether those faint and far-off remembrances were really to be relied on.

Amelius tried to lead her to other recollections. He asked her how old she was at that time.

'I don't know,' she answered; 'I don't know how old I am now. I don't remember anything before the fiddle. I can't call to mind how long it was first—but there came a time when the old man and his wife got into trouble. They went to prison and I never saw them afterwards. I ran away with the fiddle; to get the halfpence, you know, all to myself. I think I should have got a deal of money, if it hadn't been for the boys. They're so cruel, the boys are. They broke my fiddle. I tried selling pencils after that; but people didn't seem to want pencils. They found me out begging. I got took up, and brought before what-do-you-call him—the gentleman who sits in a high place, you know, behind a desk. O, but I was frightened, when they took me before the gentleman! He looked very much puzzled. He says, 'Bring her up here; she's so small I can hardly see her.' He says, 'Good God, what am I to do with this unfortunate child!' There was plenty of people about. One of them says, 'The workhouse ought to take her.' And a lady came in, and she says, 'I'll take her sir, if you'll let me.' And he knew her, and he let her. She took me to a place they called a Refuge—for wandering children, you know. It was very strict at the Refuge. They did give us plenty to eat, to be sure, and they taught us lessons. They told us about Our Father up in Heaven. I said a wrong thing—I said, 'I don't want him up in Heaven; I want him down here.' They were very much ashamed of me when I said that. I was a bad girl; I turned ungrateful. After a time I ran away. You see it was so strict, and I was so used to the streets. I met with a Scotchman in the streets. He wore a kilt, and played the pipes; he taught me to dance, and dressed me up like a Scotch girl. He had a curious wife, a sort of half-black woman. She used to dance too—on a bit of carpet, you know, so as not to spoil her fine shoes. They taught me songs: he taught me a Scotch song. And one day his wife said *she* was English (I don't know how that was, being a half-black woman), and I should learn an English song. And they quarrelled about it. And she had her way. She taught me 'Sally in our Alley.' That's how I come to be

called Sally. I hadn't any name of my own—I always had nicknames. Sally was the last of them, and Sally has stuck to me. I hope it isn't too common a name to please you? O, what a fine house! Are we really going in? Will they let *me* in? How stupid I am! I forgot my beautiful clothes. You won't tell them, will you, if they take me for a lady?'

The carriage had stopped at the great surgeon's house: the waiting-room was full of patients. Some of them were trying to read the books and newspapers on the table; and some of them were looking at each other, not only without the slightest sympathy, but occasionally even with downright distrust and dislike. Amelius took up a newspaper, and gave Sally an illustrated book to amuse her, while they waited to see the surgeon in their turn.

Two long hours passed, before the servant summoned Amelius to the consulting-room. Sally was wearily asleep in her chair. He left her undisturbed; having questions to put relating to the imperfectly-developed state of her mind, which could not be asked in her presence. The surgeon listened, with no ordinary interest, to the young stranger's simple and straightforward narrative of what had happened on the previous night. 'You are very unlike other young men', he said; 'may I ask you how you have been brought up?' The reply surprised him. 'This opens quite a new view of Socialism,' he said. 'I thought your conduct highly imprudent at first—it seems to be the natural result of your teaching now. Let me see what I can do to help you.'

He was very grave and very gentle, when Sally was presented to him. His opinion of the injury to her bosom relieved the anxiety of Amelius: there might be pain for some little time to come, but there were no serious consequences to fear. Having written his prescription, and having put several questions to Sally, the surgeon sent her back, with marked kindness of manner, to wait for Amelius in the patients' room.

'I have young daughters of my own,' he said, when the door was closed, 'and I cannot but feel for that unhappy creature, when I contrast her life with theirs. So far as I can see it, the natural growth of her senses—her higher and her lower senses alike—has been stunted, like the natural growth of her body, by starvation, terror, exposure to cold, and other influences inherent in the life that she has led. With nourishing food, pure air, and above all, kind and careful treatment, I see no reason (at her age) why she should not develop into an intelligent and healthy young woman. Pardon me if I venture on giving you a word of advice. At your time of life, you will do well to place her at once under competent and proper care. You may live to regret it, if you are too confident in your own good motives in such a case as this. Come to me again, if I can be of any use to you. No,' he continued, refusing to take his fee, 'my help to that poor lost girl is help given freely.' He shook hands with Amelius—a worthy member of the noble order to which he belonged.

The surgeon's parting advice, following on the quaint protest of Rufus, had its effect on Amelius. He was silent and thoughtful when he got into the carriage again.

Simple Sally looked at him with a vague sense of alarm. Her heart beat fast, under the perpetually recurring fear that she had done something or said something to offend him. 'Was it bad behaviour in me,' she asked, 'to fall asleep in the chair?' Reassured, so far, she was still as anxious as ever to get at the truth. After long hesitation, and long previous thought, she ventured to try another question. 'The gentleman sent me out of the room—did he say anything to set you against me!'

'The gentleman said everything that was kind of you', Amelius replied,

'and everything to make me hope that you will live to be a happy girl.'

She said nothing to that; vague assurances were no assurances to her—she only looked at him with the dumb fidelity of a dog. Suddenly, she dropped on her knees in the carriage, hid her face in her hands, and cried silently. Surprised and distressed, he attempted to raise her, and console her. 'No!' she said obstinately. 'Something has happened to vex you, and you won't tell me what it is. Do, do, do tell me what it is!'

'My dear child,' said Amelius, 'I was only thinking anxiously about you, in the time to come.'

She looked up at him quickly. 'What! have you forgotten already!' she exclaimed. 'I'm to be your servant in the time to come.' She dried her eyes, and took her place again joyously by his side. 'You did frighten me,' she said, 'and all for nothing. But you didn't mean it, did you?'

An older man might have had the courage to undeceive her: Amelius shrank from it. He tried to lead her back to the melancholy story—so common and so terrible; so pitiable in its utter absence of sentiment or romance—the story of her past life.

'No,' she answered, with that quick insight where her feelings were concerned which was the only quick insight that she possessed. 'I don't like making you sorry; and you did look sorry—you did—when I talked about it before. The streets, the streets, the streets; little girl, or big girl, it's only the streets; and always being hungry and cold; and cruel men when it isn't cruel boys. I want to be happy! I want to enjoy my new clothes! You tell me about your own self. What makes you so kind? I can't make it out; try as I may, I can't make it out.'

Some time elapsed before they got back to the hotel. Amelius drove as far as the City, to give the necessary instructions to his bankers.

On returning to the sitting-room at last, he discovered that his American friend was not alone. A gray-haired lady with a bright benevolent face was talking earnestly to Rufus. The instant Sally discovered the stranger, she started back, fled to the shelter of her bedchamber, and locked herself in. Amelius, entering the room after a little hesitation, was presented to Mrs. Payson.

'There was something in my old friend's note,' said the lady, smiling and turning to Rufus, 'which suggested to me that I should do well to answer it personally. I am not too old yet to follow the impulse of the moment, sometimes; and I am very glad that I did so. I have heard what is—to me—a very interesting story. Mr. Goldenheart, I respect you! And I will prove it by helping you with all my heart and soul to save that poor little girl who has just run away from me. Pray don't make excuses for her; I should have run away too, at her age. We have arranged,' she continued, looking again at Rufus, 'that I shall take you both to the Home this afternoon. If we can prevail on Sally to go with us, one serious obstacle in our way will be overcome. Tell me the number of her room. I want to try if I can't make friends with her. I have had some experience; and I don't despair of bringing her back here, hand in hand with the terrible person who has frightened her.'

The two men were left together Amelius attempted to speak.

'Keep it down,' said Rufus' 'no premature outbreak of opinion, if you please, yet awhile. Wait till she has fixed Sally, and shown us the Paradise of the poor girls. It's within the London postal district, and that's all I know about it. Well, now, and did you go to the doctor? Thunder! what's come to the boy? Seems as though he had left his complexion in the carriage? He looks, I do declare, as if he wanted medical tinkering himself.'

Amelius explained that his past night had been a wakeful one, and that the events of the day had not allowed him any opportunities of repose. 'Since the morning,' he said, 'things have hurried so, one on the top of the other, that I am beginning to feel a little dazed and weary.' Without a word of remark, Rufus produced the remedy. The materials were ready on the sideboard—he made a cocktail.

'Another?' asked the New Englander, after a reasonable lapse of time.

Amelius declined taking another. He stretched himself on the sofa; his good friend considerately took up a newspaper. For the first time that day, he had now the prospect of a quiet interval for rest and thought. In less than a minute, the delusive prospect vanished. He started to his feet again, disturbed by a new anxiety. Having leisure to think, he had thought of Regina. 'Good heavens!' he exclaimed; 'she's waiting to see me—and I never remembered it till this moment!' He looked at his watch; it was five o'clock. 'What am I to do?' he said, helplessly.

Rufus laid down the newspaper, and considered the new difficulty in its various aspects.

'We are bound to go with Mrs. Payson to the Home,' he said; 'and I tell you this, Amelius, the matter of Sally is not a matter to be played with; it's a thing that's got to be done. In your place, I should write politely to Miss Regina, and put it off till to-morrow.'

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a man who took Rufus for his counsellor was a man who acted wisely in every sense of the word. Events, however (of which Amelius and his friend were both ignorant alike), had so ordered it that the American's well-meant advice, in this one exceptional case, was the very worst advice that could have been given. In an hour more, Jervy and Mrs. Sowler were to meet at the tavern-door. The one last hope of protecting Mrs. Farnaby from the abominable conspiracy of which she was the destined victim, rested solely on the fulfilment by Amelius of his engagement with Regina for that day. Always ready to interfere with the progress of the courtship, Mrs. Farnaby would be especially eager to seize the first opportunity of speaking to her young Socialist friend on the subject of his lecture. In the course of the talk between them, the idea which, in the present disturbed state of his mind, had not struck him yet—the idea that the outcast of the streets might, by the barest conceivable possibility, be identified with the lost daughter—would, in one way or another, be almost infallibly suggested to Amelius; and, at the eleventh hour, the conspiracy would be foiled. If, on the other hand, the American's fatal advice was followed, the next morning's post might bring a letter from Jervy to Mrs. Farnaby—with this disastrous result. At the first words spoken by Amelius she would put an end to all further interest in the subject on his part, by telling him that the lost girl had been found, and found by another person.

Rufus pointed to the writing-materials on a side table, which he had himself used earlier in the day. The needful excuse was, unhappily, quite easy to find. A misunderstanding with his landlady had obliged Amelius to leave his lodgings at an hour's notice, and had occupied him in trying to find a residence for the rest of the day. The note was written. Rufus, who was nearest to the bell, stretched out his hand to ring for the messenger. Amelius suddenly stopped him.

'She doesn't like me to disappoint her,' he said. 'I needn't stay long—I might get there and back in half an hour, in a fast cab.'

His conscience was not quite easy. The sense of having forgotten Regina—no matter how naturally and ex-

cusably— oppressed him with a feeling of self-reproach. Rufus raised no objection; the hesitation of Amelius was unquestionably creditable to him. 'If you must do it, my son,' he said, 'do it right away—and we'll wait for you.'

Amelius took up his hat. The door opened as he approached it, and Mrs. Payson entered the room, leading Simple Sally by the hand.

'We are all going together,' said the genial old lady, 'to see my large family of daughters at the Home. We can have our talk in the carriage. It's an hour's drive from this place—and I must be back again to dinner at half-past seven.'

Amelius and Rufus looked at each other. Amelius thought of pleading an engagement, and asking to be excused. Under the circumstances, it was assuredly not a very gracious thing to do. Before he could make up his mind, one way or the other, Sally stole to his side, and put her hand on his arm. Mrs. Payson had done wonders in conquering the girl's inveterate distrust of strangers, and, to a certain extent at least, winning her confidence. But no earthly influence could shake Sally's dog-like devotion to Amelius. Her jealous instinct discovered something suspicious in his sudden silence. 'You must go with us,' she said; 'I won't go without You.'

'Certainly not,' Mrs. Payson added; 'I promised her that, of course, beforehand.'

Rufus rang the bell, and despatched the messenger to Regina. 'That's the one way out of it, my son,' he whispered to Amelius, as they followed Mrs. Payson and Sally down the stairs of the hotel.

They had just driven up to the gates of the Home, when Jervy and his accomplice met at the tavern, and entered on their consultation in a private room.

In spite of her poverty-stricken appearance, Mrs. Sowler was not absolutely destitute. In various and underhand and wicked ways she contrived to put a few shillings in her pocket from week to week. If she was half starved, it was for the very ordinary reason (among persons of her vicious class) that she preferred spending her money on drink. Stating his business with her, as reservedly and as cunningly as usual, Jervy found to his astonishment that even this squalid old creature presumed to bargain with him. The two wretches were on the point of a quarrel which might have delayed the execution of the plot against Mrs. Farnaby, but for the vile self-control which made Jervy one of the most formidable criminals living. He gave way on the question of money—and, from that moment, he held Mrs. Sowler absolutely at his disposal.

'Meet me to-morrow morning, to receive your instructions,' he said. 'The time is ten sharp; and the place is the powder-magazine in Hyde Park. And mind this! You must be decently dressed—you know where to hire the things. If I smell you of spirits to-morrow morning, I shall employ somebody else. No! not a farthing now. You will have your money to-morrow at ten.'

Left by himself, Jervy sent for pen, ink and paper. Using his left hand, which was just as serviceable to him as his right, he traced these lines:

'You are informed, by an unknown friend, that a certain lost young lady is now living in a foreign country, and may be restored to her afflicted mother on receipt of a sufficient sum to pay expenses and to reward the writer of this letter, who is (undeservedly) in distressed circumstances.

'Are you, madam, the mother? I ask the question in the strictest confidence, knowing nothing certainly but that your husband was the person who put the young lady out to nurse in her infancy.

'I don't address your husband, because his inhuman desertion of the poor baby does not incline me to trust him. I run the risk of trusting you

—to a certain extent at starting. Shall I drop a hint which may help you to identify the child, in your own mind? It would be inexcusably foolish on my part to speak too plainly, just yet. The hint must be a vague one. Suppose I use a poetical expression, and say the young lady is enveloped in mystery from head to foot—especially the foot?

'In the event of my addressing the right person, I beg to offer a suggestion for a preliminary interview.

'If you will take a walk on the bridge over the Serpentine River, on the Kensington Gardens side, at half-past ten o'clock to-morrow morning, holding a white handkerchief in your left hand, you will meet the much-injured woman, who was deceived into taking charge of the infant child at Ramsgate, and will be satisfied so far that you are giving your confidence to persons who really deserve it.'

Jervy addressed this infamous letter to Mrs. Farnaby, in an ordinary envelope, marked 'Private.' He posted it, that night, with his own hand.

(*To be continued.*)

I HOLD within my hand a lute,
A lute that hath not many strings,
A little bird above it sings,
And singing soars and claps its wings;
Sing, little bird; when thou art mute,
The music dies within my lute.

Sing on, thou little bird, until
I hear a voice expected long,
That bids an after-silence fill
The space that once was filled with song.
Then fold thy wings upon my breast,
Upon my heart, and give it rest.

DORA GREENWELL.

ECKERMANN AND GOETHE.

BY FIDELIS, KINGSTON.

PART II.

OF all Goethe's literary conversations, his affectionate reminiscences of Schiller are the most interesting, in themselves, and as a proof that human sympathy was not really the matter of indifference to him which he supposed. He speaks with some amusement of the rivalry which the public had set up between himself and Schiller. 'For twenty years, the public has been disputing which is the greatest, Schiller or I, and it ought to be glad that it has got a couple of fellows about whom it can dispute.' He tells us that Schiller could not work instinctively, and that he liked to discuss the works on which he was engaged, scene after scene. Goethe, on the contrary, said nothing to any one till his work was finished,—an indication in itself of the different quality of their genius. Yet, different as their natures were, Goethe tells us that their tendencies 'were still towards one point, which made our connexion so intimate that one really would not live without the other.' He tells us how the subject of 'William Tell' had been suggested to Schiller by himself—that he, inspired by the enchanting scenery of the Lake of the Four Cantons (Lucerne), had for some time contemplated such a drama, but, having many other things to do, had communicated his thoughts to Schiller, and described to him the scenery which had so impressed him. In Schiller's soul, he tells us, his landscapes and his acting figures formed themselves into a drama,—Goethe gave up his subject entirely to him, and thus we have the origin of Schiller's 'Wilhelm Tell.' Of 'Wallenstein,' on the other hand, he says that if Schiller had asked him about it before he had written it he would certainly have advised him against it, for he 'could never have dreamed that from such a subject so excellent a drama could be made,' which he gives in illustration of the wise maxim that 'one should never ask anybody if one means to write anything.' A memorial of Schiller, which he received on his seventy-eighth birthday, consisting of a transcribed conversation, seemed to give Goethe much pleasure. 'Schiller appears here, as always, in perfect possession of his sublime nature. He was a true man, such as one ought to be.' In another conversation, he speaks regretfully of over-work having in Schiller's later years impaired his health and productive powers. Being obliged to write on days when he was not well, and being determined that his talent should obey him at any hour, he 'was obliged to stimulate his powers by the use of spirituous liquors. The habit impaired his health, and was likewise injurious to his productions. The faults which some wise-acres find in his works I deduce from this source. All the passages which they say are not what they ought to be I would call *pathological passages*, for he wrote them on days when he had not strength to find the right and true motives.' Would that authors gen-

erally could find such considerate critics!

In another conversation, some years later, he refers again to the danger of forcing production by recourse to stimulants, remarking that if an author should do this, 'the method would certainly answer, but it would be discoverable in all the scenes which he had written under such an influence, to their great disadvantage.' 'My counsel,' he says, 'is to force nothing, and rather to trifle and sleep away all unproductive days and hours, than on such days to compose something which will afterwards give no pleasure.' To which we may imagine hard-driven writers, chained to the relentless press of this hurrying age, responding, with a sigh, 'Happy indeed are they who can avail themselves of such excellent advice!' But the lesson is a good one, for all!

In the same conversation, he makes an interesting distinction between the higher kind of productiveness, which is a gift, and the lower kind, which man can himself control—both being required for the production of any great work.

'No productiveness of the highest kind, no remarkable discovery, no great thought which bears fruit and has results, is in the power of any one; but such things are elevated above all earthly control. Man must consider them as an unexpected gift from above, as pure children of God, which he must receive and venerate with joyful thanks. They are akin to the *dæmon* (Socratic), which does with him what it pleases, and to which he unconsciously resigns himself, whilst he believes he is acting from his own impulse. There is, however, a productiveness of another kind, subjected to earthly influences, and which man has more in his power, although he here, also, finds cause to bow before something divine. Under this category I place all that appertains to the execution of a plan, all the links of a chain of thought, the ends of which already shine forth; I also place there all that constitutes the visible body of a work of art. Thus Shakespeare was inspired with his first thought of his Hamlet when the spirit of the whole presented itself to his mind as an unexpected impression, and he surveyed the several situations, characters and conclusions, in an elevated mood, as a pure gift from above, on which he had no immediate influence, although the possibility of conceiving such a thought certainly pre-supposed such a mind as his. But the individual scenes, and the dialogue of the characters, he had completely in his own power, so that he might produce them daily and hourly, and work at them for weeks if he liked.'

To Shakespeare Goethe again and again recurs with unbounded admiration, 'We cannot talk about Shakespeare,' he says at one time, in despair; 'everything is inadequate.' 'Goetz' and 'Egmont,' he admits to be the expression of his influence on his own genius, which he says he 'did well to get rid of by writing them.' Elsewhere he speaks of Shakespeare as having 'already exhausted the whole of human nature in all its tendencies, in all its heights and depths, and that, in fact, there remains for him the after-come, nothing more to do! And how could one get courage to put pen to paper, if one were conscious in an earnest, appreciating spirit, that such unfathomable and unattainable excellencies were already in existence!' He believed that, had he been born an Englishman, the master-pieces of English literature, brought before him at the first dawn of youthful consciousness, would have overpowered him, and he would not have known what to do. At another time, he says, dwelling on the same thought: 'Had I earlier known how many excellent things have been in existence for hundreds and thousands of years, I should not have written a line, but have done something else.' In a similar mood,

he quaintly says of distinguished men who died early, that they 'had perfectly fulfilled their missions, and it was time for them to depart, *that other people might still have something to do in a world made to last a long while!*'

Of Byron, he again and again expresses an extraordinarily high estimate, indeed, he was evidently his favourite among his English contemporaries. He declared that he had never seen the true poetical power greater in any man than in him. 'In the apprehension of external objects, and a clear penetration into past situations, he is quite as great as Shakespeare. But as a pure individuality, Shakespeare is his superior.' But he admitted that his recklessness of moral restraint, his perpetual discontent and opposition to the world about him, prevented the fair development of his genius. Had he been able to work off this opposition in speeches in Parliament, he would have been, Goethe thought, a healthier poet,—an acute, and probably correct conjecture. But, says Goethe, 'as he scarcely ever spoke in Parliament, he kept within himself all his feelings against his nation, and to free himself from them, he had no other means than to express them in poetical form. I could,' therefore, call a great part of Byron's works of negation 'suppressed parliamentary speeches, and think this would be no bad name for them.' In an earlier conversation he uses the same tendency in Byron to illustrate a great truth, which, however, needs to be balanced with its opposite:—'His personal negation and fault-finding is injurious even to his excellent works. For not only does the discontent of the poet infect the reader, but the end of all opposition is negation; and negation is nothing. If I call *bad* bad, what do I gain? But if I call *good* bad, I do a great deal of mischief. He who will work aright must never rail, must not trouble himself at all about what is ill done, but only do well himself. For the great point is, *not to pull down, but to build up, and in this, humanity finds pure joy.*'

But Goethe, as we all know, went to the opposite extreme of apathy towards revolutionary movements which were necessary to the welfare and progress of humanity. His own explanation of this was, that 'all violent transitions are revolting to my mind, for they are not conformable to nature. I love the rose, but I am not fool enough to desire that my garden should produce them now, at the end of April. I am satisfied if I now find the first green leaves, satisfied if I see how one leaf after another is formed upon the stem, from week to week; I am pleased when in May, I perceive the buds, and am happy when, at last in June, the rose appears in all its splendour and all its fragrance.'

With destructive criticism Goethe had as little patience as with destructive movements. With a grand recklessness of literal truth of detail natural to one who could see into the great central truths of humanity, he says: 'Till lately the world believed in the heroism of Lucretia,—of a Mucius Scœvola, and suffered itself by this belief, to be warmed and inspired. But now comes your historical criticism, and says that those persons never lived, but are to be regarded as fables and fictions, divined by the great mind of the Romans. What are we to do with so pitiful a truth? *If the Romans were great enough to invent such stories, he should at least be great enough to believe them.*'

Wolf, he tells us, had tried to pull Homer to pieces, but the poem constructed itself by its own vitality. 'Thus,' he says, 'they are now pulling to pieces the five Books of Moses, and if an annihilating criticism is injurious in anything, it is so in matters of religion, for here everything depends upon faith, to which we cannot return when we have once lost it.'

Scott, as well as Byron, was a favourite of Goethe's, and there is a

letter from Sir Walter to Goethe, touching in its frank simplicity, as he enters into a description of his family and circumstances, and refers with some pride to his home at Abbotsford. The letter pleased Goethe exceedingly,—especially the personal communications regarding Scott's home and family. It is curious to note, as recalling the immense difference in postal facilities between that time and the present, that Scott apologises for delay in writing, owing to not having been able to find 'a private hand to convey his letter, and that he now writes hurriedly because he has just heard of an opportunity.' Here is one of Goethe's criticisms on Scott's genius:—

'His scenes and situations are like pictures by Teniers; in the arrangement they show the summit of art; the individual figures have a speaking truth, and the execution is extended with artistic love to the minutest details, so that not a stroke is lost.'

Of Milton, he said that his 'Samson' has 'more of the antique spirit than any production of any other modern poet. Milton was really a great poet; one to whom we owe all possible respect.'

Of Napoleon also, he had a great admiration, as one of the master spirits of the world, and speaks with evident satisfaction of his having carried a copy of 'Werther' in his field library. Goethe had no romantic illusions about the great conqueror; but it is evident that, on the whole, he valued *strength*, intellectual and physical, above *moral* power and insight, and indeed held a rather low opinion of humanity in general. 'No man,' he says, 'serves another disinterestedly, but he does it willingly if he knows he can thus serve himself. Napoleon knew men; he knew how to make proper use of their weaknesses.'

In another conversation, in the same Mephistophelian vein he tells Eckermann that had he been born in England, he would have been a bishop with £30,000 a year! And 'having once attained this eminence, would have neglected nothing to keep my position. Above all, I would have done everything to make the night of ignorance, if possible, still darker. Oh, how would I have tried to cajole the good silly multitude, and how would I have humbled the schoolboys, so that no one should have observed, or even have had the courage to remark that my brilliant position was based upon the most scandalous abuses!'

Of course these words must be taken ironically, but they well illustrate the cynical mocking side of Goethe's character. At another time, the other side comes out,—in speaking of his having been censured for not taking up arms, or even co-operating as a poet during the struggle of the Germans with the French:

'If such an emergency had befallen me when twenty years old, I should certainly not have been the last; but it found me as one who had already passed the first sixties.—Besides, we cannot all serve our country in the same way, but each does his duty best, according as God has endowed him. I have toiled hard enough during half a century. I can say, that, in those things which nature has appointed for my daily work, I have permitted myself no repose or relaxation, night or day, but have always striven, investigated, and done as much, and that as well as I could.' To himself, he said, who was not of a warlike nature, and who had no warlike sense,—war-songs would have been as a badly fitting mask.

'How could I write songs of hatred without hating? And, between ourselves, I did not hate the French, although I thanked God that we were free from them. How could I, to whom culture and barbarism are alone of importance, hate a nation which is among the most cultivated of the earth, and to which I owe so great a part of my own cultivation?—'There

is a degree where it (national hatred) vanishes altogether, and where one stands, to a certain extent, *above* nations, and feels the weal or woe of a neighbouring people, as if it had happened to one's own.' It was such a calm and exalted philosophy of thought and feeling that made his admiring disciples regard even his egoism as the natural and fitting expression of a majestic nature. Guizot, Merimeé, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Humboldt, Manzoni, Béranger, Molière are among the literary men of other countries of whom he speaks with admiring appreciation. One of the most interesting conversations discusses Carlyle's celebrated essay on Goethe. Eckermann, through whom the essay, first published in *Fraser's Magazine*, had been sent to Goethe, dined with him on the day he read it, and naïvely says:—'He appeared to-day in quite youthful spirits, and we began immediately to speak on topics interesting to both.' 'It is pleasant to see' said Goethe, 'how the earlier pedantry of the Scotch has changed into earnestness and profundity. When I recollect how the Edinburgh Reviewers treated my works not many years since, and when I now consider Carlyle's merits with respect to German literature, I am astonished at the important step for the better.' In the same conversation Goethe remarks to Eckermann.—'My works cannot be popular. He who thinks and strives to make them so is in error. They are not written for the multitude, but only for individuals who desire something congenial, and whose aims are like my own.' Goethe had a great admiration for Englishmen,— especially the young, handsome Englishmen who found their way to Weimar, whom he declared to be 'thoroughly complete men,'—and whom he contrasted with the 'short-sighted, pale, narrow-chested young Germans,'—'young without youth,'—who came to him from North-East Germany. He protested against the over-education which prevailed in philosophical and learned matters,' which had no practical application and caused 'deficiency in the necessary mental and bodily energy, which is quite indispensable when one would enter properly into practical life.' What he says of Germans then might not be altogether inapplicable to ourselves now. He goes on to say:—

'The third part of the learned men and statesmen, shackled to the desk, are ruined in body, and consigned to the demon of hypochondria. Here there should be action from above, that future generations may, at least, be preserved from a like destruction.'

The death of the Grand Duke, Carl August,—Goethe's old patron and friend—occurred in 1828 and was a heavy blow. 'I thought,' said he, 'that I should depart before him,—but God disposes as he thinks best; and all that we poor mortals have to do, is to endure and keep ourselves upright as well and as long as we can.' To this end, Eckermann very characteristically tells us that 'he went soon to Dornburg to withdraw himself from daily saddening impressions, and to restore himself by fresh activity in a new scene.' During the Grand Duke's life, he had borne the following honourable testimony concerning him, in speaking to Eckermann:—'I have been intimately connected with him for half a century, and have, during half a century, striven and worked with him, but I should speak falsely if I were to say that I have known a single day in which the Grand Duke has not thought of doing and executing something tending to the benefit of the land, and fitted to improve the condition of individuals.' Some months after his death, in conversation with Eckermann, he indulged in affectionate reminiscences of his early intercourse with the prince with whom he had worked for fifty years,—of their break neck chases over the Mountains of Ilmenan—their forest

bivouacks— their long evening discussions, when they would sit conversing 'on art and nature and other excellent topics, till both fell asleep on one sofa.' Goethe extols his talent, his administrative power, his cultivation, and his noble benevolence. 'He always thought first of the happiness of his country, and only, at last, a little of himself. His hand was always ready and open to meet noble men, and to assist in promoting worthy objects. There was a great deal that was divine in him. He would have liked to promote the happiness of all mankind. Love engenders love, and one who is loved can easily govern.'

A slight incident that occurred during the Grand Duke's life, showed how little pettiness there was in Goethe's egoism. The theatre in which Schiller as well as Goethe had taken so strong an artistic interest had been burned down, and Goethe had spent much time and thought in devising, along with the architect Coudray, a plan for a new and noble building. It had actually been begun, and the walls were going up, when the Grand Duke was persuaded, on the score of expense, to alter the plan, and Eckermann in passing, discovered that the plan of Goethe and Coudray had been relinquished. 'I feared,' he said (very naturally) 'that this unexpected measure would deeply wound Goethe's feelings; but there was no sign of it. I found him in the mildest and most serene frame of mind, quite raised above all sensitive littleness.' 'You will have a very tolerable house,' said he, 'if not exactly such a one as I wished and imagined. You will go to it, and I shall go to it too, and in the end all will turn out well enough.'

It is one of the curiosities of genius that Goethe should have placed his chief pride in his celebrated 'theory of colours,' in which he was completely wrong, and which, even during his lifetime, met with persistent scientific opposition. How strongly he clung to t as his *great* achievement, we see from his telling Eckermann that, 'To make an epoch in the world, two conditions are notoriously essential—a good head and a great inheritance. Napoleon inherited the French Revolution; Frederick the Great, the Silesian War; Luther, the darkness of the Popes; and I, the errors of the Newtonian theory. The present generation has no conception of what I have accomplished in this matter, *but posterity will grant that I have by no means come into a bad inheritance.*'

'As for what I have done as a poet,' he would repeatedly say to me, 'I take no pride in it whatever. Excellent poets have lived at the same time with myself, poets more excellent have lived before me, and others will come after me. But that, in my country, I am the only person who knows the truth in the difficult science of colours—of that, I say, I am not a little proud, and here I have a consciousness of a superiority to many.' Eckermann accounts for his irritability with regard to opposition to this favourite theory, while he was perfectly patient of criticism of his poems—on the ground that his feeling for it was 'like that of a mother, who loves an excellent child all the more the less it is esteemed by others.' It shows, however, that no man is '*totus, teres, atque rotundus;*' and that even a Goethe, with all his penetration, was not able to form a correct estimate of his own powers. Eckermann glances at the reason of Goethe's failure in attempting questions of exact science, although, in his 'Metamorphosis of Plants,' he foreshadowed a real scientific truth. He was always eager to avail himself—Eckermann tells us—of the knowledge of a specialist, because he says, 'the latter has *mastered a kingdom of endless details*, whilst Goethe lives more in the contemplation of great universal laws. Thence it is that Goethe, who is always upon the track of some great synthesis, but who, from the want of knowledge of single facts, lacks a confirmation of his presentiments, seizes upon and retains

with such decided love, every connexion with important natural philosophers. For in them he finds what he himself wants; in them he finds that which supplies his own deficiencies. In none of his tendencies has he come to a fixed point; he will always go on further and further, still learning and learning. Thus he shows himself a man endowed with imperishable youth.'

From many wise and weighty sayings on great questions, we select the following as being especially fitting and characteristic:—

'Man is born not to solve the problems of the universe, but *to find out where the problem begins*, and then to restrain himself within the limits of the comprehensible.'

'His faculties are not sufficient to measure the actions of the universe; and an attempt to explain the outer world by reason is, with his narrow points of view, but a vain endeavour. The reason of man and the reason of the Deity are two very different things.'

'If we grant freedom to man, there is an end to the omniscience of God; for if the Divinity knows how I shall act, I must act so perforce. I give this merely as a sign how little we know, and to show that it is not good to meddle with divine mysteries.'

'People are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born, the world begins to work upon us, and this goes on to the end. And, after all, what can we call our own, except energy, strength, and will? If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favour.'

'Everywhere we learn only from those whom we love.'

There are many other thoughts in this basket of fragments to which one would willingly give place, did our limits permit, but room must be left for a few of Goethe's latest utterances on the most solemn and momentous problems of life. In the immortality of the soul he had the fullest belief: 'I am fully convinced,' he says, 'that our spirit is a being of a nature quite indestructible, and that its activity continues from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, which seems to set only to our earthly eyes, but which, in reality, never sets but shines on unceasingly.' In a much earlier conversation he says, in his Mephistophelian moods, that much occupation with theories of immortality was for ladies and rich men, not for active workers, and hoped that he should hereafter meet none of the warm advocates of the doctrine here. 'For how I should be tormented! The pious would throng around me to say, "Were we not right? Did we not predict it? Has it not happened just as we said? And so there would be *ennui* without end—even in the other world!"' But this cynical outbreak was evidently the result of a worrying cross-examination he had had to sustain from a lady, on some speculations of Tiedge's in his 'Urania.' Years later, he says, 'To me, the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity, if I work on incessantly till my death, nature is bound to give me *another form of existence when the present one can no longer sustain my spirit.*'

The plaint "few and evil have been the days of the years of my life' is one we should hardly have looked for from, perhaps, the most successful poet who ever lived, yet he gives his retrospect thus:

'I have ever been esteemed one of Fortune's choicest favourites; nor will I complain or find fault with the course my life has taken. Yet, truly, *there has been nothing but toil and care;* and I may say that, in all my seventy-five years, I have never had a month of genuine comfort. It has been the perpetual rolling of a stone, which I have always had to raise anew. The claims upon my activity, both from within and without, were too numerous.'

As to the existence of a God, he entertained no doubt whatever,—nay, more, he considered it a truth beyond question. 'Heathen,' as he has been called, he was orthodox in comparison with the 'advanced thinkers' of our own day. 'Men,' he said, 'now doubt as little the existence of a God as their own, though the nature of the divinity,—the immortality, the peculiarities of our own souls, and their connexion with our bodies, are insoluble problems, with respect to which our philosophers take us no further.' It is curious that Goethe, in these conversations, never refers to Shelley, whose declaration of atheism in the poem of 'Queen Mab' had been given to the world a year or two before Eckermann came to Weimar, and whose tragic death occurred in the very year that the conversations began. In conversing about the instinct of birds in caring for the orphaned young of other birds, he says: 'That is what I call the omnipresence of the Deity, who has everywhere spread and implanted a portion of his endless love, and has implanted even in the brute as a germ that which only blossoms to perfection in noble man.'

As to the 'moral element,' he was equally at issue with 'modern advanced thought.' It came, he tells us, 'through God Himself, like everything else. It is no product of human reflection, but a beautiful nature inherent and inborn. It is more or less inherent in mankind generally, but to a high degree in a few eminently gifted minds.'

Even his eschatology resembles, and is evidently drawn from the Christian one: 'I foresee the time when God will have no more joy in man, but will break up everything for a renewed creation. I am certain that everything is planned to this end, and that the time and hour are already fixed in the distant future for the occurrence of this renovating epoch.' At another time, he expresses a feeling most natural to earnest minds when the burden of 'world-sorrow' presses heavily upon them:

'If, in a depressed mood, one reflects deeply upon the wretchedness of our age, it often occurs to one that the world is gradually approaching the last day. And the evil accumulates from generation to generation! For is it not enough that we have to suffer for the sins of our fathers, but we hand down to posterity these inherited vices, increased by our own.'

'A second Redeemer,' said Eckermann, 'would be required to move from us the seriousness, the discomfort, and the monstrous oppressions of this state of things.' 'If he came,' said Goethe, '*he would be crucified a second time.*'

'Christianity,' he says elsewhere, 'has a might of its own, by which dejected, suffering humanity is re-elevated from time to time, and when we grant it this power, it is raised above all philosophy, and needs no support therefrom.'

In the guiding and governing action of a Divine Providence, Goethe again and again expresses his implicit faith. In speaking of what had once seemed adverse circumstances in his life, he says:

'But now I can do reverence to all these hindrances; for during these delays things have ripened abroad, among other excellent men, so that they advance me beyond all conception, and will bring my work to a conclusion, which I could not have imagined a year ago. The like has often happened to me in life, and in such cases one is led to believe in a higher influence, in something "*dæmonish*" which we adore without trying to explain it further.' Again he says, 'To hear some people speak, one would almost believe that they were of opinion that God had withdrawn into silence since those old times, and that man was now placed quite upon his own feet, and had to see how he could get on without God and His invisible breath.'

Towards Christianity Goethe's last

attitude was certainly not one of *rejection*, though it would hardly have secured him membership in a Christian Church. Again and again in the last months of his life he recurs to the inspiring effect of a true faith, to the wonderful and majestic figure of Christ as portrayed in the Gospels. 'I look upon all the four gospels as thoroughly genuine; for there is in them the reflection of a greatness which emanated from the person of Jesus, and which was of as divine a kind as ever was seen on earth.'

Again he says, in comparing Romanism and Protestantism, 'We scarcely know what we owe to Luther and to the Reformation in general. We are freed from the fetters of spiritual narrow-mindedness; we have, in consequence of our increasing culture, become capable of turning back to the fountain head, and of comprehending Christianity in its purity. We have, again, the courage to stand with firm feet upon God's earth, and to feel ourselves in our divinely endowed human nature. Let mental culture go on advancing—let the natural sciences go on gaining in depth and breadth, and the human mind expand as it may, *it will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity as it glistens and shines forth in the Gospels.*'

'The mischievous sectarianism of the Protestants will also cease, and with it the hatred and hostile feeling between father and son, sister and brother; for as soon as the pure doctrine and love of Christ are comprehended in their true nature and have become a vital principle, we shall feel ourselves as human beings, great and free, and not attach especial importance to a degree more or less in the outward forms of religion. Besides we shall all gradually advance from a Christianity of words and faith, to a Christianity of feeling and action.'

'God did not retire to rest after the well-known six days of creation, but on the contrary, is constantly active as on the first. It would have been for Him a poor occupation to compose this heavy world out of simple elements, and to keep it rolling in the sunbeams from year to year, *if he had not had the plan of forming a nursery for a world of spirits, upon this material basis.*'

Why, seeing so far and going so far, Goethe did not see farther and go farther, is one of many similar mysteries which we must be content to leave unsolved. One reason, probably, was that the object of his natural worship was rather greatness of intellect—pure reason, than the Divine Love whose revelation is the Lord Jesus Christ. Then the concrete types of Christianity with which he chiefly came in contact—the Roman Catholic, the Rationalistic, and the 'Pietistic,' were calculated, each in its own way, to repel rather than attract his full and many-sided nature, while doubtless his egoism presented a more personal barrier to the entrance of the spiritual light which the humble and the childlike are most fitted to receive. Yet another reason, perhaps, lay in his tendency to dissatisfaction with any partial revelation of that Absolute and Incomprehensible Existence, the full apprehension of which is so far beyond the reach of human faculties. That he was *not* wanting in intense veneration for the 'Eternal Power and Godhead,' and for the 'grace and truth' that shone in the person of Christ, his own words conclusively prove.

The words last quoted were spoken but a few days before his death, in the last conversation but one which Eckermann has recorded. The end seemed to come suddenly, as all endings, perhaps, do seem to come, however long delayed. Eckermann sorrowfully apologises for the too scanty records of the last months by the simple and touching confession, that 'as he was daily before my eyes, fresh and energetic as ever, I fancied this must always be the case.' So completely does he impart to us his own feeling for his great master that we can almost share

the silent sorrow with which in the closing scene, he stands beside the empty shrine from whence the mighty intellect had fled. 'A perfect man lay in great beauty before me, and the rapture which the sight caused made me forget for a moment that the immortal spirit had left such an abode. I laid my hand on his heart—there was a deep silence—and I turned away to give free vent to my suppressed tears.'

We reluctantly turn away from the pages in which, through the medium of the poet's simple-hearted friend, we have been privileged to hold converse for a while with the mighty dead, and share in what seems an ideal life, as compared with the commonplace of average existence. It is honourable to the literary history of the United States, that the first translation of these conversations, though not a full one, was published in America, the work of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. The more complete translation by John Oxenford, published in England is not an easy book to find, on this side of the sea especially. A modern reprint of it, which, so far as the writer is aware, does not exist, would be a boon to readers in America. It is the sort of book to take as a companion to a summer solitude, enhancing by its suggestiveness the delights of unrestricted communion with nature, and enriching the harvest of thought which at such seasons, we may garner in. Its poetic insight, too, might well furnish an antidote to the superficial 'smartness' and shallow materialism that penetrate too much of our current literature. It is a help to the comprehension of the great works of Goethe, and as has been already said, to the complex and enigmatical character of the man. We see that his faults—great indeed—were at least the faults of a great nature; that the very egoism at which we grow so impatient, was the outcome of the conviction that his 'God-given best' was the perfecting and the full development of the genius which had been bestowed on him. That his life was self-centred was its weakness and its mistake—the weakness and the mistake that stunted its highest development, sullied its fair repute, and obscured to him the highest truth that the poet-teacher can unfold—that the truest greatness and greatest moral beauty for man lies, not in self-assertion but in self-surrender—in willingness to 'lose his life' that, in the best and truest sense, it may be 'found.'

DESTINY.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

SOMEWHERE there waiteth in this world of ours
For one lone soul another lonely soul,
Each chasing each through all the weary hours,
And meeting strangely at one sudden goal.
Then blend they, like green leaves with golden flowers,
Into one beautiful and tender whole;
And life's long night is ended, and the way
Lies open onward to eternal day.

(Selected.)

HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

WELL, this was how it came about—Colonel Warde said he couldn't get a cup of coffee to suit him at the hotel; and, as I rather prided myself on being able to make coffee fit for a king, of course I volunteered to make a cup that would suit him; and, as it was near luncheon, and there is no time like the present, I undertook to make it for him at once—'right away,' as our Yankee neighbours have it.

I make coffee in that comparatively recent invention known as the 'French Coffee-pot,' and when I went in search of it I found that the percolator was out of order. Now, ordinarily, that would have been of no consequence, because we are such a nervous family that we seldom drink coffee; it intoxicates us, much as strong drink intoxicates other mortals. Dick says because I make it so strong, and probably that is the reason; since, if I take coffee at all, I want it to be coffee, and not a dark-coloured hot water. However, I will never get this cup of coffee made at this rate, and that is what I began to think when, having managed to repair the percolator so that it would do duty, I proceeded to half fill the cylinder top, and found that the coffee had been ground so fine that it would take the water about three hours to drip through enough for two or three cups. Well, fortunately, after due search, I found some very fine unground coffee, and it only remained to grind it to suit myself.

'Bridget' I asked, with a dim foreboding of evil, 'have you seen the little coffee-mill lately?'—but Bridget had not seen it. She seldom sees anything at the right time; but on this occasion she really made an effort, and after some five or ten minutes' skirmishing in the kettle-closet, and subsequently in the cellar, the coffee-mill came to the surface, and things began to look favourable for the decoction of that much vaunted and eagerly awaited cup of coffee.

I'm afraid you will think me a shocking poor housekeeper, but I'm not; not nearly so bad as the foregoing would lead you to suppose; only I was a stranger, in a strange city; and Heaven defend me from untrained servants—of all the helpless, useless, shiftless, incapable—well! well! I was just making a few mental remarks of this sort, while I stood watching that Bridget clean the coffee-mill.

'Arrah, ma'am, sure this thing'll niver grind anything agin—sure the childer, bless thim! was playing store with it the other day, and I think it was pebbles they had in it, or something.'

'What!' I screamed, 'then it's ruined, of course; and now I am fairly at my wits' end, and Colonel Warde will have to go without his coffee after all. It is too bad. I declare it is—I shall be ashamed to excuse myself.'

A low, rippling laugh fell on my ears at this moment; and turning I saw my sister Beatrice standing in the doorway. Now Beatrice was our queen—she was tall; she was beautiful; she was stately, cold, and grand;

she was really an old maid; but no one ever thought of applying the term to her, and although she was seven years older than me, I know strangers always supposed her to be younger. Whatever the circumstances of our family, Beatrice always managed to be well-dressed, though she really spent the least money of any of our girls. She was slender and elegant of figure, a pale brunette in type, with magnificent dark, Spanish-looking eyes, and a superb head of glossy hair, dark as midnight, and not a single silver thread among its silken coils, while I was visibly growing grey. There was a legend in our family that Beatrice had once been deeply in love—engaged, in fact—and during those halcyon days she was as merry, frolicsome, full of fun and mischief as any of the ordinary mortals of the household; but that I never quite believed, for I could not imagine her other than the calm and stately being she always appeared to us. True, there were moments when she unbent, and then she was more our queen than ever, for she was one of those rarely favoured creatures who rule in every word—when she was cold and stately we submitted to her influence and owned her sway absolutely; and when she unbent we basked in the rays of her infrequent sunlight, but owned her sway more abjectly than ever.

So now when I heard that low, musical laugh, I turned and saw her smiling in the doorway, and I smiled a radiant response, for I immediately felt encouraged.

'Why do you laugh at my perplexity, Trix, dear? I'm sure I shall be too mortified to apologize. I wish I had never had the conceit to say I could make a good cup of coffee.'

'Don't despair, dear; you shall yet make good that harmless boast,' was the encouraging reply; and turning away without further explanation she took a wide-brimmed hat from the stand in the hall, and tying it on as she ran lightly down the front steps proceeded swiftly along the street. Of course I ran to the dining-room, which commanded a view of the street, and wondered to myself, quite audibly, what on earth she was going to do. How young—how girlish she looked in her plain, princesse robe of black silk! It was buttoned down the back, from the nape of her delicate neck to the simple flounce of knife-pleating round the skirt, which was its only trimming, and it was made with a graceful train, that added to her height and the striking elegance of her figure. At this moment it was caught up in one white hand, for Beatrice never swept the street with her gowns, and had that rare knack of never catching a speck of dust on any article she wore, either in the street or elsewhere, while I was still wondering where she had gone, and what on earth she proposed doing to assist me in my intended coffee-making. I saw her enter the little hardware store at the end of the street, and then I divined her intention. She must have heard Bridget say the coffee-mill was spoiled—Well! who could have fancied it? But then one never knows what Beatrice will do.

If she had not done it, I suppose I would have had the temerity, in the course of the next five minutes, to have sent Bridget on the same errand. Although I knew she was quite capable of refusing; but I never would have dreamed of suggesting such a thing to my queenly sister. While I stood wrapt in the wonder of it, holding the canister of unground coffee in one hand, and a tablespoon in the other, Beatrice entered and placed a new coffee-mill on the table before me. I had just time to say:

'Trix dear, you are an angel,' and to bestow a single rapid glance on her face, which seemed strangely moved—her eyes were flashing through the moisture of tears, and her usually pale cheeks were aflame with some extraordinary excitement—when she turned and was gone, swift as a lightning-flash.

But I had no time to marvel then —every minute was of importance; so I hastened to grind the coffee, to place it in the cylinder, etc., and thank Heaven! at the end of another ten minutes the coffee was made, and poured out in my daintiest and thinnest china.

Dear, dear! I have been a dreadful time getting the fragrant decoction into those cups, haven't I?—but it was really worth all the worry it cost me, and poured out as clear as amber and as strong as brandy. Colonel Warde declared he had never drank such a delicious cup of coffee in America—in point of fact he drank five, but the cups were small, and even I, the most nervous member of the family, drank two. As to Beatrice, whom I now took occasion to observe particularly, I really began to fear she was attacked with temporary insanity.

As soon as the coffee began to circulate, and I had got over the trepidation of handing round the first cups (I told you how nervous I was), I remembered how strangely excited Beatrice had appeared, and then I observed her attentively. I soon decided that her excitement, whatever had caused it, was not of an unpleasant nature; but, as it became more evident, I wondered excessively what extraordinary combination of circumstances could have produced it, for it was an axiom in our house that earthquakes would not shake our stately sister from her customary high-bred repose. Whatever the cause, however, one thing was certain, the effect was vastly becoming. And so Colonel Warde seemed to think, for an intention which I had suspected of slumbering in his breast, suddenly awoke into violent activity, and I felt certain he would propose for our Beatrice that evening; and how I did hope she would accept him, for he was a grand match and a splendid fellow.

'You are almost as fond of coffee as I am,' he remarked, glancing with admiring eyes at her sparkling face when she passed her cup to me for the third time.

'O, I love it!' exclaimed Trix, with what I thought very exaggerated enthusiasm. 'Blessed be the man who invented coffee!' she added.

Now Trix seldom ever asked for a second cup, but, of course, I didn't say that; on the contrary I told a harmless fib, in the hope of advancing Colonel Warde's evident intentions.

'I should have made my sister prepare the coffee for you, Colonel Warde,' I said; 'she makes coffee better than I do.'

'I never want anything better than this,' said the gallant Colonel; 'it is fit for an Eastern Monarch.'

Beatrice laughed aloud, and her lovely, velvety, Spanish eyes fairly sparkled with a mischievous twinkle; but she didn't contradict me, and I was thankful for that, for our queen abhorred culinary pursuits of every description, and had never, to my knowledge, made a cup of coffee in her life.

Clearly enough she observed the Colonel's admiration, and perhaps suspected his intentions as much as I did; but if so her subsequent treatment of him was all the more reprehensible; for I consider that she gave him the most decided encouragement—however, as the real story-writers say, I must not anticipate.

Between the pair of them, and my own small assistance to boot, the coffee-pot was emptied at last; and there being no further inducement to linger over the lunch-table, we adjourned to the sitting-room—the cosiest little room for a lover's flirtation that ever was invented; and full of that thought I made the first pretext I could for leaving them there alone.

I stayed away an unconscionably long time; and when, at last I returned, I began an apology for my absence, uttered in a loud distinct tone, some time before I neared the door—of course I didn't wish to cause blushes or confusion by too sudden an entrance.

'You must think me very rude, Colonel Warde,' I said; 'but I'm quite a slave to that pretty set of china—there isn't a set to match it in America—so I always wash it myself, for that dreadful Bridget—'

Trix interrupted further vituperation of the 'slavey,' by exclaiming with a merry laugh:

'Don't say a word, Katie dear, against that invaluable domestic assistant. Bridget's an angel, and I could find it in my heart to embrace her this minute.'

'Good gracious! She has gone clean crazy!' was my mental commentary. Colonel Warde's proposal has been too much for her—dear Trix! beautiful though she is, she was getting to be an old maid,' and so I entered with some feeling of trepidation, and the evening having now come on, and the room being quite dark, I had nearly fallen over Trix before I saw her.

'What have you done with Colonel Warde?' I inquired then, for I perceived he was not in the room, as soon as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom.

'O! I was obliged to send him away, poor fellow! I knew I should be, as soon as you left us alone in that ostentatious way.'

'Good gracious!—then he didn't—'

'O! yes he did—quite in the most orthodox way, his hand and fortune, and all his earthly goods, at my feet—and he was desperately in earnest, too; that was the worst of it, but of course I had to say no—'

'*Why* had you to say *no*, Trix?—*why*, I should like to know?'

'Don't scream, dear, and I will tell you. There, sit down on this ottoman, and give me your dear little hand, and I will tell you all about it;' and I did as she bade me, while she held my hand between both of her's, that seemed to me burning with fever, while her eyes and her cheeks sparkled more than ever, but still she seemed brimming over and pulsating with happiness, and what it was all about I couldn't form the faintest idea.

'She is clean gone!' I thought to myself; but I didn't dare to hasten the coming disclosure by word or look.

Fortunately she didn't keep me long in suspense.

'Ages ago, when I was a girl of eighteen, and you were but a child, in short dresses—so, of course you don't remember—I was as desperately in love as ever the wildest, most romantic imagination could dream of—'

'*You* Trix!' I gasped.

'Yes, dear, *me*—it seems impossible, almost, but it was true. I was desperately, absurdly in love, and I made no effort to conceal it; every one about me knew it as well as I did myself. He was a young English officer, handsome as Apollo, on leave of absence from his regiment, and making a brief visit for change of air, his health being impaired, to some friends in New York, where, you remember, we were living at that time. Our acquaintance was brief, and Harold had never spoken to me of his love, or formally asked for mine, but I fancied that I read his feelings aright, and that I knew his love for me as well as I was quite certain he knew mine for him. Well, one day there came a peremptory recall to Captain Lindsay—his regiment was ordered out to India, for it was the period of the great Indian mutiny—and he had scant time to say good-bye, for a vessel sailed for England on the following day; and, by a singular mischance, I was away from home for a few days, and when I returned he was gone! Gone, and he had left no letter, no message, not even an ordinary good-bye for me!—oh, the shame, the anguish, the heart-break of that time. Of course everybody pitied me, for all had known of my love, and equally all could see that no explanation or engagement had taken place. Well, I wanted to die, but I didn't; I couldn't understand why, but I know now—

it was because he really *did* love me after all; yes, even as I loved him, and neither of us could die till we had met again, and told our love, for I don't doubt but he wished to die too. Well, I needn't remind you how we have knocked around the world in the course of the last fifteen or twenty years; and if Harold wrote to me, it is small wonder that I never got his letters. From the day we parted, before he received that message to rejoin his regiment, until this afternoon, we never beheld each other, or received word or token from each other; and if that angelic Bridget of yours were not the shiftless and incapable creature she is, perhaps we never should have met again. Yes, dear, it was all because of that blessed coffee-mill—just as I came out of the store, bearing it triumphantly in my hand, without so much as a wrapping-paper about it, I found myself face to face with Harold Lindsay. He knew me instantly, as I did him, though he has a scar across one cheek, and is bronzed with the Indian sun; but it seemed only yesterday that we parted.'

'I have searched the world over for you, Beatrice,' he said; 'oh, why have you been so cruel to me—I know you loved me—you love me now—I see it in every look of your heavenly face.'

Katie, dear, I thought I had gone mad; I had a wild desire to fling the coffee mill up in the air, and to shriek to give vent to my overwhelming feelings; but by a superhuman effort I controlled myself, and behaved quite like a calm, sane person. First, I observed that an old lady—such a handsome old lady, his mother, perhaps—was leaning on his arm, and that helped to steady me, I think; so I answered very quietly—

'There has been some great mistake, Harold, I don't know what; but come to me this evening and it will be all explained;' and then I pointed out our house to him, and brought home the coffee-mill, which I presently remembered you must be waiting for. You wonder how I could leave him so after such a meeting and such long waiting—but that was just what made it so easy—we had waited such a long long time, that a few hours more did not seem of any consequence. And then there was the dear old lady who leaned on his arm, and who very evidently thought we had both been stricken with lunacy, and our parting was almost as sudden as our meeting.'

'And you think he will come this evening?' I asked, incredulously, and wondering at the hopeless fatuity of a woman in love.

'I *know* he will come,' returned Beatrice, with a radiant smile; and in point of fact, at that moment, there was a ring at the front door, and my sister started up, trembling like any sentimental love-sick girl.

I didn't believe for a moment it was Harold Lindsay; but I was mistaken, and evidently Beatrice understood her lover much better than I did, for a few minutes later he was in our cosy little sitting-room, and our stately queen was clasped to his bosom, laughing and crying hysterically like any ordinary mortal.

I stole away as quickly and as quietly as possible, though I venture to say they regarded my absence as little as they had done my presence. After a time I suppose there were full explanations, although they scarcely seemed necessary, considering the excellent understanding between the lovers; and since then I have heard fragments of their story—a treacherous friend of Beatrice's was the chief marplot. It appeared that Lindsay had left letters, and love-declarations, and a great variety of goodbyes and farewells to be delivered by this same treacherous friend, who, being secretly in love with Beatrice, had never delivered his trust, but had sought to win her for himself, but his failure had proved his punishment, since he had died of remorse and a broken heart.

So our Beatrice is to be married in

great state, in St. James' Cathedral; and when the Vice regal party arrives she will be presented to the Princess, and should you wish to recognise her, just look for the handsomest woman in the room, and you can't mistake any one else for our Beatrice.

THE SAGUENAY HUNTER.

BY M. E. B., OAKVILLE.

A FAR, afar, in the forest's shade,
On the banks of the Saguenay river,
The rude hut lies that my strong hands made,
Where glad eyes wait for me ever;
But they must wait for me in vain,
Throughout the evening's gloaming,
Until suspense has grown to pain,
As they wonder where I am roaming.

I see them all in this glimmering light,
As the twilight hour is nearing,
And my wife's sweet eye with a tear is bright,
As our darlings are hoping and fearing.
Oh, little they think of the terrible blight
That is over their happiness falling;
For I know they will mourn me till death's dim light,
And forever the past be recalling.

The antlered deer lies by my side,
His numbed heart faintly beating,
He fled, I followed, the chasm was wide,
And human life is fleeting;
And they will wander o'er hill and dell,
And start at the wind's low sighing,
And search for me, yet none may tell,
Where the Saguenay hunter lay dying.

Oh, angels of mercy and angels of grace,
Through life be my loved ones attending,
And soften the grief in each beautiful face,
Whose love lights my spirit's ascending;
Were they near me, Death, as the hunter's fate,
I could meet thee, but ah! I shiver,
And weep as I die while my darlings await
My return by the Saguenay River.

POLITICAL MORALITY.

BY CARROLL RYAN, OTTAWA.

"The history of public virtue in this country, is to be found in protests."—HORACE WALPOLE.

SINCE David Hume wrote his celebrated essay on the proposition 'That politics may be reduced to a Science,' a complete change has taken place in the world of political thought. Although he drew largely on ancient history for illustration, portions of his work had a personal application to the then prime minister of England—Robert Walpole—which could, perhaps, with equal force, be adjusted to the conditions that attended nearly every one of that brilliant statesman's successors. Indeed, the curious in such matters may find amusement, if so inclined, in drawing an historical parallel, for there are many and strong points of resemblance in the characters and careers of the champion of the Hanoverian dynasty and the present premier of Canada. The purely democratic idea of government, as now understood, seems never to have presented itself to the mind of Hume, who constantly refers to three estates in the commonwealth, viz: the Chief Magistrate, the nobility, and the populace. A notable passage, however, is that in which he says: 'The ages of public spirit are not always the most eminent for private virtue. Good laws may beget order and moderation in government where the manners and customs have instilled little humanity or justice into the tempers of men.' In support of this somewhat paradoxical assumption, he cites the history of the Roman Republic, but public spirit was a very different thing then to what it is now. A Roman citizen at the time of the Punic wars regarded public spirit as the preservation of Roman ascendancy, and the conquest of those whom, in his pride, he designated barbarians. In our time, public spirit may fairly be considered as consisting of a desire to reform abuses of administration and secure the fullest measure of freedom to all men. How, then, must we regard a country where the laws are bad, where good order and moderation do not characterize the Government, and where the people lack the public spirit to insist upon a reformation? That such is the present condition of of Canada can hardly be doubted. When Hume wrote, the theory of Evolution had not dawned upon the minds of speculative philosophers to give them a key to the problems of history and politics, nor had the splendid experiment of free institutions in America furnished them with a test of human capacity in the aggregate to govern with wisdom and determination. Hume wrote ably on matters of commerce, money, interest, balance of trade, etc., which he called 'vulgar subjects,' but it was not till the vast and complex generalizations of Adam Smith* had been given to the world that Englishmen began to realize the scientific element of natural law in commerce, and the necessity which existed of studying it with a view to successful dealing with other nations. This revealed a new order of business and developed that idea of commercial

* Hume was born in 1711, Adam Smith in 1723. Hume nowhere refers to the 'Wealth of Nations.'

morality which finally led to the overthrow of slavery, and, after many years, to the establishment of the principles of free trade. It would have been impossible that such a revolution should have taken place in the world of commerce without corresponding results in the world of politics; indeed, the two have always been so closely allied that progress in one direction compelled the abandonment of error in the other. We, therefore, find these corresponding results in successive Reform Bills and the removal of Catholic and Jewish disabilities. It remained, however, for a later period to establish a man's right to change his allegiance and become a citizen of a foreign state. This was simply an extension of the idea of liberty directly traceable to the genius of the people who subdued this continent to civilization; but we all know how fierce was the struggle and how near it led to homicidal war before the principle was admitted by England. In Germany and other States it is resisted even at the present day. Had American republicanism bestowed no other boon upon the world, that alone would entitle it to the endearing gratitude of humanity. Nor is the political evolution thus indicated likely to stop at this point. The idea, originating in the family, extended to the tribe, thence to the nation, now embraces the whole human race, and enlists the united moral force of all free people in support of the cause of the humblest individual who opposes tyranny.

Coming to our own country we may observe how, by successive struggles, we have obtained rights and privileges one after another from the power that assumed to control our political destiny, till we have almost reached the position of independence, with nothing to retain our allegiance to the mother country save affection and expediency. In a national sense we are

> 'Standing with reluctant feet
> Where the stream and river meet.'

Having reached this point it is impossible that the energies which have carried us thus far should all at once lose their force and furnish a spectacle among the nations of an arrested development unique in history. We must go on, because to continue our colonial nonage much longer would be fraught with peril, if it has not already debauched the spirit of patriotism in the youth of our country, who feel no more repugnance at transferring their allegiance from Canada to the United States, when personal advantage so requires, than they do in donning a new suit of clothes. Habits of thought engendered by colonial dependence are fatal to the patriotic instinct, because, in such a condition, the avenues to distinction are necessarily restricted, and the great incentive of national pride extinguished. Nor is the evil decreased when the dominating power is monarchical and distant, while the immediate neighbouring territory is occupied by a powerful republic. Under any circumstances, it may be said, monarchical institutions are not the best calculated for the highest political development. There is a fallacy in Pope's couplet:

> 'For forms of government let fools contest
> That which is best administered is best.'

A government which depended for stability on the humours of those entrusted with it, would have few claims for support and none for reverence.

The American idea is impatient of all political restraint, and the facility with which change of allegiance is made merely indicates that the individual believes himself entitled to assert the right to seek his own happiness when and in what manner he pleases. Yet Canadians are a home-loving people, and would not be so ready to divert the whole current of their lives, were there not some radical defects in our political, social, or geographical position, which compels them to seek abroad for that which

they cannot obtain at home. That such defects do exist is hardly susceptible of a doubt, and it is my purpose, in this paper, to show that they consist, primarily, in the immorality of our political system, our lack of social homogeniety, and, to some extent, in our unfortunate geographical position.

In pursuing this inquiry, we must bear in mind that the conditions under which we are now labouring are the natural results of antecedent circumstances; but it is in our power to modify them wisely, so as to assure the happiness of those who may come after us; for, after all, our actions are the only part of us for which we can reasonably claim immortality.

The British Constitution is an unfailing theme for the admiration of certain people who imagine that political wisdom could devise no better scheme of government; yet, it is, essentially, one of faction and conspiracy; and, in the form in which it has been transmitted to us, contains the worst elements of absolutism and oligarchy. Our institutions have passed that period when government could curtail the liberty of the subject for the expression of opinion, or, even for agitating fundamental changes in the form of national administration. Public opinion, or, as some writers say, the consensus of the competent, has been found sufficiently strong to control the speculations of those whose ideas are too radical for present acceptance; but there are few who care to reflect upon the devious methods by which governments and politicians manufacture public opinion, and the specious arts they employ in order to entrap the electorate. Nothing could be farther from the thoughts or desires of these wily manipulators, than the restriction of liberty. On the contrary, it is part of the new political philosophy, that every man should possess the fullest amount of rational freedom, an untrammelled press allowing the widest latitude for discussion on all questions of public polity. This species of liberty having become as common as the air we breathe, it is in like manner accepted as a matter of course. This begets a false sense of security which enables politicians to carry to a successful issue those schemes by which whole masses of men are made to minister to their ambition and aggrandizement. The prizes in public life are very great, and, as success is the sole test of merit, unscrupulousness becomes virtue in a politician. Men otherwise strict in their conceptions of morality, judge the conduct of public men by a different standard than that which they apply to others, as if the eternal principle of right admitted of variation. The ready acquiescence thus given by honourable men to actions performed by a politician that would not be tolerated in a private individual, betokens an undeveloped condition of morality, and, politicians, aware of the defect, are tempted thereby to risk a certain amount of opprobium in pursuit of their objects.

But scientific morality applied to politics condemns all such actions as essentially bad, and, even on the poor pretence of expediency, as inadmissable as it is certain of ultimate failure. That no law of living can be violated with impunity is a fact as clearly established in morals as anything in physics; therefore bad conduct which, in the sense I desire to convey, is only a simple name for political artifice, demands and always receives its natural correction. Politicians, nevertheless, achieve their immediate purpose, and, while they dazzle the vulgar with delusive generalities, manage to secure their own fortunes and provide for those attached to them. By skilful canvassing and caucusing they steal the franchise from the masses. Minorities are manipulated by agents, and no election is permitted to take place till they have declared who shall be the candidates. Under this system the electors rarely have a choice, except between the nominees of op-

posing factions, and very often they choose the worse. In all political campaigns, measures are devised for securing the votes of the various minorities into which constituencies are divided. Vulgar prejudices, sectarian passions, social predilections, are all skilfully woven into a net, into which the elector walks with eyes open, for there is no animal more obtuse than the average voter. One agent panders to the Catholics, another to the Orangemen, still another to the Methodists, and so with the other various sects. Englishmen are appealed to in one way, Irishmen in another, Scotchmen in some other way, while Frenchmen and Germans are approached after a style suitable to their peculiar habits of thought. It is very humiliating to observe these tactics, but still more so to find how admirably the transparent fraud succeeds. The people thus played upon seem, under the circumstances, to suffer from a suspension of judgment and become stupid to the extent of the cajolery bestowed on them. Another large class, one by no means insignificant, in number at least, sell their votes, and though by the act they surrender all rights of citizenship, there are none more blatant at public gatherings than they. According to this system, the electors are the very last persons consulted in the choice of their representatives. The heads of factions do that for them, and, as a general thing, they submit with complacent stupidity while all the time imagining they are free and independent electors. No wonder we have bad laws and corruption in high places under a system like this.

Ministers, backed by a parliamentary majority, are absolute in Canada since Lord Dufferin established the constitutional inability of a Governor-General to act contrary to the advice of his Ministers. The sense of unlimited power thus engendered gives tangibility to the immorality which lies at the basis of government by faction, and those who have taken an active part in politics, or who at any time may have exercised their franchise conscientiously in opposition to a dominant party, know how impossible it is for them to obtain justice or consideration from men who esteem it a part of their duty to punish those who disagree with them. Within a year we have seen Acts of Parliament passed with the obvious purpose of providing rewards from the Treasury for men whose sole claim to recognition consisted in their having performed the dirty work of a political campaign. So deeply has the spirit of faction entered into the life of Canadians, that it is no uncommon thing for men in ordinary avocations to quit the country when their party is defeated, only to return when another election gives them the prospect of securing justice at the hands of the Government, or, perhaps, a share in the spoils of office. This is the more to be deplored when we reflect that there are no 'burning questions' to divide the people into hostile camps, and what may be taken as a reason for division is merely of a traditional or personal character. But, perhaps, the worst indication of the essential immorality of our system lies in the readiness of the electorate to condone the gravest political offences when the passion of common greed is appealed to. Material politics, if I may be permitted to use the term, are now paramount in Canada—Government and people appearing to sink every consideration which is not based on the immediate selfishness of the pocket. Our Statute Book is encumbered with unjust, unequal laws; our system of taxation, direct and indirect, is in open violation of equity; our judicature is split up into almost innumerable jurisdictions, which enable the rich to defraud the poor. Whole classes are exempt from bearing their just share of the public burdens. Religious corporations, the Civil Service, holders of certain kinds of securities, escape taxation in various ways; while,

those who labour in productive pursuits and win a precarious livelihood by hand and brain, have to endure the additional imposition thus created. Our bankruptcy laws, which can only be described as disgraceful, place a premium on dishonesty, enabling the trader to wipe out his liabilities on the one hand, while empowering him on the other to exact the last farthing from those who have been inveigled into his books. Under the operation of these laws a fraudulent debtor to the extent of many thousands of dollars may defy those whom he has cheated; but the wretch who is mean enough to owe less than $100 must go to prison. Our banking system is founded on an immoral compact between political leaders and great monetary institutions for mutual benefit at the expense of the people; while our currency is more debased than the brass money linked indissolubly with the infancy of the second James. Our system of representation, extending as it does to the smallest details of municipal life, furnishes us with a class of professional demagogues ready on all occasions to divert popular movements to their own advantage; while innumerable sects and cliques conspire in public places for shares in the plunder of which the dumb-driven taxpayer is despoiled. Let any man, for instance, walk through the Dominion Capital with his eyes open and he will find that every third man he meets is either taxing him, living on his taxes, or exempt from taxation. In some cases he will observe fortunate individuals who exercise all three functions with honour and in perfect self-satisfied equanimity that Canada is the best governed and ought to be the happiest country on the globe. Contemplating these things, is it any matter for astonishment that the Dominion should annually lose one hundred thousand of its people who leave its borders to find freer scope for their energies in the neighbouring republic? A foreigner observing those palpable defects of our system, but unacquainted with our real condition would be prone to imagine that we are a sluggish, if not a retrogressive people, blindly attached to antiquated traditions, and, unwilling, through superstitious reverence for our forefathers, to reform the laws and customs they had bequeathed us. But how degrading is the position in which we must be content to be regarded when the fact is stated that for our population of four millions of souls we maintain over six hundred paid legislators and seven parliaments all constructed on the revered model of the British Constitution. The possession of such vast machinery for the abrogation of unwholesome laws and the enactment of measures in accordance with the genius of a free people, would, we should imagine, speedily obliterate the abuses I have mentioned; but, strange to say, these evils have increased instead of diminishing, and, now, after twelve years of almost absolute self-government, the idea of justice in civil affairs is lost amid the voluminous intricacies of conflicting legislation. It would have been well for Canada, perhaps, had the edict of Zeleucus been incorporated into the Act of Confederation; in the words of Gibbon: 'A Locrian who proposed any new law stood forth in the assembly of the people with a cord round his neck, and if the law was rejected, the innovator was instantly strangled.'

The volumes of Statutes enacted since Confederation occupy a large space in the library at Ottawa, and it may be truly affirmed of them that they contain more useless, mischieviously bad legislation than ever was allowed to encumber the records of a civilized nation. No attempt has been made to reconcile the conflicting conditions of those laws which stand a monument

> 'To show
> How much men bear and die not.'

Yet amid this mass of legislation there is but little attempted in the way of reforming abuses, and what little there

may be is of the most perfunctory character. This is not to be wondered at, because rings, cliques and combinations control the representation, and, by far, the larger part of those elected are mere parliamentary brokers whose chief care is to look after certain interests, not the general welfare. The spirit of the age is essentially money-grabbing, and parliamentarians make no secret of the objects they have been elected to serve. Anyone who has given attention to the proceedings of committees will bear testimony to this humiliating truth. It would be hopeless to look to Parliament for reform—that must come from below—from the people themselves. This point being admitted, we must regret the great lapse which the people of Canada have recently made from right principles. Under the guidance of certain politicians they have been taught to look to the State for assistance in their industries. This idea is destructive of character, and introduces a spirit of state socialism fatal to that independent manliness which should ever distinguish a free people. Although the masses are now free, they are yet restrained, in another sense, by poverty, and made dependent on employment. But when that employment fails, the very worst thing a Government could do would be to teach them to look to the State for aid. The Government should be dependent on the people, not the people on the Government. Bismarck encouraged this state socialism, and, in doing so created a Frankenstein monster which threatens his master's destruction. There is a possibility of the great German's experience finding a parallel illustration in the Dominion.

Law Reform is a question which, perhaps, demands more attention than any other subject now mooted in politics; still, though we have abundance of eminent lawyers holding seats in our legislatures, it is the last thing that anyone dreams of attempting. Lawyers, as a class, are very much to blame in this respect, and it may here be remarked that one of the greatest obstacles to legal reform is the maintenance of the practice of law as a profession. It is a monopoly of the worst kind, and surrounds courts of justice with restrictions totally at variance with free institutions. It is bad enough to have the administration of justice monopolised by a class, but when that class assumes a large, if not a controlling, influence in legislation, law reform is almost an impossibility. Nor is the dread of change confined to one profession, so-called, or one set of men. A notable example of the tenacity with which some people will cling to bad laws, when once established, was furnished during the last session of Parliament. The House of Commons passed an Act repealing all laws relating to insolvency by a majority so large that there could be no doubt of the popular will; but the irresponsible Senate rejected the Bill and compelled the country still longer to endure the infamy of a trade system which has done more to demoralize our people than any Act of Parliament that ever obtained the sanction of the Crown.

The absurd division of power between the Federal and the Provincial authorities, by which prerogative and jurisdiction is confused in a manner to defy settlement, when they are not in accord, leads to endless disputations, in which the most open evasions of duty are practised. A prominent instance of this anomaly in our constitution is to be seen in the condition of the Ontario Boundary question, which remains unsettled to this day, although the award of the arbitrators was given over two years ago. Here we have an example of political immorality practised by the central authority which takes advantage of its position to punish a whole Province for not accepting a local government at its dictation. The same principle controls the matter of provincial subsidies, and the notorious example set by Nova Scotia in the

early days of Confederation has been followed by other Provinces, the indirect support of whose Governments was secured to the party in power at Ottawa by most flagrant violations of the Act of Union.

Nor does this system of bribery and intimidation cease at any given point, for we find its ramifications extending throughout all phases of commercial and social, as well as political life. Even criminal jurisprudence is not free from the universal taint, for it is in the power of anyone who reads the daily papers to cite instances where the prerogative of pardon has been exercised to defeat the ends of justice and open prison doors for the escape of convicted malefactors. I may not be permitted, perhaps, to go so far as to say that political influence has done this, but the friends of the condemned have always in such cases taken care to employ counsel notorious for active sympathy with the party that happened to be dominant at the time. In prosecutions for malfeasance of office, there have been some grievous cases of injustice. A well known instance will suffice as an illustration. Some time ago two men were guilty of an exactly similar offence; both were clearly indictable for felony as well as for misdemeanor; but for some occult reason one was sent for trial by the Government on a charge of felony, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary for five years; the other charged simply with misdemeanor, got off with four months in gaol. Of the 'hush up' system, it is only necessary now to observe that it is the curse of the Civil Service and the worst result of the appointments for political reasons. To those familiar with the Capital, it is scarcely necessary to point out the every-day appearance on its streets of contractors backed by parliamentarians of pronounced proclivities, long experience, and tried sagacity in departmental manipulation. Again, in the matter of employment, we have all had opportunities of observing how men are chosen for the most responsible positions, not on account of their mental, moral, or professional qualifications, but because they have demonstrated certain usefulness in a party sense of themselves or their connections. Nor are the amenities of social life exempt from the all-prevailing stigma of political reprobation as the insolent assumption of the title 'Party of Gentlemen' sufficiently indicates. Fortunately Canada has no aristocracy. Now every man has an open field to display his merits; but our system is as yet too raw for the growth of sound social homogeneity. Canadians, beyond the immediate circle of their families, have none of that intercourse which constitutes such a charm in the society of some countries. An almost oriental seclusion surrounds every household, and gives an air of awkward superficiality uncomfortably recognizable by all who have had the benefit of foreign travel. This is modified to some extent by church congregations; but the general effect is unhappy and greatly retards the growth of national spirit.

This brings us to the consideration of a matter of the first importance in relation to the development of national character. Our state educational system controlled by the Provincial Governments has been lauded to the skies, especially in Ontario, as a triumph of administration in a very difficult field, and there are certainly good reasons for the praises that have been bestowed upon it. There is, however, one conspicuous neglect, which under a system of state education is little short of marvellous. From primary schools to universities there is not the slightest provision for teaching the duties of citizenship and the principles of political morality. Next to that part of education which relates to the control of the impulses and emotions, should come the inculcation of sound principles concerning the rights, duties, responsibilities of citizenship, and so long as this is lacking, our system of educa-

tion is incomplete and faulty in the most important particular. I will not pause here to describe the laws enacted in ancient states for the purpose of training the youth, so that when each generation arrived at maturity, every man was prepared to discharge the functions of a citizen with advantage to the nation and honour to himself.

The geographical position of a country is of commanding importance when we come to consider the possibilities of its future and the probabilities of its maintaining independent national existence. As regards Canada, this portion of our inquiry requires but brief consideration. A glance at the map of North America shows that the Dominion extends across the broadest part of the continent, a zigzag shelf of mountain and prairie devoid of natural boundaries from Thunder Bay to a few miles below the mouth of Lake Ontario. It is barricaded on the north by eternal winter and interminable ice, while the conterminous territory on the south is occupied by an unconquerable power determinately hostile to everything British and Canadian. To these disadvantages must be added a climate which closes our ports against commerce for six months in every year; the wonder then is, not that Canada should be in its present backward condition, but that its people ever contrived to wrest from reluctant nature and foreign step-mother government the amount of material prosperity and political freedom which they do enjoy. Circumscribed by climate, hemmed in by artificial boundaries projected in defiance of geographical limitations, with nothing but a fading tradition to separate the inhabitants from a great progressive kindred people, the dream of Canadian nationality, or even the perpetuation for any length of time of British supremacy in North America, appears in the light of sober judgment one of the wildest chimeras that ever haunted the political imagination.

In addition to these evils and defects which I have endeavoured to point out, we must not forget to note the suicidal mania our general, local, and municipal governments have contracted for borrowing from foreign money-lenders. Nor is this insane system of hypothecating future endeavour confined to those bodies; for the fact is notorious that seven out of every ten farms in the country are mortgaged at rates of interest that double the debt every ten years. Human industry, though ever so wisely applied, is incapable of successfully resisting such a drain, and the consequences are to be seen in the fact that the land is gradually falling into the hands of large proprietors, while freeholders in the older settled provinces are becoming fewer every year. The independent farmer is disappearing to make way for the thriftless, shifting tenant. This is, perhaps, of all evils that afflict Canada, the worst, because there seems no way to arrest it. It means poverty of the people, sterility of the soil, and is pregnant with social disaster.

Considering all these things, it is not too much to say that political morality in Canada is at a very low ebb. Nor can we listen to the speeches and observe the conduct of our statesmen in the face of these crying abuses and portentous facts without feeling how wofully unequal they are to cope with the difficulties of their times. Their organs are filled with personal slander, vituperation, and false witness; their utterances the dreariest common-place of professional politics. None of them have the courage to grapple with the evils which are sapping the foundation of national life. Our destiny is, therefore, manifest under the conditions set forth. We may stagger along for awhile, but the combined oppressions of our political system and vast public debt must put an early period to the most foolish and ill-contrived experiment ever attempted in colonial government. The spurious loyalty which

bestowed longevity on the errors of our forefathers, and rooted in Canadian soil some of the worst abuses of an *effete* European system, will then be impotent to save the people of Canada from becoming a prey to the enlightened rapacity of republican America. Nor can we contemplate that result with unmixed feelings, for undoubtedly our condition would be vastly improved thereby in a material sense; yet no true Canadian can resign the vision of independent national greatness without a pang. Dispute the point as we may, the whole tendency of our affairs is towards absorption by the United States, and that end will surely be reached much sooner than many people anticipate, if a higher political morality and a more noble public spirit than now obtain are not infused into Canadian institutions.

NEWFANGLE AGAIN.

BY A NON-RESIDENT.

AS our friend, 'A Woman of Newfangle,' comes forward again to break a lance on behalf of the much maligned men whom 'she' has kindly taken under her powerful protection, a few criticisms on her criticisms may be in order. They shall be as brief as possible, for, since she now so satisfactorily 'sums up' in favour of the 'higher education' movement, and so cordially agrees that 'there can be no reason why women should not be afforded all facility for making the most of their lives and of any talents with which they may be gifted,' it is hardly worth while to waste time in arguing side-issues that are of consequence chiefly in enforcing the need for the promotion of more thorough and systematic female education. Still, a few remarks are, I think, called for in view of the very remarkable character of some of our friend's criticisms.

It is a pity that a mind so ingenious in devising and maintaining hypothetical lines of defence, and in disposing of inconvenient facts, should have been lost to the noble profession of the law, in which 'A Woman of Newfangle' would doubtless have distinguished herself. Her method of proving statistics that the facts brought out through the 'Working Women's Protection Union of New York,' amount to nothing—reminds one of the way in which a worthy alderman in Dickens' 'Chimes' proves, by the same means, that a poor man has no right to eat tripe—in fact, that it is quite iniquitous in him to do so. Statistics, it has been often said, may be made to prove anything. Everything depends on the way in which they are used. Had 'A Woman of Newfangle' held a brief on the opposite side, there is no doubt that, with her acuteness and perspicacity, she would have argued somewhat in this way: Six thousand women are a small proportion of the women of New York and its suburbs or outlying cities, but it must be remembered that a very large proportion of the adult female population are not 'working women,' *i. e.*, women working for remuneration from employers. Deducting married women,

whose work, little or much, is entirely domestic—single women similarly circumstanced—women whose pride is that 'they toil not, neither do they spin,' and the women too old to work at all—it will be seen that the 'working women' proper cannot constitute even a third of the whole female population. When we can arrive at the real proportion they do constitute, we shall be able to say exactly how large a fraction of that proportion the six thousand five hundred wronged women represent; but we may be tolerably sure that it is by no means a small one. Then there is every reason to believe that the number of cases righted by this Protective Union does not represent anything like the number of the actually existing cases of wrong. We all know that no Society of this kind ever reaches all, or anything like all who might be benefited by it. It is long before even the knowledge of such a Society penetrates through the whole mass of a population so large as 'New York and its suburbs or outlying cities,'—which latter our friend has assumed to be included in its operations. And of those who were aware of its existence, how many—either through procrastination or dislike to push matters, or fear of offending where it is their interest to please, or feminine shrinking from going to law—would neglect to take advantage even of this Union? So that we may fairly presume that the six thousand five hundred righted cases represent a very much larger number of cases which have not been righted, and this number would bear not by any means a very small proportion to the working female population of New York, with which, alone, it should be compared. This would certainly be a much more tenable, because a much fairer calculation than the remarkable one our friend has made, and it is a pity it did not suit her 'case' to use it, as she could doubtless have done with so good effect.

Then, as to the average amount recovered for each, respecting which 'A Woman of Newfangle' is so scornful, let me remind her that there are very many working-women with families in far more needy circumstances than servant girls, since they have to board and lodge themselves, and often half-a-dozen hungry little ones as well, and that, to such, the loss of so small a sum as even *one* dollar will often cause no little suffering. 'A Woman of Newfangle' may hardly believe it, but I can assure her that I have known women of mature age to weep over the loss of a few sorely-needed shillings because to them it made all the difference between getting what they needed and going without. Many a poor school-teacher, working hard to support a widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters, would find the loss of even $3.26 make a sorely felt hole in her slender purse; and as for factory-girls, the amount paid them, when board and lodging are deducted, is usually barely sufficient for their daily needs, in which circumstances a very small loss may entail much privation. The appreciation shown by a 'Woman of Newfangle' of the circumstances and needs of her struggling and suffering sisters, reminds one of that shown by the naïve question of Marie Antoinette, who, when informed that the poor were suffering for lack of bread, enquired, 'why do they not eat cake?'

As I am *not*, and *have not been*, discussing the relative moral excellence of the sexes, we shall pass over that alarming story of Baron Huddlestone, and also the delicate ethical question whether a 'more logical lie' is more heinous than a less logical. To me it seems that the *gravamen* of a lie rests in the '*intent to deceive*,' independently of the way in which the intent is executed, which may be more or less clumsy or skilful, according to the *intellectual* not *moral* calibre of the deceiver. As to the question to what extent women might cheat men, had they the same opportunities, we need

not enter upon that either. No one will for a moment pretend, that, as the world goes at present, women have anything like the opportunities of cheating, or wronging men, that men have of cheating or wronging women, who, from their comparative ignorance of business, are so much in the power of men. Even to the limited extent that they are employers, they would find it difficult to be guilty of much injustice. If a lady were to try to underpay, or refuse to pay at all, her coachman or her gardener, she would soon be glad, for the sake of peace, if not of honesty, to give him his due. However, the question does not concern us—how women might treat men *if* they had the power, since '*ifs*' defy proof—but how *men do* actually treat *women?* How often do we hear the sad story of helpless and inexperienced women entrusting their whole property to men in whom they placed implicit confidence, and finding themselves suddenly left penniless, destitute of the little provision they had saved for old age or sickness! How often do we hear of female wards finding that their inheritance has, somehow or other, melted away under the manipulation of its supposed guardians? No one, with the most moderate knowledge of the world, will deny that such cases, with others that could be cited *ad infinitum* are only too numerous. How often, when such cases of suffering occur, do we hear the half impatient, half pitying remark 'Women know so little of business?' Well, since this ignorance and confidence work such mischief, would it not be well that they should be educated to know a little more of it? It were absurd, as well as wicked, to attempt to establish an antagonism between the sexes, which, it has been repeatedly pointed out, are meant to be the help and complement, each of the other. But there is no attempt to do this in simply calling attention to the existence of a real evil, and to its simplest remedy—that women should be better fitted by education for taking care of themselves, and that they should be disabused of the idea that in the serious affairs of life, the conventional courtesy of society will at all make up for the helpless ignorance which they are too often encouraged to cultivate as an additional charm.

She is further—as a matter of course—sceptical as to the flagrancy of the cases which I said I would give from my own personal knowledge, for I certainly happen to know more than she apparently does—of the circumstances and trials of poor women. The pages of a magazine are obviously not the place in which to give a detailed list of circumstances which have come to one's knowledge in the free intercourse of private life. Were it suitable to give even a few of the cases I can readily recall within the compass of my limited experience, most readers would think them flagrant enough; but I am not sanguine enough to hope that it would convince our Newfangle friend. She would, doubtless, act on one of the time-honoured privileges of the sex to which she ostensibly belongs, 'and what she will—she will—you may depend on't;' and if the facts went against her, would aver, 'so much the worse for the facts!' All wrongs are to be looked at through the small end of the telescope, where women are the sufferers. Yet I cannot but think, that if she had come in contact with some of the cases of bitter hardship which I happen to know; had her indignation been as often and as justly stirred as mine has been, by almost incredible meanness and injustice on the part of men towards women, and often by men, who were regarded by those about them, as at least 'average men,' who could hardly regard as extreme, 'the opinion' which, doubtless, on behalf of the men of Newfangle, has so excited her ire.

It is, certainly, very kind of her to take up so warmly the cause of 'the average man,' though one cannot help thinking that she might have allowed

him to speak for himself. But what is an 'average man?' 'A Woman of Newfangle' says it means 'nearly all men.' To this, I venture humbly to demur. When we speak, for example, of the average yield of a field of wheat as being indifferent, we do not necessarily mean, that nearly all the ears are indifferent, since a great many may be very good, or a great many very bad indeed. We know, of course, that there are a great many very good men, as well as a great many who are very bad. By 'the average man' I understand the man who stands midway between the two extremes—the man who is neither very bad nor very good. Now, what is the ordinary course of the average man, in business, when 'the principle of self-interest comes into play,' and is not modified, as it ought to be, in all Christian civilization by the Golden Rule? Will any one pretend that rigid integrity is the rule rather than the exception, in our ordinary commercial life? Does the 'average' manufacturer or importer keep clear of the 'loaded cottons' and 'China clay,' which English writers tell us, are ruining the credit of British manufacturers? Does the 'average' shop-keeper instruct his clerks to inform customers as to the defects as well as the merits of his goods, and never to recommend them for what they are not? Does the 'average' milk-seller take care to supply his city customers with the pure undiluted fluid, as it comes from the honest cow, or are all the stories of adulterated milk, and consequent physical harm, malicious fabrications? Does the 'average' lawyer honestly recommend his client to withdraw or compromise a doubtful case, and keep his speeches to the jury within the limits of his conscientious convictions? Are men really so much better than when King David said in his haste that 'all men were liars,' or are the 'tricks of trade' less proverbial than they were in the time of Solomon? Oliver Wendell Holmes tells us that—

> 'When doctors tell us all they think,
> And lawyers tell us all they mean;
> When what we pay for, that we drink,
> From real grape or coffee bean,'

the millennium will be close at hand.

In the August number of the *Contemporary Review*, we are told by a masculine writer that 'respectable' attorneys 'make out a bill for double the proper charge' and think it no harm. With so many concurrent testimonies, to the same effect, why does not our Newfangle friend distribute her righteous indignation impartially all round? 'Why these angers in celestial minds' over one statement that the 'average man,' who (his own sex being the judges) finds so many opportunities of over-reaching his fellow-man, will still more readily over-reach or oppress his more inexperienced and helpless sister-woman? Of course, the 'average' in Arcadia may be different, and our friend, from her different standpoint, may have had reason to arrive at a different opinion. But, before condemning the opinions of others, let her remember the parable of the knights and the shield.

Our Newfangle friend is, moreover, not to be convinced that women, *as women*, are paid less than men for the same services. If facts bear against it, then, again, so much the worse for the facts! A very definite instance was given, on good authority, of a lady in the Post-Office Department at Washington, who is paid $900 for translating foreign letters in three different languages, while the man *who copies the letters which she translates* receives $1,800. This very distinct statement is thus conveniently disposed of by our friend from Newfangle:—'As for the man who gets $1,800 for *what are said to be inferior services* no decision could be come to without knowing more about the case!' Of course facts are simply thrown away on any one who has such an 'easy method' of disposing of them. Female genius, we are told, is readily recognized; but this is not to

the purpose. Genius usually commands its own recognition, especially musical or pictorial art. What is complained of is that, in ordinary cases and ordinary occupations, women are, as a rule, paid less than men for the same work. I had thought this an undisputed fact, which no one would dream of questioning. Blanco White, in a book on the Woman Question, admits it as a recognized fact, and defends it on the singular ground that women do not have the same responsibilities in supporting others, ignoring the real state of the case, which is, that there are few working women who work for themselves alone, and have not helpless relatives to maintain. He goes the length of drawing a pathetic fancy-picture or hypothetical case of a young man obliged to postpone marriage because a young woman is found willing to do his work more cheaply. He is driven to emigrate, and is eventually ruined—all because of female 'cheap labour'; precisely the same style of argument with which we have been lately familiarized in the case of the Chinese. Of course he might just as well have drawn an equally pathetic fancy-picture of the young woman, with a widowed mother and little brothers and sisters to support, who finds herself compelled by necessity to take whatever work she can get to do, however inadequate the remuneration. I am glad to see that the question of juster recompense for female labour is being taken up among ourselves, being one of the points considered in an address given at the late Teachers' Conference in Toronto by a man who evidently does not agree with 'A Woman of Newfangle.'

Our friend has evidently entirely forgotten certain questions which she asked in her first homily, when she gives us a list of English authoresses extending over the past half-century. She formerly remarked that the agitation concerning female education 'had been on foot, with a lively gait, for at least fifty years in the United States' (a slight overstatement by the way), and then demanded, —'Is there any appreciable result? Have women there taken a higher tone? have they distinguished themselves more than formerly? If they have, *it is certainly hidden from the outside world.*' In reply I asked, among other questions: 'Fifty years ago, how many female writers were there of any repute, *in the United States*?' To this our friend responds with a list of *English* female authors of two past generations, beginning with Mrs. Barbauld and ending with Mrs. Somerville. As this is, of course, not answering the question *at all*, which it is to be supposed she would have done had she been able to do so satisfactorily, her case must go by default in the very *test-instance* selected by herself. Of course the world moves. No one has tried to deny *that*. And the question of female education moves with it.

She is equally wide of the mark in her criticism of my quotation from Whittier, which is in no way inconsistent with anything I have said on the subject. If she will refresh her memory by turning to the context, she will find that it was given simply to show in what estimation the cultivated American woman is held by noble poets like Whittier as opposed to certain anonymous newspaper paragraphists referred to by her. It occurred to me, indeed, in giving it, that our friend *might* possibly catch at the *phrase* 'the wisdom of unreason,' yet I gave it notwithstanding. For it seems superfluous to point out, to any candid and intelligent reader, that the 'logic of the heart and wisdom of unreason,' *i. e.* the quick *intuitive* perception which poets ascribe to women, is no more incompatible with the logic of the schools than the innate genius of the painter is incompatible with an accurate knowledge of the rules of perspective. Here, by the way, is the verse which

immediately succeeds those quoted, which I withheld before out of consideration for the nerves of our venerable friend. She needs it now, however, to correct her misapprehension of its predecessor: —

> 'He sees with pride her richer thoughts,
> Her fancy's freer ranges,—
> And love, thus deepened to respect,
> Is proof against all changes.'

Evidently there are *some* men on whom our friend's indignation will be rather thrown away.

Our friend maintains that the trial of female medical education has been successful only to a very limited extent (it is wonderful that she admits even *that* limited success), and that, however well it may be to have female medical missionaries abroad, 'it would be more to the purpose to point to ladies in full practice at home in every house one enters.' It strikes me that it is most to the purpose that medical women should go where they are most urgently needed. But as for this '*trial*,' how long has its duration been? How long is it since women have, with much difficulty, won for themselves access to any adequate medical education or overcome the obstacles to their entering on medical practice, which in England at least, have not been fully overcome *yet?* Everyone who knows anything of the movement knows that it has been a struggle with so many obstacles, that it must have demanded an exceptionally strong bent and an exceptionally strong will to overcome them; and those who know anything of the private history of ladies *now* in good practice, know with what ungenerous and cruel opposition some of the best of them have had to contend. Even still they have the prejudice of many of both sexes arrayed against them, and yet we are told of the '*trials*' and the 'limited success.' Taking into consideration the many 'lions in the way,' the violent conservative opposition of many from whom better things might have been expected, the difficulty of securing educational facilities, and the urgent call and ready welcome for labourers in the foreign field, I think it is rather surprising that we can point to even so many female physicians at home. I do not know that the time shall ever come when there will be so many female physicians that we shall have 'one in every house.' For out of the number of women with a natural aptitude for medicine, many will doubtless marry, leaving of course a comparatively small proportion to devote themselves to the study of the profession. For, of course, the truth that marriage is the natural lot of the greater number of women, must never be lost sight of in predicting the future of the sex.

It is not necessary to discuss very extensively the unfortunate subjection of women to the tyranny of fashion in dress, so long as men wear hats and costumes which so sorely perplex the painter and the sculptor. We may hope that a more æsthetic and sensible *régime* is dawning for both. But whatever monstrosities there may be in vogue, women at all events manage to put some grace into their costumes —and are seldom altogether 'out of drawing.' And, even in Newfangle, when you see a plot of flowers before the farmer's door, is it usually cared for by the busy farmer, or by his equally busy wife or daughter?

Arbitarily as our friend deals with facts and figures, it is startling to find her taking such liberties with the English language as to declare that 'difference' implies inferiority in the words she quoted, and that 'any one who knows the real force or meaning of language will agree with her.' I have yet to hear of any dictionary which so defines 'difference,' or any accurate writer who uses it in the sense of difference *plus inferiority.* If inferiority had been meant, in the passage she quotes, why should not the word itself have been used, instead of a word with quite a different meaning. As 'difference,' not 'in-

feriority' was the word used, it is only fair to presume that difference not inferiority was meant? If our friend is determined to 'understand' it otherwise, we unfortunately cannot alter her peculiar 'understanding' of it, but she cannot expect to justify her logic by imposing on well-defined and understood words an interpretation which they do not legitimately bear. I do not express any opinion as to whether there is or is not 'inferiority' on either side. I simply maintain that, in the words quoted, *this* question was not touched at all.

As for the allusion to Captain Carey, it is easy for our Newfangle friend, writing a month later than I did, to talk of his 'noble record and the uncertainty and difference of opinion' which hangs over his case. At the time I wrote, the apparent unanimity of public opinion and of newspaper correspondents in condemning him—our ignorance of his past history, and the fact that *British officers on the spot* had severely censured and deprived him of his sword—made it impossible to take any other view than that which prompted my allusion, which was slight compared with the torrent of indignant condemnation then poured upon him from the press at home or abroad. It would have been simple justice in our Newfangle friend to have frankly admitted this, if she referred to the matter at all. Of course, by the time written words were *read*, a reaction had set in, which made it easy for her to take a small advantage. I cordially admit that, now that we do know his honourable previous record, and that competent professional authorities, after due investigation, have reversed the original sentence, we must accept their judgment and acquit him of *cowardice*, even though we may not yet be able to regard him as a hero.

'A Woman of Newfangle' declares that she did not 'stigmatise' the movement for the higher education of women. There are other ways of 'stigmatising' a movement than doing it in so many words. If her first homily was not throughout a *sneer* at that movement and its results, it was strangely calculated to mislead ordinary readers. If she merely wished to point out that higher education would not work miracles in the case of women any more than of men, it was hardly worth her while to attack, in so hostile a spirit, articles which never pretended that such education could do more than afford the discipline which, though it does not 'make careers in the world,' is yet a most needful preparation for them—articles in which it was carefully pointed out that mere success in passing examinations will *not* necessarily ensure success in the world, and that to such success there is no royal road; that it can be attained only by earnest purpose, faithful preparation, and persevering *hard work;* in which, also, it was predicted that in the long run women will find themselves permitted to do whatever they shall prove themselves able *to do well*, because 'old prejudices must eventually yield to common sense and the inevitable law of demand and supply.' Our friend repeats some of these indubitable truths, utterly ignoring the fact that they were most *strongly insisted on* in the very articles which 'she' quoted only to *attack*. Let me suggest that a fair and generous critic—whatever form his criticism may take—will never fail to balance his fault-finding with a frank and cordial recognition of all that he can endorse and approve.

THE INDEMNITY AND TAX EXEMPTIONS QUESTIONS.

BY W. M'DONNELL, LINDSAY.

THE late local elections have sustained Mr. Mowat and his supporters, and have again left him to continue, most probably, as Premier of Ontario for another parliamentary period. Whether he will remain a 'reformer who has nothing to reform' is a question which is now interesting to many; but it cannot be denied that though he has received a new lease of power, yet, in consequence of his rather timid and indecisive course—where, at least, one important reform was needed—many of his earliest friends and supporters did not give him a renewal of the same warm support as of old during his late appeal to the electors of this Province. From the unsatisfactory moves, also, to which Mr. Mowat resorted to retain office, and his apparent subserviency in courting the assistance of a certain ecclesiastical authority, many have been led to suspect his intentions, while others have lost confidence in him, and have very little hope that the measures of reform which he may be permitted to introduce, will be more than nominal makeshifts, just to keep up appearances. A prominent Reformer, at the present period, should be one in more than the mere name. Professed attachment to party, merely for the sake of retaining office, is demoralizing statesmanship; and those who can rise above mere party instincts will yet be obliged to acknowledge that where a great principle was at stake, where the most urgent and perhaps the only great reform of the day was demanded and repeatedly pressed upon the attention of our local Government, Mr. Mowat and his colleagues hesitated to such a degree as to leave them, in the opinion of every impartial observer, deserving of being accounted nothing more than simply nominal Reformers.

In the heat of party excitement, certain charges were brought against Mr. Mowat as Premier which, there is reason to believe, were unfounded. Notwithstanding the attempts made to prove him and his political associates unscrupulous in expenditure, and to show that, under their direction, the grossest mismanagement of the public funds of the Province took place, the accusations have had but little to sustain them: with perhaps one exception, they were evidently, for the most part, charges trumped up for the occasion. Mistakes may have been made in expenditure, but these, it may be said, were unimportant. As a general rule, the Mowat Government was probably as careful in the matter of public outlay as its predecessors; and on the whole, unless in the charge for the increase of indemnity, there was little or no reason for the complaint that the public money of Ontario had been squandered by wholesale, or that the Province was being recklessly run into debt.

The main cause why many of Mr. Mowat's old supporters became alienated from him, and why increased opposition was offered by many Liberal Conservatives, was the fact—for fact it is—that he was openly delinquent on two important matters. In the first place, instead of putting his foot down firmly against any increased indemnity to members of the Local House, or against any increase of his

own salary and that of his colleagues, particularly during a period of great financial depression, he yielded to a most culpable pressure, and virtually authorised what has been called the 'salary grab,' thereby diminishing the resources of the Province, adding to the burdens of the people, and setting an example of want of economy and indifference to retrenchment. The excuses made by partizan defenders for the action taken in this questionable affair were exceedingly weak. No matter by whom the suggestion was made, for it is evident that Conservatives and Reformers were equally to blame; no matter how artfully the manœuvre was managed, Mr. Mowat ought not, as a Reform Premier, to have given way or heeded the rapacity of those that beset him. Had he said to those greedy for an increase: 'No, gentlemen; occupying the position which I do before the country, it will not do for me as leader of the Reform party in Ontario, it will not do for Reform representatives in the Legislature, to comply with such a demand. It is antagonistic to true reform, and I at least cannot be a party to it.' Had he been firm enough to have taken such a course, the Reformers of Ontario would not have been placed in the false position in which they found themselves by a retrograde action of professed friends.

Many conflicting speculations have been made as to who the real juggler was in this mercenary case—the prime mover or originator of the 'salary grab'—whether a Conservative or a Reformer, whether a private member or one of the ministry. The finger of suspicion has, it may have been unfairly, pointed at one of the latter; and it would be a piece of interesting information that would enable us to lay our hand on the man who set the ball in motion, or secretly pulled the wires for this very selfish purpose.

The other charge against Mr. Mowat—and a very grave one it is—is his surprising hesitation and uncertainty in relation to the question of Tax Exemptions,—the only great reform which was demanded, and which, until lately, he himself, as well as almost all others, believed that he had power to secure for the people of Ontario. This was one of the great measures with which only a Reform Government was expected to grapple—and how was the opportunity lost? None ought to know better than Mr. Mowat that, for years back, this corrupt thing—virtually class legislation—this unjust privilege, this scandalous immunity, this admitted outrage on all that is fair or reasonable, has been denounced by the press and the people. Yes, he must know this; and that after a long agitation, relying on his presumed sense of justice, numerous petitions during 1877 and 1878, from nearly all parts of the Province, signed by great numbers of all classes and all political parties, by several municipal bodies, as well as by many professional men, were forwarded to the Local Legislature demanding redress. But we all know now how Mr. Mowat, the Reform Premier of Ontario, and his timid colleagues, shrunk back in alarm, disappointed the reasonable expectation of their friends, and failed most miserably.

Why is this question such a *bête noire* to professed Reformers? It is remarkable that even Mr. Blake, who is decidedly one of the most advanced and outspoken of his party—the party which claims to be most progressive—has, as yet, scarcely alluded to it. Why is this? And why was it that the *Globe* was silenced? Why was it that that journal and other papers which gave us week after week so many laboured articles against class privileges, and so many telling illustrations of the gross injustice of tax exemptions—why was it that they became almost suddenly mute, with scarcely an effort to hide their shameless inconsistency, remaining almost silent on the matter up to this very hour? There was, it was suspected,

good reason to believe that, for party purposes, the Conservative leaders were merely playing with the question, and would most probably do so were they in power; but, in the name of all that is right, why did a so-called Reform Government, when it was assumed and believed that it had jurisdiction in the matter, allow such an opportunity to pass for acting justly? Why not make some satisfactory attempt towards granting equal rights to rich and poor alike, towards allowing no distinction to exist before the law, between the well paid office-holder, whether in a judicial, clerical, or in any other position, and the mechanic or the field-labourer who has to work for his daily bread? Why let those in exalted and affluent positions—many of them in the pay of the State (and, also, with perhaps the assurance of a comfortable pension or allowance *in futuro*)—why let such be exempt from paying taxes, and oblige the man, who when unable to work may have either to beg or to starve to contribute his municipal quota, and pay the last cent of the rate assessed on the trifling share of chattels of which he may be possessed, chattels too often publicly sold to pay even this petty tax? Why allow this shameful political iniquity any longer to exist? There is evidently but one reply—the *party* must be kept in power, the questionable arrangement must not, if possible, be disturbed, and, therefore, the holiest and most righteous principles must be abandoned by men usurping, as it were, the position of Reform leaders, so that they may be able to remain longer in office. Who will have the temerity to state that this is not the legitimate conclusion which many will draw from the course of Mr. Mowat and his colleagues? The most rabid partizan, even the *Globe* itself, must at last, after every evasion, make the same degrading admission.

It seems that, by a late decision of one of the Courts, it has been held that the local parliament has now no power to tax the salaries of judges or certain other Dominion officials. This decision must have evidently been a god-send to Mr. Mowat. It will be interesting to watch the further course of events in this direction, and see whether Sir John A. Macdonald, notwithstanding much that some of his strongest supporters have said and written against exemptions, will act as Mr. Mowat has done; or whether he will go to work resolutely and make every man, no matter what his position, pay his fair share of taxes, and shame the so-called Reformers in office; or whether he will hesitate and let the question of exemptions be yet tossed like a shuttle-cock from one party of political shufflers to the other.

It would be well if every independent elector in Canada would carefully watch the course which may be further taken by leading politicians in Ottawa and in Ontario on this important matter.

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A WORD FROM VERSAILLES.

IT was fortunate that Gresham had not been hasty in stating to Lady Arden the wrong that had been done to his friend by Mr. Walcot's machinations, for he had no doubt that it was at his instigation that false witness had been borne against him; had he done so it was not in woman's nature, or, at all events, in that of her ladyship, not to have 'had it out' with Miss Annabel Spence, which would have led to complications. For on the morning after the departure of the master of the Hall, arrived Mr. Hayling, the family lawyer, with 'instructions' which he had been directed to communicate forthwith to those concerned. From their nature it was evident that Sir Robert contemplated a protracted absence, since each head of a department without doors received rules for his guidance for some time to come; while as to mere domestic matters, there was this singular enactment that no change should be made in the present household without Sir Robert's written consent.

In this Lady Arden fortunately only saw a new impertinence and arrogance on the part of Walcot, and not, as he doubtless intended it to be, a positive insult. It was pretty certain he had taken it for granted that Mayne had laid the whole circumstances of his case before her, when no alternative would have been left to her but to dismiss Annabel Spence, or to lose her own self-respect. He had secured Sir Robert's consent to retain the girl by pointing out that she was not to blame, or, at all events, only very slightly so in comparison with her would-be seducer, while to turn her out of doors on such a charge would be her ruin. Thus he hoped at once to bring husband and wife into collision, and, at the same time—since he was sure to get his way—to retain at the Hall one person at least devoted to his interests. He knew that the whole hive would be roused against him, and indeed that, for all his craft and power, they would have destroyed him, had he not hit upon the audacious plan of carrying off with him their Queen Bee, Sir Robert.

On Lady Arden's communicating Mr. Hayling's message to Gresham, that young gentleman perceived at once—for hate sharpens our wits as much as love—this device of the common enemy, and resolved to frame what he had to say to his hostess in such a way as for the present to shield Miss Spence from the punishment she so richly deserved, which was the very course, indeed, that his friend himself had enjoined on him. Frederic Mayne was far too chivalrous to wish to be revenged upon a poor servant girl for an offence in which she had been only the instrument; and also, I am afraid, he felt that such a course of action would have tended to diminish the long score he had set down to the credit of Mr. Walcot, and which it was

his fixed and firm intention to settle in full.

'My dear fellow,' he wrote to his friend upon the day after he reached London, 'it has often been cast up against me that I have no object in life; but that is no longer the case. My *raison d'être* for the future is to be even with "Uncle Ferdy." I am not so clever by half, but I have health and strength, and several thousands a year, all which shall be expended in this pursuit rather than not gain my ends. The date of our return match, cannot, it is true, at present be fixed, but it will come off, believe me. Of course I am very anxious to hear from you if only from selfish motives. I trust most sincerely that you have been able to clear my character with Lady Arden without implicating that impressionable young person with the too sensational memory—what she did remember, poor girl, was always, bear in mind, what Walcot taught her. As to what happened in respect to that gentleman and Sir Robert, I probably know more than you do. They started yesterday from Folkestone for the South of France; your uncle, I was told by my informant—who has five pounds a week and his expenses for keeping his eye on the runaway couple—looking, you will be sorry to hear, exceedingly ill; *my* "uncle Ferdy" appearing, on the other hand, to be in excellent health and spirits; a perfect green bay tree; how long he will "flourish" remains to be seen; this woodman is very eager, and his axe will not fail for want of sharpening (if I don't say "d—— him" it is because it is superfluous, and also because I'm always thinking it). I hope matters have been so explained that you may be able to give my most respectful regards to Lady Arden and the young ladies; remember me to poor Frank in any case—who might put Master Groad into the millstream with a great sense of satisfaction, and without fear of consequences; and offer my homage to the Great Baba—whose views, I know, coincide with my own respecting our common uncle. I am looking about for a dreadful toyman for the dear child to shoot at, which shall be much more like F. W. than Quilp's famous figure head was to Kit. "Oh, that I had him here," &c. Do not forget also to remember me cordially to Dyneley. He is a most capital good fellow, but he entertains fanatical views about the forgiveness of injuries. The most he could extract from me with respect to "Uncle Ferdy" is that I would forgive him—if he escaped my righteous indignation. Before all things we must pay our debts. I picture you all breathing freely in the absence of the oppressor, and yet so genuinely sorry about Sir Robert. Of course it was "the spirits" who did it; their power, —or rather the weakness of poor humanity in connection with them—is wounded. Our difficulties will, I fear, be half over, even if Walcot shows himself (as he is sure to do sooner or later) to his brother-in-law in his true colours; for nothing is so hard in the way of owning oneself wrong—even to generous and forgiving natures such as are to be found at Halcombe—as to admit that we have been deceived and cajoled. In case Holme has to leave the farm for "rounding" as Groad called it, on his tyrant, I shall be able, perhaps, to do something for him. You will write particularly to me respecting Miss Evelyn and Miss Millicent, who, I hope, have heard nothing to my discredit. The mere thought of this is intolerable to me. I fly from it, and all the more eagerly from having experienced its contact—to the contemplation of my new object in life. Surely by giving one's whole time and attention to it, it ought to be attained. You will say I have "Uncle Ferdy" on the brain. I am afraid it is so, and so it will be till I have him on the hip.

'Yours ever faithfully,

'FREDERIC MAYNE.

'A telegram just informs me that our respective uncles have reached Marseilles, where they shew signs of remaining for the present.'

The postscript was the first intimation that the family at Halcombe had received of the movements of Sir Robert, whose silence sufficiently indicated his high displeasure. In the meantime, there had been several councils held at the Hall, and one or two (where the calumet, or pipe of amity, was not wanting) between Gresham and Dyneley at the Manor Farm. Unhappily a 'masterly inactivity' was the only course of action for the present open to them—with one exception. When Lady Arden had been placed in possession of the facts respecting the persecution of her son, she dismissed Mr. Groad from her service upon the spot. He did not come under the head of domestic servants, and was therefore unprotected by Sir Robert's edict; but it is doubtful whether, even if he had been, her ladyship would have endured his presence at Halcombe. Thanks to Gresham's knowledge of his transactions in peaches (which he shrewdly suspected was not the first), Mr. Groad made no strenuous resistance, but started off with his hopeful son, three months' wages in advance, and the black parrot, within twenty-four hours.

Gilbert Holme, returning on that afternoon from Mirton, met the covered cart which contained this 'happy family' coming over the moor, and proffered a good-natured 'good bye;' but the only reply he got—which was, however, some explanation for their silence—was from that truthful bird, who croaked as usual, 'We are all for ourselves here,' and was incontinently shaken, cage and all, by Jem, for holding communication with the enemy.

If Lady Arden's wrath against one of Mr. Walcot's mere instruments burnt thus fiercely, it may be imagined with what feelings she regarded that gentleman himself. With all his knowledge of human nature he probably underrated the resentment he had aroused in her, the love of a mother for her child being a factor that men of his class are incapable of estimating, though they can appreciate numbers (in financial matters) up to millions. Of course she was for the present powerless, but from that moment there were possibilities of reprisal in her, which, if his eyes could have read them, would have paled his dishonest cheek.

Mr. George Gresham (who would have wrung his neck, however, with much satisfaction) was far less inimical to him; indeed he was almost grateful to Mr. Walcot in one particular, namely for that ukase for leaving the household undisturbed, which secured to him the society of his Elise.

'No matter what happens to me, my darling, in the future,' he whispered to her, consolingly, 'I am your's for ever, and I could almost forgive the scoundrel for not having separated us in the meantime.'

At which that prudent and astute young Teutoness shook her little head. 'O, George,' she said, 'has love so blinded you that you do not see this man's intentions in allowing me to remain here? He wishes your passion to precipitate matters; nothing would please him better than that you should marry me out of hand, so that all he has said to your uncle should be corroborated, and there should be a just pretext not only for your disinheritance hereafter, but for withdrawing his countenance from you on the spot.'

'Then let us gratify him,' cried Gresham, cheerfully; 'we are told, you know, to give pleasure to those that hurt us.'

'Yes, but not to ruin those that love us,' was her prompt reply. 'I always told you that you were endangering your best interests by bestowing your affection on such as I am. I shall never reproach you for withdrawing them, or placing them more

fitly' (her voice slightly trembled) 'elsewhere. In any case, my resolve thus far is fixed—that you shall run no further risks on my account. If our union cannot take place without such a loss of your uncle's favour as we have good cause to fear, indeed, indeed, George, I will never become your wife.

'Very good,' said Gresham, 'we are still young' (here he kissed her to prove it), 'and can afford to wait a bit. In the meantime let us be happy with one another.'

Considering the relative position they were understood to occupy in the the family, this would not have been accomplished under ordinary circumstances without some difficulty; since, for the young man of the house to take solitary walks with the governess, and to converse with her in her native tongue for the purpose of isolation, is generally considered, at the best, 'peculiar.' But Lady Arden, always prone to take small notice of anything beyond her children and her 'symptoms,' was now consumed by the thought of her own wrongs and Franky's, and disposed to concentrate all her sense of misdoing upon a single offender.

The two girls, it is true, were sharp as needles, and had eyes to which all the attempted concealments of a *tendresse* would have been transparent; but then George was a great favourite with them, and had been always wont to have his own way, and they both liked Elise, who, so far from being a designing character, they took note discouraged her swain's attentions rather than otherwise. At the same time they were by no means without the social prejudices of their class, and might possibly have resented such 'goings on' but for certain circumstances in their own position, which at present it would be immature, if not indelicate, to refer to more particularly, than as a fellow-feeling which made them wondrous kind.

A student of female nature can always assure himself whether a woman has ever been in love or not, by watching her conduct towards any one of her own sex who is professedly in that predicament. There is a tenderness and sympathy in her manner (and especially if there are obstacles to the engagement) which scarcely any other circumstances elicit in so marked a way, and she will always put her shoulder to the wheel (of Hymen) with a will.

In old maids there are to my mind few more touching spectacles than this behaviour; it speaks of a dead love—or worse, perhaps, a lost one—upon whose grave, along with the forget-me-nots, grow gentleness and pity, and in which envy has no root.

It may be added that, in any case, Mr. George Gresham was not one to brook interference with his affections from unauthorized quarters, and if remonstrated with, even by Lady Arden herself, he would have replied, and not without some reason, that, however strong the arguments which might at one time have been urged against his love for Elise Hurt, they had now lost their force; for it was almost certain he was no longer his uncle's heir, if, indeed, he inherited anything; and that the incompatibility, therefore, arising from the difference of social position no longer existed.

Even if it did exist, it did not, at all events, affect his spirits; and when the spring came on and touched fair Halcombe with its fairy wand, it found George Gresham already 'May from head to heel.'

As to the other inhabitants of the Hall, if they were not so merry, yet the absence of Sir Robert, which they mourned with genuine sorrow, not unmingled in Lady Arden's case with a sharp and bitter pain, was greatly mitigated by the sense of freedom, of emancipation from the rule of Ferdinand Walcot. That of the Great Baba—who was now more paramount than ever—being tempered by love, was we may be sure infinitely preferable to it.

They were not without news of the nominal master of the house. Sir Robert wrote letters to his wife from time to time which were duly read—for there was nothing, alas! of a confidential kind in them—to the family circle. His health, he described as still failing, but always added that everything was done for him that could be done, and that he was tended by kind and loving hands.

These expressions—which were evidently his own—were odious to her to whom they were addressed; and in her replies she studiously avoided any allusion to them.

Gresham, on the contrary, would have induced her to take some comfort from them.

'It is certain,' he argued, 'that my uncle does not write them to annoy you. Why, then, should he write them at all, save to keep up a resolution that has begun to waver, to assure himself of a fact to which a glimmer of doubt already attaches itself? If Walcot looks over his shoulder—which is quite as likely as not, by the bye—the idea that such remarks will suggest is "Methinks he doth protest too much."

This was also Mr. Dyneley's view.

All theories about the actual state of Sir Robert's mind were suddenly, however, put to flight by a letter from him, which arrived about the beginning of June; a part of the contents of which were singularly grave and ominous:

'As neither my health and spirits show any signs of improvement, I am about, under medical advice, to try the effects of a long sea voyage. As the first of a new line of vessels starts on the 6th from this port to Australia, without calling elsewhere on the way, we have taken the opportunity of securing berths in her. I shall have the great advantage of Ferdinand's experience of this new country, and hope to write you from it a much better and brighter account of myself. Kiss the dear girls and boys fondly for me.'

There was not a word of remembrance to Gresham.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT ITS HEAD.

PRESCIENT as the family at Halcombe were of misfortunes sooner or later to happen in connection with their head, this last tidings exceeded all that had been looked for in the way of evil. It seemed to them that if once Ferdinand Walcot should contrive to place half the world between Sir Robert and his belongings, he would be lost to them forever. The fact of Walcot's 'knowing the country' by no means gave them the satisfaction that it seemed to afford their correspondent. It would only give this man another advantage over his confiding companion, who far from home and friends, and perhaps surrounded by creatures of his brother-in-law, would fall more completely into his power than ever.

The cruelty of Sir Robert's withdrawal from them to so immense a distance, without one syllable of regret, was felt by Lady Arden very keenly, but to do her justice this feeling was swallowed up by her apprehension upon his account.

'Dear George,' said she, with earnest gravity, 'my mind misgives me about this matter more than I dare to express.'

'It is a most ill-judged proceeding of my uncle's, without doubt,' answered Gresham as carelessly as he could; 'but since he chooses this man's society, it is quite as well he should have it on shipboard. Mayne tells me it is enough to make a man hate his mother, to be shut up with her for a three months' voyage; and Sir Robert will see this fellow in his true colours long before he reaches Melbourne.'

'I am so glad to remember,' said

Milly gravely, 'that Mr. Walcot is a bad sailor.'

'He is a bad everything, my dear,' observed Lady Arden, regardless of logic. 'He will end by murdering your poor dear Papa in the bush.'

'My *dear* Lady Arden!' exclaimed Gresham reprovingly; but in his heart of hearts he thought this prophecy far from unlikely to come to pass. His views of Ferdinand Walcot, always far from favourable, had of late, perhaps, gathered corroboration from his friend Mayne's epistles, which were always full of 'Uncle Ferdy;' and for whom they had no epithet less strong than 'villain.'

'I have got my eye on him,' ran his last letter, 'and am watching him narrowly, though at second hand, like vermin under the microscope.'

But not a word had he said about this Australian project.

Under these circumstances, it was urged by Lady Arden that Mr. Mayne should be at once communicated with, and invited down to the Hall.

'He has been so friendly with us, George,' she said, 'and has taken such immense pains in this matter, that we cannot do enough to show our gratitude; and then it would be such a comfort to have his counsel at such a crisis.'

'But Mayne always says, Lady Arden, that he is under a great obligation to us for having given him a pursuit. And you see it is the London season, and it is rather hard to bring a fellow down to Halcombe—though I am sure he would be delighted—and——,' and further than that 'and' Mr. George Gresham could not get.

The fact was he knew his friend would be willing enough to come, but that he would be restrained from doing so, from feelings of delicacy towards Sir Robert. 'I have no right,' he had written, 'ever to enter your uncle's house until the imputation that has been made upon my behaviour while under his roof has been removed. At present he thinks me a blackguard, and no wonder. His last words were to forbid me to speak with any ladies of his family. Of course this is all owing to "Uncle Ferdy"'—here followed the usual digression concerning his intentions of 'making it all right' with that gentleman, and something over;' allusions to the 'return match' to come off at some indefinite date, &c., &c.—'but that does not alter the fact that it would be an impertinence in me to show my nose at Halcombe.'

Now Gresham had slurred over to Lady Arden (as well as he might) the cause of offence supposed to have been given by Mayne, but he was not good at framing excuses.

'I think you do your friend wrong,' said she, 'in supposing that he would not give up the pleasures of society for a day or two to come and help us in our trouble.'

'I think so, too,' said Evelyn, gently.

Millicent said nothing, but blushed so very much that Gresham imagined that some story to his friend's discredit must have reached her ears.

'I think, under the circumstances,' said he, 'a line from yourself, Lady Arden, would have more force than anything I can write.'

'Then he shall have it, George,' was her reply.

Gresham felt the need of his friend's presence at such a crisis at least as much as the rest. The two young men had many points in common (it is curious, indeed, *how* alike young men of that type are) but Mayne's was the leading spirit. They were equally honourable, generous, and resolute; but Gresham was indolent where his friend was vigorous, and the latter had the keener wit. When to these circumstances of superiority we add the fact that Mayne's large fortune, and the power it conferred upon him, it is easy to understand how the other leant upon him. Dyneley, indeed, would have seemed to be the natural ally to whom the inmates of the hall should have turned in this emergency,

but respect for his patron (as they thought), or the knowledge that, however involuntarily, he had struck the first note of this domestic discord, had of late kept the Curate silent even on occasions when his advice was looked for.

As a matter of fact he was only too eager to help them by his counsel, but shrank from volunteering that good office, which must necessarily draw him nearer and nearer to Evelyn, his relation to whom he felt to be that of the moth to the candle. She attracted him, and very innocently, but (so it seemed to him) to his own destruction. Not that he was so modest that he felt it impossible she could ever reciprocate his affection, but that circumstances appeared now more than ever to forbid him to hope to win her.

It was improbable that at any time her step-father would have listened to his suit; but now, when Sir Robert was already far from pleased with the family, his pretentions would be sure to be treated with contempt, and moreover would undoubtedly be used by Walcot to Evelyn's own disadvantage; and the Curate was not the man to injure another—far less the girl he loved—for the gratification of himself.

On the other hand there were limits even to his self-sacrifice. He could not seek Evelyn's society, be intimate and ever confidential with her, speak with her, take her hand, as a friend and almost a brother—with such far from brotherly feelings; it was more than he could bear, to be permitted to talk to her upon every topic—even tender ones—for she spoke to him of Gresham and Elise—save the very one which was always on the tip of his tongue, but on which honour bade him to be silent.

Therefore the curate was not so constant a visitor at the hall as he once had been, when the field was less open to him, and Lady Arden, perhaps, a little resented this, which rendered his keeping away the easier.

Her letter to Mr. Mayne was answered in less time than by return of post, by the arrival of that gentleman himself, the cordiality of whose reception by Lady Arden and her elder daughter at once set him at his ease, and placed him in his old position in the family. Gresham had, indeed, assured him that this would be the case, and that nothing 'unpleasant' had transpired respecting him; but he was greatly pleased to be thus personally convinced of the fact. As to his transgression of Sir Robert's veto, he either felt that the circumstances were grave enough to excuse it, or Lady Arden's note, and his own wish to revisit Halcombe, had overcome them. Gresham, of course, had received him even more warmly than did the others, but there was still one whose welcome this exacting young gentleman missed. He so far forgot himself as to look round the room with an enquiring air—which Gresham was good enough, with a twinkle in his eye, to translate for him.

'You wonder why Dyneley is not here' (Mayne had mentioned having caught sight of him at the village); 'if you want him you must go to his lodgings. He doesn't visit at this house now, and is supposed to be a creature of Uncle Ferdy's.'

'For shame,' cried Lady Arden. 'How can you jest upon such a subject, George!'

'George will jest upon anything,' observed Evy, with unwonted severity and heightened colour.

'That is quite my experience of him,' said Mayne, demurely. 'He has no ballast.'

Here Milly entered the room; she had been standing outside the door for full a minute, not listening at the keyhole, nor saying 'plums, prunes, and prism' with a view to getting a proper shape to her mouth; yet something like the latter she had been doing. If she had been a man she should say she had been 'pulling herself together' in order to enter the room with an easy and indifferent air. In

this she was not very successful, for when one is indifferent (to the presence of a visitor for example) one does not blush and tremble, and murmur 'how do you do?' as though with the last failing breath of poor humanity.

Mr. Mayne, however, it was plain to see, was less critical than cordial. His happiness was so bright and clear that it reflected itself even in the grief-worn face of Lady Arden. Her mother's heart doubtless predicted for her a spot of sunshine in that future which until now had seemed all dark; but the next moment the present trouble, like a parted curtain, once more dropt its folds about her.

'You have come, Mr. Mayne,' said she, 'from a bright world to a very sombre one; nothing but the shadow of death itself could have affected us with a deeper sadness than the news of my poor husband. Do you think it *can* be true?'

'I'm afraid, Lady Arden, I must needs corroborate it, from tidings I have received from another quarter.'

'Great heavens! To think of my poor husband, weak and ill, and in that distant land, with no one but a false wretch like Ferdinand Walcot to depend upon!'

At the sight of which picture, so often presented to her imagination, the poor lady melted into tears.

'My dear Lady Arden,' said Mayne, gently; 'do not let us take too sombre views of what is no doubt a bad business. Your husband, I have good reason to believe, is not so ill as he imagines himself to be, and the voyage may be of real service to him. Moreover, I have taken such measures as will prevent him being left to Mr. Walcot's tender mercies. An unknown but trusty friend will accompany him.'

'What! On board the ship?'

'Yes. A friend of mine is also desirous of trying the effect of a long sea voyage.'

'Oh, Mr. Mayne, you are too good! You have sent some one expressly to look after my dear husband! Hitherto I have not interfered with your kind offices—that is, with the material part of them—it seemed, somehow, that I ought not to be spending Sir Robert's money in keeping watch, as it were, over his own actions; but now that the peril is grown so serious and so urgent you must really allow me to defray——'

'Pardon me, my dear madam,' interrupted Mayne, gently, 'but you entirely misunderstand what has been done, and, I am sorry to say, credit me with much more than I deserve. My little arrangements have nothing to do with Sir Robert—that is, directly. They have been made, as Gresham will tell you, with quite another object. It is a personal matter between myself and Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, and concerns no one else—that is, directly. It has been some expense to me, no doubt, but then it is my only hobby.'

And Mr. Mayne smiled, and rubbed his hands together slowly, like a man who 'sees his way.'

'I understand your delicate way of putting it,' answered Lady Arden, smiling also, in spite of herself, 'but, after all, it is my husband's safety with which you are so good as to concern yourself, and I really must be allowed——'

'You can send another man after Sir Robert, of course,' put in Mayne, quietly; 'but as to interfering with my confidential agent, there is really no excuse for it. He has quite another matter in hand, though it happens to have a connection with that in which you are so vitally interested. Such being the case, I have brought down with me a collection of "Reports" I have received from time to time from the person who manages my little affair, and which may repay perusal.'

'Reports from Marseilles, do you mean?' exclaimed Lady Arden.

'From Marseilles and other places,' answered Mayne, coolly. 'They form

quite a little biography of—of the gentleman I am concerned about from the time he quitted England. The manuscript has all the advantages of a legal document, being written without stops and in a gigantic hand, combined with the interest of a fiction.'

Later in the day the manuscript was produced; it appeared to consist of several reams, and if nothing else, as Mayne said, should come of it, the employer of such a correspondent could never complain that he had not had enough for his money. The items of importance, however, were but few. The two gentlemen had accomplished their journey to Marseilles with great rapidity—indeed with surprising haste, since one of them was an invalid—and had afterwards lived at their hotel, quietly, but by no means in seclusion. They had occasionally dined at the *table d'hôte*, and had made acquaintances in the town; one a fellow-countryman of the name of Marshall, who had been seized with severe illness on his way to Cannes; he had been formerly known to Sir Robert, but Mr. Walcot was particularly kind and attentive to him; another, a Mr. Grosvenor, who often drove out with them, another a Mrs. Wilmot, who held spiritual *séances* at her house near the Quai, &c.

Although, in short, Mr. Walcot rarely left his brother-in-law, he made no attempt to isolate him in any way. Sir Robert looked weak and worn, and was manifestly in bad spirits, but by no means gave the impression of being seriously ill. His appetite was small; Mr. Mayne's informant condescended to explain that he had had a personal opportunity of observing this at the *table d'hôte*; but the rest of his budget had to be taken on trust for the present; it was dangerous to commit details to writing.

Such were the heads of what the secret agent had to tell. In a subsequent despatch he stated that Walcot had taken passage for himself and Sir Robert for Australia in the steamer *Apollo* without the least attempt at concealment, 'though if that had not been the case,' added the writer, with a pretty touch of egotism, 'you would equally have been informed of it.'

Here was matter enough for conjecture and apprehension in the little household, but unhappily nothing on which action could be taken. Only the long and serious talks that ensued had the effect of making Mr. Mayne's relations with the ladies more and more familiar, and himself more recognised as a friend of the family. Gresham, as we have confessed, though sincerely regretting the misfortunes of the house, was by no means inconsolable under them, or, at all events, without the means of consolation. Evelyn, though grave, could not certainly be said to be overcome with grief. The society of Mr. Walcot, since his declaration of love for her, had become so painful, nay abhorrent, that his absence was a welcome relief, notwithstanding that it entailed that of her stepfather also. If one could have looked into her heart, it was not *that* trouble which vexed it most; though it was more defined and positive than any other.

Millicent was happy in spite of herself; in vain she reproved her own heart for its gladness and brightness at a time so inopportune, and under circumstances that evidently weighed down her dearest and nearest with a heavy sorrow.

Frank, though he had loved his stepfather much, had feared 'Uncle Ferdy' more, and openly rejoiced in his enfranchisement.

The Great Baba made no secret of his satisfaction at the departure of his enemy.

'But you want dear Papa to come back, don't you darling?' had been a question addressed to him by his fond mother.

'Ess; but not to bring back at wicked man with him aden; he must put him into the pit-hole first, and then tum.' The pit-hole being the grave.

All the young folks at Halcombe, in fact though they loved Sir Robert dearly, bore his absence with a certain degree of equanimity, the recognition of which disquieted them. To their tender consciences it seemed ungrateful to be thus at ease while their benefactor was in such dangerous hands, though it was his own choice that had placed him there.

Lady Arden alone was genuinely wretched; she now perceived that something more and deeper than her *amour propre* had been wounded by Sir Robert's preference of Walcot's companionship to her own; that she really loved this husband, who had thus withdrawn himself from her, as her heart misgave her, for ever, and to whom, while he was with her, she had failed or fallen short in loving duty. When the sixth of the month came round—the date on which he was to sail for the under world, her sorrow reached its climax; she withdrew herself to her own room, and remained there for the whole day, save for one hour, when she walked out alone to the hill-top, and gazed with tears upon that ocean on which he had already begun his voyage.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PERPLEXITIES.

THAT one cannot have one's cake without certain drawbacks is well understood, and in the country, when one has been asked to dinner, it is necessary to make a call to acknowledge the obligation. Thus it happened at this date that Mr. and Mrs. Raynes came over to Halcombe in due course, and found things in very different case than on their last visit. They had of course heard tidings of Sir Robert's departure, but they had no idea under what circumstances it had occurred, nor was it very easy to inform them without betraying family secrets. Moreover, despite his good nature there was a certain inopportuneness in the presence of Mr. Raynes on the spot where any calamity had occurred, by reason of his grinning. It was not that he made a jest of sorrow, but on hearing what surprised him, whether grave or gay, he always met it with his mouth split. No sound necessarily escaped him—this was controlled by circumstances—though when he did laugh he laughed like a horse; but had one said to him, 'My father is dead,' he would have received it with the same look of amazed drollery as the intelligence of the demise of Queen Anne. As if to make up, too, for his silence, or inaptness of speech, he had generally a quotation from Shakespeare handy, which under really serious circumstances made him appear only more ridiculous, and even affected, albeit he was one of the most genuine as well as gentle souls alive.

Lady Arden herself was not visible to this worthy couple on this occasion; they were received by the younger members of the family, who explained as best they could the misfortune that had befallen them. Mrs. Raynes, good soul, at once dissolved into tears and silence, but her more robust spouse, eager to comfort and most unwontedly loquacious, could not but think travel was the best thing for Sir Robert. 'When he comes back,' said he, 'we shall see changes in him, no doubt, after so long a voyage; if he does not lisp and wear strange suits, we shall scarce think he has swum in a gondola.'

At this the young ladies smiled, with alien lips, as they well might, not in the least understanding him, whilst the poor gentleman went on to express his satisfaction that their stepfather had at least a friend with him 'of adoption tried, and grappled to his soul with hooks of steel.' His misconception of the whole situation was in short so complete, and under the circumstances so intolerable, that both Evy and Milly withdrew their atten-

tion from him, and left him to be entertained by his young friend Frank. Not a whit discouraged by this, the good man pursued his well-meant vein of consolation. 'Well, my boy, you have lost *your* dear stepfather—unexpectedly—for an indefinite period. The very same thing once occurred to me; *my* stepfather was snatched away from me, and even more suddenly, not by water, but by another element—the wind. He was carried away in a balloon.'

Frank, who had hitherto been but moderately interested, here pricked up his ears.

'In a balloon, Mr. Raynes? How came he in a balloon?'

'Well—he was—yes, a scientific individual devoted to balloon ascents. Not that he understood the management of such things, poor man, or he might have been here to day. He went up on an occasion—for an experiment—with a donkey tied to the car.'

'A donkey?' Franky clapped his hands delightedly. He would almost have been reconciled to his present bereavement if he could have seen Sir Robert depart in so admirable a manner.

'It's no joke, my young friend,' said Mr. Raynes, reprovingly: 'I saw the poor man come down, and thought as lightly of it as yourself, for the spectacle was no novelty to me, only some idiot in the crowd cut the donkey loose before my unfortunate relative was aware of what he was at, and being thus freed from the quadruped's weight, the balloon shot up like a sky-rocket, with my stepfather in it.'

'But he came down, I suppose?' exclaimed Frank.

'Not to my knowledge,' returned Mr. Raynes, coolly. 'No one ever saw him come down. He is probably careering about "the viewless fields of air" (Shakespeare, my boy) at this very moment. He left his earthly friends ten years ago. Now your case is not so bad as that, Frank, so cheer up.'

Frank not only cheered up, but began to give way to such exuberant mirth that it scandalised his sisters, who promptly reproved him for want of feeling.

'I couldn't help it,' gasped Frank.

'I am sorry that my recital of the loss of a relative should have awakened his mirth,' said Mr. Raynes, in his gravest manner. And then he grinned, beyond anything, one would think, that mortal mouth had attempted, and took his departure.

'He is really too eccentric,' said Evelyn.

'His Judy, as he will call his Julie, is almost as bad,' returned Millicent. 'She told me—oh Heavens, here he is again.'

'One moment, ladies,' observed Mr. Raynes, putting his head in at the door; 'we were just off, when I remembered something—which may be of importance. We drove to Mirton this morning, and the postmaster, hearing we were coming to Halcombe, asked me to bring over this telegram; it is for Mr. Mayne. He is here, is he not?'

'Yes, yes; oh thank you.'

He grinned so that, as he disappeared, he seemed to have swallowed himself (like the cat in 'Alice in Wonderland).'

'Let us take it at once over to the Manor Farm,' cried Milly; 'the three gentlemen are all together there, I know.'

'I think we had better send it across,' answered Evy. She did not wish to call at Mr. Dyneley's, nor perhaps that her sister should appear to seek to find out Mr. Mayne. In ten minutes the latter returned in Gresham's company, and with the open telegram.

'Here is strange news,' said he; 'one hardly knows whether to think it good or not. It comes from my agent, Bevill. "Sir R. and W. have not gone to Australia, they have sailed for England. Important. I come home by to-night's mail."'

'Then papa is coming back after all,' exclaimed Milly, joyfully; 'he can be here to-morrow, can he not?'

'He is not coming alone, unhappily,' observed Gresham. Evelyn, too, looked very grave. Milly, in short, was the only one to whom this news brought unalloyed satisfaction, and that, as it happened, only for a moment. The next speaker utterly dispelled it.

'If Sir Robert is coming back, Mayne, I am afraid we shall lose you?' observed Gresham, forgetting the reason why he could not remain at Halcombe in the fact.

Mayne nodded and answered coldly, 'Yes, it would not be pleasant to remain under your uncle's roof, after our little misunderstanding.'

Milly longed to say, 'What *can* it matter, whatever it is? Do stop,' but of course she remained silent.

'I am sure, dear papa will not take us by surprise,' said Evelyn, confidently. 'He is too considerate for that.'

'True, we need do nothing in a hurry,' said Gresham; 'we shall probably hear of my uncle's movements by to-morrow's post.'

'I do not think so,' said Evelyn. 'He would surely have written from Marseilles on this sudden change of purpose had he wished to inform us of his movements.'

To this no one had anything to say; the remark seemed somewhat inconsistent with that she had just uttered respecting the consideration of Sir Robert for others. And yet they knew it was not so.

'Of course it's all Walcot's doing,' said Gresham, expressing the general sentiment. 'I wonder what he does it *for*.'

'For some wise and good purpose, no doubt,' said Mayne unctuously; 'dear uncle Ferdy!'

'Oh, Mr. Mayne, how *can* you!' remonstrated Milly.

'My dear young lady, I have the warmest interest in the gentleman in question, I do assure you. I long to meet him, though it is true, not here. I am delighted that the ocean will not now separate us. And next to meeting him I long to hear about him. What do you say to my telegraphing to Bevill to come to Mirton, where we can hold communication with him without awakening the suspicions of the enemy? He will bring us the latest information concerning Sir Robert, by the light of which, perhaps, we may be enabled to see our way.'

Gresham and the rest thought this an excellent plan; while Lady Arden herself made no opposition to it. She would not have liked the man to come to the Hall—it seemed like encouraging an espionage upon her husband; but there was nothing offensive to her in his being at Mirton, where Mr. Mayne might consult him on his own affairs.

Practically, the difference was but slight, but in matters of feeling it often happens that as little suffices to salve as to wound; moreover, the poor lady's curiosity to know what had taken place to change her husband's plans was excessive; and Mr. Bevill would at least afford them some data to enable them to guess at this.

Mr. Mayne therefore telegraphed as proposed. In the meantime the family at the Hall remained in a very unpleasant state of tension, expecting, or rather apprehending, they knew not what, and exceedingly embarrassed by receiving no communication from Sir Robert.

On the first news of his change of intention Lady Arden had been very hopeful; expressing herself confident that her husband had repented of deserting them (even if he had not emancipated himself from the influence of his brother-in-law), and was returning in all haste to his home. Even though Walcot should accompany him, such a result seemed better to her than his prolonged and indefinite absence; and the getting things 'patched up' than

a complete and, perhaps, permanent rupture.

But as the days went by, and her husband gave no sign of his return, she began to grow morbidly anxious and alarmed. It was with some difficulty, indeed, when news came of the agent's expected arrival at the inn at Mirton, that she could be restrained from going thither, and hearing his story with her own ears.

In the end, however, Mayne and Gresham drove over thither alone, while Dyneley remained with her to administer such consulation as his presence and arguments could afford. The family distress had broken down his resolution to keep aloof from the Hall; and his sober and hopeful view of matters acted like a tonic.

'Certainly when one is in trouble,' admitted her ladyship, who had been no little aggrieved by his late apparent coldness; 'there is no one who comforts one like Mr. Dyneley. Don't you think so, Evelyn?'

'I always thought him a very good man, Mamma,' was her gentle reply.

But if the Curate took sanguine views of the state of affairs, they were by no means shared by the other two young men; who being either less charitable, or having suffered more seriously at Walcot's hands, were ready to credit him with any enormity.

As they sat in the dog-cart together, driving over the moor in thoughtful silence Gresham flicked the mare with his whip, and suddenly exclaimed, 'I believe the man means murder. He has got my uncle in some out-of-the-way spot, and is doing him to death, probably by poison. Else he would surely have written to his wife.'

'Men don't always write to their wives, my dear Gresham.'

'But a good man, like my uncle, who must needs know she is in distress and anxiety about him—he would certainly write if he could.'

'Not necessarily, if he is ashamed of himself,' argued Mayne. 'And besides, his letters may have been intercepted. I quite agree with you, of course, that Uncle Ferdy would stick at nothing on moral grounds. But he is not of the stuff that murderers are made of. He has too delicate a consideration for his own skin. His rule in life is material advantage, to which all his other passions are subservient. One would have thought, for example, he would have wreaked his revenge on Groad and Holme, who betrayed him; but he has taken no steps in that direction, from motives of policy.'

'It would be his motive to murder my uncle,' returned Gresham,' 'if his last will—as I have no doubt is the case—has been made in his favour.'

'No doubt; and he would do it without scruple, but for the consequences. He is a man that weighs consequences very nicely, and never incurs a risk that is avoidable. To raise his hand against your uncle, knowing as he well does, what we two think of him, would be very dangerous. However, we shall hear what Bevill says about it, who is quite without prejudice. I believe him to be loyal to me as his employer; but he is not troubled with sentiment of any kind, and would have served Uncle Ferdy himself with equal fidelity, if he had happened to retain him. That is why he left the police, and set up on his own account as a social detective. He felt that his area of action was too circumscribed.'

'I should say, then, he is likely to find it some day still more limited—by a prison wall, for example.'

'Not at all; there is no fear of that Bevill has a respect for the law, which he looks upon as an old employer. He would never hold a brief on the opposite side.'

'Still—though it is ungrateful for me to say so—I should feel uncomfortable in employing such an instrument.'

'I am glad to hear you say that because it leaves this matter where I

wished it to be, solely in my own hands. When one fights with the Indians, one does not stand up in scarlet to be shot at in an open space; one has to dodge like them behind the trees. I have hired this gentleman to dodge *for* me. You have often noticed, doubtless, what a fine head of hair dear Uncle Ferdy has got. Well, he is a great chief; but I mean to have his scalp.'

Before the inn door, as they drove up, stood a stout and contemplative person with a straw in his mouth, whom Mayne, at once indicated as 'my agent;' else Gresham would have probably taken him for a commercial traveller in the illustrated book or fancy jewellery line, to neither of which branches of commerce much encouragement was afforded at Mirton—so much of time he seemed to have on his hands, and so little to do in it; and at the same time so totally indifferent did he appear to the beauties of land and sea, which offered themselves to the gaze from the spot he occupied in sublime profusion. His hands were plunged deep in his pockets, though, from the contour of his figure, it was plain that they could not be withdrawn from thence without some difficulty. His hat was tilted on the back of his head and displayed a countenance like the moon at full, and without any greater vestiges of vegetation. It was the face of a fat boy except for a few lines in it, which time had drawn about the brow and mouth, and expressed—if it expressed anything—a good-natured vacuity.

Even the arrival of his employer awoke but little vitality in Mr. Bevill. He extricated his right hand from its pocket, touched his hat with his forefinger, and cast one momentary but scrutinizing glance at Gresham.

Mr. Bevill never lost an opportunity of observation, and never wasted his energies; he knew Mayne already.

'Good morning, Mr. Bevill; this is Sir Robert's nephew, Mr. George Gresham.'

'So I concluded, sir, from seeing him in your company; otherwise it would not have struck me.'

'You see no family resemblance?' said Mayne, laughing. 'Perhaps you think he is more like *my* uncle, Uncle Ferdy.'

'Same build, sir, but that's all,' replied the detective sententiously.

'Not so clever, by half, you mean, Mr. Bevill,' said Gresham, laughing.

'Well, sir, I didn't *say* that. But even if it were so, you might be clever enough as cleverness goes. The gentleman to whom your friend was referring' (it was a characteristic of Mr. Bevill never to mention names; he thought it a bad habit, and besides the groom had come forward to take the mare), 'has wits enough for half-a-dozen.'

'You are bound to speak highly of him since he has outwitted Mr. Bevill,' said Mayne, lightly.

'Well, yes, sir, for the present—there is no doubt about it; he *has*!'

'Well, come indoors, and let's talk it over.'

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MR. BEVILL.

MR. BEVILL, when not on duty, was of a retiring disposition, and had already installed himself in the only private sitting-room of which the little inn could boast. A low-roofed apartment, of small dimensions, and these encroached upon by a collection of old china, tropical shells, stuffed fish of truculent and piky aspect, and other 'curios' brought home by seafaring men of Mirton, and purchased by the landlord on easy terms. There was room, however, for the two visitors, who were about to seat themselves near the open window, when Mr. Bevill put in an objection.

'Under that window there is a bench, where the village folks sit, I have noticed.' (He had been in Mirton

about half-an-hour.) 'It may not signify, but still it may. Our gentleman' —it was thus he always spoke of Mr. Walcot, just as Mayne applied to him the derisively familiar term of 'Uncle Ferdy'—'your gentleman may have friends here with sharp ears.'

'Your gentleman has no friends anywhere,' observed Gresham, grimly.

'Pardon me,' said Mr. Bevill, 'everyone has friends everywhere—who has money.'

He closed the window, and pointed to a little table in a corner of the room, round which they took their seats.

'You have read my reports to your friends here, Mr. Gresham, I conclude?' (The word 'reports' was pronounced with a certain dignity that showed Mr. Bevill was capable of a weakness, and that it lay in the direction of literary composition.)

Mr. Mayne nodded assent.

'Good; then I will not trouble you with matters that are contained in them. My last statement, if you remember, was that Sir Robert was not, in my opinion, seriously ill. Within a few hours after I had written that opinion, I had cause to modify it. I came upon him in the courtyard of the inn, and I thought him looking very ill. It was the first time I had seen him since I discovered his intention to sail for Australia. Perhaps, therefore, his ill looks arose from mental causes; that idea occurred to me because our gentleman was walking arm in arm with him, and speaking in a tender and yet encouraging tone. He had, I thought at the time (but I was wrong), been persuaded by a stronger will to exchange all his old associations for new ones, and was, perhaps, already regretting it.'

If Mr. Bevill could not be said to talk like a book, it was clear that he was talking like a very carefully compiled manuscript—and, in fact, was quoting from it. His own ordinary conversation had nothing in common with this ornate and explanatory style. He was by nature plain of speech, as he himself confessed, but 'give him time,' and he would turn out something in the way of literature worthy of your critical attention. And he was very proud of this accomplishment.

'From the day when our gentleman and his friend had secured their berths on board the *Apollo*,' he went on, 'I saw very little of them. They kept themselves *to* themselves, or rather our gentleman kept his friend to himself, much more than formerly, and for one thing, they no more took their meals at the *table d'hôte*. It was understood that Sir R.'s state of health forbade it. As the *Apollo* was to sail with the tide in the early morning, they went on board on the previous afternoon; but, as I understood, they did not dine in in the saloon. As for me, I did not wish to show myself to either of them lest I might be recognised as one who had sought their company of late (though I had been as prudent as possible in so doing), and our gentleman should have had his suspicions aroused before starting. I did not wish him to know that Sir R. had a friend on board until necessity should compel the revelation.'

This last sentence Mr. Bevill repeated (under the transparent pretence of having forgotten it), with a roll in his voice that greatly enhanced the stately periods.

'I myself delayed going on board the ship until after dusk, and, when I did so, at once betook myself to my cabin. Before finally turning in for the night, however, I came on deck for a breath of fresh air, in full confidence that at such an hour I should run no risk of encountering those whom it was my object to avoid. It was half-past nine, and the saloon passengers, who had been smoking and chatting above till it grew cold, had all gone below. I was about to follow their example when I saw our gentleman come up the saloon stairs with a travelling bag in his hand. There would have been hardly sufficient light by which to re-

cognise him, had I not been on the look-out for him, and no one else; but as it was I felt quite certain of my man. He went to the side of the ship, and peered over it, into the semi-darkness. I did the like, taking care to keep myself out of his range of vision, and this is what I saw. There was a boat lying close under me, with Sir Robert himself lying in the stern of it, and just as I had seen him come on board, with all his portmanteaus, boxes, &c., in the bow. Only it was plain that he was now going away instead of embarking. I do assure you, for the moment, I was now quite thrown off my balance. It was not what was happening before my eyes so much as the sense of what might and would have happened, but for my just coming up for that mouthful of air—namely, that I should have found myself bound for Australia for no earthly reason; doomed to I don't know how many months of ocean travel, without the least object, save to get home again, not to mention the money thrown away by my employer, and the disgrace that would attach to myself in having been thus tricked and deluded.

'All this passed through my mind like a keen blast of air, but did not hinder me from seeing my gentleman run quickly down the ladder, jump into the boat, and seat himself by the side of Sir R.; the next moment the rowers had pushed off, and they were gone.'

'And where the deuce were they gone to?' inquired Gresham, impatiently.

'That was the very question that yours truly put to himself, sir,' said Mr. Bevill, breaking into his colloquial style, 'and which, unfortunately, has not been answered yet. Of course, I was for following 'em hot foot; but that was not so easy. When I asked for a boat to go on shore, the captain of the deck watch didn't see it. He said it was too late; and that the next time I was put on shore from the *Apollo* it would be in Melbourne harbour. The very notion of this turned me cold again, and I am afraid I found myself bidding higher than I should have done for the accommodation of a boat. The fact was, however, that the officer was afraid of losing his men altogether if he gave them such an opportunity of slipping away on the eve of so long a voyage, and in the end he consented to put me on shore himself for a five pound note, which accordingly I paid him. That's gone, I fear, from you and your heirs forever, sir,' here the speaker turned to Mr. Mayne, 'but with regard to the Australian passage-money, I am happy to say I recovered half of it, on a representation of the case to the Navigation Company.'

'That is a secondary matter, Mr. Bevill,' said Mayne, quietly. 'Pray go on with your narrative.'

'I wish I could, sir, but unhappily it ends where I left it; our gentleman got clean way, though not, indeed, without leaving a trail behind him. He had not returned to the hotel, where they quite understood, indeed, he was on his way to Australia; and as I could not gain any information of his movements by land—which, since he was in charge of an invalid, could scarcely have been concealed—I gave my attention to the water. A trading ship, I found, had sailed that very night for England, bound for Weymouth, and on inquiring at the office, I found our gentleman had engaged berths for himself and Sir R. on board of it, *as well as* on board the *Apollo*.'

'But for what possible reason?' exclaimed Gresham.

'Heaven knows, sir—or, leastways, more likely the other party. I can think of nothing else to explain it but that our gentleman had found out he was being watched, and was resolved to throw one off his tracks at any cost. Yet how he could have persuaded Sir R.—though, indeed, poor soul, he looked in that there boat as though he had very little strength to resist him

—to change his plans so completely, and at such short notice—that baffles me altogether.'

'One thing at all events is certain,' observed Gresham, 'that their object is to hide away from all of us.'

'It is the object of our gentleman, no doubt,' replied the detective.

'Mr. Bevill has administered a just reproof to you, Gresham,' observed Mayne. 'It is no more your uncle's fault that he has adopted this strange course than that yonder signboard swings to the wind. He has not been a free agent for this long time, and now, prostrated by illness——'

'Forgive me,' interrupted Gresham, earnestly. 'I spoke in thoughtlessness, not in bitterness, Heaven knows. The very thought of the influence this scoundrel exercises over the good, kind old man——'

'Fifty-one,' observed Mr. Bevill, sententiously. 'I heard him say so.'

'Well, well, when a man, even in middle life, subordinates his will to another, and voluntarily becomes a cipher, one thinks of him as old,' said Gresham. 'I trust my uncle will live many a year, but among those who love him. To think of this man Walcot, I was about to say, puts me alike out of patience and of reason. That is why you, Mayne, and Mr. Bevill here are such a comfort to me. The only plan that ever occurs to me is to take the scoundrel by the neck and throttle him.'

'The idea is too charming to dwell upon,' said Mayne, gravely. 'I dare not indulge myself in such luxurious thoughts. Besides his *neck* is scarcely private property. Jack Ketch has in a manner bespoken it.'

'I hope not, since that will mean murder,' answered Gresham, gloomily; 'in which case one can only too well guess the victim.'

'No, no; our gentleman is not of that sort, sir,' observed Mr. Bevill, assuringly. 'I know the class, and call them the Pouncers; it is always now or never with them. But this one, he is so clever that he don't pounce, but can afford to abide his time. He will never hurry matters in the way you are thinking of.'

'That is quite my view,' remarked Mayne. 'Nature, however, may make things terribly easy for him—his star has fought for him as it is beyond all expectation—and time is pressing. I do not speak of the future wrong that may be done to my friend Gresham and others, for that I know is insignificant to them in comparison with the condition of Sir Robert himself, ill, and in this villain's clutches; conscious, perhaps, by this time, of the true character of his companion, yet physically incapable of escape from him.'

'I see all that, sir,' said Mr. Bevill, slowly, the place for me, therefore, seems just now to be Weymouth.'

'By all means,' exclaimed Gresham, earnestly. 'If it was not that I fear my motives would be misconstrued, or rather misrepresented by this scoundrel, I would myself accompany you. What do you say, Mayne?'

'I say "No," Gresham,' was the unexpected rejoinder. 'By Mr. Bevill's account your uncle stands in no immediate danger either from natural causes or foul play; and I think it would be only just, before taking so decided a step as you propose, to wait a few days, in which he may declare his intentions. If he remains in England for any time—say a week, for example—without communicating with Lady Arden, or any of the family—we may take it for granted that he is under dictation. Whereas, if it is not so, and you or even Mr. Bevill (whom we have reason to feel Walcot already suspects of dogging him), should go down to Weymouth, it would arouse irritation in Sir Robert's mind, and retard, if it does not prevent its awakening to the true state of affairs.'

'Our gentleman himself could not have looked at the matter all around more judgematically,' observed Mr. Bevill, in approving tones. 'Let us give him the week then, and I will re-

main here in the meantime till you say "Off," sir. If I get a few score of questions answered concerning him in this neighbourhood, it may not be altogether time thrown away.'

Gresham looked from one to the other, with a half-consenting, half hesitating air.

'This is your business, at least in part, Gresham,' said Mayne, gently. 'Sir Robert is your uncle, not mine, and I should be sorry, indeed, if anything should happen—within those few days—to cause you to repent of following my advice. You will act, of course as you think right. But I must follow my own judgment in keeping Mr. Bevill for the present at Mirton. Uncle Ferdy is too shy a bird for us to run the risk of frightening him. We have him now within reach, which is a great point; but should we force him to fly away, things would be made more difficult for us. Moreover Bevill's presence—and much more yours—might cause him to precipitate matters.'

'I put myself in your hands,' said Gresham, after a long pause. 'They are stronger than mine, and fitter, I feel, to deal with such an emergency as this. Let our motto for the present be Patience, and if within a week, we do not hear from my uncle, I will take my own way.'

Whereupon Mayne said 'Agreed;' and Mr. Bevill, 'Right you are, sir.'

(To be continued.)

THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT.

BY WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR, B.A., OTTAWA.

THE modern world is, in an altogether peculiar degree, under the dominion of physical science, and more and more of the best thought of our time is being drafted into scientific regions. It would be vain to deny that this phenomenon is accompanied by a great bettering of the conditions of life, throughout a large section at least of society, and that human thought, speaking generally, is in a healthier state than in the days when science was feeble and theology strong. We have, therefore, an evident interest in advancing the boundaries of science, and to this end it is important that the scientific spirit should be cultivated and guarded, if possible, against any weaknesses or errors into which it might have a natural tendency to fall. In the opinion of some thoughtful persons the time has come when a wise direction of scientific discovery, and a wise organization of the present resources of civilized society are of more importance than the mere increase of scientific knowledge. The poet Shelley, in the beginning of this century, wrote: "We have more moral, political and historical wisdom than we know how to reduce into practice; we have more scientific and economical knowledge than can be accommodated to the just distribution of the produce which it multiplies." If this was so in Shelley's time, how is it now? Steam was then but in its infancy; the railway was not; the telegraph was not even a dream. One thing is beyond all doubt. We have enough physical science—if that could suffice—to make a very comfortable world of this to all decent peo-

ple; whereas, for some years past, the amount of distress consequent upon financial confusion and the dislocation of industry, has been something appalling. Our unlimited command over the resources of nature has not enabled us to give bread to the hungry nor clothes to the naked; while the only remedy we can think of for hard times is—idleness. Men must suffer because they have produced too much. Let them therefore stand idle and wait until the surplus products of their industry have been consumed; then, perchance, they may hope for employment and food. Such is the "fix" into which the wisdom of the nineteenth century manages to thrust itself. Surely such a result should be regarded as the *reductio ad absurdum* of something. But of what?

Let us have science then, since science does us good, or at least gives us the means of doing ourselves good; but let us see if we cannot humanise it so as to increase the probability that it will prove of universal, and not of merely partial, benefit. Let us see also that the minds which occupy themselves with science do not waste their powers in unprofitable inquiries, and possibly, by the pursuit of false methods, do themselves more harm than good. Let us try to realise clearly what the true scientific spirit is, and do our best to develop and strengthen *that*.

One of the chief dangers to which science is exposed is that of dogmatism. It is exposed to this danger through its very strength. Theology was once strong—strong in its control of the human mind, strong in the enthusiasm it was able to create, strong in the universality of its claims and its ambition—and it was dogmatic as nothing else has ever been, or probably will ever be. Dogmatism is nothing but the temper of command unreasonably exercised. Science in the present day wields command, and it only too easily falls into the snare of dogmatism. We have heard in our day of an "orthodox" geology, an "orthodox" political economy, and probably other sciences as well have their orthodox schools. Having myself given an account the other day to a scientific friend of the argument of a little work entitled 'Scepticism in Geology,' which has now reached a second edition, I was surprised at the warmth of indignation with which the attack on the system reared by Lyell was received. A person present having asked my friend whether he would not read the book in question, in order to judge better of the value of its arguments, he answered emphatically 'No,' he would not, he said, waste time on anything so absurd. Similarly, I have seen people utterly refuse to read so much as a line in defence or explanation of spiritualism; while, in the region of Political Economy, I have known a writer set down as utterly incompetent on the simple ground that he had criticised the views of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill. Nay more, in the latter case, the writer in question, without an examination of a page of his book was stigmatised as an *inflationist*; whereas, the chief point of his objection to Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill was, that the language held by them in regard to money gave rise to all kinds of inflationist heresies and schemes.* No one, indeed, can mix much with men who occupy themselves chiefly with science, or who, without being possessed of much scientific knowledge, have a natural predilection for science, without seeing how readily—I speak generally of course—they glide into dogmatism, and assume, not for themselves personally, but for the great Church of Science of which they hold themselves members, an infallibility far surpassing that of the Roman Pontiffs, which, when fully explained, is found to be a very limited thing. For '*Roma locuta est, causa finita est*,' they are quite prepared to

* The writer referred to is Mr. H. V. Poor, of New York. His views on the point in question are fully shared by Sir Anthony Musgrave.

say, '*Scientia*,' &c., and when once the name of science is invoked, controversy must cease.

Now it is very obvious that there is nothing scientific in dogmatism carried to this point. One can excuse a well-informed man for not caring to discuss matters, on a footing of equality, with an ill-informed one; nor need any one trouble himself with theories which imply complete ignorance of facts on the part of those who put them forward. Coleridge's dictum about 'understanding a man's ignorance' before you conclude that he is hopelessly in the wrong comes in here. If we not only believe a man to be ignorant, but, as it were, are able to survey his ignorance, to see all around it, and understand both it and him; then we may, without arrogance, decline to re-open, for his amusement, questions which we have good reason to consider closed. But, in many cases where 'science' is appealed to, nothing of this kind can be claimed. The dogmatist simply knows what is current as the orthodox science of the day or hour, and, strong in this knowledge, pooh-poohs any facts that may be alleged in opposition thereto. And yet how very brief is the authority which many scientific theories enjoy! They 'have their day and cease to be,' and are only referred to afterwards as examples of inconclusive reasoning or over-hasty generalisation. The geologists of to-day have made no satisfactory reply to the attacks made by the physical school upon their mode of computing time; yet how much of geological theory depends upon the correctness of that method! The whole doctrine of 'causes now in action' may be said to be at stake; for if the Lyellian school of geologists have proved anything, it is that causes now in action could not have produced the results we see in much less time than has been claimed.

The remedy for dogmatism in science is a recognition of the essentially provisional character of all scientific theories. Every science, it should be remembered, owes its existence to a certain process of abstraction. The universe is a whole, and only as a whole can it be fully comprehended. We light upon a fact or a phenomenon, and discern its relations to certain closely connected facts or phenomena. Apart from these it would have no significance whatever; seen in connection with them it has both significance and interest. But how do we know what its remoter relations may be, or what may be its place in the general scheme of things. Any theory we can frame is valid only so far as the discovered relations are concerned; in other words it is a working hypothesis and no more. How unwise therefore to allow a working hypothesis actually to stand in the way of work,—to nail ourselves down to it, as if it were really part of the durable framework of the universe! The doctrine of gravitation itself can only be held to be provisionally true, in regard, at least, to the terms in which it is expressed. The facts on which it is based, and which at present it serves to formulate, will remain unchanged; but the time may come when we shall see them in other relations, and when their whole character, relatively to our apprehension, will be changed. And it will be something in that day, should it ever come, to be saved from the necessity of attributing to the brute earth the power of acting, without any intermediary, upon similar brute masses elsewhere, which is what the theory as at present framed compels us to do. The true scientific attitude of mind is one opposed to all dogmatism, one which regards the work of science as in its nature exhaustless, and which sees that progress consists in ever grasping more and more of the unity of laws and phenomena, and not in pursuing separate lines of enquiry into infinitely minute detail.

Science indeed to be true to itself, and to do its work in the best way must be nothing less than philosophy;

or at least it must be steeped in the widest conceptions that philosophy can supply. It would be idle to decry specialism in the study of science, for it has long been a necessary result of the enormous development of scientific knowledge; but, at the same time, it can hardly be questioned that special sciences are often studied in a very unscientific manner and spirit—that is to say, as a mere matter of curiosity, or perhaps of personal competition, and without any sense of what Comte calls the *ensemble*—without any genuine interest in science in the widest sense of the word. What is the difference between a mania for collecting old books or old tea-pots and a passion for gathering every obtainable plant, insect or fossil in a certain district, unless the latter tasks be undertaken with the distinct object of furthering the general work of science, either by establishing some theory in the particular branch in which the effort is made, or by throwing a side light upon some connected study? It may be said that all these pursuits sharpen the faculty of observation: so they do in the particular region in which the faculty is exercised, but not in other regions; on the contrary the more attention is concentrated on one class of objects the less (necessarily) will it be given to other classes. One master interest has often dwarfed, if not killed, every other. While, therefore, I readily give my sympathy to those whose tastes take them afield and lead them to study nature in any of her forms, I look for some manifestation of interest in science as a whole, some sense of the unity of all truth, something altogether above and beyond the fiddle-faddle dilettanteism of a curiosity hunter, before I congratulate science on the labours bestowed in her service. I have seen a boy turning up words in a Latin dictionary, and I have seen a man turning up plants in Gray's Botany, and I cannot say which of the two processes seemed to me the more scientific.

The true man of science ought, above all things, to be *interesting*. Living in a world whose phenomena he is studying, with whose laws he is every day gaining a wider acquaintance, and seeing the bearing of these upon human life and history, he should be of all men the most companionable and the one from whose intercourse we should derive the most profit. If this be so, there surely must be something wrong with a science that simply enables its possessor to pound general society with long words, and which causes all his interest and enthusiasm to go out towards the infinitely minute and the infinitely unimportant. The entomologist in 'The Poet at the Breakfast-Table,' having been invited to look at the stars through a telescope, declined on the ground of pressing occupations. 'May I venture to ask,' said the Poet, 'on what particular point you are engaged just at present?' 'Certainly, Sir, you may. It is, I suppose, as difficult and important a matter as often comes before a student of natural history. I wish to settle the point once for all whether the *Pediculus Melittæ* is, or is not, the larva of Meloe.' The Pediculus, concluded the Poet, occupied a larger space in that man's mental vision than 'the midnight march of the solar system.' When Rousseau came up to Paris to submit certain new musical ideas to the *savans* of the Academy, he found, as he tells us in his 'Confessions,' that these men enjoyed a great advantage over him, inasmuch as their scientific attainments enabled them to talk continuously without putting any meaning into what they said, and to repel all new ideas by the simple iteration of formulas. Jean Jacques is not an unimpeachable witness in his own cause; but some of us have heard enough perhaps of what has purported to be scientific talk to be prepared to believe that his description may not have been altogether wide of the mark. The fact is that men of science are often dreary in the

extreme through the concentration of their interests upon some narrow field of investigation, and the complete absence from their minds of all wider views or aims. We do not go to such men for counsel, for sympathy, or for anything pertaining to good fellowship or social enjoyment. By long gazing at specimens they are well on the way to becoming specimens themselves; and 'the unstable and the unlearned,' taking them as types of what science does for a man, think but ill of its power to round human life into harmonious completeness.

Many, no doubt, are fitted to engage in the work of scientific observation and classification, whose power of original thought is inconsiderable, and whose metaphysical conceptions, if they indulge in any, will be of a simplicity bordering on rudeness. But the spirit in which these will pursue their studies will depend greatly upon the example set by greater men, and it is, therefore, of vast importance that the leaders in scientific investigation should set clearly before the world where the chief interest and the highest glory of science lies, that they should visibly make it the instructor of humanity to all noble ends, that they should put it forward as the great liberaliser of thought, the enemy of superstition and confusion, the beautifier of life, and that in which man's highest faculties can find unfailing exercise and satisfaction. If science were always exhibited in this light by its foremost representatives, we should get rid of the notion that it is a thing of catalogues and long names; and the rank and file of scientific workers would be more conscious of an object to their labours than they are at present. The opposition so often imagined to exist between science and poetry is due to nothing but the faulty exemplifications which we have of science. Give to it the depth which comes of union with philosophy, and inspire it with the faith which true philosophy teaches, and it will itself catch the language of poetry to express its glorious revelations.

We have in Canada many organizations which are helping forward the work of science in their own several ways. We must all desire that the labours of these should be crowned with success, and that Canada should contribute its share to the scientific achievements of the age. The makers of catalogues will not do much for us if left to themselves; but if a true scientific spirit can be diffused among the intelligent youth of our country, if a spirit of rational inquiry can be awakened, if the work of science can be nobly conceived by us, then we shall be sure in due time to do our part faithfully and well in building up that structure of scientific knowledge which, in the years to come, shall be, as it were, the common home and shelter of humanity.

ROUND THE TABLE.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

NO man of the present age has been so enthusiastically lauded by his friends, or so feebly attacked by his enemies, as the lately created Cardinal Newman. A great deal of this is, no doubt, due to the charm of his style and his fine mastery of the English language. Something also to his earnestness and singleness of purpose; but the larger part of the zeal which he has infused into his admirers seems to be owing to similarity of feeling, to predisposition towards mysticism and ecclesiasticism. To those who are disposed to consider the reality of things, and to look for the strict truth of matters, there are many sentiments and statements in Dr. Newman's works, which can only be described as 'glittering generalities' often very wide of the truth. Out of many instances I shall only quote one where he says, that the Roman Catholic Church 'has raised the position of woman, destroyed slavery, encouraged literature and philosophy,' and so on. Not to go too far back in the history of slavery, what has been the action of the Church of Rome in regard to that form of it—Negro Slavery—with which we are most familiar? The Protestant nations of England and America have spent lavishly their blood and their treasure to put an end to this system. England has for many years, at great expense and loss of life, maintained a fleet on the coast of Africa expressly to cut off the source of it—the Slave trade. At the present time the Catholic nations of Spain and Portugal are amongst Christian nations the sole owners of negro slaves. The former power especially has been the persistent enemy of all attempts to abolish it. Did any one ever hear or read of the influence of the Pope being brought to bear on the Spanish Government in this matter? We are all familiar with the successful efforts made by Rome to prevent the burial of heretics, the erection of Protestant Churches, and the circulation of the Bible in Spain. It has also been specially diligent in prohibiting secular education in that country; but who ever heard of a Bull or Encyclical or other document issuing from Rome against the importation of slaves into Cuba, or against the continued existence of slavery in that island?

The latest fulsome eulogy of Dr. Newman and his works appears, with singular inappropriateness, in a late number of the *Fortnightly*. The writer makes a great display of learning and literary smartness, and offers many would-be profound explanations of things, the true meaning of which lies on the surface. An almost ludicrous instance of this occurs where the writer and Dr. Newman explain the causes which led to the popularity of Sir Walter Scott. Much learned disquisition is expended in explaining the conditions and influences which moulded the mind of Dr. Newman. A diligent examination of his writings, especially of the 'Apologia,' places the matter in a much simpler and clearer light. We learn that, at a very early and tender age, he was sent from home to the school of Dr. Nicolas at Ealing. That it was there his mind got its first religious bent appears very clearly when we afterwards read his own statement that at the age of ten he always crossed himself when in the dark, and that at fifteen when he wrote his first verses he made the sign of the cross at the top of them. At sixteen

he drew up a series of texts in defence and illustration of the Athanasian Creed, a creed which shocks the minds of many who firmly believe in it. Such incidents at such periods of a life would go a long way to enable one to infer its future career. He was sent afterwards to Oxford at a time when there was little else taught there besides classical literature and dogmatic theology, and when the air was full of ecclesiasticism. The principal aim of his early writings seems to have been to gain, for the English Church, the power and influence in England possessed by the Church of Rome in Catholic Countries, and failing in that he naturally lapsed into the latter communion. We can only lament that his splendid talents should have been devoted to such a futile purpose.

J. G. W.

ENGLISH SYMPATHY WITH THE FRENCH EMPIRE.

—That a large section of English society gives all its sympathies to the cause of the French Empire as against the existing Republic there can be no room for doubt. The altogether extraordinary and, to the rest of the world, incomprehensible demonstrations in connection with the death of the Prince Imperial meant this and nothing else. Then to what are we to attribute this state of feeling? It may have many sources, but I feel convinced that the principal is the sense of disquiet that the British tradesman and the British aristocrat alike feel at the sight of a government like the French which is really *trying to live upon principles*. The average British mind has no faith in principles, and it has a blind instinct that people who have much to do with them will come to harm, and, by their disasters, keep other people more or less in turmoil. The 'rest and be thankful' spirit is still strong in the present generation of Englishmen, at least of the middle and upper classes; and the French Empire was a form of government that suited them exactly, —that is to say, as applied to their neighbours across the Channel. It did not deal in principles except in the same insincere, hand-to-mouth kind of way in which the Britisher delights. It seemed to favour trade, and it promised finality in regard to political aspirations. It acted as a very imposing kind of police upon a nation known to contain excitable and insurrectionary materials. All this soothed the spirit of John Bull, and in his heart no doubt he thought the French happy to be in such excellent hands. The French people—at least the intelligence of the nation—did not see the thing in the same light, but what did that matter? John Bull experiences a distinct pleasure in the thought that the intelligence of a nation should not have its own way; for intelligence is a dangerous thing; far better, he thinks, come down, as in England, to a balancing of interest against interest and a system of universal compromise.

To people of this disposition the French Republic with its eager discussions, springing from strong convictions, and its evident desire to carry out principles consistently, must be a constant source of irritation and uneasiness. Thought and expectation are kept upon the stretch, and then the example may be bad for other nations. Only think what might happen if any respect for principles, or regard for consistency, should extend to the political system of Great Britain! Why there is no knowing what institutions might be overturned in a year. The Church might be disestablished, justice might be made cheap and trade honest or comparatively so—and then the deluge! Let us have the Empire back and we shall know where we are, we shall again 'rest and be thankful.'

L.

'OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.'

—One of the points upon which science has disturbed traditional modes of thinking is in regard to our estimate of child-nature. The Christian world, in spite of much in actual experience to the contrary, has remained under the influence of the words 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven;' and many beautiful things are said about the purity, innocence, faith and affection of children. It is not maintained, however, that all children show these engaging qualities; and yet unless all children—in so far as they are children, and are not directly influenced by the evil example of those around—exhibit this fitness for a higher stage of being, the dictum cannot be accepted as the general truth which it has always been assumed to be. It would take much from the natural force of the words if we were to understand that the speaker, being, as it happened, surrounded by a group of particularly good children—the kind for example who take prizes for good conduct at school—had exclaimed, 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' We should then have to know what those children were like before we could profit by the statement. Christian theology, however, is not very consistent upon the point; for over against this declaration we must set the doctrine of total depravity, according to which none of the works of grace can proceed from any human being until supernaturally regenerated. On doctrinal grounds, therefore, it is very hard to know what to think. Are children angels in disguise, or are they, like David of old, 'conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity?' There are many facts against the angel theory, and there are quite as many against that of total depravity. A kind of equilibrium is, therefore, established: the former view serves well for sentimental purposes, while the latter is an important element in 'systematic theology.'

Fortunately science steps in to show us 'a more excellent way.' What we see now is that children inherit the qualities of their ancestors, and that, as a rule, ancestral influence is in proportion to its nearness. A child will be more like its father than its grandfather. The children of the radically depraved will be depraved; the children of virtuous and high-minded people will be easily drawn towards virtue and high-mindedness. Science, however, further shows that just as embryonic life repeats the stages of our physical ancestry, so child-life repeats, more or less fully, the stages of our historical or social ancestry. In other words, many of the characteristics of savage or barbarous races are illustrated in the thoughts and acts of our children. If this be so, we see at once how vain it is to look to children for the fruits of a high moral development. In the first place we do the children themselves injustice, and possibly injury, in calling for what they cannot give; in the second, we subject ourselves to disappointment, and perhaps fall into fretfulness of temper consequent on the disappointment. What we have to do is to train our children just as their developing natures will allow, to right courses of action, not looking for fruit before it is time for fruit, or losing patience with the tree (and perhaps blasting it), because, as yet, it shows only leaves. In due time we shall reap if we faint not. S.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Bismarck in the Franco-German War, 1870-71. Authorized translation from the German of DR. MORITZ BUNCH, Abridged. Toronto and Chicago: Belfords, Clarke & Co., 1879.

Among the many wondrous changes of this age, few have approached in startling and unexpected completeness the reunion of the German fatherland. The central figure of the Prussian court, the controlling mind of the Germanic Confederation, was undoubtedly Bismarck, and any work which undertook to give his views, opinions and utterances, at this eventful time, more especially on political matters, was sure to succeed. Readers who hope to find a detailed statement of Bismarck's policy will be disappointed; nor does this work pretend to be a history of the stirring times of 1870. No one, from its pages alone, could gather any idea of them. The author was attached to the staff of the Prussian Chancellor shortly before the battle of Sedan and remained with it until the return to Berlin after the surrender of Paris. His bureau was eminently peaceful: we read of despatches received and sent away, of telegrams correcting mistakes, of leading articles and communications to various newspapers, as forming the author's daily work. During the progress to Versailles, and occasionally during his walks there, we get glimpses of the war, but these are incidents which hardly ruffle the current of daily life. As the siege of Paris drags on and the long nights of winter close in, the central bureau at the cosy house at Versailles becomes most enjoyable, and the dinners are aided by presents, love-gifts, cheese, wine, spirits, cigars, and luxuries from all parts of Germany which the railways bring to the great and popular chief. We see the chief after a hard day's work at dinner, the genial master of the house, encouraging every one to talk and talking himself, on almost every subject, but as much as possible avoiding 'shop.' And his stories are very amusing. Of his parents, how they went to assemblies and what dresses were worn, 'how some time after, 'there was an ambassador at Berlin, who 'also gave similar balls, where we danced 'till three o'clock, and there was nothing 'to eat. At last we rebelled. When it 'grew late we produced bread and butter 'from our pockets and devoured it. 'Food was provided the very next time, 'but we were never invited again.' Of his childhood, boyhood, youth and manhood, his hunting, fishing, farming and diplomacy; of the people he had met; of those he had only heard of—in fact, the book is replete with the sayings and opinions of Bismarck.

The hackneyed reference to Boswell is sure to suggest itself and correctly in this respect. Boswell's book gave a vivid idea of Johnson's appearance, habits, companions and conversation, and Dr. Busch is singularly successful in doing so too. His descriptions are eminently happy. We see the visitors come and go and hear their remarks, and the interest in the drama, the stage and accessories, is engrossing. These qualities render the work of great value, and the extracts which have gone the round of the newspaper press shew the ability of the author in descriptive writing.

The Fallen Leaves. By WILKIE COLLINS, Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company, 1879.

There is slight blame attachable to so prolific a novel writer as Wilkie Collins, if all his works do not come up to his usual standard. But the blame which must be dealt out on this occasion is the more severe when we find that the faults to be complained of are largely the result of carelessness. To the highest qualities of the novelist, those qualities which raise an author to the top of his profession, Wilkie Collins has never attained; his great success has been largely due to a marvellous facility in the constructing of plots, and a wonderful elaboration of detail which, though it sometimes results in the evolution of an impossible char-

acter, yet always makes such a character appear credible and realistic. Any relaxation in the care bestowed upon such work must necessarily result in a great falling-off in the quality of the tale.

Fallen Leaves has been too evidently written in haste. The opening episode with Millicent at the Christian Socialistic Community at Tadmor is quite disconnected with the rest of the book. It serves the purpose of explaining young Goldenheart's journey to England, and it justifies the fanciful name given to the story—for, without Mellicent, there would be but one fallen leaf—but beyond this it is nothing but an excrescence. Goldenheart's character could have been brought out in more simple ways than by the machinery of this peculiar Community, which really exercises very slight influence over his life, beyond inducing him to utter a very prosy lecture on Christian Socialism, which we are led to expect will exercise a great influence on his prospects in life, matrimonial or otherwise, and which after all has no effect on matters at all. It is apparently introduced merely in order that three or four characters should meet at its delivery, who might just as well have met on the street, or at any place of public entertainment.

These smaller blots, however, might be pardoned, but for the grotesque meanness of the incident which forms the centre of the chief *nexus* of the plot. Mrs. Farnaby has had her first child born out of wedlock, stolen from her when a few days old, and though she afterwards marries the man who has done this cruel action, her only object in life is to discover her daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Farnaby are life-like characters, and, though some of their actions border on the improbable, that part of the tale relating to the search for the lost child is the most interesting. But in Mr. Collins' over desire for realistic effects, and owing, probably, to his feeling that 'strawberry-marks,' as a mode of recognition, are 'played-out,' he has been driven to make Mrs. Farnaby and her child slightly web-footed (as to a particular toe on the left foot)! The result of this in the scene where the poor mother just recognises her child and dies with her face on the deformed member, is of course an utter piece of bathos.

The old French servant 'Toff' is, perhaps, the pleasantest character in the book, with his handy ways and his cheerful disregard for all ordinary moralities and proprieties in the cause of his master. Our interest in Goldenheart is not so strong at the end of the book as it is at the beginning, and it is a little doubtful whether it will suffice to carry us through the second series promised by Mr. Collins.

Essays from the North American Review. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

This handsome volume contains a selection of representative essays by the writers in the *North American Review*, on literary, social, and philosophical subjects. The list of authors comprises the most eminent in American literature, and ranges from Longfellow's *Defence of Poetry*, in 1832, to Oliver Wendall Holmes, on *Mechanism of Vital Action*, in 1857, and J. R. Lowell on *Shakespeare* in 1868. It thus covers an era in literary activity, the advance in breadth of tone and power of treatment being marked in the later articles. A review of Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, is a readable, pleasantly written *resumé* of the outer phases of that remarkable career. It does not give an adequate estimate of Scott's position as the originator of the romantic and mediæval reaction of the first half of our century, nor does it attempt any analysis of Scott's peculiar power in depicting scenery, his sense of colour and form, so well estimated by Ruskin, in the *Modern Painters*.

The *Social Condition of Woman*, by Caleb Cushing, 1836, is an agreeably written disquisition on the causes which have raised the position of women since the days when the fancy of the prehistoric young man 'lightly turned to thoughts of love,' as invading a hostile tribal camp, he knocked the object of his affections senseless with his stone axe, previous to carrying her off on that journey of which the modern bridal tour is a 'survival,' to his own cave or wigwam. There is not anything novel in what Mr. Cushing writes about the position of women under the ancient civilization, and the defect of the usual exaggeration in the influence attributed to Christianity in beginning or forwarding the movement of progress as relating to woman. The influence of the Virgin as a Mediæval Goddess is not derived from the position of Mary in the Gospels.

There she is studiously put in the background; and St. Paul's opinions were certainly not in favour of the Rights of Woman. Roman and Byzantine Christianity left Woman where it found her, in the gynæcium. Teutonic Christianity gave the sex the same honour as had been given by Teutonic Paganism in the Germany of Tacitus. All through the ages when Christian ideals dominated in European Society, women were either immured million-fold in convents, or in married life were degraded to a lower plane. The modern position of Woman belongs to the reign of modern ideas.

Peter the Great is a historical monograph worthy of its writer, John Lothrop Motley (1845). A somewhat feeble *Defence of Poetry* written on the text—how much more vigorous than the comment?—of Sidney, by Longfellow; an omnium gatherum of anecdotes on the *Last Moments of Eminent Men*, by Bancroft; a sketch of the Earl of Chesterfield, by Adams; are relieved by two excellent essays written at the same era of the *Review*, that on *The Northmen*, by Washington Irving, and the *John Milton*, by Emerson. The latter is a noble portraiture of the great statesman and poet of the Cause, betrayed by Monk to the Monarchy of the Restoration. The purity and lofty spiritual grandeur of Milton are well set before us, but the writer does not estimate the absence of the sense of humour which marks the poet and his party—which M. Taine finds so conspicuous in the stiffness of the human and divine actors in *Paradise Lost*—Adam and his wife conversing after the manner of Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson, and Eve displaying a meek and humble deference to the marital wisdom which the poet could scarcely have drawn from experience. The articles on Hawthorne and on Cooper have, of course, an interest belonging to the national literature—that on *Shakespeare* is able but *doctrinaire*, and surely the comparison of the greatest English writer to *one of God's Spies*, is a most unsavoury simile.

More than any other of these essays, we have been charmed with the last, that on *Mechanism of Vital Action*, written in his usual charming manner by Oliver Wendall Holmes—an essay where epigrammatic sparkle and clearness of statement carries the reader over some difficult scientific ground. Mr. Holmes shews how the ordinary forces of nature may be conceived adequate to the first production and to the maintenance of vital action on the earth. Mr. Holmes wrote at the precise turning-point in the history of Evolution as a Theory, when the Doctrine of Natural Selection was on the eve of being enunciated. A sequel to this delightful essay, taking in the ground so abundantly gained since then, would be a useful popularization of the Theory of Existence now held by all educated men, who accept the guidance of science. As a whole, this volume is a welcome addition to American literature; in all details it is an *edition de luxe*. The paper, type, and binding in dark green cloth, are alike excellent. We might well ask for a similar collection of essays by representative Canadian writers.

LITERARY NOTES.

'THUS,' says an American contemporary, 'does the popular demand for low-priced literature seize hold of the costliest of England's thought.' The remark refers to a notice of the enterprise of a New York publisher, in reproducing at 20 cents each, the monthly issues of the English magazines, 'The Nineteenth Century,' and the 'Fortnightly,' and 'Contemporary' Reviews. Certainly, the force of cheapness cannot well go further, whatever may be thought of the morality of such piratical seizures upon the cream of contemporary English thought. To those who hold that literature has no claim for protection beyond what local statutory enactments may concede to it, it may excite no remorse that they are thus permitted to revel in the spoil of other lands. The curious thought about the matter, however, is that while these gigantic seizures of the American print-

ing and publishing trade are calling forth the indignant comments of the author and book-craft of England, an English Cabinet Minister is the while shaping Imperial legislation to give absolute and almost unconditional copyright in the whole British dominions, to every would-be author of the American republic—an act of grace, not only far in advance of the privileges American authors have hitherto enjoyed, but one that throws out of hand every card that England held by which to win reciprocity of copyright with the United States. Of course it may be said that this excess of virtue, on the part of the Mother Country, is in harmony with the spirit of Imperial legislation in international matters. Without being careful to reply to this, we would but urge that England in this matter should not impose upon Canada the obligation to give effect to the proposed Imperial enactment, so long, at least as she fails to secure a reciprocal international treaty with our cousins across the line, and so long, particularly, as American publishers have the monopoly of the book markets of Canada for the sale of their unauthorized reprints of English books. The injustice of any other course, under the circumstances, need hardly be dwelt upon. To restrain Canadian publishers from supplying their own market with reprints of English copyrights, under government license in the authors' interest, is absurd and impolitic enough, while the American reprinter alone is free to do so and without any tax. But to place this premium upon foreign enterprise, and, in addition, to give the American author copyright in Canada, without a substantial *quid pro quo*, is simple lunacy. If England is thus heedlessly bent upon sacrificing the interests of the Dominion, Canadian nationality is then the veriest dream, and the mother-land will have another folly akin to that of the Ashburton and Washington Treaties upon which to plume itself.

A volume containing a trio of literary judgments—on Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin—has just been issued with the rather fanciful title of 'Lessons from my Masters.' Its author is Mr. Peter Bayne, the biographer of 'Hugh Miller,' and the critical estimates have been appearing in the London *Literary World*, from which they are now republished.

A two volume selection of the lectures and essays of the late Professor Clifford has just been issued from the press of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The volumes are edited by Messrs. Leslie Stephen and Frederick Pollock, with an introduction by the latter.

Messrs. Blackwood & Sons issue a very useful and interesting book, entitled 'The Modern World,' by Mr. J. A. S. Barton, containing brief descriptions of the principal countries of both hemispheres. The sketches exclude reference to the antecedents of the countries described, the author's object being 'to note the most important turning points of modern history, and to indicate, generally, the resemblances and diversities of the several races from which the nations have sprung.'

Mr. Francis Parkman, the Historian, has re-cast his work on 'The Discovery of the Great West,' and issues it under the new title of 'La Salle, or The Discovery of the Great West,' the author announcing that he has recently procured access to a rich store of material which throws new light on the character of La Salle, and on his adventurous career. It would be an important service to literature if the author's publishers would now bring out a cheap popular edition of his charming histories. They would doubtless meet with large sale in Canada.

Messrs. Scribner have now completed their re-issue of Mr. Gladstone's 'Gleanings of Past Years, 1843-79,' a compilation of the bulk of the great stateman's writings. The volumes are grouped as follows: Vol. 1, The Throne and the Prince Consort, The Cabinet and the Constitution; Vol. 2, Personal and Literary; Vol. 3, Historical and Speculative; Vol. 4, Foreign; Vols. 5 and 6, Ecclesiastical; and Vol. 7, Miscellaneous.

Canon Farrar's new book, 'The Life and Work of St. Paul,' is now ready. The publishers, Messrs. Cassell announce that Mudie's Library subscribed for one thousand copies of the work before publication. Fiction will have to look to its laurels! The same publishers announce in cheap serial form a reissue of Robert's Holy Land, with accurate reproductions of the artist's famous drawings. The original edition of the work has for some years been unattainable except at a fancy price.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

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AMERICAN AND CANADIAN SONNETS.

BY JOHN LESPERANCE, MONTREAL.

I.

THE sonnet is the cameo of literature. It is small in compass, but complete in itself, and the slightness of its shape is compensated by the perfection of its art. It is difficult of construction, being made up of numerous prosodiacal intricacies, but the result is a combination of rhythm and rhyme, both satisfactory to the mind and soothing to the ear. Of all the forms of composition it is that whose peculiar and perhaps arbitrary requirements have been most rigidly adhered to by poets, and it is remarkable that the failure of a sonnet is often in proportion to its deviation from those prescribed external rules. What these rules are it is unnecessary to repeat here, as they belong to elementary instruction in *belles lettres*, but it may be stated generally that the Italian method has always enjoyed a canonical force, both because it is the original one, and the one most beset with the temptation of ingenious difficulty. This consists, of course, of the fourteen lines, divided into two quatrains and two tercets, the three uneven and the three even lines rhyming together. It is often the case that the two last lines are so constructed as to contain the epigram or *concetto*, which the Italians regard as the essence of the sonnet, but this rule is less observed in the other modern languages. In place of further explanation, we may as well cite Petrarch, the king of sonneteers, taking as an example his beautiful apostrophe to Love and other objects which adorn Vaucluse.

Amor che meco al buon tempo ti stavi
Fra queste rive a' pensier nostri amiche,
E per saldar le ragion nostre antiche
Meco e col fiume ragionando andavi:
Fior, frondi, erbe, ombre, antri, onde, aure soavi,
Valli chiuse, alti colli, e piagge apriche,
Porto dell' amorose mie fatiche,
Delle fortune mie tante e si gravi:
O vaghi abitator de' verdi boschi;
O ninfe; e voi che'l fresco erboso fondo
Del liquido cristallo alberga e pasce:
I miei di fur si chiari; or son si foschi,
Come Morte che'l fa. Cosi nel mondo
Sua ventura ha ciasun dal di che nasce.

As showing how early the frame of the sonnet was fixed, and with what perfection it was cultivated, I am in-

clined to add a quotation from Garcilaso de la Vega, the soldier-poet of Castille, who flourished from 1503 to 1536. His works are very rare on this continent, and it is only by chance that I have procured a copy.

Senora mia, si de vos yo ausente
En esta vida duro, y no me muero,
Paréceme que ofendo á lo que os quiero,
Y al bien de que gozaba en ser presente.
Tras este luego siento otro accidente,
Y es ver que si de vida desespero,
Yo pierdo cuanto bien viendoos espero;
Y asi estoy en mis males diferente.
En esta diferencia mis sentidos
Combaten con tan áspera porfia,
Que no sé que hacerme en mal tamano.
Nunca entre si los veo sino renidos:
De tal arte pelean noche y dia,
Que solo se conciertan en mi dano.

The use or the neglect of the Sonnet among British poets is one of the curiosities of literature. Some of our greatest names have overlooked it entirely, while some have employed it very sparingly, and a few have made it one of their chief claims to immortality. Among the former I may instance, Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlow, Ford, Massinger, Cowley, Dryden, Addison, Prior, Swift, Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar, Pope, Savage, Thomson, Collins, Goldsmith, Scott, and Campbell. In the case of Addison, Dryden, Pope, and Swift, this silence is the more remarkable that the Sonnet would appear to have been precisely the vehicle for that condensation of thought and terseness of expression which were among the chief traits of these men of genius. Among the second may be mentioned Ben Jonson, Milton, Young, Cowper, Gray, Coleridge, Burns, Byron. Among the latter are Sidney, Spenser, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Southey, Shelley, Keats, Leigh Hunt, Barry Cornwall, Kirke White, Lamb, Mrs. Hemans, Tennyson, and Longfellow. It is a further literary curiosity that the very best sonnets in the language are the productions of some of our minor poets. Chief among these is Bowles, whose sonnets are all gems. Next to him ranks Aubrey de Vere, a poet altogether too little known in this country. Other names are Drayton, Sir John Davies, Donne, Raleigh, Wither, George Herbert, Walker, Rossetti, and contemporaries too numerous to mention.

However limited the form of the sonnet, its capabilities, as a medium of expression, are infinite. Delightful old Herrick, one of its masters, thus speaks of its varied range:

I sing of books, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
Of April, May, of June and July flowers;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes.
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these, to sing of *cleanly wantonness*;
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white;
I write of groves, of twilight, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the fairy King.
I write of Hell; I sing, and ever shall,
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

The words *cleanly wantonness* I have italicized, because they appear to me to express a characteristic of our literature, on the whole, as distinguished from the French for instance, and also because they show that already in Herrick's time (1591—1662) the word 'wantonness' was drifting from its original to its present signification.

Dante used the sonnet mainly for his mystical plaints; Petrarch, for his morbid love; Sidney, for courtship; Spenser, for allegorical conceits. Shakespeare's sonnets are a *crux*. Those of Milton are patriotic and personal, and all pitched in a minor key. Wordsworth's sonnets would require a study by themselves, but the best of them are devoted to the description of external objects, which was really the salient point of the poet's genius. That this species of verse was a pastime to him in his various moods we learn from the following beautiful lines, which may also be taken as an example of his best manner:

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room,
And hermits are contented with their cells;

And students with their pensive citadels:
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blythe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest peak of Furness Fells,
Will murmur by the hour in fox-glove bells:
In truth the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is; and hence to me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some souls—for such there needs must be—
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

Rogers was not so easily content as Wordsworth, for he said that he never attempted to write a sonnet, because he did not see why a man, if he has anything worth saying, should be tied down to fourteen lines.

The sonnets of William Lisle Bowles are plaintive and philosophical; of Kirke White, melancholy; of Shelley, enigmatic; of Coleridge, ecstatic; of Lamb, quaint and sportive; of Barry Cornwall, mostly descriptive; of Mrs. Hemans, devotional; of Leigh Hunt, imaginative. Of Keats and Tennyson, all that need be said is that their sonnets rank among the best of their works.

II.

The Sonnet has always been a favourite in American literature, and with the single exception of Poe, who has left only one example, all the American poets of distinction have attempted that measure. I may begin the series with Washington Allison, the contemporary of Coleridge, whom he met in Europe in 1804, and with whom he was associated as a literary colleague. Next comes Richard Henry Dana, the author of the 'Buccaneer,' who died lately at the age of ninety. His sonnets are few but well constructed and full of feeling. The same may be said of Joseph Rodman Drake's, the famous author of the 'Culprit Fay.' Drake was a genius, and, but for the mental misfortune which overtook him prematurely, would have become an American Keats. Bryant's sonnets, although few, are worthy of the poet whose only fault was that he wrote too little. I have not room for an example, but cannot refrain from citing these lines from the sonnet on 'Midsummer:'

For life is driven from all the landscape brown;
The bird has sought his tree, the snake his den,
The trout floats dead in the hot stream, and men
Drop by the sun-stroke in the populous town.

Longfellow is by far the first of American sonneteers. Indeed, I do not see that he is second to any in the whole of English literature. His sonnets are not very many, but they are nearly all perfect. Nowhere is this great poet's artistic skill so exquisite, while his range of subjects is comparatively wide, and, strange to say, he oftener reaches the sublime in them than in any other of his forms of verse. I am embarrassed by my choice, and may as well quote a couple at random. Here is one from that delicious series, entitled 'Divina Commedia:'

How strange the sculptures that adorn these bowers!
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves,
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!
But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exaltations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediæval miracle of song!

The following is a cabinet or *genre* picture of Chaucer at Woodstock, and a charming development of the same thought expressed in a few lines of the author's 'Morituri Salutamus:'

An old man in a lodge within a park;
The chamber walls depicted all around,
With portraitures of huntsman, hawk and hound,
And the hurt deer. He listened to the lark,
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark

Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound.
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odours of ploughed field and flowery mead.

After Longfellow, the next place is naturally allotted to Oliver Wendell Holmes. 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' has written only a few sonnets, and, if truth must be told, none of them are of the best kind. A similar remark may be made of Lowell, whose muse is more specially lyric. It is, therefore, unnecessary to give specimens.

Among the minor American poets, Stedman stands most deservedly high, and he is among those whose sonnets are of unusual excellence. Here is one on 'A Mother's Picture,' which is replete with the most tender and delicate feeling:

She seemed an angel to our infant eyes!
Once, when the glorifying moon revealed
Her who at evening by our pillow kneeled,—
Soft-voiced and golden-haired, from holy skies,
Flown to her loves on wings of Paradise,—
We looked to see the pinions half concealed:
The Tuscan vines and olives will not yield
Her back to me, who loved her in this wise,
And since have little known her, but have grown
To see another mother, tenderly
Watch over sleeping children of my own.
Perchance the years have changed her: yet alone
This picture lingers; still she seems to me
The fair young angel of my infancy.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich is essentially a colourist, and his sentiment of nature is of the warmest. He is not a prolific writer, but his work, whether in verse or prose, is thoroughly conscientious, and therefore satisfactory to his readers. The following on 'Barberries,' is one of the first sonnets in the language:

In scarlet clusters o'er the grey stone wall
The barberries lean in thin autumnal air
Just when the field and garden-plots are bare,
And ere the green-leaf takes the tint of fall;
They come, to make the eye a festival!
Along the road, for miles, their torches flare,
Ah, if your deep-sea coral were but rare
(The damask-rose might envy it withal).
What bards had sung your praises long ago,
Called you fine names in honey-worded books,—
The rosy tramps of turnpike and of lane,
September blushes, Ceres' lips aglow,
Little Red Ridinghoods,—for your sweet looks!
But your plebeian beauty is in vain.

I have not mentioned Whittier, because his sonnets are few and none of them noteworthy. This is the more singular, inasmuch as the Quaker poet is a master of versification, and his mind is cast in a serenely reflective mould. I wonder that he, who has followed Longfellow in so many phases of his literary career, should not, in his old age, like the latter, have adopted the sonnet to depict scenes or express sentiments which he cared not otherwise to put forth in larger compositions. Whittier is not as old as Longfellow, yet his declining years are neither as prolific, nor as sustained in power, as those of his great rival. The maturity of Longfellow's genius is a marvel and a blessing. His very latest productions, the 'Arm-chair,' for instance, lately addressed to the children of Cambridge, are as alert in thought, as fruity in feeling, and as exquisite in felicity of expression, as any of his master-pieces of five-and-twenty years ago. Longfellow is the most popular poet of the age, not only with the medium but with the highest orders of intelligence, and he has done more to give his country a name abroad than any single American of this century. He has produced much, but it is safe to say that, with the exception of his 'New England Tragedies,' there is not one of his poems which is not destined to a long life.

I have said that Edgar Poe has written but one sonnet, and that a very poor one; but it must be remembered that he was cut off in his prime, and always lived in psychological conditions that were injurious to the normal development of his genius. As a purely poetical organization,

however, he must ever be allowed the front rank among American bards, and the little that he has left the world acquires additional worth among the thoughtful from the consciousness of the wonders which he would have achieved had he ever been able to do justice to himself.

III.

Canadian poetry is a narrow domain, but it is fairly well stocked with names and works. The pity is that it is not appreciated even among ourselves, and is practically a sealed book to the outer world. It is our bounden duty to do it at least common justice, whenever opportunity offers, and the pages of the CANADIAN MONTHLY are the natural field for such rehabilitation. In the restricted sphere of the sonnet our Canadian verse is is specially meagre, but it happens that the little we have to offer is so very good as to compare favourably with anything which we have presented in the foregoing pages.

I shall doubtless surprise everyone of my readers by claiming for John Reade the second place, after Longfellow, among the sonneteers of America. The judgment, however, is a deliberate and conscientious one, and I invite the sceptics to give Mr. Reade's works that critical examination which alone can convince them whether I am right or wrong. It is altogether too much the fashion to depreciate native productions to the advantage of foreign talent, simply because we are personally acquainted with the authors and elbow them in the round of their every-day duties. It is an additional drawback with our writers that they have not the chance to appear before us in the tempting presentations of creamy paper, new type, and elegant binding, which so often entice one to read and affect to relish what one would not otherwise care for. Not having facilities of permanent publication, they throw off their fancies in the columns of newspapers, or the pages of periodicals, and thus receive at best only an ephemeral notice. Mr. Reade has published a fine work, 'The Prophecy of Merlin and other Poems,' but his sonnets are not in them. These are the fruits of his maturer years. Pending their collection in book form, I cannot do more than select one or two of his sonnets as proof of the high position which I claim for him.

God help the man who mortgages his life
For patriot dues! Henceforward he is safe
No more. His noblest virtues only chafe
The hydra that he serves to lust of strife.
His self-respect, his every social tie,
All that for which the world's best heroes fight
Must be surrendered, or, unless he die,
He is a slave—mayhap a despot slave,
Like Dionysius, fearful of the light,
Or Belisarius, begging to his grave
Through streets o'er which his conquering banners wave.
And his reward—to have poor poets sigh
Above his dust the requiem of the brave.

Here is another of the finest classic mould:

If Homer ne'er had sung; if Socrates
Had never lived in virtue's cause to die;
If the wild chorus of the circling seas
Had never echoed back poor Sappho's sigh;
If Sparta had not, with the purest blood,
Traced on all time the name 'Thermopylæ;'
If Greece, united through the surging flood
Of Persian pride, had not arisen free;
If nought of great, or wise, or brave, or good
Had proved thee, Hellas, what thou wast to be;
Save that thou didst create 'Antigone'—
Thou still hadst in the van of nations stood.
Fallen are thy noblest temples, but above
Them all still stands thy shrine of Woman's Love.

I must be allowed to transcribe a third, on a personal theme entitled 'Tulit Alter':

Honores? Shall I thus complete thy plaint,
O elder brother? Or, the actual wrong,
Is it much lighter? Those who would thy quaint,
Immortal verse have claimed could not for long
Deceive or prince or peasant. If the song
Worthless had been, Bathyllus had not sinned—
That is thy praise, my great, long silent friend,
And Heaven's best gifts to all mankind belong.
Birds, sheep, and bees, and oxen, are they less

Happy because they go uncrowned of men?
Or better for thy praise, Pythagoras,
Who would have brought the golden age
again?
Like them should we to duty yield our days,
Careless alike of human blame or praise.

If John Reade is a genuine poet, Charles Heavysege is one also. Here at least are two names which do not go forth to the world on sufferance, or on appeals *ad misericordiam*. They stand upon their own merit and need not fear comparison with any contemporaneous poets. We have a right to be proud of them, for they shed as much lustre upon this young country as any of the public men of whom we are constantly writing. This is not the place for an analysis of Heavysege's genius, to which I have attempted to do justice in another quarter, and of which I may have occasion to speak more fully on a future occasion. I have to do with him now only as a sonneteer. His compositions of this kind are not numerous, and are all found, I believe, in the volume which contains his 'Jephthah's Daughter.' The following is a magnificent instance of the sublime in thought and expression and, I, for one, am quite willing to set it beside most of the sonnets which I have already cited.

'Tis solemn darkness; the sublime of shade;
Night, by no stars nor rising moon relieved;
The awful blank of nothingness arrayed,
O'er which my eyeballs roll in vain, deceived.
Upward, around, and downward I explore,
E'en to the frontiers of the ebon air;
But cannot, though I strive, discover more
Than what seems one huge cavern of despair.
Oh, Night, art thou so grim, when, black and bare
Of moonbeams, and no cloudlets to adorn,
Like a nude Ethiop 'twixt two houris fair,
Thou stand'st between the evening and the morn?
I took thee for an angel, but have wooed
A cacodæmon in mine ignorant mood.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY has been the receptacle of much clever verse of native production, and many of the sonnets which it has published from time to time are worthy of reproduction. I would instance those of Mr. A. W. Gundry and Mr. Francis Rye. In the number for December, 1876, I find the following credited to the well-known initials, F. A. D.:—

True love is like no fickle sunbeam's ray,
In April days to shine awhile and fade;
But rather like the ivy overlaid,
Ungraceful column in some cloistered way,
Which upward grows by slow degrees and sure,
From tiny plant to sturdy, trusty stem,
Until it twines a leafy diadem,
Around the carven charms of marble pure.
No weaker grows its friendly firm embrace.
Come sun, or rain, or night, or heat, or cold,
And ever through the years it spreads apace
With tender ties, which ever grow so bold,
It clasps with binding tendrils every grace,
And, constant, love each better being old.

The following is from 'Spring Wild Flowers,' a volume of poems, by Professor Daniel Wilson, LL. D., University College, Toronto.

True love is lowly as the wayside flower,
That springeth up beneath the traveller's tread,
And lifteth trustfully its lovely head,
Content to bless therewith the passing hour;
Unheedful of the wealth of Heavenly dower
It lavisheth upon a path bestead
With the coarse trafficking of sordid meed,
So it lie open but to sun and shower.
And love no less deals with unstinted hand:
Lavish to others, heedless of reward:
Deeming no sacrifice of self too hard,
So that, with fruitful arms outspread, she stand
Sowing around home's hearth her harvest treasure:
Heart's hoards of golden grain, showered down in affluent measure.

The exiguity of space interferes with my proposed rehearsal of French-Canadian poetry, which I will have to postpone until another time. I must say, however, that the subject is full of interest, and will be replete with pleasant surprises when fully treated for English readers. I will confine myself, in conclusion, to two sonnets from the pen of L. H. Frechette, late M. P. for Levis, and a poet of undisputed genius. In his latest work, 'Pêle-Mêle,' he has a collection of sonnets, which are perfect in form and sentiment, and mainly devoted to domestic themes. It will be observed how scrupulously Mr.

Frechette follows the Italian standard. The following is on "Belœil Lake,' imbedded in the mountain of that name, on the banks of the beautiful Richelieu.

Qui n'aime à visiter ta montagne rustique,
O lac qui, suspendu sur vingt sommêts hardis,
Dans son lit d'algue verte, au soleil resplendis,
Comme un joyau tombé d'un écrin fantastique?

Quel mystère se cache en tes flots engourdis?
Ta vague a-t-elle éteint quelque cratère antique?
Ou bien Dieu mit-il là ton urne poétique
Pour servir de miroir aux saints du paradis?

Caché, comme un ermite, en ces monts solitaires,
Tu ressembles, o lac! à ces âmes austères
Qui vers tout idéal se tournent avec foi.

Comme elles, aux regards des hommes tu te voiles;
Calme, le jour—le soir, tu souris aux étoiles;
Et puis il faut monter pour aller jusqu'à toi!

This is addressed to Miss Chauveau, a daughter of the late Premier of Quebec.

A quoi donc revent-ils, vos beaux yeux andalous,
Quand, voilant à demi sa lueur incertaine,
Votre regard s'en va se perdre loin de nous,
Comme s'il contemplait quelque image lointaine?

Quand vous semblez chasser toute pensée humaine,
Et que, sur le clavier au son plaintif et doux,
Sans but, las et distrait, votre doigt se promène,
Jeune fille rêveuse, à quoi songez vous?

Oh! sans doute qu'alors votre âme ouvre ses ailes,
Et s'en va retrouver, dans des spheres nouvelles,
Ceux que le ciel emporte, helas! et ne rend pas!

Nous vivons dans un monde où presque tout s'oublie;
Mais il reste toujours quelque chainon qui lie
Les anges de là-haut aux anges d'ici-bas!

With these beautiful verses, as a delicate perfume in the nostrils, this short paper may be appropriately closed.

BALLADS OF FAIR FACES.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

No. 1.—At Cacouna.

WHY sittest thou by the shore,
Emmeline!
Why sportest thou no more,
Emmeline!
'Mid those maids of the period just emerging from the brine?
Those blue eyes on the blue water why so sadly dost incline,
Looking wistful, and half tristful,
Emmeline!

One summer morn like this,
Emmeline!
That heart beat close to *his*,
Emmeline!
And I rather think he took the liberty to twine
His arm for just a moment round that slender waist of thine.
Oh, was it not imprudent, in a pennyless law-student,
Emmeline?

He love you! the poor wretch,
Emmeline!
But there's many a better catch,
Emmeline!
Cut him dead when next you meet him, burn his letters every line,
And deserve the eligible match your 'dearest friends' assign;
He is but a poor and true man, you a *lady*—not a woman,
Emmeline!

No. 2.—At Ottawa.

Queen-like pride and saint-like sweetness,
Grace as of the cypress tree;
Can my verse enshrine the picture,
Leila, for the years to be?

Pride that bends to greet my coming,
With a 'stoop-to-conquer' spell,
The tiara of her tresses,
Which the gold-drops grace so well.

Sweetness of a soul untroubled!
Who can tell what thoughts arise—
Heaven or dinner, Love or bonnets—
In the blue depths of her eyes.

Grace that drapes with more than beauty,
The hid form that seems so fair;
Gems to match the roseate colours,
Gold to deck the dark-brown hair.

Too fair picture of the period,
What a life would it impart,
To the charms so nearly perfect,
If she only had a heart.

A PHASE OF MODERN THOUGHT.*

BY PROF. JOHN WATSON, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

SOME years ago a Moderator of one of the Scottish Churches, in an address that, if I remember rightly, it took five hours to deliver, and a short extract from which filled half a dozen columns of a newspaper, announced that infidelity in all its forms was 'coming in like a flood.' This flood, it appeared, was so huge in volume and so impetuous in strength, that it threatened to sweep before it the last fragment of human faith.

By one who takes this rather dreary and hopeless view of things, the age in which we have had the misfortune to be born might, in less voluminous language, be called the age of scepticism. Now it seems to me that this is one of those large generalizations which people allow themselves to make and to express, either because the bent of their minds leads them to take a morbid view of life, or because a rough-and-ready opinion saves the labour of careful investigation and patient thought. That a very thorough sifting of traditional opinions is going on, extending even to those fundamental beliefs that have come down to us as the most precious heritage of the past, is a fact patent to any one who thinks at all; but, that this search into the foundations of things is accurately defined when it is said that we live in an age of scepticism, no one who looks at the facts in their completeness can for a moment admit. For the sceptical spirit is essentially a spirit of negation; it throws down without trying to build up; feeling no reverence for the cherished convictions in which the men of the past found rest and peace, and in the light of which they walked all the days of their life, it throws them aside in indifference and levity, without stopping to ask what was the secret of their power and influence. The spirit of the age, as embodied in our foremost thinkers, is as far removed as possible from this wanton sporting with the spiritual life of man; intensely critical it is yet reverent; when it destroys it is with a view to the reconstruction of a fairer edifice in the place of the one it has overthrown; and that which the pure sceptic would turn away from as dead and lifeless, it regards as but transmuted into a higher form and as instinct with a fuller life. No doubt the engines of destruction are sometimes brought to bear upon that which stands compact and firm, and shows no symptom of decay; but upon all such misdirected energy we may look with a measure of complacency, assured that whatever rests upon a solid foundation of truth cannot be moved, but must stand fast for ever. If, therefore, we are to characterise the age at all—and all such attempts to imprison the infinite variety of life in a neat formula can at best be but moderately successful—we must call it an age of search rather than an age of scepticism.

Casting one's thoughts back to a few of the representative men of the eighteenth century, and comparing them with the leaders of thought in our own days, one cannot but be struck with the presence in the one case, and the absence in the other, of

* An address delivered at the opening of the 39th Session of Queen's College.

a narrow dogmatism or an equally narrow scepticism. However different may be the personal characteristics of the writers of the last century, they seem to us, looking back upon them now, to have had a simple and superficial way of dealing with questions that we feel must be approached with the greatest deliberation and care. Somehow they took life more easily than we do now, and settled the problems of life in an off-hand way that we may envy, but cannot imitate. What could exceed the easy indifference with which David Hume, the acutest mind of the eighteenth century, proves, to his own satisfaction, that there is no proper foundation upon which an edifice of truth may be reared, and that God, Freedom, and Immortality, are therefore beyond the reach of verification. No doubt in Hume's case personal temperament had a little to do with the matter, for we must agree with his mother in saying that 'David' was a 'fine good-natured crater,' however unable we may be to go along with her when she added, that 'he was unco-wake-minded.' But that it was not all temperament is shown by the prevalence, among persons the most different in disposition, of the same superficial way of dealing with things. No two men could be more unlike each other than David Hume and Samuel Johnson, and yet their *method* of thought was at bottom the same, diverse as were the conclusions to which they came. As Hume disposed of current beliefs by a facile denial that failed to see the essential truth in them, so Johnson settled all disputes by an equally facile acceptance. Hume was good-natured, and Johnson was imperious and dictatorial; but both alike were satisfied with a view of things that to us seems merely to skim the surface, or, at the most, to go but a very little way beneath it. The same thing may be seen in other branches of literature besides those of philosophy and morals. We find it in the superficial optimism of Pope's *Essay on Man*, an optimism which was natural enough to the wits and beaux of the reign of Queen Anne, to whom life seemed as pleasant as it well could be, and which got rid of the perplexities suggested by the want and wretchedness of the lower classes and the inevitable suffering and evil of all men, by steadily looking the other way, and passing by on the other side; and we find it also in the Deism of the same poem, so much in vogue at the time, and not a stranger even in the pulpit itself, which put for the belief in a living God, the barren abstraction of a Ruler of the universe, who did not rule, a fiction useful enough to point a few moral platitudes, but having no more real connection with the course of the world, or the lives of men, than the 'quiet gods' of Epicurus and Lucretius—

> 'The Gods who haunt the lucid interspace of world and world,
> Where never creeps a cloud or moves a wind,
> Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
> Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
> Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
> Their sacred everlasting calm!'

In Goldsmith, too, whom we may take as a type of the man of letters of the century, we meet with the same general cast of thought. Goldsmith has all the simplicity and grace that charm us so much in his own 'Vicar of Wakefield,' but we look in vain in him for any perception of the seriousness and importance of the great questions that perplex the present age. In reading him we feel that we are carried back to a time when it was possible, as it is not now, to go through life without once thinking seriously of the meaning of life. Goldsmith's 'happy-go-lucky' disposition had certainly something to do with this, but we might safely say —were it not absurd to suppose that a man *could* belong to any age but his own—that, had Goldsmith lived in the nineteenth century, the child-like spontaneity of his writings would have been tinged at least with the prevalent unrest of the times.

These names have not been purposely selected to bear out a foregone conclusion, for the same superficiality, and the same simple acceptance or rejection of customary ideas, will be found in other writers of the century —in Addison, Swift, and Gibbon, not less than in Goldsmith, Pope, and Hume. As time has gone on the current of thought has broadened and deepened, and we, who float far down its course, can no longer be satisfied with the answers that seemed sufficient to the men of the last century. Between the names I have mentioned and writers of our own day there comes a group of literary men—among them Burns, Wordsworth, and Shelley—forming a connecting link between the two centuries, and displaying in varying proportions the simplicity and indifference of the one combined with the critical spirit of the other. When we come to such representatives of our own age as Carlyle, Spencer, Tennyson, Arnold, and Froude, we see at once that the whole aspect of things has changed, and that we have to do with men who, however they may differ from each other in temperament and in belief, are bound together by the common characteristics of intense seriousness, and full appreciation of the difficulty of all inquiries into the nature of the world we live in, and of the way in which we ought to live in it. It is impossible to imagine Carlyle dismissing a difficult problem with Johnson's oracular 'I tell you so, Sir;' Spencer uprooting men's faith with the levity of Hume; Tennyson contented with the rose-coloured optimism of Pope; Arnold with the boyish gaiety and innocence of all serious questions natural to Goldsmith, and even to Addison; or Froude with the cold, intellectual scepticism of Gibbon. The world has gone on, and we have gone on with it, and however wistfully we may look back on the past, shining in the mellowed and deceptive light of the setting sun, we can no more recover its simplicity and indifference, than the old man can bring back the freshness and buoyancy of his youth.

An age of search is always more or less an unhappy one. Some account a thinking being must give to himself of the world he lives in, of the way he ought to live his life, and of his relations to his fellow-men and to God. Thought must have a body of doctrine to give it definiteness, shape, and consistency. It is no more possible permanently to resist this tendency of the human mind to fashion a creed for itself as adequate as it can be made, than to prevent the child from growing up into the man. If thought, as Carlyle has said, is a sort of disease, at least it is a disease that cannot be escaped by taking thought. To counsel a man to stop thinking, and to adopt without criticism the beliefs that satisfied the men of the past, is to go against the rational nature with which it is man's glory, if also his misery, to be endowed.

> 'Well I perceive that never sated is
> Our intellect unless the Truth illumine it,
> Beyond which nothing true expands itself.
> . . . . . .
> Therefore springs up, in fashion of a shoot,
> Doubt at the foot of truth; and this is nature,
> Which to the top from height to height impels us.*'
>
> *Dante, Paradise, IV., 123-132 (Longfellow's Translation.)

The higher the endowment of any being, the greater its capacity for suffering, although also the greater its capacity for joy. The jelly-fish, hardly emerged from the perpetual sleep of nature, has few pains and few pleasures; the higher animals, with a complex nervous system, sensitive in every fibre, and thrilling to the least impact of the world, feel intensely, and are capable of a varied life of pleasure and of pain. So it is in the realm of thought: the more delicate the mental organization the more readily it responds to the waves of influence that roll in upon it from without. At the same time, the normal condition of a think-

ing being is not doubt but conviction. Hence it is easier to believe altogether, or to disbelieve altogether, to accept some definite formula of things in child like faith, or to reject it in child-like unbelief, than it is to hang poised in doubt. For in this last condition there is all the unhappiness that comes to the mind when old and familiar truths are slipping away from its grasp, and none of the joy that suffuses with fresh life him who has recovered by his own efforts the harmony and contentment of faith. On this debateable ground between belief and unbelief, many of the best minds of the present day seem to me to stand, not from any fault of theirs, but because they are heirs of the scepticism of the last century, and are too early to share in the fruits yet to come from the travail of the present century. Hence the sighs of despondency and even the wails of despair that from time to time we hear. So reticent in these days are men of their deeper feelings, that we seldom get a sight of their inmost selves; but occasionally the veil is withdrawn, and as the dark interior is for a moment lit up, we are made spectators of that most tragic of all spectacles, a noble nature sitting desolate among its broken gods. Perhaps, no one has expressed with so much fidelity the infinite sadness that follows the eclipse of faith as Matthew Arnold:

> The sea of faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd;
> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating to the breath
> Of the night wind down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world.

Who can read these words without thinking of a Samson Agonistes, bereft of sight by the Philistines, and moaning:

> O, dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
> Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
> Without all hope of day!

But is there total eclipse without all hope of day? May we not find in such cries of anguish the promise and prophecy of assured conviction? I think we may, and I hope, by a brief consideration of some of the forms which the struggle between the new and the old has taken in our own day, to indicate one of the sources of error into which some of those at present most relied upon by thinking men for guidance have fallen, and so have failed to reach the solid ground of faith. When doubt is held out to us as a substitute for belief, we may be sure that an effort is being made to combine irreconcilable propositions. To get rid of this implicit contradiction, it is therefore necessary first to see clearly what is the issue of the negative side of a theory, and only then can we hope to discover the full sweep of the positive principle it contains. The theory to which I particularly refer, and to which I shall immediately ask your attention, is that which attempts, by an application of the conception of development to the history of human thought, to reduce Religion to a worship of the 'unknowable;' but before stating and examining it, it may be of use first to indicate some of the departments of knowledge to which the notion of development, the distinctive notion of the nineteenth century, is applied, and to point out what I regard as the true aim of Science on the one hand, and of Philosophy and Religion on the other.

It is a marked characteristic of modern thought that, while the immense accumulation of knowledge has compelled a greater division of labour than ever before, so that no man can hope to be equally at home in all branches of knowledge, there is a not less marked tendency to combine all modes of existence in one, so as to give some sort of theory of the world as a whole. The effort to unify knowledge is as persistent as the effort to specialize it. The guiding idea which rules all investigations is the idea of progress, development, evolution. In the last

century men were contented to take things as they stand, and to determine their fixed relations to each other; in the present century, they seek to explain how things have come to be as they are, by viewing them in the vast perspective of their history. The change from what a follower of Comte might call the 'statical' aspect of things to their 'dynamical' aspect—from the investigation of things as they are to the inquiry into the way in which they have come to be what they are—is only a natural extension of the scientific method. The impulse which leads us to analyse a drop of water in order to find out its constituent elements, to follow back a pencil of light along its multitudinous waves of ether until we trace it home to its source in the sun, and to prolong our gaze far into the depths of space in search of new worlds, must, sooner or later, compel the attempt to pierce the mists that hang over the far-off past; and once set in motion, this scientific 'wonder,' which Aristotle well says was the beginning of philosophy, cannot be prevented from extending to animal life and to man, as well as to inorganic nature. It is not, however, my intention to trace out the wide and varied applications of the notion of development. Even were I competent to deal with so vast a subject, the attempt to condense so much into a single lecture could only result in vagueness and bewilderment. I shall, therefore, confine myself mainly to a consideration of that most striking of all the tendencies of the present age, the tendency to regard the whole intellectual development of the race as the successive steps by which the conclusion has been at last reached, that all real knowledge, or at least all definite knowledge, is confined to the realm of science, and must be sought for by the scientific methods of observation and experiment. This tendency rests upon a half truth that needs to be supplemented by the other half; for the attempt to expel religion from the domain of specific knowledge, and to confine it to the domain of the 'unknowable,' would never have been made had the limits of scientific investigation been definitely marked out to begin with. It seems, therefore, advisable, by pointing out what are the actual results reached by science when it traces things back along the line of their development, to clear the way for an examination of that mistake in the application of the idea of evolution to the process of human thought, which converts religion into a shadow of its true self.

A great deal of useless antagonism to the advance of science, and many bitter attacks upon theology, might have been spared had a clear view been first obtained of the topics that fall within the realm of science as distinguished from those that fall outside of it. It requires no reflection to see that the determination of the distance of the sun from the earth, or the classification of the various orders of living beings, is a scientific enquiry to be prosecuted by the astronomer and the biologist respectively. But when the astronomer tries to account for the present position and state of the worlds disposed through space, by the hypothesis of a nebulous matter, from which by the operation of natural laws these worlds were gradually evolved; or when the biologist endeavours to show that the infinite variety of living beings which seem to be divided into distinct and separate species may all, in the course of ages, have come from one or more primordial forms, by the addition of one slight peculiarity after another in each successive being; people seem to suppose that science has suddenly leapt beyond its own domain and has intruded into the domain of philosophy and theology. In this view I am unable to share. So long as we are investigating the laws which bind things together in space, or which account for the successive phases through which they pass in time, we are pursuing the legitimate ends of science.

The physical origin of the worlds composing our solar system, the age of the earth and of man, the development of all forms of animal life by a gradual process of change—these topics are the exclusive property of science, and must be determined on scientific evidence, and scientific evidence alone. It is difficult to say who is most to blame for the confusion of thought which has set science and religion in apparent antagonism to each other—the scientific man who talks as if the nebular hypothesis were an explanation of the origin of things that somehow banished a creative intelligence from the universe, and as if the development theory as applied to the explanation of animal life were incompatible with the idea of final cause; or the theologian who imagines that the safety of religion would be endangered, were he to admit that the earth, as we know it, existed ages ago in the form of a nebulous mist, that all animal life is linked together by a chain of natural causation, and that the ancestry of men recedes far back into remote ages. I think we shall do well to blame neither the one nor the other, but rather to see, in the attitude of both, another illustration of the extreme difficulty there is in adjusting the relations of new and old conceptions. Each party sees the imperfection of the other, but not its own. The theologian is wrong when he resists the application of the scientific method to a problem with which it alone is competent to deal—the natural history of the earth and of animal life; the scientific man is fatally wrong when he imagines that, by giving a date and assigning a physical cause, he has extruded the Creator from the workmanship of His hands. The former, by his jealousy and hatred of theories that are no more irreligious than the once dreaded truth that the earth moves round the sun, damages the cause he has most at heart; the latter, by putting forward his physical theory as if it were a final explanation of the nature of things, gives impetus to a passionate resistance that he might moderate or allay. It must, then, be recognized that no scientific explanation of the temporal origin of the world or of animal life, can be put in the place of a theory of the ultimate nature of the universe. When science has pointed out the laws that regulate the co-existence and succession of things, it has completed its proper work; when it attempts to palm off this enquiry as a substitute for an investigation into the connection of all things with intelligence, it is no longer science, but a sceptical philosophy. The moment we desert the point of view of things in space and their phases in time, to make some affirmation about their relation to intelligence, we pass over into the realm of philosophy and theology, and leave the realm of science behind. The nebular theory, as an explanation of the way in which the worlds we know have come out of a primeval mist, is a scientific theory; it is a philosophical theory masquerading in the garments of science, when it pretends to have swept away all explanations of the world that recognise the presence, in nature, of an Infinite Intelligence. The doctrine of evolution is a scientific theory, so long as it only proposes to explain the gradual way in which all living beings have been formed by the slow accumulation of slight increments of difference; but it ceases to be scientific, and becomes philosophical, when it is supposed to render superfluous the existence and operation of the living God. But while it is proper to resist the false philosophy of scientific men, that is no reason for contemplating with a vague alarm, born chiefly of ignorance of its true nature, the bounding steps of science itself. The very idea of a conflict between science and religion is as absurd as the idea of a conflict between two powers that never cross the border line of each other's territory. Religion can have nothing to fear from

science, although it has much to thank it for. As the plant lives upon inorganic substances, and the animal upon the plant, so philosophy and theology take up and absorb the rich materials furnished by the sciences. For this reason I am unable to regard recent scientific theories, so far as they do not present themselves as philosophies in disguise, in any other light than as valuable aids in the comprehension of the infinite wisdom and power of God. When I am told that millions of ages ago the earth on which I dwell existed in the form of a congeries of diffused nebulous atoms, I do not feel as if I had heard anything to shake my faith in the presence of Intelligence in the universe, since the process by which the earth has come to be what it is, implies the existence and operation of the same natural laws that exist and operate now, and law does not operate of itself, but only intelligence wrapped up in law. And when scientific men tell me that the earth has existed, not for six thousand years, as Archbishop Usher supposed, but for millions of ages, so far from feeling as if I had lost anything, I feel that I have greatly gained—that just as the wonder of the universe grew upon men's minds, when for the ancient fiction that the overarching vault of heaven was part of a closed sphere covering in the earth as the central object, there was substituted the conception of a space stretching to infinity and studded with worlds of vast dimensions; so, by running back the history of our world into the illimitable past, the universe has become for me wider and more spacious and more worthy the habitation of the Ancient of Days. Nor, when I am told that the whole race of living beings, including man, is bound together by the tie of a long descent, do I feel as if I must surrender my belief in the providence of God; rather my conception of His wisdom and power is intensified and elevated, just as I should be compelled to attribute much higher intelligence and purpose to man, were he capable of inventing machines that should go not for a few months or years, but for millions of years, and that should have the unique power of reproducing others of their kind, infinite in variety, and gradually growing more complex, more perfect, and more wonderful.

The governing idea of modern thought, as I have said, is that of evolution, development, progress. An attempt is made to see the present in the light of the past, to trace things back to the earliest state in which we are capable of knowing anything about them. And the idea of development is applied not only or chiefly to nature and to animal life but more especially to man in all the phases of his existence. For the idea of the progress of man is intimately bound up with the idea of his unity. Each nation has come to be regarded as but one of the family of nations that together make up the one great nation of mankind. As Christianity has given birth to a magnificent missionary organization, designed to lift up the lower races to the level of the highest, so, under the indirect impulse of the idea of man's unity, scientific thought has in our day widened its outlook so as to take in all phases of the human race. Hence the rise of the new study of Anthropology, the object of which is to collect and systematise all the facts relating to the condition of the lower races, with a view to the better explanation of the manners and customs of the higher; hence the extreme interest in Philology, the science whose final aim is to trace the connection, and the origin and development of the various languages in which men have clothed their thoughts and emotions; hence the rise of Comparative Religion, the science which tries to connect together the various manifestations of the religious consciousness; hence also the overwhelming interest in the development of human thought as a whole.

It is of this last topic that I purpose

now to say a little, and here it is that we meet with the view which has been referred to already as very prevalent in our day, the view that Science deals with the knowable, Religion with the unknowable. How has this conclusion been reached? Manifestly if all mankind constitute a spiritual unity, and if human nature is essentially the same in all races of men, the intellectual life of the race must be governed by some law or principle that all modes of thought will partially exemplify. Just as we may follow the process of political organisation through its successive phases, so we may turn our attention to the development of thought as a whole. And evidently the law which is to explain this vast process of development must be very comprehensive in its character, and must gather up under itself all the manifestations of intellectual life, scientific, philosophical, and religious. The problem is: What is the end towards which human thought has been ever tending in all the successive phases of its evolution? Can we supply a formula which shall adequately characterise the whole process of intellectual development? What is the lesson for us of the whole mental activity of the past? And the answer to the question as to the end towards which all past thought has been steadily progressing, will, it is at once evident, be determined mainly by the estimate we form of that which is most valuable in the thought of the present time. To those who regard the great achievement of modern thought as the accumulation of scientific knowledge and the application of scientific methods of research, past thought must and does seem mainly a preparation for complete liberation from the unscientific methods of philosophy and theology. There are, of course, minor differences among those who take this view; one class of thinkers regarding the process of thought as tending to sweep away for ever the whole vast structure of belief built upon the foundation of supersensible realities by the misdirected energy of centuries, and another class, less destructive in their tendency, only seeking to banish philosophy and theology to an inaccessible region, where at least they can do no harm—but both alike are agreed in maintaining that all definite knowledge is the exclusive property of science. These two theories form in fact part of one general system of thought, and are much more closely linked together than their respective advocates are at all willing to admit.

One cannot take up any of the more influential magazines, or read the more popular works of current literature, or even glance at the leading articles in the better class of newspapers, without seeing distinct traces of some such view as that just indicated. There is a widespread conviction, not always definitely expressed, and often, one may suspect, not even clearly formulated, that science and literature are the sole avenues that lead to definite and verifiable results, and that all enquiries into the ultimate nature of things, all speculations on the nature of God and His relation to the universe and to man, are fruitless attempts to solve the insoluble, which lead the befogged enquirer to substitute vague and shadowy abstractions for facts, and a jargon of words without meaning, for simple and perspicuous language. It is easy to show that this prevalent view of things has emanated from a few eminent men, and by gradual infiltration has spread among the lesser representatives of science and literature. Taking Matthew Arnold as the typical man of letters of the century, we find that the view which, in the 'mob of gentlemen who write with ease', takes the form of an undeveloped, but clearly felt, tendency to turn away from all ontological speculation as hopeless and a mere waste of time, is by him expressed with perfect definiteness and self-consciousness, although it is not thrown into the shape of a reasoned system of thought. Not only does Mr.

Arnold reject all beliefs in the supernatural as survivals of obsolete modes of thought, but he employs his inimitable power of raillery to throw contempt upon all efforts to prove the existence and nature of God. But even in the midst of his negations, that striving after a new basis upon which to rest belief, which I have ventured to say is the distinctive note of the age, is not less clearly marked. For while Mr. Arnold does not disguise his contempt for metaphysic—a kind of metaphysic, it may be remarked, that is unknown to the modern metaphysician—and expressly denies the existence of a 'personal' God, he holds that in our actual experience there is revealed to us a great reality 'that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will.' Rejecting the popular conception of God as that of a 'magnified and non-natural man in the next street,' he yet maintains that there is a mighty 'stream of tendency' flowing through the ages, that we may, if we please, call God, but which is better characterized as the 'Eternal Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness,' or still better, since man is not only a moral but also an intellectual and æsthetic being, as 'the Eternal Power, not ourselves, by which all things fulfil the law of their being.' This conception is the ripest fruit of culture, of that loving and sympathetic study of the literature of all times, and especially of the great literatures of the world—the Bible and the masterpieces of Greek thought—which brings us into communion with 'the best that has been thought and known in the world.' The Eternal, not ourselves, is no figment of the imagination such as the metaphysical theologian evolves from his inner consciousness, and attempts to prove by school logic, but a reality verifiable in experience, and therefore assured to us by the only evidence that is really convincing.

The same tendency to deny any definite knowledge of a Supreme Being, while substituting an analogous conception in its place, is expressed still more clearly, because more consciously, in the most popular systems of philosophy of the present day. The most considerable achievement of Comte, according to his own showing, is to have given a complete theory of human development, known as the 'law of the three stages,' which fully accounts for all the facts, and at the same time is destined to be the great instrument of social regeneration. According to this 'law,' all past advances of thought were but the successive steps by which man has emancipated himself from a false theology and a barren metaphysic, and has learned to confine his attention to that which can be directly verified in experience. The first stage of thought is the 'theological,' in which the phenomena of nature are supposed directly to manifest, or to be directly produced by, supernatural beings made in the image of man. At first men imagined that divinities, with attributes like their own, resided in sensible objects. A withered tree stretching its bare and gaunt arms to the sky, a huge rock vaguely suggestive of a human form, a curious shell with its brilliant hues—in short, all objects that called forth the wonder or awe of men—were supposed to be embodied divinities with power to bless and curse the lives of men. By and by, as the wonder of the heavenly bodies struck upon men's minds, a worship of the stars grew up, that prepared the way for the second theological phase of thought—that in which the gods were no longer believed to reside in special objects, and to be fixed to a definite place of abode, but were supposed to move about freely from place to place like men themselves. This second step in the march of thought effected a partial liberation from the idea that nature was wholly given up to the play of caprice: as a tolerably firm grasp was obtained of the fixed laws by which things are connected together, the interference of the gods was more and more denied,

and they were banished from the world, into which they were only allowed to enter on rare occasions and on some special errand. No longer was it imagined that sensible objects imprisoned a divinity within them, but only that each class of objects—the earth, the sea, the sky, the sun—was presided over by a god distinct and separate from it. And when this path of thought was once fairly entered upon, it was inevitable that, with the growing perception of the universal reign of law, the gods should give place to one God, guiding and controlling all events by His direct agency, or through the intermediation of His ministers. Theology had now run its full course, advancing from Fetishism, though Polytheism, to Monotheism, and no further advance could be made without seeking for a new principle of explanation. This new principle was the 'metaphysical,' supposed at the time to be constructive and positive, but in reality purely critical and negative. For the gods were now substituted such abstractions as 'substance,' 'force,' 'cause,' conceived of as real entities, lying behind and producing phenomena. The blank spaces left in men's imaginations by the dethronement of the gods were filled by these impalpable fictions. The whole value of this movement, apart from its organising influence on society, lay in its virtual denial of theology; positive value it had none, for the hidden 'essences' and 'occult qualities,' by which it endeavoured to allay the dimly-felt craving for a scientific explanation of things, had no more reality than the gods they displaced. But the human mind could not for ever 'live in a vain show,' and in these latter days, it has at length awakened from its long slumber in the person of M. Comte, and, shaking off its troubled dreams, has come to see what all along it was vaguely feeling after, that the only truly 'positive' method of explanation is that which accounts for facts by natural laws, as the only positive realities are phenomena themselves, not gods or abstractions. The immutability of natural laws being at last fully recognised, human thought has entered upon the last stage of its development, that in which it forbears in its search for truth to fly beyond the laws which govern the coexistence and succession of phenomena. The scientific method, applied in the first instance to the world of nature, must be extended to animal life and the life of men, and only thus can a true basis be found for such a knowledge of the laws of society as shall affect the regeneration of men, by bringing them into vital contact with that 'Great Being,' Humanity itself.

The essential agreement between Arnold and Comte is at once apparent. Both reject a personal God as an exploded superstition; both insist upon the necessity of verifying everything by experience; and both hold that there is a Great Being, higher than the individual man. Neither, again, makes it very clear what exactly he means by 'experience.' Comte especially talks of 'experience' and 'phenomena' in a way that is rather puzzling. A 'phenomenon' is an 'appearance,' and we naturally contrast an appearance with a reality distinct from it. Are we then to suppose that there is something behind the veil of appearances, something which we can never know? or are we to conclude from Comte's words that there is nothing whatever behind, and that the suggestion that there is must be charged merely to the misuse of a word? In the former case, the progress of thought is to be conceived as leading to the absolute denial of everything but phenomena; in the latter case, it will be an advance towards the recognition that, while there is a reality distinct from phenomena, our minds are so constituted that they can never know it. The truth seems to be that Comte was so very eager to put to rout the theologian and the metaphysician, that he neglected to

ask himself which of these views he really proposed to adopt.

This ambiguity is cleared up by two thinkers, who are in no sense followers of Comte, or in any way indebted to him. It is a curious instance of the power of the age to shape the minds of individuals, even when they are themselves unconscious of it, that three writers, differing so much from each other in their methods and aims as Comte, Sir William Hamilton, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, should be ruled by the same general idea, and should help out the deficiencies of each other's theories. Hamilton agrees with Comte in holding that we can know nothing but phenomena, or, as he more usually expresses it, that knowledge is of the relative and finite, never of the absolute and infinite. But he approaches the question rather from the side of the person knowing, than from the side of the object known. It is the weakness and limitation of the human mind that, in Hamilton's view, prevents us from ever arriving at a knowledge of things as they truly are. In putting forward this theory, Hamilton did not for a moment suppose that he was playing into the hands of the enemies of theology; on the contrary, it seemed to him that, by demonstrating the imbecility of the human intellect, he was leaving the way open for the acceptance of a supernatural revelation. In this spirit his most distinguished follower, the late Dr. Mansel, attempted to show that, as the mind of man, from its very constitution, is for ever shut out from a knowledge of the Infinite, the existence and nature of God must be certified to us by an act of pure faith. These writers did not see that they were sawing away the branch on which they were themselves seated. For, evidently, if we can form no notion whatever of a Supreme Being; if our minds are so weak and helpless as to be necessarily excluded from any comprehension of the Infinite; no revelation of God, however clear it may be in itself, can have for us any meaning whatever. If I cannot in the least understand the nature of God, it is vain for any one, inspired or uninspired, to speak to me of God; the words he makes use of to express his meaning will be for me simply sound without sense. Not very many years ago there was still alive a learned divine who was so firmly convinced of the irreparable confusion wrought in men's minds by the Fall that he denied their ability to be sure of the proposition that two and two make four. He forgot that, if we are so utterly helpless, even his own proposition that mathematical truth is uncertain must be equally uncertain. And a like criticism applies to all demonstrations of the absolute imbecility of the human mind to comprehend the Infinite. If thought cannot get beyond its asserted limitations, how can it know that it is limited?

The next step in the development of the doctrine of nescience has been taken by Mr. Herbert Spencer. Endorsing Hamilton's proof of the necessary limitation of the human intellect, Mr. Spencer adds that, while all definite knowledge is of appearances, there is yet a Reality behind appearances, which is certified to us, not by a definite, but by an 'indefinite,' consciousness. And, like Comte, he endeavours to make good his theory by an appeal to the course which thought has taken in the past. Mr. Spencer's account of the intellectual development of man is, in fact, very much that which Comte's becomes when it is seen that, to assert the limitation of thought to phenomena, is tacitly to declare that there is a reality behind phenomena. Mr. Spencer does not, like Comte, regard the progress of thought as merely the clearing out of the way of theological and metaphysical conceptions preparatory to the undisputed sway of science, but rather as a double movement, at once negative and positive, by which on the one hand science has gradually encroached upon the territory of definite pheno-

mena, at first unjustly appropriated by theology, and in so doing has learned to free itself from the influence of metaphysical abstractions and to comprehend its own method; and by which, on the other hand, theology has been slowly taught to give up its untenable claim to the realm of finite things, but has for that very reason substantiated its exclusive right to the realm of the 'unknowable.' Thus, by the natural evolution of thought, science and theology have learned to give and take. The successive forms assumed by the religious consciousness as time has gone on, betray an ever-increasing disposition to retire from the field of specific knowledge, but at the same time an invincible determination to hold to the last by the truth that there is *something* higher than phenomena, which can never be explained away. Long and bitter has been the struggle between the representatives of science and the representatives of religion, the former ever insisting that things must be explained from themselves alone, and the latter opposing the attempt as a degradation. The blame of this conflict is due neither to science nor to religion, but to both. Feeling from the outset that the knowable universe was under the dominion of unchanging law, science had yet so imperfect a comprehension of its own principle, that over and over again it made use of such metaphysical fictions as 'nature's abhorrence of a vacuum,' 'aureity' and a 'vital principle.' Religion on the other hand, while rightly claiming that there *is* a Power transcending the finite, has inconsistently attributed definite attributes to it, and so has degraded it to the level of the finite. Thus science and religion have fallen into opposite mistakes, the one trying to explain the knowable by the unknowable, the other to explain the unknowable by the knowable. What is the true lesson for us? Manifestly, that the realm of the knowable must be entirely surrendered to science, and the realm of the unknowable to religion. Mr. Spencer does not propose this truce of life-long enemies in mockery, but in perfect seriousness and good faith. Science may seem to have the lion's share in the spoil, but in reality religion gets all that is rightfully its due. Nor is it any degradation of the 'Great Reality' which forms the true object of religion to strip it of all attributes, and therefore of the attribute of personality; for the properties with which it has been invested by mistake really destroy the absolute and mysterious perfection of its nature. 'May we not, without hesitation, affirm,' says Mr. Spencer, 'that a sincere recognition of the truth that our own and all other existence is a mystery absolutely and for ever beyond our comprehension, contains more of true religion than all the dogmatic theology ever written?'*

The theory which I have just hurriedly summarised may be familar to many present who have never read a line of Mr. Spencer's writings, for it is simply that presented by Professor Tyndall, with so much force and clearness, in his now celebrated Belfast address. In this case the disciple is so highly gifted with the eloquence that captivates a popular assembly that he is apt to occupy in many minds the place rightfully due to his philosophical master. One thing should be perfectly clear from the outline of Mr. Spencer's theory just drawn, namely, that he is honestly anxious to effect a reconciliation between science and religion. The theologian may refuse to accept the reconciliation offered to him; he may regard it as too much like clapping a man in prison, and then telling him he is free to roam over the whole world—in imagination; but he need not, therefore, doubt the sincerity of Mr. Spencer's attempt to act as a mediator between science and religion. But after all, the important thing for us is not what Mr. Spencer intended to do, but what he has actually suc-

* First Principles, 3rd (Eng.) ed., p. 112.

ceeded in doing. And here, I think, our verdict must be, that his proposed reconciliation of science and religion is no reconciliation at all, but one of those compromises, that consist in holding together, by main force, two contradictory propositions, that must fly apart the moment they are left to themselves. It is impossible to harmonise the assertion, that there is an absolutely mysterious, inscrutable, unimaginable and unthinkable power—for all these epithets are applied to it—with the assertion that this power can be known to exist; an irresistible logic compels us either to deny the existence of an inscrutable power, or to deny its inscrutability. How is it possible to tell that there is any reality behind appearances, if the human mind by its very nature throws up an impenetrable wall, behind which, strive as it may, it is unable to go? If we can neither look through, nor around, nor over the wall, what reason have we for saying that behind it there is anything but empty space? I have never been in Australia, but, as I have the testimony of those who have been there, I do not doubt its existence; but if any man tells me there an island in the Pacific seas which neither he nor any one else has ever seen, can I be accused of undue scepticism, should I refuse to accept his imagination as a substitute for knowledge? And the case against Mr. Spencer is much stronger than this; for he not only says that neither he nor any one else has a knowledge of the Great Reality which he yet asserts to exist, but he tells us that no one can, in imagination, form the vaguest conception of it, or by any possibility ever know or conceive of it! For good sterling gold, we are asked to accept an irredeemable paper-money, payable at a bank in the clouds. How can any one, with a due respect for the principles of evidence, ask us to believe in the existence of that, which no man can either think or imagine? The Great Reality, we are told, is 'mysterious;' and so verily it is; but the mystery enveloping it is one that disappears when we give up trying to get sense out of nonsense.

So far we have been looking at only one side of Mr. Spencer's theory. But it has another and more hopeful aspect, to which I now gladly turn. That a writer of Mr. Spencer's undoubted intellectual power should have committed himself to a theory which, taken literally, is so manifestly absurd, would be incomprehensible, were it not that he reads into it more than he formulates clearly to himself. Attempting to substitute for a personal God, the fiction of a perfectly inscrutable, unthinkable, and unimaginable something-we-know-not-what, he really gives meaning to what would otherwise be unmeaning, by tacitly asserting that God is not only knowable but known. In the same breath Mr. Spencer tells us that the Great Reality is unknowable, and that it is 'manifested to us through all existence.' Now if he would only bring together these two independent statements, first that there is a Being higher than all finite existence, and, secondly, that this Being is 'manifested to us in all existence'—he might be led to see that, when he pronounces this Being to be inscrutable, he is false to his own better thoughts.

In our every-day mood, we are occupied with the things that immediately present themselves to our senses—with that which we can see and hear and touch and handle—or we are engaged in shaping things into new forms—constructing a house, or a steam engine, or a book. Our interest lies in the details of existence, in particular and definite objects, and we do not think of the unity which binds things together and makes them all parts of a single world. Scientific knowledge also is concerned with particular and finite things, although at the same time it seeks to detect their hidden affinities for each other. The astronomer first takes note of the

heavenly bodies as separate existences, and then he tries to discover what connects them together—what influence, *e.g.*, the sun has upon the motions of the earth, and the moon upon the flux and reflux of the tides; the geologist marks the peculiarities of different sorts of rocks, and then he attempts to explain their origin; the chemist tries by analysis to find out the various elements, but he also asks how these act and re-act upon each other. In all these cases we are occupied with particular things in space and time, and the unity we are seeking for is at the most the unity of a special law, applying only to certain select aspects of nature. Thus both in our ordinary mood, and in our scientific mood, we concentrate our attention upon particular things, or particular classes of things. But there is another mood of which we have all had experience, in which we turn away from all this detail, and we say to ourselves: 'All is one,' and these things I see around me are but 'parts of one stupendous whole;' all finite things are in incessant fluctuation, transition, and metamorphosis; even the 'so solid-seeming earth' has gone through many changes and is moving to an unknown doom; successive generations of animals and of men are ever appearing and vanishing like forest leaves; and yet, through all this birth, growth, and decay, there is *something* that is unchanged and unchangeable. Thus there arises in us a deep and solemn emotion, born of the contrast of the finite and the infinite, the transitory and the eternal—an emotion that informs the noblest, if also the saddest, verses of the poets, and that lies at the basis of religion in all its forms and modes. Here in fact we have the first vague, shadowy and undefined conception of God. But observe that our attitude is mainly negative. The Supreme, we say to ourselves, is *not* any or all of these finite things that we see and hear and touch, but something altogether higher; He does *not* pass away, but remains for ever; He does *not* change as they do, but is eternally the same; He is *not* limited but unlimited; He is *not* comprehensible but incomprehensible. Thus feeling and thinking, we part the universe in two, and on the hither side we set the Finite, Relative, Knowable, on the farther side the Infinite, Absolute, Unknowable.

This is the point which Mr. Spencer, by a circuitous course, has reached. Convinced of the finite and transitory character of all earthly things, and profoundly impressed with the unity underlying all things, he separates from the finite and infinite, the known and the unknown. The infinite he thinks of as a shadowy *yonder*, a vague illimitable something, which eludes the grasp of definite thought, and which, just because of its indefiniteness and impalpability, affords free play to the imaginative and emotional nature. And undoubtedly there is something fascinating in this conception. It is that which commended Pantheism to the ancient Hindoo, Gnosticism to the early Christian philosopher, and Mysticism to the mediæval thinker. But it is not the be-all and end-all of religion, but only its initial stage. It is impossible permanently to persuade people that in this vague and unsubstantial one, they have reached the *ultima Thule* of human comprehension. As inevitably as we say to ourselves 'the unknowable is,' there arises the question, 'but *what* is it?' There is no way of escaping from the dilemma, either of positively conceiving the infinite, or of confessing that imagination has outrun reality. That which the intellect cannot at all comprehend, the imagination will soon let drop. A God that is not known is for us no God. Him who is 'ignorantly worshipped' will, after a time, cease to be worshipped at all. To tell us that the unity of all existence is for ever inscrutable is to prepare the way for the rejection of all belief in the divine. But, as a

matter of fact, while Mr. Spencer and his followers proclaim the inscrutability of the infinite with their mouths, in their hearts they confess that He is 'not far from any one of us.' For they tell us that He is 'manifested to us in all existence,' and that which is so 'manifested' cannot be unknown, much less unknowable. The very idea of the unity of all things implies as much. For a unity cannot exist apart from that of which it is the unity. The law of gravitation is a unity that is manifested in the motion of worlds as well as in the fall of a stone, but it is not a mysterious something apart from its manifestations, but something revealing its nature in them. And what gravitation is to the world of matter, God is to the whole creation. He who is the perfect unity of all things, manifesting Himself in the minds and consciences of men as well as in the motions of worlds, cannot be hidden behind a thick cloud of darkness, but reveals His glory and majesty in the world we know. He must be sought, not in the empty grave of a dead and lifeless abstraction, but in the marvellous life and energy of the real universe. Men cheat themselves by words and phrases. They speak of the 'laws of nature,' as if law had any meaning apart from Him who clothes Himself in law; they speak of 'matter' as containing the 'promise and potency' of life, as if matter, when so defined, were not but another name for God as He manifests Himself in the physical world; they speak of 'force,' as if it were something visible to the eye of sense instead of being but the outward form of that which inwardly is intelligence; they speak of 'life' as if it could be fully explained by that which is lower than itself, and did not rather point upward to that which is higher; they speak of 'mind' as if it were a thing apart, externally acted upon, instead of being the key to all modes of existence. A writer in a recent number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY (July, 1879, p. 27), informs us that 'in the modern doctrine of development' we have a 'substitute for the religion, or rather the theology, which it tends to supersede.' If this means, that we may dispense with religion and theology because we can recount the successive forms which life has assumed in the course of ages, I confess that to me the doctrine of development seems as poor a substitute for the 'religion, or rather the theology,' which it does *not* 'tend to supersede,' as the proposition that every triangle contains two right angles. No scientific truth as such can serve as a 'substitute' for religion, simply because science does not seek, and so does not find, the evidence of intelligence in the world. But if, as I suspect, the writer means that the doctrine of evolution, by binding together all living beings in a chain of intelligible law, entitles us to infer the presence of an intelligence working for immeasurable ages towards a predetermined end, then we cannot indeed admit that this apprehension of a fact will take the place of religion (which is more than the apprehension of any number of facts), but we may admit that it goes some way in the direction of a true theology. Every addition to our knowledge, whether it be of the physical world, or the world of living beings, or the world of self-conscious and intelligent men, is, when brought into relation with that Being who 'manifests Himself to us in all existence,' an advance in the comprehension of His nature. And as the increase of knowledge has no cessation, as the discovery of truth is a perpetual process, we may grant that the Almighty cannot be 'found out to perfection,' *i.e.*, in the infinite fulness of His nature, while discarding the false and self-contradictory theory which holds that of Him we know nothing whatever. This recognition of the real, although partial, comprehension of the infinite, is at once the last result of a true philosophy and the point from which a true theology must

set out. And the humility to which it prompts is as far removed from the spurious humility which falls down in speechless awe before the Unknowable, as the vague and unintelligent dread of the savage before his fetish, from the enlightened reverence and love of the Christian for a revealed God.

These considerations lead to a truer conception of the intellectual development of man than is to be found either in Comte or in Spencer. As against the former, we must deny that the development of religion was a purely negative process, in which the belief in the divine was gradually refined away until it vanished into nothing; as against the latter, we must deny that the sole residium of religious progress is the consciousness of an indefinable and unthinkable reality. Science and religion are inseparable strands of thought that have been intertwined from the dawn of intellectual activity. Their analytical separation should not make us forget the necessity of their real union to the highest comprehension of the universe. The knowledge of sensible and finite things and of their laws has been ever accompanied by the knowledge of a higher unity embracing and upholding them, and related to them as mind to matter, soul to body, or the garment to the form it covers. As science has continuously advanced to a clearer comprehension of the unity of the world—not the abstract unity of a colourless abstraction like the 'unknowable,' but the concrete unity of specialised laws—so religion, taking up the conclusions wrought out by science, has learned more and more to recognise God, not in caprice and arbitrariness, but in that steady and calculable action which is the most perfect evidence of intelligence and the highest expression of personality. The imperfections of the one have been but the obverse and counterpart of the imperfections of the other. As the world ceased to be regarded as given up to chance and accident, and was seen to be governed by ordered harmony and law, so the religious consciousness learned to substitute for the arbitrary and capricious gods of an earlier age, a God of absolute perfection, not swayed from side to side by gusts of passion as men are prone to be, but moving on with the sure and unfaltering steps of infinite power, intelligence and goodness. The advance of religion and the advance of science are really phases of one great movement of thought. The one has gained nothing that has not been equally a gain of the other. As that scientific curiosity which urges men on to the conquest of fresh fields of knowledge can never die away so long as man is man, so religion must continue to seek for ever worthier and nobler conceptions of God. Thus harmony is introduced into our view of the whole process of spiritual advance; and thus also we get rid of the fretful pessimism at present in fashion, as well as of its counterpart,

> 'The barren optimistic sophistries
> Of comfortable moles—'

the one springing from a selfish concentration on one's own petty pains, and the other from an equally selfish counting up of one's immediate pleasures—and we learn to sympathise with that large optimism of the purest and highest minds of all ages, which, without turning its back on the wretchedness and the evil of the world, contemplates all things 'under the form of eternity,' and rests in the indestructible faith of

> 'One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.'

WINNIPEGOOSIS.

BY W. F. MUNRO, TORONTO.

THE Winnipegoosis country is at present one of the most inaccessible regions of the North-West. There is but one way of getting into it, and that offers few of the conveniences or attractions of modern travel. Starting from Winnipeg with a half-breed guide and a couple of Red River carts to carry provisions for the trip, the explorer (tourist is not the word here) proceeds due north-west along a well worn trail running nearly parallel with the old survey of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and distant from it some ten or twelve miles. For twenty miles or so the road is through an almost dead level prairie; further on the land is more ridgy and uneven, the soil lighter and sometimes stoney. In Township 15, Range 2 west, we pass on the right a large sheet of brackish water, called Shoal Lake, swarming with pelican when we saw it last July. This is a very common bird in the North-West, an ugly unclean biped, with a bill over a foot in length, and a hideous pouch or fish bag where it stores its food, which is not always in the best condition. Some twenty miles further on brings us to Oak Point, on Lake Manitoba, and close to the boundary line of Keewatin, or the North-West Territory, as it is now called in the new maps. Here a post of the Hudson Bay Company has long been established, and around it have gathered a considerable population of half-breeds, some of them well to do in the world. Eight miles to the south there is another still larger settlement called the Saint Laurent Mission, which has a Roman Catholic establishment of some kind or other. The land around both settlements is tolerably fair, being a black sandy loam resting on the universal white limestone, and having some loose stone through it. But there is really no farming done except by the few white men who have taken up claims in that quarter. The half-breed here, as elsewhere over the whole country, is content with a weedy ill-fenced garden patch, which he has probably never put a hand to himself. From one of these people, a very intelligent and trustworthy person, we hired a York boat for the trip up the lakes; we also engaged two French half-breeds, old *voyageurs* in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, who knew the country well. These, with Mr. Walter Dickson, of Water Hen river, an old Hudson Bay officer, the writer, and two boys made up the crew of the York boat. This is the only sort of craft as yet on these waters. It derives its name from the original pattern invented at York Factory for the navigation of the rivers running into Hudson Bay. It measures 35 feet in length, with 8 or 9 feet of a beam, pointed at the stern, and carrying a large square sail and six long heavy spruce oars. It is not exactly the thing for lake navigation as sailing is next to impossible except with a fair or nearly fair wind; when that fails there is nothing for it but to lie over in some convenient shelter and wait for a change.

We were favoured with prevailing south winds and made a good run to the Narrows, which divide Lake Manitoba into two nearly equal parts. Here the crossing of the Canadian Pa-

cific Railway was to have been, under the old survey and the Mackenzie administration. We hauled up at Mr. William Sifton's, who has charge of the telegraph line which here crosses the lake. Mr. Sifton has one or two white neighbours who came to settle beside him in the hope of the railway crossing near them, and who are not at all pleased with the change of route. The country all around here, unlike the lower portion of the lake, is thickly wooded with very good poplar, ash, and oak. Mr. Sifton and his neighbours have cleared a number of acres, which were filled with the very perfection of garden vegetables. The root crops in the north-west are a standing marvel, but here they were exceptionally excellent. We never before saw such potatoes or such cabbages, beets, onions, and carrots. It may be here said that Mr. Sifton tells a very different story from what has been so industriously circulated about the country eastward to Selkirk, along the old route of the Pacific Railway. He has travelled it frequently, and maintains that there are no difficulties in the location such as to warrant the change to the south of the lake. The old route would certainly have been the shortest to the Saskatchewan, as it would have been a good thing for the Narrows and the Winnipegoosis country, which must long remain a *terra incognita*, unless something is done to put steamers on the lakes. On the other hand, the new route satisfies the Manitobans, and serves a settled country much in need of railway communication.

Sailing from the Narrows, and feeling grateful for the kind hospitality of our host and his amiable wife, we pass on the right the weird caves of the Manitou, where the 'untutored mind' was awed by the unseen power giving audible expression to itself. Northward in the distance rises 'the bluff,' and between, a wide expanse of lake, the most exposed, and at times stormy, part of the waters north of the Narrows, but with a fair wind from the south, we made to within sight of the mouth of the Water Hen the same evening. A little before dark a squall rose, and we hauled up on the lea of an island for shelter and rest for the night. Rain came on, but we managed to start a fire on the beach, under the partial protection of the thick woods that came within a few feet of the water's edge. Our supper of duck pemmican, and the inevitable black tea, despatched, we lay down in our buffaloes and went to sleep, but at midnight our half-breeds raised a shout that the wind had changed, and our boat was in danger from the boulders on which she was hauled up, so we had to tumble into the stern sheets and get poled round a point of the island into shelter. It was pitch dark, and the rain came down in torrents—we had to remain in the boat. All next day, as we sailed and rowed up the Water Hen river, and the following night, as we camped on the shore, the rain came pouring down; buffalo robes, blankets, every stitch of clothing we had on, or could put on, were soaking wet. Next morning broke fine, and as we were making our way into Water Hen Lake, and round the turn into the river again, we had time to get a good dry. Not one of us caught the least cold after our forty-eight hour's drenching. The Water Hen river, as in the gloom and mist of the wet morning we entered it, had a strange Indian look about it. It would have hardly been a surprise to have seen an army of braves start like Roderick Dhu's warriors from the reeds and willows as we slowly passed up the stream. The banks are uniformly low, with a varying belt of tall bright green grass extending from the water's edge to the dark line of woods in the background. Sometimes the woods came even to the water's edge, receding in a semicircle to give place to the broad belt of meadow grass,

which is the prevailing feature of the banks on both sides. The clumps of willows and scattered poplar often occur on these green patches, adding much to their picturesque beauty, and often assuming the appearance of an artificial landscape. Many tempting locations for settlement occur along the whole extent of the river. The land is rich and heavily wooded, but the trees are seldom over a foot through at the butt; the clearing could thus be done with one-half the labour of the Ontario settler. The river is a beautiful clear stream with a pebbly bottom, never varying in depth more than a few inches, and stocked with the finest whitefish in the world! What more could be wished? and yet there is only one white man living on the Water Hen. The river flows nearly due south from Water Hen Lake, which receives its waters from Lake Winnipegoosis through a stream also called Water Hen river, which flows due north, and thus parallel with the other river. The two rivers run in opposite directions, distant from each other not more than six miles at any point. About the middle of the first stream the current is a little swift for a few miles, but nothing to interfere in the least with navigation by steam. This part of the river gets the name of Rapids, which is rather misleading, as we got well over them before I was informed that they were so designated, and it would never have occurred to me to apply such a term to what was little more than a perceptible current. We might easily have pulled our boat through, but our half-breeds preferred 'tracking,' although that involved walking through wet grass up to the shoulders, and sometimes wading in the river waist deep, in order to cut off corners or keep the boat in the channel. With a heavy load 'tracking' has always to be resorted to, but the *voyageurs* are used to it, taking to water like true spaniels. White men would hardly do this kind of work. The Water Hen is the only floating entrance into Winnipegoosis, it adds thirty miles to the water stretch, and is the worst part of the route for a sailing craft, as the wind from any southern point, favourable as far as the 'turn,' is dead-a-head for the rest of the river passage into Winnipegoosis. It will always be the *bête noire* of lake navigation, except for pleasure excursions which are still far enough away in the future. South-west, some eight or nine miles from the outlet of the Water Hen into Manitoba, the distance between the two lakes, Manitoba on the east and Winnipegoosis on the west, is only one mile and three-quarters. The barrier between is a low, marshy neck of land, at the highest point not more than ten feet above the level of Winnipegoosis. The difference of level between the lakes is said to be about eighteen feet. A cutting through Meadow portage, on this narrow neck of land, will no doubt be made some day, but unfortunately the water is shallow for a good way out on both lakes, so that besides the canal a long and wide channel leading up to it at both ends would require to be dredged out and something in the nature of breakwaters erected for the protection of vessels entering the canal, as there is no natural harbour on either side. The entire basin of the two lakes is hollowed out of a dull white limestone, somewhat shaley in texture, with the *debris* of which the shores of the lakes are almost everywhere strewed; the very sand seems to be nothing but granulated limestone. There would be no fear of the canal or the channels we have described being choked with mud or drift, as there is no sweeping current, but the bottom of the lakes, especially in the shallower parts, is crowded with boulders, and as ice forms at the bottom, the stones are lifted in the spring and floated about. But the filling up of the channels from this cause might be guarded against in the form and construction of the breakwaters.

Mr. Dickson, my *compagnon de voy-*

age, is a close and intelligent observer of natural phenomena; we had many interesting discussions on the geology and physical geography of the lake region. It was his opinion that the whole country was undergoing a gradual elevation. At one point on the east shore of Lake Manitoba, below the Narrows, where we camped for a short time, we observed, inland some 200 yards or so, a clearly defined beach, as if the water had just left it; it was at least ten feet higher than the present beach. Between it and the present beach was a low marsh, full of tall reedy grass. An old Indian half-breed lived in a house built a few yards above this former beach, and had been there for more than twenty-five years. He told us that when he first settled in the country the water was up to where his house now stood, and he pointed out a tree to which he used to fasten his canoe. The question naturally arose, what has caused the shrinkage? In support of his theory of a gradual elevation of the land, Mr. Dickson related some curious facts which came under his observation during his residence of thirteen years on the east coast of Hudson Bay. As he alludes to these facts in a manuscript work, illustrating his Arctic experiences, which has been put into the hands of the writer with a view to future publication, I will take the liberty of giving his own words:

'An old Indian pilot, named Swallow, a native of the country, whose whole life had been passed in this part of the coast (near Cape Jones, east coast Hudson Bay), assured me that many of the islands in this particular quarter had risen above the sea during his own life time, having been only mere shoals when he was a boy. The Indian Swallow, when wandering about the hills near the sea coast one day, came upon an old ship's anchor firmly jammed into a crevice of a rock on the very summit of a hill fully four hundred feet above the present sea level. The anchor had undoubtedly been lost by some ship which must have found several fathoms of water above this very hill. One fluke of the anchor, settled into the crevice of the rock, could only have been lifted out of its place by a buoy rope or chain attached to the crown. Whether this was attempted or not is uncertain, but probably it was not, for there was no hole in the crown for any such line. It is probable that the anchor itself had only a hemp cable attached to it originally, as neither shackle nor any portion of a chain was found. A clumsy wooden stock, very much decayed, but still recognisable as oak, was found attached, and the iron, although a good deal corroded and scaled off, showed that it had been used on a large vessel, and must have once weighed a ton weight in iron alone.'

One would suppose that the tipping up of the end of a continent would back up the waters flowing towards that end and rather raise than lower the level in the upper courses. This would undoubtedly happen if the continent were a perfectly level plain, and the lower end raised above the axis of elevation, but would scarcely be expected in the case of the land between the lakes and Hudson Bay, so long as the Nelson river has a downhill course with abrupt and frequent rapids. To account for the shrinkage spoken of, on the theory of an elevation of the land, we must either suppose the elevation to have been local, or its axis to have been at a point far removed from the present lakes. There is another theory which struck the writer forcibly, when coasting the south shore of Lake Manitoba, on our return trip. The entire south end of this lake is now bare of timber like the surrounding prairie and for probably the same reason; that it has been swept by fires. But at no very distant date heavy forests must have lined the shores, and these would resist the encroachment of the waters, which are now blown by the north

wind and scattered over wide areas to the south and west. Mr. Sifton informed us that the depth of the water at the Narrows varied constantly with the change of wind. With a prevailing north wind the water fell at least two feet, returning to its former level in a calm or with a south wind. A north wind, which had been blowing for two days and had taken us to the foot of the lake, was followed by a calm, and we had a striking illustration of the backward flow of the water which began after the wind abated—the writer, in swimming across the narrow entrance into Lake Francis, being carried a considerable distance out by the current. Supposing the waters that now fill Lake Francis and the other interminable bays, creeks, and marshes at the south end of the lake—not to speak of those on the west side, were recovered and held within a secure and well-defined boundary such as existed when the forests were standing, the level of the whole lake would be raised probably to the height of the deserted beach above mentioned.

But to return to the Water Hen where we were about to make the bend to the south, on our way to the upper lake. Here we touch an Indian reserve, and are met by the whole Water Hen band, men, women and children, who turn out to see us. Some of the men boarded our boat and gave us a hand at the oars, some held up pails of berries, offering them for a little flour. We passed another reserve at Dog Creek below the Narrows, but the band were away on a bear hunt and we saw none of them. These Indians are nearly all Swampy Crees and are included in Treaty number two, numbering less than a thousand all told, scattered over several reservations. The agent in charge of them, that is who pays them the treaty money, resides several days' journey from some of the reservations and not immediately in the neighbourhood of any. Each band, on selecting its own reservation, was promised a supply of farming implements, such as ploughs, harrows, waggons, &c., and a certain number of oxen. Some five or six years ago the Water Hen band got their implements, but up to the time we met them the oxen had not arrived. Meantime the ploughs and harrows were rotting, or had been sold for a handful of tea. Thus are our Indian affairs managed in the North West! The late appointment of Instructors is probably a step in the right direction if a proper selection has been made, and if they do away with the small reservations, and prevent the wily half-breeds from mixing with the bands and sowing the seeds of discontent and rebellion.

The north branch of the Water Hen, which we now turned, is much the the same in appearance as the south branch. Although the water was at its highest, there was no perceptible current. Rather more than a mile from where the river opens out into the lake, or rather where the lake narrows into the river, and on the left or west bank, we came to Walter Dickson's house, a substantial log building 32 x 24 feet, the timbers of good-sized spruce, nicely hewn, and the corners neatly joined. Here we notice the same perfection of garden vegetables as we were struck with at the Narrows. The soil is the same and so is the timber, with the addition of spruce which occurs in clumps, never in continuous belts. Mr. Dickson selected this spot in the belief that, sooner or later, he would witness and reap the benefit of the change which accompanies the opening up of a country rich in natural resources, and requiring only to be known in order to be settled. It is more than probable that he will not have to wait a great while to see the steamboat passing his door. We enter Lake Winnipegoosis, or rather a long arm of the lake, which, as before said, narrows into the Water Hen river. Coasting along the west side, we come to Salt Point, and encounter the same

difficulty with the wind as at the turn of the Water Hen. Here we notice the remains of the Hon. James McKay's salt works. The wells are now pretty much diluted, but on the supposition that the salt beds underlie the uniform limestone formation of this region, which is in the highest degree probable from other surrounding indications, there is nothing to hinder the successful manufacture of salt. Properly sunk wells, with a small engine to pump the brine and a couple of wooden steam-pans, would not involve a great outlay, and when it is considered what a barrel of salt is worth at the Saskatchewan, when it costs about $25 to take it there, the wonder is that no one has taken the manufacture in hand long ago. But of course little more can be done than what was very inadequately attempted by Mr. McKay, until the means of transport are provided. It may be asked why have not the Winnipegers, or some other enterprising Manitobans, gone into the whole question of the opening up of this great region, including the manufacture of salt, the mining of coal on the Saskatchewan, along with other enterprises of great pith and moment appertaining to the development of the Winnipegoosis country. The answer is easy to those acquainted with the people of the North-West. They are too busy with what they have on hand already, and are strange to all projects that require time to mature.

Rounding Salt Point we have to wait for a south wind which, at length, takes us on our way north. Passing Ladle Island, and Red Deer Point, we come to Birch Island, covering an area of 55 square miles, said to be the best timber limit on the lakes; the lease of it was purchased at the auction sale on the first of September last by Mr. Whitehead, the railway contractor, for $6,000 over the upset price of $20 per square mile, which was the highest price paid for any of the nineteen limits then put up for sale. Mr. Whitehead also purchased the limit of Red Deer Point, including Coleman's Island, an area of 34 square miles, for $1010. Neither of these limits, though probably the best the country affords, can be said to be valuable in the sense we in Ontario would apply to timber limits. The spruce, for which they are alone at present valuable, does not show in close belts like the pine forests on the Ottawa, but is scattered among the other timber, and at best, is seldom more than 18 inches through. Sawn into rough lumber, however, it is worth $30 a thousand at the foot of the lake; and this is found to have attraction sufficient to allure several into the business. A mill is already in operation at Totogan, on the south-west end of Lake Manitoba, and the owners have nearly completed a steamboat to be used for hauling logs. At the auction sale they purchased several good limits, one on the east of the Water Hen river, for which the sum of $810 over the upset price was paid. Another firm, who managed to secure one or two limits, have taken steps this fall in the direction of putting up a sawmill and building a steamboat.

From the north-east point of Birch Island it is almost a straight line due north some forty miles to Mossy Portage between Winnipegoosis and Cedar Lake on the Saskatchewan, of which this lake is merely an expansion, but a pretty extensive one forming a sheet of water, in some places, much wider than any stretch across Winnipegoosis. From the north-east corner of this lake, where it narrows again into something like river dimensions, the distance to where it enters Lake Winnipeg is only about twelve miles, but in that short space it makes some curious developments, in one place expanding into a second lake, and having a total fall of about 60 feet divided over five rapids, ranging from one to seven feet in height. The Grand Rapids have a fall of 43½ feet in 2½ miles, to avoid which, the

Hudson Bay Company have built a tramway some four miles in length at a cost of $20,000. There are no such serious obstructions to the navigation of the Saskatchewan above Cedar Lake, and it will be readily seen that if this lake were once connected with Winnipegoosis, which is exactly on the same level, a new and much shorter and better route to the Saskatchewan would at once be established. That a canal will be cut sooner or later, may be taken for granted. Mossy Portage, though it is only three miles in a straight line across, may not be the best place to make the connection. It has been chosen on account of its approach from Cedar Lake, commencing at the bottom of a fine bay, having a depth of six feet, at a distance of two hundred yards from the shore, from which, southward, the portage passes over a corduroy road built by the Hudson Bay Company through a swamp three-quarters of a mile in length, then over a fine hard ridge, gradually rising in height till within a quarter of a mile of Winnipegoosis, when it descends suddenly into the lake. The highest part of the ridge is about 93 feet above the lake, which would involve serious cutting to make a canal, but the writer has been informed that at some other point called Mud Portage, the Indians can cross in their canoes in the spring from the one lake to the other without portaging; if such be the case, the cutting of a canal four feet deep would be an easy matter and might all be done with a dredge. It may be asked why the Hudson Bay Company have not utilised this route, instead of the one by Lake Winnipeg. In the first place, they have an established post at Norway House, which for more than a hundred years has been their head-quarters and distributing point for the north-west as far as Hudson Bay. It is convenient to the mouth of the Saskatchewan, so that, in a manner, they have been forced to use this route; besides, the Hudson Bay Company are famed for a dislike to innovation. At the same time, they have not been quite indifferent to the Winnipegoosis route, for their fine steamer the *Colville*, which plies between Selkirk, Norway House, and the Grand Rapids, was built with the intention of putting her on Lake Manitoba, which they expected her to reach by way of Fairford through the Little Saskatchewan, as it used to be called, though they could not get her through. Even if this could have been managed, the steamer's draft of five feet would have prevented her from ever getting up the Water Hen; 1200 cords of wood were cut and distributed over the *Colville's* intended route, but not a stick ever went into her furnaces.

It is not at all likely that the Hudson Bay Company, under its present auspices, will again attempt the operation of this other lake route, especially in view of its early opening-up by private enterprise. If the Company decided to take any steps in this direction, it would only be for the purpose of shutting out others and maintaining their hold on the country, which has long been one of their choicest preserves; but times have changed with the Hudson Bay Company since 1870, and they are no longer in a position to compete successfully with individual enterprise.

The development of the Winnipegoosis country as a financial or speculative project will best prosper in the hands of a strong private company. Commencing on a small scale, say with one steamer on the lakes and another on the river, no extraordinary risk whatever would be incurred, for there would be a certainty from the very start of getting the greater part of the freight which is now carried every year from Winnipeg to the Saskatchewan.

At the very lowest calculation, there is said to be one thousand tons of freight carried to the Saskatchewan country and the far North-West by Red River carts alone every year, at an average cost of $200 per ton. The

lowest rate ever paid has been, in one or two instances, this year $8.50 per 100 lbs., and it is said to have been as high as $14. $200,000 paid every year for the carriage of freight to one of the most sparsely settled countries in the world, what would the amount be when the valley of the Sackatchewan—the Garden of the North-West—teems, as it must in a few years, with a large population. It may be said that the Pacific Railway, when completed to the Saskatchewan, will be a sufficient outlet to this great country, but the railway will only serve the country west of where it strikes the river, and wherever that be, it will be far to the west of Winnipegoosis, leaving untouched and unprovided for the great regions of the Swan River, the Red Deer River, the Duck Mountains, the Porcupine and the Basquia Hills. We did not explore any part of this region, but Mr. Dawson, who ascended the Swan River in a canoe, in 1868, thus describes the country :—'From Winnipegoosis Lake to Swan Lake the distance is about six miles. The stream which connects them is, appropriately enough, called Shoal River, which varies in breadth from 150 to 300 feet, and is very shallow, though having a swift current. About Swan Lake the country is very interesting. Numerous islands appear in the Lake. To the north, an apparently level and well-wooded country extends to the base of the Porcupine Range, while to the south the blue outline of the Duck Mountains is seen on the verge of the horizon. Ascending from Swan Lake for two miles or so, the banks of the Swan River are low. In the succeeding ten miles they gradually become higher until they attain the height of 100 feet above the river. About thirty miles above Swan Lake, the prairie region fairly commences. There the river winds about in a fine valley, the banks of which rise to the height of from eighty to one hundred feet; beyond these an apparently unbroken level extends on one side for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles to the Porcupine Hills, and for an equal distance on the other side to the high tableland called the Duck Mountains. From the south, westward to Thunder Mountain, the country is the finest ever seen in a state of nature. The prospect is bounded by the blue outline of the hills named, while in the plain, alternate wood and prairie present an appearance more pleasing than if either entirely prevailed.'

A grant of land in this region would greatly strengthen a private company and aid in developing the country, provided the company was bound to sell to actual settlers at not more than one dollar per acre. Nor would such a grant be too much to ask as an equivalent for cheap freights and the opening up of a territory rich in coal and salt, which could only be rendered available for consumption by the operation of such a company. There is no doubt as to the existence of coal in the valley of the Saskatchewan, for it is found in extensive veins cropping out on the banks of the river, ready to be put on barges and thus transported by the shortest and cheapest route to the City of Winnipeg and the bare prairie country to the south of the lakes.

The principal part of the capital of such a company would be invested in the works required at each end of the lakes, and ultimately perhaps, in connecting the lakes by means of a canal at Meadow Portage, as already referred to. The Canadian Pacific Railway, west of Winnipeg, is located near the fourth base line, passing within ten to fifteen miles of the south end of Lake Manitoba. There are one or two good points on the south-east of the lake, from which a tramway could be built south, to connect with the railway, but if the present location of the road should be changed to one further north, as at the present writing it is supposed it will, the line will pass Portage Creek, which is further west, at or near a point from which navigation to the

lake could easily be rendered possible for steamers of light draft, and only such could be used with safety on the lakes even if the Water Hen river were left out of the course by having a canal at Meadow Portage. If no change, however, is made in the location, a tramway from the crossing at Portage Creek or some point east or west of it to its nearest navigable point would be shorter and probably less expensive an undertaking than the one south from the eastern end of the lake. The works at the head of Winnipegoosis to connect with Cedar Lake would be of a more formidable character, but quite within the scope of a good company's operations, even if it should be found necessary to cut through the line of Mossy Portgage already described. Perhaps the most serious portion of the undertaking would be to provide shelter in that exposed part of the lake; the same difficulty being met here as at Meadow Portage, only that the depth of water is greater, being at least six feet at a distance of 70 yards from the shore, near Mossy Portage. We hope to see an attempt made, at no distant day, to open up this new route, as there can be no question as to the great interests involved in it, and the advantage it would be to the whole North-West.

TIME.

BY GEO. E. SHAW.

OFT have I thought an hour would never go,
Yet see how soon, how sure, whole years are gone!
Impatience seems to check the fragments' flow,
While the main stream doth glide unceasing on.
We cannot trifle with the sweeping stream,
Nor make a trial-passage to the main;
We pass but once along, and when we seem
Experience-taught, then is experience vain.
And yet withal, Time's stern, unyielding will
Perhaps works well to Earth, for could the base
Renew their course, and do their evil still,
They'd work more harm than Virtue could efface,
And hence 'tis better, better far, I see,
That Time should onward flow unceasingly.

TORONTO.

ARCHITECTURE IN CANADA.

BY R. C. WINDEYER, TORONTO.

THERE is no art in the Dominion so little studied, so little understood, but withal of such great importance to the individual and to society at large as Architecture. For the last few years, on account of the wealth accumulated in the country, buildings of all classes have been put up through the length and breadth of the land.

In the large cities, such as Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, and London, men following exclusively the profession of architecture are to be met with, and from these men, with few exceptions, have also emanated the designs for churches and other more or less important buildings in smaller towns and villages. It has been repeatedly said that nothing shows more clearly the state of civilization at which a country has arrived than its architecture. With the historian, poet, and artist, the ruins of cities that once swayed the destinies of empires have ever been subjects of deepest interest. Rome and Athens to-day, with their broken shafts, dilapidated arches, and mutilated temples, tell the beholder, more clearly even than history and tradition, of a civilization long since passed away—they are living memorials of the wealth and brain power of past ages.

Such being the effect that architects of the past, especially those of the mediæval ages, have left on the present, it certainly behoves us of to-day to see that an art, the importance of which none can gainsay, is carried on by competent and skilled men. On account of wealth being more generally diffused now-a-days than formerly, combined with the fact that modern civilization is of an entirely different type from that which preceded it, more money in the aggregate is spent upon building than perhaps in any previous era of the world's history. Inasmuch as no building with any pretensions to ornamentation can be put up without a plan, it follows that men more or less skilled in both construction and design must be employed. A knowledge of no art can be obtained without the study and application of the principles involved in that art. A surgeon must have studied anatomy before he can, without danger to life, amputate a limb. A physician must have studied the properties of drugs before he can, with safety, prescribe a remedy for a disease. A lawyer must go through a set curriculum before practising in a court of law, and as a rule an apprenticeship is necessary to be gone through in order to understand any one of the various avocations incidental to a highly civilised state of society. Were this not a fact; had not experience taught mankind that a certain amount of training is absolutely requisite to the proper practice and profession of any art, the English language would never have possessed such words as 'charlatan,' 'empiric,' 'quack,' and 'mountebank.' Truly has it been said that words are like fossils in which are imbedded realities long since passed away, which else would never have been known, or if known, probably forgotten. Since, as remarked above, men more or less skilled in construction and design must be employed by the public in making

plans for every description of building, it behoves society to protect itself against false and presumptuous professors in an art, partly æsthetic, but to a greater extent, essentially practical. The word architect means 'chief workman,' and not as commonly accepted, 'draughtsman.' As architecture is now practised, it is contended that without certain necessary safeguards, such as exist in the legal and other so-called learned professions, the public interests are not sufficiently protected. It has been remarked that architectural works should be the utterance of public sympathy and should not be treated by those interested in them in the spirit of a clique. Architecture is daily becoming more depressed, faulty, and full of shams, from the interference of sciolists and connoisseurs. An architectural work is chiefly valuable for its details, but so long as the designs for buildings are selected by men who know nothing whatever of the correctness or incorrectness of those details, and who are guided by those calling themselves 'architects,' who, in their turn, studiously ignore the art-workman and the intellectual labour of the artisan, so long will money be squandered on unsightly buildings, and our public edifices be destitute of artistic power and feeling. The public being wholly uninformed on such subjects generally defer to the opinion of these sciolists and connoisseurs, who having neither confidence in themselves nor in any architectural draughtsman, advertise throughout the length and breadth of the land for designs, fondly imagining that they will obtain thereby the best plans at the least price. Facts prove, however, that no first-class piece of architecture has, in any part of the world, been put up from a competitive design. No architect who loves his profession simply as an art, and for the pleasure he derives from its pursuit, but only he who regards his calling as a money-making one, will risk his reputation on the 'competition die.' Building committees, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, are composed of men unable to judge of the merits or demerits of the plans submitted to them, and as a consequence, a man who thoroughly understands his profession is very chary of exposing his work to an ordeal he cannot precisely gauge. He cannot tell that his judges are not ignorant; he does not know that they are not venal and partial, and therefore does not like to run the chance of an inferior work, with public acclamation, being preferred to his superior one. The premiums offered by these building committees for what they consider the best design are so despicable, that even a man who is doing a good business and does not perchance understand architecture, either as an art or a science, will not withdraw his attention from a certainty for an uncertainty.

These building committee men seem to forget the old saying, 'that a labourer is worthy of his hire.' They forget that a doctor is paid his bill, even if his patient has taken adulterated drugs and died a lingering death. They forget that a lawyer is paid his fee, even if he has made faulty pleadings, and thereby lost the widow her last mite. They forget that a merchant does not buy a cargo of wheat or import a thousand dollars' worth of a 'special line' of goods on the chance of Mr. So-and-so taking either the one or the other off his hands. Physicians and barristers do not come in crowds, and bring hundreds of prescriptions and deeds made on speculation for a man's approval, yet it is no uncommon thing for so-called architects to swarm like bees round a man and ask him to take a pick from their rejected wares. A man who writes 'Architect' after his name has a great variety of things to know and understand, totally distinct from the qualifications of a mere draughtsman. He should be a judge of all kinds of material used in building, their qualities, properties, strength, durability, etc., together with their

various methods of mechanical workmanship, and, likewise, should possess a thorough knowledge of English so as to write out a clear and unambiguous specification, in order that justice may be done both to his employer and to the mechanics who carry out his plans. Inasmuch as many valuable works on architecture are written in French and Latin, a knowledge of these two languages is a decided advantage, though perhaps not a necessity; yet without the capacity of reading any other language than one's own, a man can scarcely be said to be liberally educated. A mere draughtsman—a man who has spent but three or five years in an office—is totally unable to acquire a sufficient knowledge of both the æsthetic and practical features of architecture, so as to be entrusted with the designing and execution of a building of any importance. The average time that a young man, say from sixteen to eighteen years of age, spends in an architect's office is between two and three years, and by the time he is twenty-one years old, he casts his bread on the waters, and puts forth his sign as 'Architect.' Full of self-importance, and with builders anxious to do any work he may chance to obtain, flattering him and paying apparent deference to his architectural skill, he ceases to study, even if he has the inclination, and the consequence is, if he succeeds in business, he assists, with others of the same stamp, in putting up buildings in which the five orders are burlesqued; in erecting edifices which are nauseous imitations of the Farnese Palace; and in constructing churches with tin spires and flying buttresses in honour of Him who hates a lie.

Architects who are in the habit of competing, being aware that the men composing building-committees and who select the designs, do not understand the meaning of a line when drawn, or whether the specification is correctly written, use all their skill to catch them by glare and frippery, and in this way a once noble art is degraded. Competent architects are set on one side because they will not pander to ignorance and conceit, and buildings are put up which remain till they are either burnt or pulled down, or crumble away from faulty construction—memorials of the folly of those who selected the designs and of the incompetence and want of experience of those who made the plans. Competition amongst architects, it is contended, puts a premium on quackery and fraud by its almost forcing men to display their designs in the most meretricious garb, based upon a false estimate of the cost, in order that they may have a show of superiority over other plans that may be chaste and pure and which rest upon a true estimate of the cost. Competition nominally aims at obtaining the best skill in the market, but fails for the reasons above stated, and also from the fact that one who has been but two or three years at the business may hit off a design or plan that captivates the uninitiated, and, from want of skill and experience, may make such errors in his detail-drawings and specifications as to cause the expenditure of thousands of dollars more than the contemplated outlay, in order to render the 'captivating building' even fit for occupancy.

Architecture cannot raise its head without wealth, and since wealth is now more diffused than formerly, and not confined (as in days gone by) to the educated and upper classes of society, it has long been under popular influences which are always fickle, unsettled, and more or less inimical to the spread of true art.

Painting, which is essentially a fine art, has undergone the same deterioration; the object of the present race of artists being to paint pictures to suit the masses, but not to raise the standard of art. Inasmuch as people are surrounded in daily life by bricks and mortar, and as the outward eye is naturally affected by what it sees, it

forms an estimate from the objects presented to it. It is common to hear men, otherwise tolerably informed, openly avow that they do not understand architecture, but that they know well what pleases the eye. Such people, however, forget that unless that which is continually around them and before their eyes, is more or less refined, they are totally unable, except by study and contemplation, to form a correct idea of what is chaste and elegant. People who have, from early childhood, heard no music except that which meets their ears from the hand-organ on the street, would have but a poor appreciation of Mozart and Beethoven. The man who says he knows what pleases his eye in matters of architecture, and sets himself up as a connoisseur, when his whole life has been spent in a place where nothing but bricks and mortar, heaped up without regard to either art or science, have been constantly before him, and who has never read about or studied the art, is as much able to give an intelligent opinion upon what is correct, chaste, and pure in architecture, as the man whose knowledge and taste of music has been acquired by listening to the soft and dulcet strains of the street-organ. In both of these imaginary cases it is apparent that something more than good eyesight and perfect hearing is necessary to appreciate or understand what is truly correct and pleasing in art. In truth, it is cultivation or training, and without that, no man, whatever his abilities may be, can give a correct opinion upon anything relating to architecture, sculpture, painting, or music. The poet who wrote—

> It is the mind that sees, the outward eyes
> Present the object, but the mind descries,

knew full well the necessity and value of cultivation.

From this lack of knowledge and the uncritical faculty of the public, it comes that the profession of architecture has in its ranks men totally incompetent, who yet, at the same time, hold, in popular estimation, more or less prominent positions.

In order that the practice of architecture should not be followed by incompetent men, and that money should not be wasted, and our towns studded with unsightly and badly constructed buildings, it is contended that the Legislature should throw its protecting ægis around architecture, and compel every one who follows it as a profession and a means of livelihood to undergo, in common with land-surveyors, lawyers, and others, an examination as to his skill and capacity.

Competition amongst architects has lowered the standard of the artisan, inasmuch as the former having, in but few instances, sufficient knowledge to guide the latter in the conduct of his art, prefer employing one who knows just enough to keep them straight in matters of strength and stability to one who is so thorough a mechanic as not to be persuaded to violate his art by carrying into execution any crudity or absurd novelty in matters of detail.

Another cause of the decline in building and architecture is, that cheap labour is carrying the day against skilled, and so long as that is the case, the thorough and intelligent mechanic must lose ground, and his place be supplied by men who have never served their apprenticeship to what they profess to follow. Men who have no pride in their art, have, as a rule, no character either for skill or integrity to maintain. A mechanic, now-a-days, is not employed because he is skilled and honest in the conduct of his craft, and consequently has no inducement to earn a good name in these respects, inasmuch as he knows that the veriest tyro will be employed, if he undertakes to do the work at a lower price. A good mechanic, for his skill, and the benefits he bestows on society, is entitled to a better position than he now holds, and it is much to be doubted whether more real ability is not required by those who execute the finest

joiner work, put life into stone, turn an intricate vaulted arch, and make the exquisitely wrought engines that drive our looms, railway cars. and steamboats, than by those who sell tea, sugar, dry goods, and grain, or who dabble in stocks. The system of suretyship also works prejudicially in matters of building, and causes, in many instances, good and reliable mechanics to be ignored, by placing skill at a discount and money at a premium. Suretyship, moreover, adds to, instead of diminishes, the cost of building, simply for the reason that if a mechanic is skilled in his calling and has not the means to procure the necessary funds as a guarantee for the carrying out of his contract, his tender is rejected and the work is given, often at a higher price, to one who may not be as skilled, but who is able to furnish the requisite guarantee. In large and heavy undertakings, especially in those of railways, the system of causing the contractor to find suretyship, moreover, enhances the cost of construction, while no advantage at all accrues to the public either in the quality of the work or in securing the completion of the contract by the time specified. Were the system of suretyship abolished, there is no doubt but that work would be done cheaper and better, and contracts would be carried out by skilled men, and not, as is often the case now, by a man who has money, but has no knowledge personally of construction. We in Canada are apt to look to England for whatever is excellent in the arts and sciences, and doubtless the Motherland, in many instances, is a good exemplar. But notwithstanding the vast sums of money that have been spent in England on ecclesiastical edifices during the last quarter of a century, there is no disputing the fact that the architects there have put up no buildings comparable with those of the mediæval craftsmen. The main reason of this is, that architecture, even there, has also been under the controlling influence of sciolists and connoisseurs, and that anything which showed that wealth had been spent upon it has been mistaken for art.

The restorations that have been made by such men as Scott, Street, Burgess, and others, have detracted from the beauties of the original works, and the people of England should rejoice to know that Dean Stanley and other architectural amateurs were foiled in their almost successful scheme of 'restoring and beautifying' St. Paul's Cathedral. As with us, the draughtsman there has been exalted, the thorough architect passed over, and the art-workman entirely ignored; and until the mere draughtsman finds his proper level, and the competent architect works hand-in-hand with the art workman, no improvement will take place, and the public will be the sufferers. A short time since, in Toronto, architects were invited to compete for a large building, which drew out a number of designs. The building-committee had not amongst its members a single person possessing any knowledge of plans or of architecture. The most highly-coloured and flaunty drawing, with statues here and there on the façades, was chosen. The architect who made the design knew full well that the statues could never be put up at the cost, and his only object in showing them on the design was to catch the unwary, and give a better aspect to the building than it would have without them. The ruse succeeded; the design with imaginary statues was accepted, but, of course, they were never put up, no places having been left for such ornamentations by the fraudulent designer and the no less criminal committee. In church architecture especially, there ought to be, above all things, truth and honesty of construction, yet in no class of buildings is there more sham and dishonesty. A building erected to the Almighty ought not to appear better than it is by artificial means. No-

thing is to be more deprecated than making a church appear rich and beautiful in the eyes of men, yet at the same time full of trick and of falsehood.

All plaster, cast-iron, and composition ornaments, painted like stone, are the veriest impositions, and notably unfit for a sacred edifice. 'Omne secundum ordinem et honeste fiat.' Let people build according to their means, and consistently with truth, and not endeavour to aim at grandeur by fictitious effect. Plain stone and brick work, and wooden principals and rafters impress the mind with feelings of reverential awe which never can be produced by cement and plaster imitations of stone groining and elaborate tracery, any more than by tin spires, tin pinnacles, and tin flying buttresses, which in these days are stuck about churches in painful profusion.

From want of knowledge, it is no uncommon thing to find the entrance gates and archway to a cemetery adorned with pagan instead of Christian emblems. Had the Romans not practised burning instead of burying their dead, they would not have used cinerary urns; had they believed in the glories of the Resurrection, they would not have sacrificed bulls and goats, and decorated the friezes with the heads of goats and oxen, nor placed the inverted torch of despair on their mausoleums. They were at least consistent: we are grossly inconsistent. In matters purely mechanical, the architect of the present day has far superior advantages to his professional brother of ancient or mediæval days, and should avail himself of such improvements, confine them to their legitimate uses, and prevent their being substituted for nobler arts.

There is too much reason to fear that the wealth and art-taste of the present day lean towards ready-made manufacture. Nevertheless, castings for ornamental sculpture should be entirely rejected as bringing about monotonous repetition in place of beautiful variety, flatness of execution for bold relief, while encouraging cheap and false magnificence.

Branding-irons were formerly used for marking slaves, and most appropriate is their use for marking owners' and makers' names on carriages and machinery; but when used to replace the sculptor's art they tend to subvert a principle, and in this way mechanical inventions in untrained and unskilled hands become degrading and objectionable.

A piece of architecture differs from a painting, inasmuch as the latter can, when finished, be concealed from view if found to be discreditable, while the former, if faulty and mean, remains a public eye-sore and mars the beauty, it may be, of nature. For this reason, and many others, it behoves the public to know that those following the profession of architecture are educated and skilled men. At the present time any one, whether skilled or not, may set up as an architect; but for the public weal, considering the vast importance and varied ramifications of the building trade, it is necessary that the Legislature should protect its interests.

AUTUMN RAIN.

BY J. R. WILKINSON, LEAMINGTON.

All day I've sat and listen'd and watch'd
The drearily falling rain;
Driven by wearily sounding winds
Against my window pane;
The clouds drift low in the sombre valley,
Obscured is the lonely sea;
Yet mournful tones from her heaving bosom
Are borne on the winds to me.

All nature seems dead, or dying,
Enshrouded as by a pall;
Mouldering leaves in eddies flying
Flutter in heaps against the wall.
All day on my sensitive ear,
'Mid the withered grass and flowers,
Beats the rain like mourner's tears,
Grieving sadly through all the hours.

There are lonely graves on the hillside;
There are thoughts that are full of pain;
There are dreams, and regrets that are waken'd
To-day by the Autumn Rain!
And I listen in vain for a footfall,
For a voice that's hush'd and still;
Whose flute like tones so tender,
Could all my being thrill.

There is silence upon the uplands
(Save the sob of the wind and rain);
No note of the song-birds greet me
From forest, or vale, or plain.
They are gone with the beautiful summer,
To a clime by the south winds fann'd;
With never a care, nor a sorrow
In that far off Southern land.

And I would go hence in the gloaming,
E'er the light of the soul be dead;
I would rest where no earthly turmoil
Could disturb my lowly bed:
And, perhaps, at the heavenly dawning,
Far beyond the light of the spheres,
I shall hear that voice and footfall
Through all Eternity's years!

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS, ESQ.

BY THE REV. JAMES S. STONE, TORONTO.

I.

IN Pepys' Diary we have 'one of the most curious records of the seventeenth century.' It covers, it is true, only ten years, but they are years of great interest to all who love to linger over the pages of England's history. During that period the Commonwealth passed away, and Charles ascended the throne of his fathers; the great plague devastated the metropolis one year, and an ever-memorable fire buried it in ashes the next; in England the Act of Uniformity became law, and Episcopacy triumphed; in Scotland the popular voice denounced prelacy, as it had before denounced popery, and hill-side and valley were dyed with the blood of the adherents of the Covenant. The decade covered by this journal is excelled in importance by few decades in our history since the days of Egbert, perhaps only by those in which a Norman Conqueror assumed the kingship, a Papal usurpation was cast off, and an Oliver Cromwell raised his native land to the rank of a great and powerful nation. We may justly, then, expect to find much in the pages of one such as Pepys to instruct and edify.

Not only is there a value attached to this work from the fact of its dealing with so interesting a period, but it has a peculiar worth besides. Clarendon wrote his 'History of the Rebellion,' and Burnet his 'History of His Own Time,' from personal and party standpoints. They may both be very trustworthy works in the main, but the colouring would be far from acceptable to every one. Pepys is not writing history. He has nothing to do with the past or with the future, but with an individual present. Day by day he writes a brief account of what he has seen, and heard, and done, simply for his own benefit, and it would seem without a thought or an intention of its ever being read by any other eye than his own. We have thus, as it were, a view into the inner self of the man. The work may be, as Charles Knight says, 'the most amusing exhibition of garrulous egotism that the world has seen;' but we feel that we can trust it. There are no political or ecclesiastical shadings to mislead one; nothing to compel one to read with caution akin to that which is necessary to be observed when walking amid pitfalls or near quicksands. I admit we shall find much in these pages to smile at—many weaknesses, many foolish ideas; we shall miss the spirit of piety so refreshing in Evelyn, and the love of God's world of nature so delightful in Gilbert White, but it is because Pepys does not assume that which he has not. He is not a pious man nor a naturalist, and does not claim to be either. He is just a simple-hearted, honest, vain, and, I fear I must add, selfish old fellow, that you may learn from and laugh over to your heart's content.

Samuel Pepys lived in an age not so remote from the present in time as differing from it in its social and national life. In his day there were no

railways, no telegraphs, no steamboats, no penny post, few newspapers and little travel. England was a quiet, restful country. The silence of its forests and valleys was unbroken by the noise of commerce. Ancient villages and noble mansions lay secluded in the deep, dark woods. Stately rivers flowed undisturbed and gracefully through bright, green glade and solitary wilderness, by lordly castles and ivy-clad churches and quiet farmhouses, on to the sea. The old stage-coach rolled heavily along the turnpike road. Now much is changed. Railways have joined villages and towns together and covered the country with a network of bustling life. Trade has laid its hand upon the valley stream. Wild moor and swampy fen are fast disappearing. The stage-coach has gone and with it the famous roadside inns. Old customs and habits are forgotten. The England of the ancient days has been changed as by a magician's wand. Its old, quiet life has passed away. New manners, new ideas, new laws have wrought a revolution vast and great, not only in political matters, but particularly in things social. Then the people had but few longings and these easily satisfied; now their ambitions are boundless, their wants unlimited. Then conservatism clung to the past and contentment hallowed the present; now the past is forgotten, the present restless and ever changing. Then men lived quietly, did their business, took their rest and went through life enjoying some of its pleasures; now men have barely time to exist. Whether the changes which an advanced age has brought upon us are for better or for worse, each man must judge for himself, and escape the charge of 'old foggyism' or a lack of conservatism as best he may.

The first introduction Pepys affords us is, on New Year's Day, 1659-60. He was then about 27 years of age, and had been married some five years. His private condition, he says, at this time was very poor. It seems he had taken as a wife a very beautiful girl only fifteen years of age, whose handsome appearance and good looks were her only fortune. Poverty marred the joys of the first years of their married life, and they were obliged to become pensioners on the bounty of a wealthy relative. On the day he commences his Diary, he tells us he dined at home in the garret on the remains of a turkey, and in better times he often looked back to the days when his poor young wife used to make the fire and wash his clothes with her own hands. I am afraid, from the fact that she burned her hand over that turkey, she was not as successful a housewife as our average Canadian young lady makes. In truth, sundry intimations I find scattered through the Diary, would lead me to suppose nearly all her qualifications were summed up in her beauty. Pepys, indeed, never appears to have thought of anything else. If ever man was proud of a wife's good looks, he was of her's. After his return from a great wedding party, he writes, 'among all the beauties there, my wife was thought the greatest.' Once, when in company with some gentlemen who were discussing pretty women, he says he was not a little glad to hear his wife spoken of as a great beauty. And when he presented her to the Queen, he mentally compared her with the king's younger sister. Mrs. Pepys wore little black patches on her face, which in those days were supposed to enhance a lady's beauty, and her husband says of this occasion: 'The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frizzed short up to her ears did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she.'

Speaking of Mrs. Pepys reminds one that Mr. Pepys' early blunder, which, to do him credit, he tried to make the best of, did not incapacitate

him from making matches for other people. He undertook, the dear good gossip, to settle the marriage destinies of many a couple. He had a sister, Paulina, who was a great deal of trouble to him. She was, he says, proud and idle, and not over friendly to his wife. Moreover, he adds, 'I find her so ill-natured that I cannot love her, and she so cruel an hypocrite that she can cry when she pleases.' Her father and brother kept her, but Pepys writes: 'God knows what will become of her, for I have not anything yet to spare her, and she grows now old and must be disposed of, one way or other.' 'Disposed of' meant married, and Pepys set to work to find her a husband. This was no easy task. His wife tried to help him in the matter. She adroitly proposed to a gentleman, her husband's chief clerk, to take Miss Pepys for a wife, but, writes Pepys, 'he received (the advice) with mighty acknowledgements . . . . but says he had no intention to alter his condition.' Sometime after this a young country clergyman, Richard Cumberland, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, paid him a visit, and, says Pepys, 'a most excellent person he is as any I know, and one that I am sorry should be lost and buried in a little country town, and would be glad to remove him thence; and the truth is, if he would accept of my sister's fortune, I should give £100 more with him than to a man able to settle her four times as much as, I fear, he is able to do; and I will think of it, and a way how to move it, he having in discourse said he was not against marrying, nor yet engaged.' But the parson was not caught. And time rolled away and yet no husband for Paulina. Poor Pepys was much distressed. He talked with his father in the garden early one autumn morning, 'about,' says he, 'a husband for my sister whereof there is at present no appearance; but we must endeavour to find her one now, for she grows old and ugly.' And they did 'endeavour,' and by and bye we are told that she had a match on foot with one Jackson, and Pepys determined to have her married at his house and to be merry at it, 'and do resolve to let it be done as soon as I can.' He tells us when he met this Jackson he found him to be 'a plain young man, handsome enough for Pall, one of no education nor discourse, but of few words, and one altogether that I think will please me well enough.' At last the sister was married, and, says Pepys, 'that work is, I hope, well over.'

It was not always Pepys found so much difficulty as in the case of his sister, but then it must be remembered she was 'proud and idle,' and 'old and ugly.' Generally speaking, he must have been very successful or he would hardly have enjoyed the reputation he did. Even his cousin Roger, he says, 'bids me to help him to some good rich widow, for he is resolved to go and retire wholly into the country.'

But the most interesting and important match in which he was employed was one between the eldest son of Sir George Carteret and the daughter of the Earl of Sandwich. Mr. Pepys and the mothers arranged all the preliminaries; the young people were not consulted till everything was settled. Then arrangements were made to bring them together. One Saturday in July the young lady was visiting at a friend's house in the country, where a large company was assembled, and thither Pepys undertook to accompany the intended bridegroom. On the way he talked with him of the important affair in hand, but, says our Diarist, 'what silly discourse we had as to love-matters, he being the most awkward man ever I met with in my life as to that business.' After their arrival, a nobleman, Lord Crewe, engaged Philip (that was the name of the youth) in conversation, and, says Pepys, 'he answered him well enough

in a few words; but nothing to the lady from him at all.' Then 'to supper, and after supper to talk again, he yet taking no notice of the lady. My lord,' continues Pepys, 'would have had me have consented to leaving the young people together to-night to begin their amours, his staying being but to be little. But I advised against it, lest the lady might be too much surprised. So they led him up to his chamber (by-the-way, he was lame), where I stayed a little to know how he liked the lady, which he told me he did mightily; but, Lord! in the dullest insipid manner that ever lover did. So I bid him good night;' and as things were rather discouraging so far, went to consult with his friends what to do. It was agreed, at last, to have them go to church together on the next day.

Early on Sunday morning Pepys dressed, and finding Philip, took him apart for an hour or two to give him special instructions; but the account given in the Diary is so amusing that I may be pardoned for transcribing a whole page. 'I taught him,' says Pepys, 'what to do; to take the lady always by the hand to lead her, and telling him that I would find opportunity to leave them together, he should make these and these compliments, and also take a time to do the like to Lord Crewe and Lady Wright. After I had instructed him, which he thanked me for, owning that he needed my teaching him, my Lord Crewe come down and family, the young lady among the rest; and so by coaches to church four miles off. Thence back again by coach, Mr. Carteret having not had the confidence to take his lady once by the hand, coming or going, which I told him of when we come home, and he will hereafter do it. So to dinner. By and by my Lady Wright and I go out, and then my Lord Crewe, he not by design, and lastly my Lady Crewe come out, and left the young people together. And a little pretty daughter of my Lady Wright's most innocently come out afterwards, and shut the door to, as if she had done it, poor child, by inspiration, which made us without have good sport to laugh at. They together an hour, and by and by church time, whither he led her into the coach and into the church. Home again, and to walk in the gardens, where we left the young couple a second time; and my Lady Wright and I to walk together, who tells me that some new clothes must of necessity be made for Lady Jemimah, (the bride elect) which and other things I took care of.' What a busy Sunday! And yet that same evening, after all his anxiety and care over this party, 'I spoke,' he says, 'with Mrs. Carter, an old acquaintance, that hath lived with my Lady these twelve or thirteen years, the sum of all whose discourse and others for her is, that I would get her a good husband; which I have promised, but know not when I shall perform.'

The next day the company broke up. Pepys advised young Carteret to give the servants £10 among them, which he did. 'Before we went, I took my Lady Jemimah apart, and would know how she liked this gentleman, and whether she was under any difficulty concerning him. She blushed, and hid her face awhile; but at last I forced her to tell me. She answered, that she could readily obey what her father and mother had done; which was all she could say, or I expect.' So Pepys and Philip left together for London. 'In our way, Mr. Carteret did give me mighty thanks for my care and pains for him, and is mightily pleased, though the truth is, my Lady Jemimah hath carried herself with mighty discretion and gravity, not being forward at all in any degree, but mighty serious in her answers to him, as by what he says and I observed, I collect.' However, notwithstanding the evident reluctance of the principal parties to the match, there was 'mighty mirth,' among the friends on both sides when the 'good

news' was brought. A week after, Pepys writes, 'I find Mr. Carteret as backward almost in his caresses as he was the first day;' and a week further on he found 'the young lady mighty sad, which troubled me;' and this was her wedding-day. There were some rejoicings, yet nothing such as Mr. Pepys had hoped for, but, he says, 'the modesty and gravity of this business was so decent that it was to me indeed ten times more delightful than if it had been twenty times more merry and jovial.' It was rather mean of him, however, to write the following, as he did of another couple: 'To Church in the morning, and there saw a wedding in the Church, which I have not seen for many a day; and the young people so merry one with another! and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them.' *

Times have changed since Pepys' day. Whatever may be the custom among princes or the aristocracy, it is certain that among the masses—the great middle class—the occupation of a match-maker has mostly passed away. There are mistakes, sad mistakes, made in marriages, but they are made by the parties themselves; and the probability is they are neither so great nor so frequent as in the years gone by when the parents or friends took the whole matter into their own hands. The only satisfaction that attended the old plan was, that if other people arranged your matrimonial affairs, you in your turn arranged somebody elses. This, however, was a poor return for a life of misery and discontent. Nor would many agree with the doctrine of Richard Steele, though it be ever so true, that children 'are so much the goods, the possessions of their fathers and mothers, that they cannot without a kind of theft, give away themselves.'

* December 25th, 1665.

I can readily imagine that Philip Carteret and Lady Jemimah would think Pepys nothing better than a troublesome meddler, and to that verdict I fancy most young people who read this will assent.

Though our author began life under very adverse circumstances, yet through the influence of powerful friends he obtained the position, soon after the Restoration, of clerk to the Acts of the Navy, or as we should call it First Secretary to the Admiralty. In this position he had ample opportunities of observing life in high circles. He attended court and saw and heard much of the 'merrie monarch' and his doings. Terrible as are the charges which history brings against Charles the Second, they are not more severe than the allusions Pepys makes to him in his Diary. Whatever virtues he may have had were swallowed up and lost in his abominable vices.* He seemed to have had no shame about him. To say nothing of the sin that has robed him in rags of infamy forever, he was repeatedly seen drunk by his subjects. Once, when after a quarrel with his brother, the Duke of York, they were reconciled in a company, Pepys says: 'They all fell a crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another, the King the Duke of York, and the Duke of York the King, and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were, and so passed the day.' Nor was he even seriously-enough minded to attend to the affairs of state. As Lord Braybrooke observes, 'Nero fiddled while Rome was burning;' and when England was in the utmost distress at the tidings that the Dutch had destroyed her fleet at Chatham, and were advancing up the river to London, Pepys tells us that Charles was supping with his mistress at the Duchess

* Burnet says, rather severely but very truly: "He had great vices, but scarce any virtues to correct them." See 'Own Time,' vol. 2, p. 480, and for a sketch of the profligacy of the Court, *Ibid*, vol. 1, p. 482.

of Monmouth's, 'all mad in hunting of a poor moth.' Pepys often expresses himself as indignant and pained at the light conduct of the King. He writes how on one occasion he attended the Council Chamber, and though the business to be transacted was of great importance, 'all I observed there was the silliness of the King, playing with his dog all the while and not minding the business; and what he said was mighty weak.' It must have sadly pained those noble cavaliers, who had lost blood and fortune and suffered shame in the years gone by, to find that he for whom they had fought was unworthy of their love, undeserving of their fealty. The only rebuke, however, they could administer to their sovereign was through the Parliament. The House of Commons held the money. Charles would fain have taxed the people himself, but the experiment had cost his father his head and was not to be repeated. And when the extravagances of the King had overwhelmed him in debt, he felt the remonstrance of the people in the reluctance of the Parliament to grant him supplies. At one time he was actually, so Pepys says, without a handkerchief and but three bands to his neck in his possession; he owed a bill of £5,000 to his linen draper, his credit was bad, and his servants, when their quarter's wages were due, finding they could get no money, seized his linen and let him shift the best way he could.* At the beginning of his reign the Parliament voted him £1,200,000 to pay his debts, and it could not go on forever taxing the people to support a King in wild riot and dark licentiousness. It made very little difference if the King did regard his subjects, as Pepys said Lord Carnarvon regarded wood, 'as an excrescence of the earth, provided by God for the payment of debts;' the rumbling of the thunder of discontent was heard in the distance rolling along the hills of determinate opposition. 'I remember,' says our journalist, 'what Mr. Evelyn said, "that he did believe we should soon see ourselves fall into a Commonwealth again."'‡

There were some brave, faithful men who remonstrated with the King to his face, notably Sir George Carteret, who, as he told Pepys himself, once took 'the liberty to tell the King the necessity of having, at least, a show of religion in the Government, and sobriety, and that it was that, that did set up and keep up Oliver, though he was the greatest rogue in the world.' Nor were there others wanting to reprove the King and his Court, for at a meeting of Parliament, at which Pepys was present, when both houses were assembled to hear the King's speech, he says: 'One thing extraordinary was this day, a man, a Quaker, came naked through the Hall, only very civilly tied about the loins to avoid scandal, and with a chafing-dish of fire and brimstone upon his head, did pass through the Hall crying "Repent! Repent!"'† Yet Charles seemed beyond the reach of good influences; 'the king do not profit by any of this, but lays all aside, and remembers nothing, but to his pleasures again; which is a very sorrowful consideration.' But the Stuarts never seem to have profited by anything, either adversity or prosperity. Charles surrounded himself with men in wickedness second only to himself, in craftiness, second to none. And at the same time, from the far-off parts of England, pious parsons and simple-hearted squires, and honest yeomen, and hard-working peasants, were looking towards London, thanking God for the return of the King, and believing him to be the very pink of perfection, and his Court the very centre of purity and virtue. How thoroughly deceived they were!‡ People are always too

* September 2nd, 1667.

* November 30th, 1667.

† July 29th, 1664.

‡ See for Charles the Second's character, Burnet's 'History of His Own Time,' vol. 2.

apt to think too much of princes and nobles, and to expect too much from them. One cannot but agree with Mr. Pepys, that 'the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men.'*

If we would have an illustration of the good opinion entertained of Charles by those of his subjects who knew little or nothing of his personal habits or of his court, we may find it in Dr. Lightfoot's learned 'Horæ Hebraicæ.' At the beginning of his 'exercitations upon St. Mark,' he has an anthem of praise to 'the Mercy of God, and the clemency of the king,' in confirming him in a rectory to which he had been presented 'by that power that while the wars prevailed possessed all.' In reference to his suit for the king's favour, he says, 'It is a comfort that my business lies before a *king*, not before a *common* man,' and after telling us that 'the royal father of his country received my supplication cheerfully, complied with my desires, and granted me his donation,' he breaks forth into this jubilant strain, which for his own credit, we trust was at least sincere: "O! how would I commemorate thee, thou best of princes, greatest Charles, how would I commemorate thee! What praise or what expressions shall I use to celebrate or set forth so great clemency, commiseration and goodness? Those are light obligations that speak, these my obligations stand amazed, are speechless, and swallowed up in admiration. It is for common men to do benefits that may be expressed in words, it is for Charles to oblige beyond all that can be spoken. * * * * Far be it, far be it, from me, most unworthy man, to boast: all this, most great, most merciful prince, redounds to your praise alone; and let it do so: rather let England glory in such a prince, and let the prince glory in such mercy. Triumph, Cæsar, triumph in that brave spirit of yours, as you well may. You are Charles, and you conquer; you subdue all by pitying, delivering, giving, and forgiving all.'*

We may call this painful gratitude. Perhaps many of those old dedications truly expressed the honest convictions of the men who wrote them; there is at least a bare probability that they did, though they were unworthy of great scholars, and utterly repugnant to our idea of the position of literary men towards the public, as indeed the one I have just quoted is to our view of the relationship of kings and their subjects; and if we allow them to be as sincere as the humiliating and sycophantic addresses made by modern municipalities to a prince on a royal progress, we shall doubtless give them all the credit they deserve.

But let our opinion of Charles be what it may, there is just that amount of adventure attached to his younger days to surround him with a halo of romance. Take, for instance, his escape after the Battle of Worcester. Who has not read of the gallant young prince making his way to the sea coast, in a 'country-fellow's habit, with a pair of ordinary gray-cloth breeches, a leathern doublet, and a green jerkin,' hiding in the strangest of places—in the woods in a thick-leaved tree; on a hay mow in a poor man's barn; in the hiding holes that the devout Roman Catholic gentry had in their houses for priests;—at one time in the stillness of night hurrying across the country, over hedges and ditches, in bare feet, which were soon torn and bleeding by the sharp thorns and the rough stones; at another acting as servant to a lady; running narrow escapes almost every hour, listening from his seat among the boughs of the oak to the conversation of his pursuers; racing at midnight up a 'very deep and very dirty lane,'

478. *seq.*; the first part of which work Johnson described as 'one of the most entertaining books in the English language.'

* July 26th, 1665.

* Lightfoot's Horæ Hebraicæ, vol. 2, pp. 388-9.

followed by some men from a mill which he had just passed; at Lyme, in Dorsetshire, disappointed by a mariner whom his friends had engaged to carry him to France; but whose wife, suspecting 'he was doing something that would undo him, shut the door and swore he should not go out of the house;' then, the same night, almost discovered by a blacksmith, who, after examining his horse's feet, declared that the 'four shoes had been made in four different counties,' and, suspecting the near presence of the prince, immediately went to a meeting-house, where a preacher was telling the people that 'they would merit from the Almighty' could they but find Charles Stuart, and informed them, whereupon search was at once made; but the Prince had gone? All this is familiar to every English school-boy, and makes his young blood thrill with an emotion greater even than the perusal of that prince of novels 'Robinson Crusoe;' and though the special service used for nearly two hundred years, on the 29th of May, in memory of the Restoration —'a happy event,' says Dean Hook, 'for which Christian people cannot be too thankful'—has been abolished by Royal Warrant, and justly so, the day is still remembered in many parts of England by the wearing of green oak leaves, or, as they call them in some of the Midland counties, 'shig-shag' leaves, in the hat or on the coat; and inflicting upon the unfortunate individual forgetting the custom some punishment, such as a sharp pinch.* But such usages are fast fading away.

* There is a good account of Charles' escape from Worcester in Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion,' pp. 766 *seq.*; and an account, said to be written by the King himself, given from the Pepys' MSS., in Magdalen College, Cambridge, in Knight's 'Half-Hours with the Best Authors,' vol. 5. pp. 134 *seq*,

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(*From the German of Novalis.*)

BY A. W. G.

GIVE me thy hand, forever
Be brother mine, and never
Thy heart from my heart sever,
Nor, living, turn from me;—
One temple for down-bending,
One goal to which we're tending,
One glow for joy unending,
One heav'n for me and thee!

TORONTO.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXV.

'RUFUS! I don't quite like the way you look at me. You seem to think—'

'Give it tongue, my son. What do I seem to think?'

'You think I'm forgetting Regina. You don't believe I'm just as fond of her as ever. The fact is you're an old bachelor.'

'That is so. Where's the harm, Amelius?'

'You don't understand—'

'You're out there, my bright boy. I reckon I understand more than you think for. The wisest thing you ever did in your life is what you did this evening, when you committed Sally to the care of those ladies at the Home.'

'Good-night, Rufus. We shall quarrel if I stay here any longer.'

'Good-night, Amelius. We sha'n't quarrel, stay here as long as you like.'

The good deed had been done; the sacrifice—already a painful sacrifice—had been made. Mrs. Payson was old enough to speak plainly, as well as seriously, to Amelius of the absolute necessity of separating himself from Simple Sally, without any needless delay. 'You have seen for yourself,' she said, 'that the plan on which this little household is ruled is the unvarying plan of patience and kindness. So far as Sally is concerned, you can be quite sure that she will never hear a harsh word, never meet with a hard look, while she is under our care. The lamentable neglect, under which the poor creature has suffered, will be tenderly remembered and atoned for, here. If we can't make her happy among us, I promise that she shall leave the Home, if she wishes it, in six weeks' time. As to yourself, consider your position if you persist in taking her back with you. Our good friend Rufus has told me that you are engaged to be married. Think of the misinterpretations, to say the least of it, to which you would subject yourself—think of the reports which would sooner or later find their way to the young lady's ears, and of the deplorable consequences that would follow. I believe implicitly in the purity of your motives. But remember Who taught us to pray that we may not be led into temptation—and complete the good work that you have begun, by leaving Sally among friends and sisters in this house.'

To any honourable man, these were unanswerable words. Coming after what Rufus and the surgeon had already said to him, they left Amelius no alternative but to yield. He pleaded for leave to write to Sally, and to see her, at a later interval, when she might be reconciled to her new life. Mrs. Payson had just consented to both requests; Rufus has just heartily congratulated him on his decision—when the door was thrown violently open. Simple Sally ran into the room, followed by one of the women-attendants, in a state of breathless surprise.

'She showed me a bedroom,' cried Sally, pointing indignantly to the woman; 'and she asked me if I should like to sleep there.' She turned to Amelius, and caught him by the hand to lead him away. The ineradicable instinct of distrust had been once more roused in her by the too-zealous at-

tendant. 'I'm not going to stay here,' she said; 'I'm going away with You!'

Amelius glanced at Mrs. Payson. Sally tried to drag him to the door. He did his best to reassure her by a smile; he spoke confusedly some composing words. But his honest face, always accustomed to tell the truth, told the truth now. The poor, lost creature, whose feeble intelligence was so slow to discern, so inapt to reflect, looked at him with the heart's instantaneous perception, and saw her doom. She let go of his hand. Her head sank. Without word or cry, she dropped on the floor at his feet.

The attendant instantly raised her, and placed her on a sofa. Mrs. Payson saw how resolutely Amelius struggled to control himself, and felt for him with all her heart. Turning aside for a moment, she hastily wrote a few lines, and returned to him. 'Go, before we revive her,' she whispered; 'and give what I have written to the coachman. You shall suffer no anxiety that I can spare you,' said the excellent woman; 'I will stay here myself to-night, and reconcile her to the new life.'

She held out her hand; Amelius kissed it in silence. Rufus led him out. Not a word dropped from his lips on the long drive back to London.

His mind was disturbed by other subjects besides the subject of Sally. He thought of his future, darkened by the doubtful marriage-engagement that was before him. Alone with Rufus, for the rest of the evening, he petulantly misunderstood the sympathy with which the kindly American regarded him. Their bedrooms were next to each other. Rufus heard him walking restlessly to and fro, and now and then talking to himself. After a while, these sounds ceased. He was evidently worn out, and was getting the rest that he needed, at last.

The next morning he received a few lines from Mrs. Payson, giving a favourable account of Sally, and promising further particulars in a day or two.

Encouraged by this good news, revived by a long night's sleep, he went towards noon to pay his postponed visit to Regina. At that early hour, he could feel sure that his interview with her would not be interrupted by visitors. She received him quietly and seriously, pressing his hand with a warmer fondness than usual. He had anticipated some complaint of his absence on the previous day, and some severe allusion to his appearance in the capacity of a Socialist lecturer. Regina's indulgence, or Regina's interest in circumstances of more pressing importance, preserved a merciful silence on both subjects.

'It is a comfort to me to see you, Amelius,' she said; 'I am in trouble about my uncle, and I am weary of my own anxious thoughts. Something unpleasant has happened in Mr. Farnaby's business. He goes to the City earlier, and he returns much later, than usual. When he does come back, he doesn't speak to me—he locks himself into his room; and he looks worn and haggard when I make his breakfast for him in the morning. You know that he is one of the directors of the new bank? There was something about the bank in the newspaper yesterday which upset him dreadfully; he put down his cup of coffee—and went away to the City, without eating his breakfast. I don't like to worry you about it, Amelius. But my aunt seems to take no interest in her husband's affairs—and it is really a relief to me to talk of my troubles to you. I have kept the newspaper; do look at what it says about the bank, and tell me if you understand it.'

Amelius read the passage pointed out to him. He knew as little of banking-business as Regina. 'So far as I can make it out,' he said, 'they're paying away money to their shareholders which they haven't earned. How do they do that, I wonder?'

Regina changed the subject in des-

pair. She asked Amelius if he had found new lodgings. Hearing that he had not yet succeeded in the search for a residence, she opened a drawer of her work-table, and took out a card.

'The brother of one of my schoolfellows is going to be married,' she said. 'He has a pretty bachelor cottage in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park—and he wants to sell it, with the furniture, just as it is. I don't know whether you care to encumber yourself with a little house of your own. His sister has asked me to distribute some of his cards, with the address and particulars. It might be worth your while perhaps to look at the cottage when you pass that way.'

Amelius took the card. The small feminine restraints and gentlenesses of Regina, her quiet even voice, her serene grace of movement, had a pleasantly soothing effect on his mind after the anxieties of the last four-and-twenty hours. He looked at her bending over her embroidery, deftly and gracefully industrious—and drew his chair closer to her. She smiled softly over her work, conscious that he was admiring her, and placidly pleased to receive the tribute.

'I would buy the cottage at once,' said Amelius, 'if I thought you would come and live in it with me.'

She looked up gravely, with her needle suspended in her hand.

'Don't let us return to that,' she answered, and went on again with her embroidery.

'Why not?' Amelius asked.

She persisted in working, as industriously as if she had been a poor needlewoman, with serious reasons for being eager to get her money. 'It is useless,' she replied, 'to speak of what cannot be for some time to come.'

Amelius stopped the progress of the embroidery by taking her hand. Her devotion to her work irritated him.

'Look at me, Regina,' he said, steadily, controlling himself. 'I want to propose that we shall give way a little on both sides. I won't hurry you; I will wait a reasonable time. If I promise that, surely you may yield a little in return. Money seems to be a hard task-master, my darling, after what you have told me about your uncle. See how he suffers because he is bent on being rich; and ask yourself if it isn't a warning to us not to follow his example! Would you like to see *me* too wretched to speak to you, or to eat my breakfast—and all for the sake of a little outward show? Come, come! let us think of ourselves. Why should we waste the best days of our lives apart, when we are both free to be happy together? I have another good friend besides Rufus—the good friend of my father before me. He knows all sorts of great people, and he will help me to some employment. In six months' time I might have a little salary to add to my income. Say the sweetest words, my darling, that ever fell from your lips—say you will marry me in six months!'

It was not in a woman's nature to be insensible to such pleading as this. She all but yielded. 'I should like to say it, dear!' she answered, with a little fluttering sigh.

'Say it, then,' Amelius suggested tenderly.

She took refuge again in her embroidery. 'If you would only give me a little time,' she suggested, 'I might say it.'

'Time for what, my own love?'

'Time to wait, dear, till my uncle is not quite so anxious as he is now.'

'Don't talk of your uncle, Regina! You know as well as I do what he would say. Good heavens? why can't you decide for yourself? No! I don't want to hear over again what you owe to Mr. Farnaby—I heard enough of it on that day in the shrubbery. O my dear girl, do have some feeling for me! do for once have a will of your own!'

Those last words were an offence to her self-esteem. 'I think it's very

rude to tell me I have no will of my own,' she said, 'and very hard to press me in this way when you know I am in trouble.' The inevitable handkerchief appeared, adding emphasis to the protest—and becoming tears showed themselves modestly in Regina's magnificent eyes.

Amelius started out of his chair, and walked away to the window. That last reference to Mr. Farnaby's pecuniary cares was more than he had patience to endure. 'She can't even forget her uncle and his bank,' he thought, 'when I am speaking to her of our marriage!'

He changed colour as that bitter reflection occurred to him. By some subtle process of association which he was unable to trace, the image of Simple Sally rose in his mind. An irresistible influence forced him to think of her—not as the poor, starved, degraded, half-witted creature of the streets, but as the grateful girl who had asked for no happier future than to be his servant, who had dropped senseless at his feet at the bare prospect of parting with him. His sense of self-respect, his loyalty to his betrothed wife, resolutely resisted the unworthy conclusion to which his own thoughts were leading him. He turned back again to Regina; he spoke so loudly and so vehemently that the gathering flow of her tears was suspended in surprise. 'You're quite right, my dear! I ought to give you time, of course. I try to control my hasty temper, but I don't always succeed—just at first. Pray forgive me; it shall be exactly as you wish.'

Regina forgave him, with a gentle and ladylike astonishment at the excitable manner in which he made his excuses. She even neglected her embroidery, and put her face up to him to be kissed. 'You are so nice, dear,' she said, 'when you are not violent and unreasonable. It is such a pity you were brought up in America. Won't you stay to lunch?'

Happily for Amelius, the footman appeared at this critical moment with a message: 'My mistress wishes particularly to see you, sir, before you go.'

This was the first occasion, in the experience of the lovers, on which Mrs. Barnaby had expressed her wishes through the medium of a servant, instead of appearing personally. The curiosity of Regina was mildly excited. 'What a very odd message!' she said; 'what does it mean? My aunt went out earlier than usual this morning, and I have not seen her since. I wonder whether she is going to consult you about my uncle's affairs?'

'I'll go and see,' said Amelius.

'And stay to lunch?' Regina reiterated.

'Not to-day, my dear.'

'To-morrow, then?'

'Yes, to-morrow.' So he escaped. As he opened the door, he looked back, and kissed his hand. Regina raised her head for a moment, and smiled charmingly. She was hard at work again over her embroidery.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE door of Mrs. Farnaby's ground-floor room, at the back of the house, was partially open. She was on the watch for Amelius.

'Come in!' she cried, the moment he appeared in the hall. She pulled him into the room, and shut the door with a bang. Her face was flushed, her eyes were wild. 'I have something to tell you, you dear good fellow,' she burst out excitedly—'something in confidence, between you and me!' She paused, and looked at him with sudden anxiety and alarm. 'What's the matter with you!' she asked.

The sight of the room, the reference to a secret, the prospect of another private conference, forced back the mind of Amelius, in one breathless instant, to his first memorable interview with Mrs. Farnaby. The mother's piteously hopeful words, in speaking

of her lost daughter, rang in his ears again as if they had just fallen from her lips. 'She may be lost in the labyrinth of London. * * To-morrow, or ten years hence, you *might* meet with her.' There were a hundred chances against it—a thousand, ten thousand chances against it. The startling possibility flashed across his brain nevertheless, like a sudden flow of daylight across the dark. '*Have* I met with her, at the first chance?'

'Don't deceive yourself with vain hopes!' he answered, warming into sudden excitement on his side. 'Promise me that, before I speak.'

She waved her hand derisively. 'Hopes?' she repeated, 'I have done with hopes, I have done with fears—I have got to certainties, at last?'

He was too eager to heed anything that she said to him; his whole soul was absorbed in the coming disclosure. 'Two nights since,' he went on, 'I was wandering about London, and I met——'

She burst out laughing. 'Go on!' she cried, with a wild derisive gaiety.

Amelius stopped, perplexed and startled. 'What are you laughing at!' he asked.

'Go on!' she repeated. 'I defy you to surprise me. Out with it! Whom did you meet?'

Amelius proceeded doubtfully, by a word at a time. 'I met a poor girl in the streets,' he said, steadily watching her.

She changed completely at those words; she looked at him with an aspect of stern reproach. 'No more of it,' she interposed; 'I have not awaited all these miserable years for such a horrible end as that.' Her face suddenly brightened; a radiant effusion of tenderness and triumph flowed over it, and made it young and happy again. 'Amelius!' she said, 'listen to this. My dream has come true—my girl is living! my own darling is found, thanks to you!'

Amelius looked at her. Was she speaking of something that had really happened? or had she been dreaming again?

Absorbed in her own happiness, she made no remark on his silence. 'I have seen the woman,' she went on. 'This bright blessed morning I have seen the woman who took her away in the first days of her poor little life. The wretch swears she was not to blame. I tried to forgive her. Perhaps, I almost did forgive her, in the joy of hearing what she had to tell me. I should never have heard it, Amelius, if you had not given that glorious lecture. The woman was one of your audience. She would never have spoken of those past days; she would never have thought of me——'

At those words, Mrs. Farnaby abruptly stopped, and turned her face away from Amelius. After waiting a little, finding her still silent, still immovable, he ventured on asking a question.

'Are you sure you are not deceived?' he asked. 'I remember you told me that rogues had tried to impose on you, in past times when you employed people to find her.'

'I have proof that I am not being imposed upon,' Mrs. Farnaby answered, still keeping her face hidden from him. 'One of them knows of the fault in her foot.'

'One of them?' Amelius repeated. 'How many of them are there?'

'Two. The old woman and a young man.'

'What are their names?'

'They won't tell me their names yet.'

'Isn't that a little suspicious?'

'One of them knows,' Mrs. Farnaby reiterated, 'of the fault in her foot.'

'May I ask which of them knows? The old woman, I suppose?'

'No, the young man.'

'That's strange, isn't it? Have you seen the young man?'

'I know nothing of him, except the little that the woman told me. He has written me a letter.'

'May I look at it?'

'I daren't let you look at it!'

Amelius said no more. If he had felt the smallest suspicion that the disclosure volunteered by Mrs. Farnaby, at their first interview, had been overheard by the unknown person who had opened the swinging window in the kitchen, he might have recalled Phœbe's vindictive language at his lodgings, and might perhaps have suspected the girl, and the vagabond sweetheart who was waiting for her in the street. As it was, he was simply puzzled. The one plain conclusion to his mind was, unhappily, the natural conclusion (after what he had heard) that Mrs. Farnaby had no sort of interest in the discovery of Simple Sally, and that he need trouble himself with no further anxiety in that matter. Strange as Mrs. Farnaby's mysterious revelation seemed, her correspondent's knowledge of the fault in the foot was a circumstance in his favour, beyond dispute. Amelius still wondered inwardly, how it was that the woman who had taken charge of the child had failed to discover what appeared to be known to another person. If he had been aware that Mrs. Sowler's occupation at the time was the occupation of a 'baby-farmer,' and that she had many other deserted children pining under her charge, he might have easily understood that she was the last person in the world to trouble herself with a minute examination of any one of the unfortunate little creatures abandoned to her drunken and merciless neglect. Jervy had satisfied himself, before he trusted her with his instructions, that she knew no more than the veriest stranger of any peculiarity in one or the other of the child's feet.

Interpreting Mrs. Farnaby's last reply to him as an intimation that their interview was at an end, Amelius took up his hat to go.

'I hope with all my heart,' he said, 'that what has begun so well will end well. If there is any service that I can do for you——'

She drew nearer to him, and put her hand gently on his shoulder. 'Don't think that I distrust you,' she said very earnestly; 'I am unwilling to shock you—that is all. Even this great joy has a dark side to it; my miserable married life casts its shadow on everything that happens to me. Keep secret from everybody the little that I have told you—you will ruin me if you say one word of it to any living creature. I ought not to have opened my heart to you—but how could I help it, when the happiness that is coming to me has come through *you?* When you say good bye to me to-day, Amelius, you say good-bye to me for the last time in this house. I am going away. Don't ask me why—that is one more among the things which I daren't tell you! You shall hear from me, or see me—I promise that. Give me some safe address to write to; some place where there are no inquisitive women who may open my letter in your absence.'

She handed him her pocket-book. Amelius wrote down in it the address of his club.

She took his hand. 'Think of me kindly,' she said. 'And once more, don't be afraid of my being deceived, There is a hard part of me still left which keeps me on my guard. The old woman tried, this morning, to make me talk to her about that little fault we know of in my child's foot. But I thought to myself, "If you had taken a proper interest in my poor baby while she was with you, you must sooner or later have found it out." Not a word passed my lips. No, no, don't be anxious when you think of me. I am as sharp as they are; I mean to find out how the man who wrote to me discovered what he knows; he shall satisfy me, I promise you, when I see him or hear from him next. All this is between ourselves—strictly, sacredly, between ourselves. Say nothing—I know I can trust you. Goodbye, and forgive me for having been so often in your way with Regina. I

shall never be in your way again. Marry her, if you think she is good enough for you; I have no more interest now in your being a roving bachelor, meeting with girls here, there and everywhere. You shall know how it goes on. O, I am so happy!'

She burst into tears, and signed to Amelius with a wild gesture of entreaty to leave her.

He pressed her hand in silence, and went out.

Almost as the door closed on him, the variable woman changed again. For a while, she walked rapidly to and fro, talking to herself. The course of her tears ceased. Her lips closed firmly; her eyes assumed an expression of savage resolve. She sat down at the table and opened her desk. 'I'll read it once more,' she said to herself, 'before I seal it up.'

She took from her desk a letter of her own writing, and spread it out before her. With her elbows on the table, and her hands clasped fiercely in her hair, she read these lines addressed to her husband:

'John Farnaby,—I have always suspected that you had something to do with the disappearance of our child. I know for certain now that you deliberately cast your infant daughter on the mercy of the world, and condemned your wife to a life of wretchedness.

'I know what I am writing about. I have spoken with the woman who waited by the garden-gate at Ramsgate, and who took the child from your hands. She saw you with me at the lecture; and she is absolutely sure that you are the man.

'Thanks to the meeting at the lecture-hall, I am at last on the trace of my lost daughter. This morning, I have heard the woman's story. She kept the child, on the chance of its being reclaimed until she could afford to keep it no longer. She met with a person who was willing to adopt it, and who took it away with her to a foreign country, not mentioned to me yet. In that country my daughter is still living, and will be restored to me on conditions which will be communicated in a few days' time.

'Some of this story may be true, and some of it may be false; the woman may be lying to serve her own interests with me. Of two things I am sure—that my girl is identified, by means known to me of which there can be no doubt; and that she is still living, because the interest of the persons treating with me is an interest in her life.

'When you receive this letter, on your return from business to-night, I shall have left you, and left you for ever. The bare thought of even looking at you again fills me with horror. I have my own income, and I mean to take my own way. In your best interests I warn you, make no attempt to trace me. I declare solemnly that, rather than let your deserted daughter be polluted by the sight of you, I would kill you with my own hand, and die for it on the scaffold. If she ever asks for her father, I will do you one service. For the honour of human nature, I will tell her that her father is dead. It will not be all a falsehood. I repudiate you and your name—you are dead to me from this time forth.

'I sign myself by my father's name —EMMA RONALD.'

She had said herself that she was unwilling to shock Amelius. This was the reason.

After thinking a little, she sealed and directed the letter. This done, she unlocked the wooden press which had once contained the baby's frock and cap, and those other memorials of the past which she called her 'dead consolations.' After satisfying herself that the press was empty, she wrote on a card, 'To be called for by a messenger from my bankers'—and tied the card to a tin box in the corner, secured by a padlock. She lifted the box, and placed it in front of the

press, so that it might be easily visible to any one entering the room. The safe-keeping of her treasures provided for, she took the sealed letter, and, ascending the stairs, placed it on the table in her husband's dressing-room. She hurried out again, the instant after, as if the sight of the place were intolerable to her.

Passing to the other end of the corridor, she entered her own bedchamber, and put on her bonnet and cloak. A leather handbag was on the bed. She took it up, and looked round the large luxurious room with a shudder of disgust. What she had suffered, within those four walls, no human creature knew but herself. She hurried out, as she had hurried out of her husband's dressing-room.

Regina was still in the drawing-room. As she reached the door, she hesitated, and stopped. The girl was a good girl in her own dull placid way—and her sister's daughter too. A last little act of kindness would perhaps be a welcome act to remember. She opened the door so suddenly that Regina started, with a small cry of alarm. 'O aunt, how you frighten one! Are you going out?' 'Yes; I'm going out,' was the short answer. 'Come here. Give me a kiss.' Regina looked up in wide-eyed astonishment. Mrs. Farnaby stamped impatiently on the floor. Regina rose, gracefully bewildered. 'My dear aunt, how very odd!' she said—and gave the kiss demanded, with a serenely-surprised elevation of her finely-shaped eyebrows. 'Yes,' said Mrs. Farnaby; 'that's it—one of my oddities. Go back to your work. Good-bye.'

She left the room, as abruptly as she had entered it. With her firm heavy step she descended to the hall, passed out at the house-door, and closed it behind her—never to return to it again.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AMELIUS left Mrs. Farnaby troubled by emotions of confusion and alarm, which he was the last man living to endure patiently. Her extraordinary story of the discovered daughter, the still more startling assertion of her resolution to leave the house—the absence of any plain explanation, the burden of secrecy imposed on him—all combined together to irritate his sensitive nerves. 'I hate mysteries,' he thought; 'and ever since I landed in England, I seem fated to be mixed up in them. Does she really mean to leave her husband and her niece? What will Farnaby do? What will become of Regina?'

To think of Regina was to think of the new repulse of which he had been made the subject. Again he had appealed to her love for him, and again she had refused to marry him at his own time.

He was especially perplexed and angry, when he reflected on the unassailably strong influence which her uncle appeared to have over her. All Regina's sympathy was with Mr. Farnaby and his troubles, Amelius might have understood her a little better, if she had told him what passed between her uncle and herself on the night of Mr. Farnaby's return, in a state of indignation, from the lecture. In terror of the engagement being broken off, she had been forced to confess that she was too fond of Amelius to prevail on herself to part with him. If he attempted a second exposition of his Socialist principles on the platform, she owned that it might be impossible to receive him again as a suitor. But she pleaded hard for the granting of a pardon for the first offence, in the interests of her own tranquility, if not in mercy to Amelius. Mr. Farnaby (already troubled by his commercial anxieties) had listened more amiably, and also more absently, than usual; and had granted her petition with the

ready indulgence of a pre-occupied man. It had been decided between them that the offence of the lecture should be passed over in discreet silence. Regina's gratitude for this concession inspired her sympathy with her uncle in his present state of suspense. She had been sorely tempted to tell Amelius what had happened. But the natural reserve of her character—fortified, in this instance, by the defensive pride which makes a woman unwilling (before marriage) to confess her weakness unreservedly to the man who has inspired it—had sealed her lips. 'When he is a little less violent and a little more humble,' she thought, 'perhaps I may tell him.'

So it fell out that Amelius took his way through the streets, a mystified and an angry man.

Arrived in sight of the hotel, he stopped, and looked about him.

It was impossible to disguise from himself that a lurking sense of regret was making itself felt, in his present frame of mind, when he thought of Simple Sally. In all probability, he would have quarrelled with any man who had accused him of actually lamenting the girl's absence, and wanting her back again. He happened to recollect her artless blue eyes, with their vague, patient look, and her quaint, childish questions put so openly in so sweet a voice—and that was all. Was there anything reprehensible, if you please, in an act of remembrance? Comforting himself with these considerations, he moved on a step or two—and stopped once more. In his present humour, he shrank from facing Rufus. The American read him like a book; the American would ask irritating questions. He turned his back on the hotel, and looked at his watch. As he took it out, his finger and thumb touched something else in his waistcoat-pocket. It was the card that Regina had given to him—the card of the cottage to let. He had nothing to do, and nowhere to go. Why not look at the cottage? If it proved to be not worth seeing, the Zoological Gardens were in the neighbourhood—and there are periods in a man's life when he finds the society that walks on four feet a welcome relief from the society that walks on two.

It was a fairly fine day. He turned northward towards Regent's Park.

The cottage was in a bye-road, just outside the Park; a cottage in the strictest sense of the word. A sitting-room, a library, and a bedroom—all of small proportions—and, under them, a kitchen and two more rooms, represented the whole of the little dwelling from top to bottom. It was simply and prettily furnished; and it was completely surrounded by its own tiny plot of garden-ground. The library especially was a perfect little retreat looking out on the back garden; peaceful and shady, and adorned with bookcases of old carved oak.

Amelius had hardly looked round the room, before his inflammable brain was on fire with a new idea. Other idle men in trouble had found the solace and the occupation of their lives in books. Why should he not be one of them? Why not plunge into study in this delightful retirement—and perhaps, one day, astonish Regina and Mr. Farnaby by bursting on the world as the writer of a famous book? Exactly as Amelius, two days since, had seen himself in the future, a public lecturer in receipt of glorious fees—so he now saw himself the celebrated scholar and writer of a new era to come. The woman who showed the cottage happened to mention that a gentleman had already looked over it that morning, and had seemed to like it. Amelius instantly gave her a shilling, and said, 'I take it on the spot.' The wondering woman referred him to the house-agent's address, and kept at a safe distance from the excitable stranger as she let him out. In less than an other hour, Amelius had taken the cottage, and had returned to the hotel with a new interest in life and a new surprise for Rufus.

As usual, in cases of emergency, the American wasted no time in talking. He went out at once, to see the cottage, and to make his own inquiries of the agent. The result amply proved that Amelius had not been imposed upon. If he repented of his bargain, the gentleman who had first seen the cottage was ready to take it off his hands, at a moment's notice.

Going back to the hotel, Rufus found Amelius resolute to move into his new abode, and eager for the coming life of study and retirement. Knowing perfectly well beforehand how this latter project would end, the American tried the efficacy of a little worldly temptation. He had arranged, he said, 'to have a good time of it in Paris;' and he proposed that Amelius should be his companion. The suggestion produced not the slightest effect; Amelius talked as if he was a confirmed recluse, in the decline of life. 'Thank you, he said, with the most amazing gravity; 'I prefer the company of my books, and the seclusion of my library.' This declaration was followed by more selling-out of money in the Funds, and by a visit to a bookseller, which left a handsome pecuniary result inscribed on the right side of the ledger.

On the next day, Amelius presented himself towards two o'clock at Mr. Farnaby's house. He was not so selfishly absorbed in his own projects as to forget Mrs. Farnaby. On the contrary, he was honestly anxious for news of her.

A certain middle-aged man of business has been briefly referred to in these pages, as one of Regina's faithful admirers, patiently submitting to the triumph of his favoured young rival. This gentleman, issuing from his carriage, with his card-case ready in his hand, met Amelius at the door, with a face which announced plainly that a catastrophe had happened. 'You have heard the sad news, no doubt?' he said, in a rich bass voice attuned to sadly-courteous tones. The servant opened the door, before Amelius could answer. After a contest of politeness, the middle-aged gentleman consented to make his inquiries first. 'How is Mr. Farnaby? No better? And Miss Regina? Very poorly, eh? Dear, dear me! Say I called if you please.' He handed in two cards, with a severe enjoyment of the melancholy occasion and the rich bass sounds of his own voice. 'Very sad, is it not?' he said, addressing his youthful rival with an air of paternal indulgence. 'Good-morning.' He bowed with melancholy grace, and got into his carriage.

Amelius looked after the prosperous merchant, as the prancing horses drew him away. 'After all,' he thought bitterly, 'she might be happier with that rich prig than she could be with me.' He stepped into the hall and spoke to the servant. The man had his message ready. Miss Regina would see Mr. Goldenheart, if he would be so good as to wait in the dining-room.

Regina appeared, pale and scared; her eyes inflamed with weeping. 'O Amelius can *you* tell me what this dreadful misfortune means? Why has she left us? When she sent for you yesterday, what did she say?'

In his position, Amelius could make but one answer. 'Your aunt said she thought of going away. But,' he added, with perfect truth, 'she refused to tell me why, or where she was going. I am quite as much at a loss to understand her as you are. What does your uncle propose to do?

Mr. Farnaby's conduct, as described by Regina, thickened the mystery—he proposed to do nothing.

He had been found, on the hearth-rug in his dressing-room; having apparently been seized with a fit, in the act of burning some paper. The ashes were discovered close by him, just inside the fender. On his recovery, his first anxiety was to know if a letter had been burned. Satisfied on this point, he had ordered the servants to assemble round his bed, and had peremptorily forbidden them to open the

door to their mistress, if she ever returned at any future time to the house. Regina's questions and remonstrances, when she was left alone with him, were answered, once for all, in these pitiless terms:—'If you wish to deserve the fatherly interest that I take in you, do as I do; forget that such a person as your aunt ever existed. We shall quarrel, if you ever mention her name in my hearing again.' This said, he had instantly changed the subject; instructing Regina to write an excuse to 'Mr. Melton' (otherwise the middle-aged rival), with whom he had been engaged to dine that evening, Relating this latter event, Regina's ever-ready gratitude overflowed in the direction of Mr. Melton. 'He was so kind! he left his guests in the evening, and came and sat with my uncle for nearly an hour.' Amelius made no remark on this; he led the conversation back to the subject of Mrs. Farnaby. 'She once spoke to me of her lawyers,' he said. 'Do *they* know nothing about her?'

The answer to this question showed that the sternly-final decision of Mr. Farnaby was matched by equal resolution on the part of his wife.

One of the partners in the legal firm had called that morning, to see Regina on a matter of business. Mrs. Farnaby had appeared at the office on the previous day; and had briefly expressed her wish to make a small annual provision for her niece, in case of future need. Declining to enter into any explanation, she had waited until the necessary document had been drawn out; had requested that Regina might be informed of the circumstance; and had then taken her departure in absolute silence. Hearing that she had left her husband, the lawyer (like every one else) was completely at a loss to understand what it meant.

'And what does the doctor say?' Amelius asked next.

'My uncle is to be kept perfectly quiet,' Reginia answered; 'and is not to return to business for some time to come. Mr. Melton, with his usual kindness, has undertaken to look after his affairs for him. Otherwise, my uncle, in his present state of anxiety about the bank, would never have consented to obey the doctor's orders. When he can safely travel, he is recommended to go abroad for the winter, and get well again in some warmer climate. He refuses to leave his business—and the doctor refuses to take the responsibility. There is to be a consultation of physicians to-morrow. O Amelius, I was really fond of my aunt—I am heart-broken at this dreadful change!'

There was a momentary silence. If Mr. Melton had been present, he would have said a few neatly-sympathetic words. Amelius knew no more than a savage of the art of conventional consolation. Tadmor had made him familiar with the social and political questions of the time, and had taught him to speak in public. But Tadmor, rich in books and newspapers, was a powerless training institution in the matter of small-talk.

'Suppose Mr. Farnaby is obliged to go abroad,' he suggested, after waiting a little, 'what will you do?'

Regina looked at him with an air of melancholy surprise. 'I shall do my duty, of course,' she answered, gravely. 'I shall accompany my dear uncle, if he wishes it.' She glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. 'It is time he took his medicine,' she resumed; 'you will excuse me, I am sure.' She shook hands, not very warmly—and hastened out of the room.

Amelius left the house, with a conviction which disheartened him—the conviction that he had never understood Regina, and that he was not likely to understand her in the future. He turned for relief to the consideration of Mr. Farnaby's strange conduct, under the domestic disaster which had befallen him.

Recalling what he had observed for himself, and what he had heard from Mrs. Farnaby when she had first

taken him into her confidence, he inferred that the subject of the lost child had not only been a subject of estrangement between the husband and wife, but that the husband was, in some way, the person blamable for it. Assuming this theory to be the right one, there would be serious obstacles to the meeting of the mother and child, in the mother's home. The departure of Mrs. Farnaby was, in that case, no longer unintelligible—and Mr. Farnaby's otherwise inexplicable conduct had the light of a motive thrown on it, which might not unnaturally influence a hard-hearted man weary alike of his wife and his wife's troubles. Arriving at this conclusion by a far shorter process than is here indicated, Amelius pursued the subject no further. At the time when he had first visited the Farnabys, Rufus had advised him to withdraw from closer intercourse with them, while he had the chance. In his present mood, he was almost in danger of acknowledging to himself that Rufus had proved to be right.

He lunched with his American friend at the hotel. Before the meal was over, Mrs. Payson called, to say a few cheering words about Sally.

It was not to be denied that the girl remained persistently silent and reserved. In other respects the report was highly favourable. She was obedient to the rules of the house; she was always ready with any little services that she could render to her companions; and she was so eager to improve herself, by means of her reading-lessons and writing-lessons, that it was not easy to induce her to lay aside her book and her slate. When the teacher offered her some small reward for her good conduct, and asked what she would like, the sad little face brightened, and the faithful creature's answer was always the same. 'I should like to know what he is doing now.' (Alas for Sally—'he' meant Amelius!)

'You must wait a little longer before you write to her,' Mrs. Payson concluded; 'and you must not think of seeing her for some time to come. I know you will help us by consenting to this—for Sally's sake.'

Amelius bowed in silence. He would not have confessed what he felt, at that moment, to any living soul—it is doubtful if he even confessed it to himself. Mrs. Payson, observing him with a woman's keen sympathy, relented a little. 'I might give her a message,' the good lady suggested—'just to say you are glad to hear she is behaving so well.'

'Will you give her this?' Amelius asked.

He took from his pocket a little photograph of the cottage, which he had noticed on the house-agent's desk, and had taken away with him. 'It is *my* cottage now,' he explained, in tones that faltered a little; 'I am going to live there; Sally might like to see it.'

'Sally *shall* see it,' Mrs. Payson agreed—'if you will only let me take this away first?' She pointed to the address of the cottage, printed under the photograph. Past experience in the Home made her reluctant to trust Sally with the address in London at which Amelius was to be found.

Rufus produced a huge complex knife, out of the depth of which a pair of scissors burst, on touching a spring. Mrs. Payson cut off the address, and placed the photograph in her pocket-book. 'Now,' she said, 'Sally will be happy, and no harm can come of it.'

'I've known you, ma'am, nigh on twenty years,' Rufus remarked. 'I do assure you that's the first rash observation I ever heard from your lips.'

(To be continued.)

EDUCATION AND CO-EDUCATION.*

BY PRINCIPAL GRANT, D.D., QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

BECAUSE the aims of your Association are modest, and therefore suited to the present condition of popular sentiment with regard to Education for ladies in this part of Canada, because they are in the right direction, and promise to lead to greater things, I had much pleasure in acceding to your request to give the Inaugural Address of this year. The higher education of women and such various questions connected with it as co-education in the recognised colleges of the country, and the fitness of women for professional and industrial careers other than those to which they have been usually limited, are now discussed everywhere. Sides have been taken, with more or less vehemence, and as usual in the heat of discussion extravagant language has been used all round. We may classify the positions taken on the whole subject into the customary three, Extreme Right, Extreme Left, and Middle. The Right wing includes those who resent all interference with use and wont. Departure from traditional views of education and life by any woman they associate with a tendency to part the hair at the side and with lax views of morals and religion. They hurtle the vigorous words 'unmaidenly,' 'unwomanly,' 'indelicate,' at the innovators, well aware that such words are offensive, perhaps not so well aware that they could be easily retorted against themselves, were retorts desirable. Is it more unwomanly to walk to college than to ride to hounds? More indelicate to sit in the same room with young men listening to lectures on philosophy or science, for two or three hours in the day time, than to dance fast dances with them all night? More unmaidenly to practise the healing art than to cultivate the art of husband-hunting? Is it less unworthy of the sex to know something than to know **nothing**, to do something than to do nothing, to cultivate faculties than to dwarf them? 'My daughter would like to be a physician,' said a lady to her medical man. 'I trust, madam, that you will sanction nothing so indecent,' was the immediate reply. With gentlemen the question has now got beyond this style of argument; but it is still the favourite with a few boors and not a few ladies. It is the initial stage of argument with which every step in the progress of the race has been met; and as it is admirably suited to hurt the feelings of women, I have little doubt that it will be used for some time yet against any step in advance that women may take. As usual the best allies of the Extreme Right have been the Extreme Left. Their loud cry of 'Woman's Rights' has led them to forget that there is such a thing as Woman's Duties; their contention that 'there is no sex in mind' to forget that there are undoubted mental differences corresponding to the physical differences between the sexes. I have no desire to allude to the extravagances in speech and conduct of which they have been guilty. Let

*The Inaugural Lecture of the Ninth Session of the Montreal Ladies' Educational Association.

the scant justice which women long received serve as their excuse. The Middle school includes all who desire to see the same thought given to the education of girls that has hitherto been given to the education of boys. What that may involve or result in they are not equally clear about. Neither are they agreed as to the practical steps that should be taken in the matter. This party has its Right Centre, and Left Centre, and Cross Sections. 'The air is thick with schemes for the education of women,' some advocating one scheme and others another. But this very variety shows how the question has advanced. Where there was formerly indifference or contempt, interest and intelligence are everywhere manifested, and these ensure that right conclusions shall eventually be reached. For the improvement in England much is due to Her Majesty, the late Prince Consort, and the Royal family,—our own gracious Princess especially. It was owing to the Queen's insistence that the first vote—the modest vote of £30,000, which has now swelled to between one and two millions—for the promotion of Common School Education in England was pressed upon Parliament. Her Majesty founded the first scholarship in Queen's College, Harley St., the first public institution opened in England for the higher education of girls. And when in 1871, a society was formed for establishing on a comprehensive scale good secondary schools where girls could be prepared for such colleges as Girton, Newnham Hall, Cambridge, and others, the Princess Louise consented to be its first President. Her Royal Highness did as much for the true education of girls in Canada by the wise words she spoke on the occasion of consenting to become the Patroness of your Association—words which have been read from the pulpit, and which should be written in letters of gold in your annual reports, and perhaps not less by the first walk she took from Rideau Hall into Ottawa, and back again, sustained only by thick soled boots and a memorable little cane.

The ground on which I advocate a thorough mental training for girls similar to that which is thought essential for boys is the equality of the sexes. That ground is given to me in the first chapters of Genesis. The account of our origin given there assigns to man a dualistic constitution both as to nature and sex. As to nature, it is two-fold, matter and spirit. Matter-day-Saints, as Matter-Evolutionists have been called, profess to evolve consciousness and conscience from protoplasm, thought from no thought, dominion over the world from the elements of the world. And in all ages ascetics have dishonoured the body. Both are wrong. Man's nature has two sides. Both sides are from God, and both are sacred. As to sex, we have also a dualistic conception of humanity. It is declared that two sexes are needed to make up the perfect type of mankind. 'Male and female created He them.' Here is the familiar truth of the equality before God of man and woman, a truth unrecognised by any other religion, but imbedded in the deepest stratum of the Christian revelation. They are different but equal, and the two make up the ideal one that was in the mind of God when He created them, and that received full expression in the Son of Mary who combined in His character all that is excellent in both. Tennyson speaking of the relation between man and woman caught this true conception, and so writes more grandly than Milton.

Here is Milton's view:

> 'For contemplation he and valour formed,
> For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
> He for God only, she for God in him.'

Tennyson, in his *Princess*, strikes a far higher note:

> 'For woman is not undeveloped man,
> But diverse . . . . his dearest bond is this,
> Not like to like, but like in difference;
> Yet in the long years liker must they grow;

The man be nerve of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.'

The figure in which the distinct creation of woman is Biblically revealed is very expressive. Much has been written on it; but nothing that seems to me better than the words of the old Commentator, Matthew Henry, I think. She was taken, not from the head, for that would have indicated that she was to rule over man; not from the feet to be trampled on by him; but from his side, under his arm and nearest his heart to show that she was to be loved and protected by him. In God's sight the two are one—

'Each fulfils
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single, pure, and perfect animal
The two-cell'd heart, beating with one full stroke,
Life—'

There! you have just proved what I have always asserted, exclaims one of my friends on the Extreme Right. What need of a woman learning Greek or Mathematics? Her end and aim is marriage; her kingdom, a happy home; her subjects, little children clinging about her knees. Exactly so, and just because her relation to man is so close, just because her sphere is so important to man's highest welfare is she entitled to the best that education can do for her? Because of her relation to man, and because of what she is in herself, a thorough mental training is due to girls. These are the two grounds into which the first —the equality of the sexes—divides itself.

1. Because of her relation to man. It is interesting to note how a great practical statesman, educator, and born conservative like Stein saw the truth on the subject from this point of view. In a letter to Frau v. Berg, he writes: 'I think the lot of women in the upper classes of society is less happy than that of men; the latter are generally educated for definite vocations, and live in the discharge of them. The former are seldom educated for the vocation intended for them by nature, that of mother and educator. We develope in them only the vague wish to please, and instruct them in the material means of doing so, and their whole life is devoted to an empty struggle for universal admiration, which is never attained, and an observance of a multitude of aimless duties. Their whole system of ideas consists of incoherent fragments of opinions, usages, and judgments of the great world, and everything concurs to estrange them from their one true vocation.' As his English biographer, Professor Seeley remarks: 'This last reflection is rather curious, when we consider that the standing argument of conservatives in female education is that women ought to be educated for their natural vocation, that of wife and mother. What strikes Stein as the fault of the established system is precisely that they are *not* educated for this.' The same thought struck the first Napoleon, a man far greater as a practical statesman than even as a soldier. One day he said to Madame Campan: 'The old systems of education seem to be worth nothing. What is there wanting in order to train up young people properly in France?' 'Mothers!' was the reply. 'Well,' said he, 'therein lies at once a complete system of education. It must be your endeavour, Madame, to form mothers who will know how to educate their children.'

The great majority of women will be wives and mothers. Their influence in both relations is paramount. In the latter, there is no one to compete with them for the first ten years of the child's life, and in that time more is done towards the formation of character than in all the rest of life. Seeing that this enormous power must be in their hands, have we edu-

cated them so that it may be used to the best advantage? As a rule, we have not. Their education has been partly received in society and partly in the boarding-school, and in both cases erroneous ideals and aims have been set before them. A native lady in one of the zenanas visited by Miss Carpenter in India, exclaimed, with longing and pathos that revealed her own true heart, 'your existence is that of a river bearing blessings wherever it runs, whereas ours is an enclosed well or stagnant pool.' The Hindoo fancied that all English women were like Miss Mary Carpenter. She was not aware that in many circles in England such a lady would be called 'blue,' or some other epithet still more vigorous, and that the objects set before the average young Englishwoman in good society are not much more elevated than those thought most highly of in the zenana. Last century Captain Cook found the hearts of the South Sea Island women set upon beads and feathers. Does not society teach our young ladies to estimate such things as the chief good? The form varies, but the thing remains the same. The ideals of savages are their ideals. Distending the delicate rim of the ear, the cartilage of the nose, and the lower lip, must go under one category. The one practice is fashionable with us, the second with Hindoos, the third with the ladies of Africa. Compressing the head, the waist, and the feet out of shape are alike useful and ornamental. The Flatheads adhere to the first, Christians to the second, and the older civilization of China to the third custom. When I think of the varieties of dress, head-gear, and ornamentation that have been thought fashionable among us in this century, and of all that is involved in the disproportionate degree of time, thought, and money bestowed on these things, of the poor and false ideals set before our girls in good society, of the dreary, aimless, brainless round of exhausting frivolity to which they are doomed, I cease to wonder that there are so many unhappy marriages, and that the race should be so slow in learning the alphabet of Christianity. For Rousseau did not exaggerate in that much quoted word of his in the *Emile*, 'Men will be always what women please; if you wish men to be great and good, teach women what greatness and goodness are.'

And what shall I say of most of the boarding schools that profess to give a fashionable education? Not much, for their supply is according to the demand. It is of no use in any case to rail against outcome. We must go deeper. The popular idea is that any lady, especially if she be a widow not so well off as she once was, can keep a boarding-school, and if she brings in teachers to give instruction in French, drawing, music, dancing, deportment, and fancy-work, what more can be wanted? Scraps of history and science may be thrown in, but as to the systematic study of anything, or methods of study, or mental training, it is seldom dreamed of. Why should it, if insipidity of mind and apathetic elegance of manner be considered more valuable? There has been improvement, but I fear that the complaint made by a French reviewer, a generation ago, is still too well-founded: 'Philosophers never conceived the idea of so perfect a vacuum as is found to exist in the minds of young women who are supposed to have finished in such establishments. If they marry husbands as uninformed as themselves, they fall into habits of indolent insignificance without much pain; if they marry persons more accomplished, they can retain no hold of their affections. Hence many matrimonial miseries, in the midst of which the wife finds it a consolation to be always complaining of her health and ruined nerves.' Were it not for the love that God has implanted in the hearts of women, and love, instead of being blind, is that which gives true

insight, were it not for those instincts which are the inherited thought of the race, the results of such education would be unspeakable. As it is they are bad enough for women themselves, their children, and the race. Their own health and the lives of their children are often sacrificed from ignorance of elementary knowledge of anatomy and physiology; and, because of their prejudices and wrong ideas, they give a twist to the moral and intellectual nature of youth that it never completely recovers from. We are now finding out that all we have done for India avails nothing, simply because we have not reached the women. The question with statesmen and missionaries is how shall we educate or influence the women of India? Had we not better begin nearer home?

Speaking of things as they are today, and not as they were a quarter of a century ago, let us thankfully acknowledge that improvement both in the physical and mental training of women has been and is being gradually effected. Girls are more encouraged to take active exercise in the open air, to move about freely without thought of the posture-master, and to lead the same out-door life as boys. And blessed be the man or woman who invented or made fashionable the game of lawn-tennis. No one can excel in it dressed in tight stays or pull-backs. I have indeed seen a young lady try to play the game so dressed, but shall not attempt to describe the ridiculous figure the poor creature cut as she hopped from court to court like a 'hobbled' donkey or a very lame and limp duck. But she was the sad and sorrowful exception that proves the rule. Physical invalidism is now not thought 'lady-like.' Perhaps Muscular Christianity has helped to dispel that idiotic notion. And for a brief comprehensive account of what has been done in Europe and America in the way of giving women means and opportunities of mental training, particularly as regards the secondary education that leads up to the University, and also in the way of opening the avenues that lead to professions from which custom, at least, formerly excluded them, let me refer you to a thoughtful paper by Mr. McHenry, Principal of the Cobourg Collegiate Institute, on 'The Higher Education of Women,' which you will find in the *Canada School Journal* of last month.

I would like to face the real question that is at the root of all the present discontent and present movements. What kind of mental training should be given to women? Should it be substantially the same as that given to men, or should it be substantially different? In order to answer this, we must first ask, what is the great object of education, whenever we get beyond that familiarity with the three R's which opens to us the gates of knowledge, and with which the mass both of men and women must for a long time rest content? It can never be too much insisted on that the aim of education is not to store the mind with facts, but to train the mind itself; to develope it in the natural order and relations of its faculties, and so aid in developing character to all its rightful issues. That is a good education which enables us to look at things in the clear light of reasoned thought, and to consider impartially all questions with which we must deal instead of seeing them under the false colourings and refractions of prejudice, emotion, or individual temperament. Education should guarantee not merely the posession of truth, stumbled into by us somehow or other, but the knowledge of how to proceed so as to attain truth, and the knowledge of what is and what is not attainable. We must be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us, for our belief that it is true, not that which has been called woman's best reason — I believe that it is just because it is—but a reason that we come to, as the result of articulated thinking. We are all biased in differ-

ent ways. And that is the best education which delivers the mind from bias, sets it *in equilibro*, and enables it to act normally and vigorously. Now, it has always been thought a matter of the last importance to give such an education to men. Our methods may have been defective, but such an aim has been always professed. The whole structure of our magnificent educational systems has always had this in view. Every improvement suggested is with the view of securing this more completely.

The first question then to be asked here is, do women need such a mental training as much as men? Unless mind in women is something essentially different from what it is in men, that is, unless they do not possess minds at all, but something else they call their minds, there can be no hesitation as to the answer. We may go further. There are physiological reasons to show that women require a sound mental training more imperatively than men; and that therefore no obstacles should be placed in the way of those who are struggling to obtain its advantages.

Mr. Herbert Spencer points out ('The Study of Sociology,' p. 374) that there is a somewhat earlier arrest of individual evolution in women than in men, and that this shows itself in their physical and mental constitution. 'The mental manifestations have somewhat less of general power or massiveness; and beyond this there is a perceptible falling-short in these two faculties, intellectual and emotional, which are the latest products of human evolution—the power of abstract reasoning and that most abstract of the emotions, the sentiment of justice—the sentiment which regulates conduct irrespective of personal attachments, and the likes and dislikes felt for individuals.' If this be so, and probably most people will admit the fact, though they may not necessarily accept the cause assigned by Mr. Spencer, it follows that the best mental training that can be had is even more indispensible in the case of women than of men. Women are already handicapped by nature. Is it necessary that they should be, in addition, artificially handicapped by unwise restrictions, by the foolish customs and opinions of a half or quarter educated society?

It being granted, then, that the best education is needed by women, the next question is, where are they to get it? Well, it is not at all likely that the great colleges and universities that have been built, equipped, and endowed in the course of centuries by pious founders and wise States, and that have hitherto been used by young men, can be duplicated at once. That is out of the question. Even if duplicates were provided, such institutions would have as a rule empty benches for many a day. We may be quite sure that we shall have no 'ugly rush' of ladies seeking higher education. Hence the so-called 'Ladies Colleges,' that are to be found in various parts of the country, must accommodate themselves to the average condition of female education, and can afford to supply only those branches and 'accomplishments' that the majority demand. Such adventure institutions, unendowed and possibly aiming at annual dividends, cannot possibly give such an education as the old recognised institutions. We are thus driven to ask, why should not ladies, in search of a sound education, seek a regular college and university training?

Why not? It has been said or hinted that grave evils would result from allowing young men and young women to attend the same college. There is no evidence to this effect. The evidence that we have is all the other way. Surely by this time we have got far ahead of the gross idea that woman's virtue depends not on herself, her modesty, self-respect, and principle, but on thick veils, padlocks and duennas. It is best to imitate nature, and nature by sending boys and girls to the same family has ordained that

they should grow up together in mutual honour and helpfulness. As a rule, boys are best when they have sisters, and girls are best when they have brothers. The two sexes now attend the same Common Schools, High Schools, Collegiate Institutes, and Normal Schools, and no one dreams of there being anything improper in their so doing. And, who would not rather trust them when they have attained the age of mutual self-respect, than in the years immediately preceding? Of course certain practical regulations would be needed, and these could easily be made; such as, not allowing both sexes to board in the same house, and in colleges where residence is enjoined, having a separate hall with a lady at its head; sitting on different benches in the class-rooms; perhaps entering or leaving by different doors; though, in my opinion, the fewer the regulations the better. The essential idea of college life is that students have attained to years of understanding, and that they are to be trusted. Professors who cannot manage students on this principle have mistaken their vocation. And students who are strangers to it should be taken or sent home as soon as possible. So far as there is evidence on the subject, it is to the effect that the influence on young men of the presence of female students is good and only good, and *vice versa*.

It is asked sometimes, with the alarm begotten of profoundest ignorance, are the subjects of a regular college course suited to ladies? A simple enumeration of these is sufficient to dispel the alarm. Take the old or any proposed new curriculum, and what subject in it is in any way objectionable? Language, literature, mental philosophy, mathematics, physical science, natural history, at which does male or female modesty or incapacity take alarm! Besides, all these subjects need not be taken by every student. Every college now allows a great measure of liberty in this respect. More and more, too, options are being allowed. Very radical proposals are being made in Britain for bifurcating or trifurcating the subjects required for a degree. And I do not see why some subjects considered specially desirable for ladies should not be allowed to rank in place of others not considered so desirable. A thorough knowledge of music, for instance, might stand for Greek or senior mathematics. As to regularity of attendance, here too, the college is not subjected to the rigid rules of the school. In most colleges it is considered sufficient if actual attendance is given from two-thirds to four-fifths of the session.

But is not excessive study injurious to young women? Very, and to young men likewise. Many of the noblest young men I have known have killed themselves. The best are apt to injure themselves. No fear of the idlers. But we do not, therefore, exclude diligent and talented young men from college. Bad results flow chiefly from entering college too soon or insufficiently prepared in the secondary school, from bad boarding-houses, from the too numerous examinations now in vogue, and from over anxiety to attain honours. These causes, the last excepted, should and could be easily guarded against. A moderate amount of regular study is physically and mentally beneficial to both young men and women. No one doubts this as far as men are concerned, and I would refer those who want testimony for it in the case of women, to an article in the *Contemporary Review* of January, 1878, by Frances Power Cobbe, on 'The Little Health of Ladies.' It is not work but worry or mental vacuity, not regular but irregular study, or study under conditions prejudicial to health, that injures.

Besides, it is a mistake almost ludicrous to suppose that excessive study is required for the ordinary B. A. examination. The knowledge represented by the possession of a pass degree, no matter from what univer-

sity, is exceedingly moderate, though the value of the training received may be said to be incalculable. There is nothing like the regular university course. It is adapted to average minds, and confers benefits on the greatest.

I know of no reason that can be urged against women studying in our recognised colleges that has not been urged from time immemorial against every step in advance taken by the race, against every reform that has ever been made in the realm of thinking or of action. Of course this reform will come slowly. The mass of social prejudice to be overcome is enormous, and women are peculiarly sensitive to social opposition. At first, average young men in our colleges will be subjected to rather an unfair competition, for the young women will be a select class, chiefly those who survive the operation of a very rigid natural selection. But in time this will be righted.

II. Woman should have every possible opportunity of obtaining a sound mental training because of her relation to man and the importance of her position as a probable wife and mother. But to consider woman as merely a satellite of man—or, as Von Hartmann respectfully calls her, 'a moral parasite of man'—is a caricature of the truth that man is her natural head and protector. She is 'a primary existence,' owes responsibility directly to God, is bound to cultivate her faculties for her own sake, and has, in many cases, to fight her own way through the world. It is impossible to overlook the fact that there is an immense number of unmarried women, and women who are not likely to be married, or who have no disposition to waste their lives in frivolity or idleness until they meet with some man whom they can honestly marry. This class is increasing, and as civilization progresses it is sure to increase still more. The law of all progress is that the simple and homogeneous is, through a process of continuous differentiation passing into the complex and heterogeneous. Where woman is the property, and the servant, or plaything, of man, there is no woman's question. All women will be pretty much alike, and all will be provided for after a fashion. Whenever she is really recognised as his equal, variety will be seen in women as in men. All savages are alike. Converse with one savage and you have conversed with the tribe. The more advanced the civilization the greater variety among individuals. There is a higher unity, but the uniformity has gone. In an advanced civilization, then, you will no more be able to class all women as simply wives than to class all men as simply husbands. There will always be some kinds of work that men can do best; and other kinds that women can do best—but no longer can all the honourable professions be reserved for men. We may discriminate on the ground of ability or fitness, but not on the ground of sex; and before we can decide as to ability, a fair field must have been granted. Here, too, the question is solving itself. Gradually women are finding their way into new employments. We see them in railway and telegraph offices, and hear of them at bank meetings. Thousands are employed as teachers, copying-clerks, type-setters, writers, artists, house-decorators, and thousands more might be employed in dry-goods and other establishments. The medical profession has been thrown open to them in Great Britain and in the United States; and Miss Cobbe believes, and with reason, that there will soon be women-doctors and womens' hospitals, attended by women-doctors, in every town in the United Kingdom. All the nineteen British medical examining bodies are now allowed to confer their licenses or diplomas upon women. In Canada, the Medical Faculty connected with Queen's University has decided to open classes for women next spring, the matriculation examination and the curriculum to be

the same as for men. Of course, this means double work for the Professors, for it is generally recognised that co-education is out of the question in medical and surgical studies. Naturally enough the Professors were unwilling to undertake so much additional labour, but they could not resist the appeals made to them in letters from young women who felt impelled to devote themselves to the profession, and who were unwilling to exile themselves from their own country in order to get the necessary education. Large classes are not expected, but I understand that a sufficient number have engaged to attend to make the experiment worth trying.

But the question of higher education should be looked at apart from professional education and apart from the employments or careers to which it may lead. Culture is a good in itself, and should be sought for its own sake. If it be true that 'in this world there is nothing great but man, and in man nothing great but mind, then to neglect the proper cultivation' of the mind is a sin against our highest interests, and inexorable nature forgives no sin. What would any man who has received a thorough University training barter for it! He may have sought it at first not for its own sake, but because by that avenue only he could enter some calling that would give him honourable position as well as bread and butter. But having obtained a measure of culture, he usually values it aright. Unless he is an incurable Philistine, he has been taught to know himself, his intellectual strength and intellectual weakness, the meaning and range of his powers, and the impassable walls that hem him in. He has learned to be modest and to be confident. He looks through appearances to the heart of things; and refuses to bow down to the idols that lead the crowd astray. My only astonishment is that all such men do not resolve, as a matter of course, to give to their children that which has been their own chief solace, that which has refined and strengthened their own natures, making them independent of the accidents and changes of time by giving them unfailing resources within themselves. Why should I deny my son the highest possible training of which he is susceptible, even though he may have to earn his bread all his days by the sweat of his brow? Why should I deny my daughter the same true wealth that cannot be taken away from her, even though I see no prospect for her but to be a sempstress? If their external lot is to be circumscribed and their fare scant, the more reason that they should have compensations in themselves. Have worthier conceptions of human nature. Set high and not poor ideals before your children, and they will seek to attain to them. We talk on Sundays of the dignity of human nature, of the worth of the soul, of the sufficiency of character; and throughout the week we are materialists pure and simple. The objects set before our sons are to get money; and the prize dangled before our true-hearted girls' eyes is a husband with money. We do boys and girls grievous injustice. Too often we succeed in debasing them. They owe to us their stunted natures, their worldly minds, and the general atheism of their lives, veneered with the form of religion prevailing in their day. Can we not believe the great Teacher's words, 'the Kingdom of God is within you,' and so believing, care for that which is within rather than for that which is without?

We should, I say, value culture for itself, and not for the career it may lead to, or the external advantages it may secure. But here, as in every other similar case, the first leads to the second. What the world needs above everything else is well-qualified workers in every department. My great difficulty is, not to find positions, but to find persons qualified to fill them. Work is always needed

to be done. But who shall direct us to honest and competent workers? They are at present establishing a new industry in Halifax, and they have sent two of their leading merchants to roam over the Great Republic to try and find some one fit to be entrusted with its management. I understand that it was difficult to find a person qualified to fill a situation in Montreal worth $25,000 a year. There are Professorships vacant in our Universities every year, and men competent to fill them are not easily found. When a lady applies to me for a governess, though I know of many out of work, I am thankful to find one whom I can recommend. Principals of Ladies' Colleges assure me that their difficulty is the same. We need not be alarmed at the spread and improvement of education. What the world needs, and greatly needs, is not less of it, but more and better. Depend upon it, the well-educated man and woman can always get work to do, and food and raiment, at least, as recompense. They ask for no more. In themselves they have a kingdom and an inexpugnable fortress into which they can at all times retreat, where no storms beat, and no famine threatens. 'Not by bread alone is the life of man sustained; not by raiment alone is he warmed,' writes a seer who did much for the higher life of England, in the first half of our century, 'but by the genial and vernal inmate of the breast, which at once pushes forth and cherishes; by self support and self-sufficing endeavours; by anticipations, apprehensions, and active remembrances; by elasticity under insult, and firm resistance to injury; by joy and by love; by pride, which his imagination gathers in from afar; by patience, because life wants not promises; by admiration; by gratitude—which debasing him not when his fellow-being is its object—habitually expands itself for his elevation, in complacency towards his Creator.' Every word of this is as true of women as of men. And the substance of what I have written is this, throw no obstacle in the way of those women who seek to develope and cultivate to the utmost their higher nature, intellectual, emotional, and moral. Let them know that all the avenues, and all the pages of knowledge, are open to them; and that it is not unworthy of their sex to think and to hope. For a very long time, only a small minority will seek to obtain this good thing of full-orbed culture. Among that minority may be—probably will be—some fitted to bless mankind. In the name of justice, for man's sake as well as for woman's sake, let the few who seek, find; or if they fail, let them not have to blame any but themselves. Failure, both men and women must acquiesce in. Injustice, neither man nor woman can bear.

THE POWERS OF CANADIAN LEGISLATURES.

BY S. J. WATSON, TORONTO.

A POLITICAL heresy has lately attempted to sap the common faith in the powers of the Provincial Legislatures: its present object is to dwarf and belittle them; its future object to sweep them out of existence.

This heresy, formulated in brief, would make the uninformed believe that these Legislatures are little better than deliberative bodies; that they possess, of right, few executive functions; that their usefulness is a debateable question, and that their existence may almost be said to depend upon sufferance. In speculative politics, the right of these Legislatures to live, is a fair subject for discussion, like the utility of the Federal Senate. It happens, however, that very little investigation will show that our Legislative Assemblies exist to perform the functions which render necessary the life of a Colonial Parliament.

Let us inquire by what titles our Canadian Legislatures have, in times past, designated themselves.

We find in an official document, issued by Sir Peregrine Maitland, dated York, 21st of October, 1826, the words:—'Whereas, by our Proclamation, bearing date the 25th day of September last, we thought fit to prorogue our 'Provincial Parliament,' etc.

The Legislature of the late Province of Canada was, throughout its history, styled, in official documents, 'The Provincial Parliament.' Taking up, at random, the Journals of the old House of Assembly, we find in those of 1854, a Proclamation of the Earl of Elgin dissolving 'the present Provincial Parliament of Our said Province.'

In the earlier years of Confederation, the Proclamations respecting the summoning of the Houses of Ontario and Quebec, employed the words 'Legislature or Parliament of the Province of Ontario;' and 'Legislature or Parliament of the Province of Quebec.'

In the Confederation Resolutions, 72 in number, adopted on the 13th of March, 1865, by the late Parliament of Canada, we find that the words 'Legislature' and 'Parliament,' 'House of Commons,' and 'House of Assembly,' are regarded as practically synonomous and interchangeable.

Resolution 6 'There shall be a General Legislature or Parliament for the Federated Provinces, composed of the Legislative Council and the House of Commons.'

Resolution 49. 'The House of Commons, or House of Assembly shall not originate,' etc.

Resolution 79. 'The sanction of Imperial and Local Parliaments shall be sought for the Union of the Provinces,' etc.

It will not be hard to show that our Provincial Legislatures rank amongst the most important factors in our political system; that they are not the mere appendages of the Federal Parliament; that they have high duties to fulfil, and that, within their own sphere, they are independent of the Ottawa House, and are absolutely sovereign. Let us test the matter.

On the 17th of September, 1792, the first Parliament of Upper Canada met at Newark. Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe delivered to them an address, the opening paragraph of which says:—

'I have summoned you together under the authority of an Act of the Parliament of Great Britain, passed

in the last year, and which has established the British Constitution, and also the forms which secure and maintain it in this distant country.' Mr. John Macdonnell, one of the members for Glengarry, was elected Speaker. The Speaker, following the English precedent, presented himself for approval to Lieut.-Governor Simcoe, who represented the King of Great Britain. The approval was granted, and the King's Representative then promised that the members of the House should 'enjoy freedom of debate, access to his person, and freedom from arrest.' There are some who think that Simcoe had no authority to make this promise. But it must be remembered that he was a military man, and belonged to an order which, as a rule, refuses to act except on unquestionable authority. Is it not more than probable, therefore, that in the solemn ceremony of opening a new National Legislature in the wilderness, Simcoe left nothing to chance or the hazard of the moment, but that every act and every word were carefully studied beforehand, and authorized by the Governor-General in Quebec, acting for the King, or by the monarch himself, in a manner now unknown to us. No Royal Instructions can cover every eventuality that may arise in the administration of a Dependency; much is left to the discretion of the Governor, and much communicated to him which is never made public.

Would it not have degraded the solemnity of founding a new order of things to the level of a meaningless farce, if the Lieut.-Governor had not promised that the members of the nascent Legislature should not enjoy 'freedom of debate and access to his person?' The promise of freedom from arrest was in reality a very simple affair; little more than a matter of form. From 1792 until 1840, the year of the Union Act, a period of nearly half a century, there was only one case in which Privilege was pleaded against arrest.

The difficulty as to Simcoe's promise is, after all, a mere question of words. The great self-evident fact remains unassailed and unassailable, that the Legislature of the Province of Upper Canada, as long as it existed, continued to do all things pertaining to a Parliament. It raised money by taxes; made, enforced, and repealed laws; exercised the right to arrest and imprison. In a word, the Upper Canadian Legislature, in its local sphere, was as much a Parliament as, in its imperial sphere, was the House of Commons in Westminster.

We shall see, further on, whether, in the opinion of some of our ablest jurists, the rights and powers of the old Legislatures have not descended to the present Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec. In the meantime, we shall glance at some of the acts of the Legislature of Upper Canada; acts in which it exercised powers that were locally sovereign; which powers were never abrogated or questioned by the King's representative, or denied by the King's Courts.

The Statute of 31st George the Third, cap. 31, known as the 'Constitutional Act,' authorized the division of the Province of Quebec into the separate Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and the establishment of their respective Legislatures. The second section of this Act provides, amongst other things, 'That in each of the said Provinces, his Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, shall have power during the Continuance of this Act, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly of such Provinces, respectively, *to make laws for the peace, welfare, and good government thereof*, etc. The italics are our own.

The Union Act, 3-4 Vic., cap. 35, sec. 3, enacts as follows:—

'From and after the Re-union of the said Two Provinces, there shall be within the Province of Canada one Legislative Council and one Assembly * * which shall be called "The

Legislative Council and Assembly of Canada;" and within the Province of Canada, Her Majesty shall have power, by and with Advice and Consent of the said Legislative Council and Assembly, *to make laws for the peace, welfare, and good government* of the Province of Canada,"' &c., &c.

It will be seen by the passages marked in italics, that the powers and functions of the old Legislatures of Upper and Lower Canada were neither abrogated nor changed by the Union Act; but, on the contrary, were transferred in full force to their Legislative heir-at-law and successor. Nay more, the same clear and emphatic language which, in the Imperial Act of 1791, defines the object of the creation of the old Legislatures, namely:—'To make laws for the peace, welfare and good government of each Province,' is repeated in respect to the creation of the Legislature of the United Provinces.

We shall proceed to show, in the language of official documents themselves, how the Legislatures of Upper Canada, and of United Canada, interpreted Lieut. Governor Simcoe's concession, and the words we have italicised. In the proceedings of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, 1828, are found:

Motion, that Nathaniel Coffin, Esq., Adjutant-General of Militia, and James Givens, Esq., Superintendent of Indian Affairs, having been summoned by a Committee to appear before them, and not having complied therewith, they be apprehended and placed at the Bar, to answer for such contempt, forthwith. Amendment, for appointing a Committee to search into precedents, and ascertain in what cases the Executive Government should be addressed, in order to produce the attendance of any public officer, &c., negatived: main motion agreed to. Sergeant-at-Arms reports his proceedings upon the Speaker's warrant, and the refusal of those gentlemen to allow themselves to be arrested; Report ordered to be entered upon the Journals, *nem con.* They are placed at the Bar, and, being called upon for their defence, they severally explain the cause of their refusal; their statements to be taken down in writing, and entered on the Journals. Motion, that James Givens, Esq., has been guilty of contempt of the House, and a breach of its privileges, and that the Speaker do issue his warrant for committing him to the York Gaol for the remainder of the present Session: several amendments negatived, and motion agreed to. A like resolution, respecting Nathaniel Coffin, Esq. Speaker submits the form of separate warrants of committal, which are approved by the House. Sergeant-at-Arms directed to carry the the same into execution.

The plea of Messrs. Coffin and Givens was, that both of them had applied to his Excellency for leave to attend the Committee, but that, in each case, he had refused permission. In the case of Mr. Givens, his answer was, 'That he is an officer of the Indian Department, and is now acting at the head of that Department in this Province.' In the case of Mr. Coffin, his Excellency's answer was, that he could not give him permission to attend the Committee, appointed to enquire and report upon the petition of William Forsyth, because he (the Lieut.-Governor), did not know what were the matters of which Forsyth complained, or what were the facts in regard to which the Committee desired to interrogate Mr. Coffin. (Journals, 1828).

In respect of these arrests, a Message was transmitted to the House of Assembly, by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland. Mr. Speaker Willson, who, in his signature to the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, at the opening of the Session, styles himself, 'John Willson, Speaker, *Commons* House of Assembly,' read the Message to the House:

'P. MAITLAND. The Lieutenant-

Governor, acquaints the House of Assembly that the Adjutant-General of Militia, and Colonel Givens, Superintendent of Indian affairs, acting as the head of that Department in this Province, have reported to him that they are in custody under a warrant of the Speaker of the House of Assembly for a contempt in disobeying the summons of a Select Committee appointed to report upon a petition of William Forsyth.

'The Lieutenant-Governor will always view with extreme regret any circumstance likely to produce misunderstanding between any of the branches of the Legislature; and, notwithstanding the protection which he justly owes to all officers serving under his Government, and acting, as he conceives, in the due discharge of their duty, he has forborne to interrupt the proceedings of the Session, by hastening the intended period of Prorogation*, indulging a hope that some measure useful to the country might be matured before the Legislature separated. . . . . .

'The departure of the Assembly from the usage prevailing in this Colony, and as far as he can learn, in other Governments, could not be acquiesced in by him without that conviction of its propriety which he does not now entertain.†

'For his future guidance, under similar circumstances, he will solicit the directions of His Majesty's Government--if the power claimed by the House of Assembly has been constitutionally assumed and exercised, the House has discharged its duty in asserting it. If, otherwise, the Lieutenant-Governor, in withholding his permission,‡ had a duty to fulfil from which he could not properly recede—and of this the Assembly may be assured, that if the propriety of its proceedings shall be confirmed by His Majesty, no one will be more ready than himself to recognise the privilege in question on all future occasions, and to enforce its observance by all whom it is his duty to control.

'Government House,
'24th March, 1828.'

This message from Sir Peregrine Maitland is nothing less than might be expected from one who cherished his peculiar views on what we now term Responsible Government. The second paragraph ends with a sneer. It is to be observed, however, that the complaint is a personal one; the House had dared to imprison two officers whom the Lieutenant-Governor regarded as under his protection, 'acting as they conceived, in the due discharge of their duty.'

But the most important point yet remains to be noticed. There can be no doubt that Sir Peregrine fulfilled his promise 'to solicit the direction of His Majesty's Government.' There can be as little doubt, that no official answer to the 'solicitation' was ever made public. The Imperial Government, by its silence, must be taken to have acquiesced in the course of the Upper Canadian Legislature. The House took no action on the Message. Messrs. Givens and Coffin were committed on the 22nd of March; the House was prorogued on the 25th of March, when, of course, they would be liberated.

In the House, in 1829:—

Motion, that Allan N. MacNab, Esq., having refused to answer certain questions put to him by the Committee on the Hamilton Outrage, and having otherwise misdemeaned himself, is guilty of a high contempt and breach of the Privileges of the House. Motion agreed to. Mr. Speaker to issue his warrant for apprehending him. He is placed at the Bar, and

* This expression is somewhat obscure: it may mean, however, that, although the prorogation of the House would, of necessity, have liberated the officials, the Lieut.-Governor had forborne to hasten that event.

†Sir P. G. Maitland was unaware of the case of the Legislature of Jamaica, and Major-General Carmichael, noticed further on.

‡ To obey the summons of the Committee.

called on for his defence, which he makes accordingly. Motion, that Mr. MacNab be discharged; amendment, that he be committed to York Gaol during the pleasure of the House, carried. The Speaker submits a warrant of committal, which is approved by the House. Mr. Speaker reports a letter from Mr. MacNab relative to his imprisonment. Order, that he be discharged. Mr. Speaker submits a warrant for his discharge, which was approved of.'

[From the Journals, 1829:—

'Mr. Henry John Boulton, Solicitor-General: For a high contempt and breach of the Privileges of the House, in objecting to answer questions put to him by the Committee on the Hamilton Outrage. He is placed at the Bar, and makes his defence. He is admonished and discharged. Order, *nem. con.*, for placing on the Journals what Mr. Speaker (Bidwell) said in admonishing him.'

The Speaker, in his admonition to the Solicitor-General, amongst other things, said:—

'The privileges of the House of Assembly, which you have questioned, have been given to it by the Constitution, and for wise and useful purposes. They are necessary for the preservation of its rights and the performance of its most important duties. It is the Grand Inquest of the Province. It is not merely allowed, but bound, to inquire into all grievances and abuses, and to remedy them; especially those which, from the rank, influence, or number of delinquents, or from any other circumstances, the ordinary tribunals of justice cannot fully and promptly redress. These privileges, therefore, are necessary for the protection of the people and the welfare of the country.

'It is to the spirit and firmness with which the House of Commons in England has upon all occasions asserted and maintained its Privileges against the King and the House of Lords, and, when necessary, against popular prejudice, that our parent country owes her liberties and the best principles of her Constitution. They must be as necessary for the protection of the subject and the preservation of liberty in this Province, as they ever have been in England. They should be guarded and supported, therefore, with the same vigilance and resolution here as they have been in that country—whose example it is our pride and duty to follow.

* * * * *

'Finding, from your answer, that you are now disposed to treat its Privileges with just and becoming respect, and to defer your own private opinion to the judgment of that body whose constitutional right it is to decide upon its own Privileges, it is willing to dismiss you with no other punishment than this admonition from its Speaker. This moderation is a proof that these Privileges have been safely lodged by the Constitution in its hands, and that they will never be used in a wanton or oppressive manner.']

Now for a few illustrations of the manner in which the Parliament of the late Province of Canada asserted and vindicated its privileges, in its endeavours 'to make laws for the peace, welfare and good government' of the country.

[From the Journals, 1854–5:—

In re the Argenteuil Election.—D. G. Lebel, Deputy Returning Officer for St. Hermas, was summoned before the Bar of the House to give an account of his conduct at the said election. Leave was given him to produce witnesses. He was declared guilty of a breach of privilege in closing the poll several hours before the time prescribed by law, without any adequate reason therefor, and was committed to gaol for twenty-four hours.

[From the Journals, 1854–5:—

Mr. T. Brodeur, member for Bagot, refused to obey the order of the House, which directed him to be examined as returning officer, touching the Bagot election. He was taken into custody and placed at the Bar, but having answered the questions, put to him by the House, was discharged.]

A peculiar case was that of Mr. J. Gleason, because the House took cognizance of a matter that was an offence at law. For his conduct in sending a challenge to Mr. N. Casault, M.P.P., a member of the Bellechasse Election Committee, Mr. Gleason was placed at the Bar; but on his petition expressing his sorrow and praying the indulgence of the House, he was discharged from custody. (Journals, 1854–5.)

In re the Lotbinière Election of 1858. James McCullough, for having disobeyed the order of the House to attend and give evidence touching the election for the County of Lotbinière (1858), was placed at the Bar. He was examined. Motion that J. McCullough, Poll Clerk, and George Coté, Deputy Returning Officer, for the parish of St. Sylvestre, are guilty of a gross fraud and breach of Privilege in being privy to the fraudulent registration on the poll-book of fictitious names, &c. Both were found guilty and committed to gaol during pleasure. Coté was discharged on May 12th, but McCullough was kept in prison until the 6th of August, 1858, when he was liberated by the Speaker's warrant, directed to the keeper of the common gaol of York and Peel. (Journals, 1858.)

The next case in point is the Saguenay Election. M. McCarty, A. Guay, L. Lavoie, and E. Tremblay appeared at the Bar to answer for their conduct at the election. They were severally found guilty of a breach of Privilege, having been privy to the fraudulent inscribing of names on the poll-books for the parishes for which they were respectively Deputy Returning Officers, and were committed to gaol for ten days. The Speaker reported that an application had been made to the Courts, on the part of Lavoie, for a writ of *habeas corpus*. . . (Jours. 1854–5.)

For further notice of this case see *infra*.

The last noticeable case in which the late Legislature of Canada vindicated its right to punish breach of its Privileges, was in 1866, in regard to an assault committed on one of the members. The sentence was that the assailant should be reprimanded, and committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, during the pleasure of the House. During the existence of Lower Canada as a separate Province, there were several occasions on which its Legislature imprisoned for breach of Privilege; but space forbids special reference to more than two of them, in another place.

We have seen how the Legislatures of Upper Canada defined and maintained their privileges. Let us now see in what light the Jurists regarded these claims. We shall take the case of *MacNab* v. *Bidwell and Baldwin*, as reported in Draper's King Bench Reports, Easter Term, 1830; pp. 144–158. It has been already noticed.

The Court held that 'the House of Assembly in this Province have a constitutional right to call persons before them for the purpose of obtaining information; and if the House adjudge the conduct of such persons in answering or refusing to answer before a Select Committee to be a contempt, they have the right of imprisoning them.' The charge was trespass and false imprisonment against the Speaker, and another member of the House of Assembly, Mr. Baldwin. Chief Justice, the Hon. John Beverley Robinson, in delivering judgment, said, amongst other things:—

. . . 'In a case, then, of contempt, so clearly and directly alleged on the pleadings, and resolved by the House,

I cannot see upon what sound principle the power of the Assembly can be denied. . . . Then, if *a priori*, and independently of precedents, such a body as the House of Commons must be armed with authority to commit for contempt, and thereby to remove any immediate obstructions to its proceedings, I think the same power, for the same reasons, must be admitted to reside in the House of Assembly here: for that Assembly represents all the people in this Province; it has, in conjunction with the other branches of the Legislature, *power to bind the lives, liberties and estates of all the inhabitants of this country.* (The italics here, and elsewhere in this decision, are our own.)

'Although the Legislature of this Colony is subordinate to the Imperial Parliament, it is the *supreme power* acting in this Province; *its legislative authority extends to the most important objects*, and the instances in which it is restrained, are, perhaps, not those of the greatest and most immediate consequence for the welfare of society. If a legislative body with such powers, and established for such purposes, had not also the power of giving effect to their consultations, by protecting themselves from insult, and removing obstruction from their proceedings, I am not certain that more injury than good might not be found to result from the Constitution conferred upon us; and I cannot satisfy myself, upon any reasoning, that it is not as important for us as the people of England that our Legislature should not be compelled to make laws in the dark, and that they should have power to inquire before they come to decide. . . . .

'Without discussing further the objections that have been or may be raised, I am, on the whole, of opinion that this action cannot be supported. . . . It is plain that if upon this record this action could be sustained against one of those defendants, no one could venture hereafter to fill the situation of Speaker; and if it could be sustained against the other, certainly that would be an end of an independent exercise of the will and judgment upon constitutional questions by the members of that body.

. . . . . .

'The true point of view in which to regard the question is, that these powers are required by the House in order to enable them to promote the welfare of their constituents; we are bound to suppose that they will use them with discretion and for good ends, and, *if we had the power*, we should have no right to withhold them, on the assumption that they desire to pervert the objects of their Constitution.'

Judgment for defendants.

We shall now glance very briefly at two of the instances in which the Legislature of the Province of Lower Canada claimed and asserted its privileges. During the Session of the Provincial Parliament of Quebec, in 1817, Samuel Wentworth Monk was committed by the Assembly to the common gaol of the district, during pleasure, for a contempt: refusing to produce certain registers and documents before the House, or one of its Committees. A Special Committee was appointed to examine into the precedents for such commitments. They cited, amongst other cases, that of the Legislature of Jamaica, which attached the person of Major-General Carmichael, the officer in command of the Forces, and brought him to the Bar of the House, to give evidence as to the proceedings before a Court Martial.

The Parliament of Quebec was prorogued on the 22nd day of March, 1817, and, on that day the Court then sitting for the trial of crimes and criminal offences—on motion, granted a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the above cause of detention being returnable, it was moved that Samuel Wentworth Monk be discharged. The Court,

without determining whether the detention of Mr. Monk was legal or illegal, whether the warrant by which he was detained was accurate or inaccurate, discharged him upon the ground that the period for which he was committed had expired. (Stuart's L. C. R., pp. 120–121).

But it was not in the case of the popular and elective branch of the Legislature alone that the Canadian Judiciary, in times past, admitted and confirmed the claims for Privileges. In the case of *Daniel Tracy*, reported in Stuart, L. C. R., pp. 478–517, the Court held that 'the Legislative Council has a right to commit, for breach of Privilege or in cases of libel; and the Court will not notice any defect in the warrant of commitment for such an offence after conviction.' The libel was published in the *Montreal Vindicator* of the 3rd Jan. 1832.

The same order was entered in the case of *Ludger Duvernay*, brought before the Court by another writ of *habeas corpus*, upon a conviction by the Legislative Council on the 17th of January, 1832, for a similar breach of Privilege, in publishing in the paper, *La Minerve*, on the 9th Jan., 1831, a libel upon that branch of the Legislature. Justice Kerr, in the course of his remarks, observed: 'But it has been argued by the defendants' advocate that the Legislative Council has acquired no such power, (that of the House of Lords, in the matter of Privilege), by immemorial custom and usage, and that the Parliamentary Charter of the year 1791 confers no such authority upon it. I certainly admit that this body does not possess, like the House of Lords, a right to fine and imprison beyond the Session, nor so extensive Privileges as the Lords and Commons possess. But can the exercise of the power of proceeding summarily and committing for a libel against the Legislative Council, as an aggregate body, be refused to them without their sinking into utter contempt and inefficiency? . . . And whether a political institution is vested with the authority to make laws, or to explain and enforce them, it must of necessity possess all the powers requisite to ensure the purposes for which it was created. . . . The counsel for the defendants appear to consider the Privileges of both Houses of Parliament, of punishing for contempt, to be derived from the *Aula Regis*, which exercised all the authority of a Supreme Court of Justice; but the Ecclesiastical and Admiralty Courts, which do not derive their jurisdiction from the same source, exercise the same right of punishing summarily all contempts committed against their dignity and authority.'

Justice Bowen, in pronouncing his decision said, amongst other things: 'Looking at the Act, 31 Geo. III. cap. 31, we find that the Provincial Legislature is empowered 'to make laws for the peace, welfare, and good government of the Province;' and in no part of this Act is there any mention of what shall be the Privileges of either branch of the Provincial Legislature; but it is certainly true that the framers of it intended to confer upon the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada a Constitution modelled, as far as circumstances would permit, precisely upon that of Great Britain. It has been well observed by Sir William Blackstone, treating upon this very subject, 'that the Privileges of Parliament are large and indefinite; that if all the Privileges of Parliament were once to be set down and *ascertained*, and no Privilege to be allowed but what was so defined and determined, it were easy for the Executive Power to devise some new case, not within the line of Privilege, and *under pretence thereof*, to harrass any refractory member and violate the freedom of Parliament; the dignity and independence of the two Houses are therefore in great measure preserved by keeping their privileges *indefinite*. . . . .

'Besides, by the conviction before

us, the Legislative Council have done no more than the House of Commons has invariably done upon similar occasions—imprisoned the offender during the Session of the Legislature, and in doing so have exercised a power which, during a period of nearly forty years has been frequently exercised by the Assembly of this Province. . . . That these Privileges have likewise been acted upon by other Provincial Legislatures, and have been recognised by the highest authority, may be seen by the Journals of the Assembly of Jamaica, in 1808, in the case of Major-General Carmichael. . . . .

'This Province enjoys a Constitution similar to that of England, in virtue of a particular Statute, it is true, to make laws for the welfare and good government of the Province. Although the Statute mentions only this power, it does not deprive the Colonial Legislatures of their powers which are inherent and necessary for bodies constituted to perform their duties with liberty, independence, and for the general good. . . . . If in England this power is recognised as inherent in the Constitution, that is to say, as a Parliamentary law, necessary to the independence of their bodies, as a law of the country, it exists in this country. In granting us the Constitution, Great Britain has given us the laws to protect it. Although the Constitutional Act maintains but certain particular duties, this does not deprive the Colonial Legislature of other powers which are enjoyed by the other Colonies, where Constitutions are only established by Charter; indeed the Provincial Legislature has performed other duties inherent in the Imperial Parliament, and the right of doing which cannot be denied to our Provincial Legislature, although not mentioned in the Constitutional Acts; and their duties are also of high importance, and required power and independence of a Constitutional character to fulfil them. These rights have been claimed and exercised in this country since the commencement of the Constitution.' (The italics in the foregoing, are in the Report.)

The case of *Lavoie* (see above), was the only one of importance, which during the existence of the Parliament of the late Province of Canada, was contested before the courts.

'Lavoie was committed to gaol by the House of Assembly of the Province of Canada, on the warrant of the Speaker of the House, for the space of ten days, for breach of the Privileges of the House, in that, as Deputy-Returning Officer, he had connived at and been guilty of gross fraud,' etc.

The court held, on his petition for a writ of *habeas corpus*, that such malversation of office was a breach of the Privileges of the House, and that the House had in such case the power of determining judicially all matters touching the election of its own members, including the performance of the duty of those officers who are entrusted with the regulation of the election of its members; and further, that the Courts of Law could not enquire under such a commitment, nor discharge nor bail a person so committed; yet, as the commitment did not profess to be for a contempt, but was evidently arbitrary, unjust, etc., the court would not only be competent, but bound to discharge the person.' (Stephens' Quebec Law Digest, pp. 922 923.)

We have now done with the illustrations of the claims of the Provincial Legislatures of Upper, Lower, and United Canada. Enough has been brought forward to prove that they were not mere automata, created by the Constitutional and Union Acts, and gyrating in limping and aimless impotence in the narrow circles of a statute law. Proof has been given that these old Legislatures were something nobler and more powerful than the mere letter of the Acts which gave them a legal and technical claim to exist. Our Canadian Courts, always

and righteously jealous of the least infringement of personal liberty, felt bound, even when that liberty was jeopardized in conflict with these Legislatures, to recognise that, in certain cases, they possessed powers inherent, and independent of the phraseology of the statute-draftsman. In a word, the Canadian tribunals ruled that, barring those sovereign attributes which belong, by assured and pre-eminent right to, the Imperial Legislature, and which cannot be delegated, the Legislatures of the Provinces of Upper, Lower, and United Canada were not mere deliberative bodies with an incidental permission to enact laws, but were real and veritable Parliaments.

We shall, at another time, endeavour to prove that the present Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec are the inheritors of the powers and Privileges of the old Provincial Parliaments of Canada.

SOMEWHERE.

HOW can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day:
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to Him who holds within
The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him:
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear
Poor human words of blessing, will I pray,
O true, brave heart! God bless thee, wheresoe'er
In His great universe thou art to-day!

From 'Friar Anselmo.'

SOME LAST WORDS ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

BY OUR OLD FRIEND OF NEWFANGLE.

WELL, my dears, here I am at your service again. An old woman, to be sure, and a bit of a battered old body, seventy-seven years old, but sound at the core yet, and still able to tell how many beans make five. I am rather flattered by being told that in my person there has been a good lawyer lost. To tell you the truth, girls, I have sometimes thought so myself. But, lawyer or no lawyer, I hope I may never have a worse cause to plead than that of the men of our common human nature, our fathers and sons and brothers. A man who sings the praises of women may be a 'noble poet;' I am content, but, to my thinking, it is a yet nobler task to undertake the defence of men upon whom unjust aspersions are cast. It has been suggested that I might have left the defence of men to themselves. Not a bit of it, my dears. Few men would think it worth their while or would take the trouble. And here I am led to ask, is this opponent of mine a man or a woman? From all outward signs I should say a man. It would be an extremely rare woman who would speak of men as 'Non-Resident' does, whereas I could imagine it possible that a man might think himself entitled to speak of his own sex in any terms that might please himself—a *rara avis* to be sure, but then there *are* odd fishes. Women generally reserve their censure for women; read their books about themselves; listen to their talk about one another. Besides, there is the principle of *detur digniori*—yes, my dears, I know a few scraps of Latin-grammar like several lady writers whom I could name. So that, for all these reasons I trust I may take the liberty of supposing 'Non-Resident' to be of the masculine gender.

My dears, I really ought to beg your pardon for asking you to listen to a very few words—and I promise a *very* few—from 'our venerable friend' of Newfangle. I shall confine myself strictly to correcting mistatements—as nearly as I possibly can, at least—and it is always well and right to do that. It has been suggested that my 'first homily' was 'throughout a *sneer*'—yes, my dears, *sneer* in italics—'at the higher education of women.' You will find it hard to believe so wild a mistatement, so bring the MAGAZINE (for all this has, somehow or other, got into print) and see for yourselves that, in that 'homily,' education is very slightly spoken of twice, and, each time, expressly with reference to men and women alike, as being both subject to the same conditions. In all the rest, about nineteen-twentieths of the whole, I think I may say positively that education is not once alluded to. In like manner, the imputed 'attack' might be disposed of. You know very well, my dears, that my 'homily' has been highly approved of by women—for Bella will continue to think Jack the finest fellow in the world—and that it has been read by men to their wives and daughters—they have told you so themselves. Nay, a critic has said 'it is written with the utmost good humour, and no one could be offended at it. But it is more than that,' &c., &c.

My definition of an average man 'Non-Resident' 'demurs to.' But,

unfortunately, in the very next sentence, we find an evident misunderstanding of what average means. He speaks of 'the average yield of a field of wheat,' an expression which has no meaning, at least, here in Newfangle. No farmer here would say so—no farmer would know what was meant. If he had anything to say about his field of wheat, he would put his meaning into some other and more intelligible form. In default, then, of a juster appreciation by 'Non-Resident' of the word 'average,' we may fairly fall back on my own interpretation, that, namely, of 'nearly all men.' Average men are all those who are not remarkable in any way, whether for good or evil; they spread over the dull level of mediocrity—a vast uninteresting plain, which comprehends within its limits the great bulk of humanity—if not ninety-nine out of a hundred, certainly not less than ninety. Nearly all men in short. I do not know why the 'manufacturer or importer, the milk-seller, the shopkeeper, the lawyer' are held up as peculiar examples of dishonesty; it can hardly be intended to attribute to them a monopoly of cheating; men of whatever calling are, take them all round, pretty even. Stand up then, men of the Dominion, and plead to this indictment. What say you? Guilty or not guilty?

A good deal of pathos—irreproachable where well bestowed—is thrown away, so far as I am concerned, upon 'women of mature age weeping,' and 'many a poor school teacher, &c.' I will ask 'Non-Resident' to widen his charity in my case, and to believe me capable of heartily commiserating *all* unfortunate women. At the same time, I must say that the female school teacher, who has come most in my way, has been rather a dashing young woman, with plenty of money for dress, and plenty of leisure for displaying it. And I can truly declare that, in all my time, I have never heard of a single one being defrauded of never so small a portion of her stipend. So that there are two sides to *that* 'shield.' The scorn attributed to me is mere matter of imagination. I did not say one word about the loss to the women themselves, one way or another, beyond stating its amount and its proportion to their earnings, as a matter of figures when I was necessarily dealing with figures, and as a matter likely to be lost sight of when our eyes were dazzled with such a sum as $21,000. What I did say was that the *proportion* of the 'helpless relatives' of this small *proportional* loss—this fraction of a fraction in their case—could hardly be supposed to cause much suffering to them. When the cruelty of men's cheating is held up to reprobation in a sensational style, I claim, for my part, the absolute right to dissect it to the last atom, and exhibit it in its naked truth. It must be borne in mind that these 'helpless relatives' are a pure assumption, except in a certain proportion of cases in which they may no doubt be fairly supposed to exist. Let us have the truth without exaggeration. Fortunate the woman, as fortunate the man, who have it in their power to assist helpless relatives. It is a virtue certainly not confined to women. I am sorry, more sorry for him than for myself, that 'Non-Resident' has so low an estimate of the 'appreciation shown by a Woman of Newfangle of the circumstances and needs of her struggling and suffering sisters,' and that he attributes to her an ignorance upon such points which taxes our credulity even in a royal personage in these times, in the well-worn story of Marie Antoinette. The 'Woman of Newfangle' must find her consolation in throwing herself upon the consideration of the community in which she has lived all these long years, and which must happily know more about her than a 'Non-Resident' can. I can only say that in Newfangle—and I hope it is the same where 'Non-Resident' lives

—our struggling and suffering sisters are never—no, *never*, I believe—left without help. Our charities do not lie dormant here more than elsewhere.

The 'story' of Baron Huddleston may be 'alarming' or charming—either epithet seems about equally applicable—for aught I can say. 'Non-Resident's' estimate of a lie is self-evident, but perhaps it is not all. It may possibly be thought that, where one is glib and fluent in a lie, and another boggles, the first has probably had more practice. But the 'story' was introduced with no intention of this kind; it was left to make its own impression purposely without one word of comment. It was brought in as having a direct bearing on the point at issue, namely, how far on such an authority as to the credibility of women in courts of justice it would be admissible to strike off one from the list of 'fraudulent' cases in Newfangle. It has been said to me, 'if fraud is imputed to all these men, why not impute falsehood to all these women? There is no more proof of one than of the other, nor is one a bit more hard or unjust or unfair than the other.' I have not said so, but I have no answer to make.

I am sorry that 'Non-Resident' should think that I desired 'to take a small advantage' in the case of Captain Carey. My explanation is somewhat akin to that of 'Non Resident.' Carefully examine the relative dates for yourselves, and you will see that, when I spoke to you about the matter, the ultimate decision had not yet reached us here. I, too, knew all about the torrent of indignant condemnation, but it is a mistake to speak of the 'apparent unanimity of public opinion;' unanimity was far from apparent or real. There is no more dangerous 'torrent' to be carried away upon than that of popular clamour. You will remember that, from the first, I told you to reserve your opinion. I recommended to you two maxims, always safe and more than safe—Believe in innocence till guilt is proved—Do not kick a man when he is down. In short, I do not know a principle of more universal acceptation than that, while a case is yet *sub judice*, outsiders must not presume to pronounce upon it. There must be so many scholars of this common school that to claim to be one of them is a very small matter.

'Non-Resident' says 'that was an unfortunate reference' (to the United States) 'from our friend from Newfangle, &c.,' and yet it is to the United States that he goes for his examples of the 'defrauding' of women; of the 'weak binding themselves together to resist the oppression of the strong;' and of 'the preposterous system of sex protection,' all which, we are given to understand, fall far short of the truth. It is of American men that we are asked to believe that, when they are paying to 6,500 women the sum of $1,300,000 (at the low average of $200 each), they are capable of the almost incredible cheese-paring meanness and guilt of endeavouring to rob them back again of a sixtieth part of the money! Say what you will of it, whether or not it be 'so much the worse for the facts,' it is incredible on the very face of it. 'Mr. Stephenson,' asked a member of a Parliamentary Committee, 'if a cow should stray on the track of the railway, how then?' Answers canny north-country George, 'So much the worse for the coo.' If 'Non-Resident' will permit me, I will take the liberty of pointing out to him that facts depend for their true significance on all accompanying and associated circumstances. There is the fact that we stand stock-still and see the sun rise up, travel across the sky, and sink down to rest, no facts on the face of creation are more absolutely manifest, yet—so much the worse for the facts. 'Non-Resident' speaks of the time-honoured privilege of the sex, 'what she will, she will, you may depend on't,' and if the facts go against her, 'so much the worse for the facts.' Is he not caught napping for once? Is

not even 'Non-Resident' here having his own little fling at the sex?

In the case of the English female authors, I am content to 'let judgment go by default' (has there not another lawyer been lost beside the woman of Newfangle?). I am so much more in the habit of seeing English magazines than American, that I did not notice that 'Non-Resident' referred particularly to American magazines. I apologise.

With regard to the man who is paid $1,800 a year, I spoke designedly. From what was said, it was to be understood that this man is a mere copying clerk of the most ordinary capacity, a class of men notoriously receiving small, very small payment. Either, then, this is an exceptional case in some way or other, or it is not uncommon for copying clerks in the U. S. P. O's to be paid $1800 a year for their services. This certainly does seem a case of 'so much the worse for the facts,' and I think we could *not* very well come to a 'decision' about it 'without knowing more about the case.' On the face of it, 'Non-Resident' has here discovered an 'Arcadia' of his own—an arcadia of American P. O. copying clerks. It would appear that all the cases in connection with this part of the subject are allowed 'to go by default in the very *test instances* selected by' himself, namely, any inadequacy of the lady's salary or hardship to herself, or any 'preposterous sex protection' in the cases of the illustrations and the cabinet. By the way, if 'genius usually commands its own recognition, especially musical or pictorial, art,' how came it that these 'very exquisite' illustrations did not command their recognition?

The difference about 'difference' may be briefly disposed of. We need no conjuror to discover that 'difference' in the dictionary is not explained as 'inferiority.' If one says, 'there is a difference between June and July,' it is true that there are minor variations, but we should hardly think of any inferiority of either to the other. But, if he says, 'there is a difference between June and January,' he hastens to make it appear that he is conscious of the manifest inferiority of January (just the same as there is a manifest inferiority in the case under notice—see 'Newfangle' *passim*), and he adds, 'it is by no means sought to deny or underrate the difference.' I may remark too, that it was not 'Non-Resident,' but a writer under another name, who made use of the very correct phrase so that I am as well entitled to my interpretation as he is to his own. Besides, as his view is insisted on a little bit strongly, it would have been better to be careful as to 'fact.' I did not 'declare that any one who knows the real force or meaning of language would agree with one,' but that I 'would be judged by all who knew the real force and meaning of words,' a much more modest and moderate course, I submit.

The 'sculptor' is pretty well worn too. But the fact remains that he does every day produce, without any insuperable difficulty, statues of men in their ordinary dress, whereas he knows that the indescribable extravagancies of feminine costume are wholly out of the range of 'æsthetic' art—that if there be 'grace,' it is a grace beyond the reach of *his* art. The painter can deal with them more easily; he has colour and light and shade at his arbitrary command, and he has stratagems and dodges with which to evade the monstrosities. Look, for example, at that print of the poor princess Charlotte—her sad death is one of my early recollections, and I have had that print ever since I was very young. See how the lavish display of the figure (as is in vogue today), is brought within better bounds, by the floating scarf and the hand laid in the bosom.

My dears, there is a good deal of idle talk about men and women. Men and women are much of a muchness.

Women move in a more contracted sphere; their virtues and vices are less conspicuous; that is all. There are other kinds of cheating beside defrauding of money. Shakespeare did not draw Lear cheating Goneril and Regan, but Goneril and Regan cheating Lear.

'Non-Resident' cries out 'how often do we hear the sad story of helpless and inexperienced women entrusting their whole property to men in whom they placed implicit confidence, and finding themselves suddenly left penniless, destitute of the little provision they had saved for old age or sickness! How often do we hear of female wards (even here 'Non-Resident' cannot compel himself to include male wards; the condition of both are precisely similar) finding that their inheritance has, somehow or other, melted away under the manipulation of its supposed guardians? No doubt such cases do occur; it is true that 'no one with the most moderate knowledge of the world will deny it.' But here, as usual—nay as invariable with 'Non-Resident,' the 'shield' has but one side. Here he forgets his own 'homily,' and does fail 'to balance his fault finding with a frank and cordial recognition of all that he can endorse and approve.' Can it really be possible that 'Non-Resident' is not aware that such cases are immeasurably—aye immeasurably—out-numbered by those in which guardians and trustees faithfully discharge their duty, always an onerous and thankless one (let us judge from this outcry against them *how* thankless)—how often, at their own trouble, loss of time, cost, and sometimes serious loss of money, they steadfastly protect the interests of 'helpless and inexperienced women,' of 'female wards,' of 'widows and orphans?' Crimes are dragged to light; faithful performances have no record. Banks will break; trustees will be criminal or weak, they may yield to urgent entreaties to choose investments bearing higher interest, which means worse security. All this is part of human nature, just as murders and robberies are part of human nature. But we do not lose our faith in our fellow men for all that, however it may be with 'Non-Resident.' There is no distrust, there is no panic; men still die happier to think that they will leave the interests of all that they hold most near and dear in the safe and faithful charge of their brother or their friend. Marriage settlements and trusteeships are expressly devised by *men* for the benefit and protection of *women*, and, if we enquire of lawyers, I take it that we shall not find them less frequent than formerly. It is most surely so in Newfangle. Of this we may be certain—that no 'higher education' of women will ever prevent the occasional defalcations or weaknesses of trustees, will ever make themselves cease to crave for higher interest and more money.

We are told of the 'almost incredible meanness and injustice on the part of men towards women,' which has so often justly stirred the indignation of 'Non-Resident.' Such indignation is righteous and admirable. But what do we hear of all the acts of kindness and beneficence done in secret, or of which no note is taken. What do we hear of the multitude of magnificent institutions—almost exclusively the work of men—by which the poverty, the affliction, the suffering, the insanity, the idiocy, the blindness of women has been alleviated from generation to generation? Nay, who have been the founders of these very women's colleges? Have they been men or women? Is it Mr. or Mrs. Holloway who is, at this very moment, founding a college for women, at a cost to himself of £250,000 sterling? If the vices of men are more conspicuous, so certainly are their virtues. Before all things, let us be just; let us hold the unweighted balance even. I shall be happy myself to accept a brief for women; I will do my best for them, but it will not be by

calling men 'cheats.' Depend upon it, you will never lift women up by pulling men down. Only endorse the brief with a good fee and I am your woman.

I am sorely tempted to transgress, to tax the patience or at least the space of the Editor of the CANADIAN MONTHLY. I have the audacity, after all my professions of brevity, to ask for yet another column. I have only this moment come into possession of an extract from Mr. Anthony Trollope's 'Victoria and Tasmania,' and I cannot resist the temptation to transcribe it. All readers may not have seen it:—'Women, all the world over, are entitled to everything that chivalry can give them. They should sit while men stand. They should be served while men wait. Men should be silent while they speak. They should be praised, —even without desert. They should be courted—even when having neither wit nor beauty. They should be worshipped—even without love. They should be kept harmless while men suffer. They should be kept warm while men are cold. They should be kept safe while men are in danger. They should be enabled to live while men die in their defence. All this chivalry should do for women and should do as a matter of course.'

Pretty well, I think, for a beginning. There is no stint there. And now, ladies, let me entreat your most particular attention to what follows. Let me ask you, in all seriousness, shall all this, that this generous, chivalrous gentlemen offers you, be blotted out of the scroll, to make room for one odious word?

'But there is a reason for all this deference,' continues Mr. Trollope, 'one human being does not render all these services to another—who cannot be more than his equal before God—without a cause.'

One pauses here for a moment and holds one's breath, in reverence for that indisputable truth, so grandly because so simply put.

'A man will serve a woman, will suffer for her—if it come to that, will die for her—because she is weaker than he and needs protection. Let her show herself to be as strong, let her prove by her prowess and hardihood that the old ideas of her comparative weakness have been an error from the beginning, and the very idea of chivalry, though it may live for awhile by the strength of custom, must perish and die out of mens' hearts.'

'Perish and die out of mens' hearts.' I could imagine—not easily though—that some—some very few—of these modern writers might say, 'let it perish, what does it do for us?' My dear girls, Young says—

'We take no note of time but from its loss.'

All this once lost (and if lost gone, it is to be dreaded, for ever) you will take note enough of it then, I will warrant you. When all that makes the charm between men and women shall have perished and died out of men's hearts, you will take note enough of it then to your bitter and lasting sorrow, to your irredeemable loss. Let us hear Mr. Trollope farther.

'I have often felt this in listening to the bold self-assertion of American woman—not without a doubt whether chivalry was needed for the protection of beings so excellent in their own gifts, so superabundant in their own strength. And the same thought has crept over me when I have been among the ladies of Victoria. No doubt they demand all that chivalry can give them. No ladies with whom I am acquainted are more determined to enforce their rights in that direction. But they make the claim with arms in their hands—at the very point of the bodkin. Stand aside that I may pass on. Be silent that I may speak. Lay your coat down upon the mud, and perish in the cold, lest my silken slippers be soiled in the mire. Be wounded that I may be whole. Die that I may live. And for the nonce they are obeyed. That

strength of custom still prevails, and women in Victoria enjoy for awhile all that weakness gives and all that strength gives also. But this, I think, can only be for a day. They must choose between the two, not only in Victoria but elsewhere. As long as they will put up with that which is theirs on the score of feminine weakness they are safe. There is no tendency on the part of men to lessen their privileges. Whether they can make good their position in the other direction may be doubtful. I feel sure that they cannot long have both, and I think it unfair that they should make such demand. For the sake of those who are to come after me—both men and women—I hope that there will be no change in the old-established fashion.'

What follows comes from a private source, and, as I am not authorized to name the writer, I can claim for it no further weight than internal evidence may furnish. The writer, however, is a gentleman at the English Bar, a man of letters, who moves, and has always moved, in good society. 'It deals with what is a crying evil of the age, but I cannot but hope and think that it will die out sooner or later. Women will be made to feel that their interest lies in occupations and in personal qualities which are purely feminine, and in accordance with God's Will, when He created them. Most men, I should imagine, like a woman because she is not a counterpart of himself, and the folly of dressing like men, talking like men, and thinking like men, will, sooner or later, become apparent.' In a letter just received, he says, 'I have cut out a page or two of Trollope's "Victoria and Tasmania," as I think, if you have not before seen what he says, you will be pleased to find that he agrees with you in all you say and write about women. To me it is only wonderful that their own instinct and natural shrewdness has not, long before this, convinced them of its truth. If it be "Women's Mission (to use their own phrase) to be a wife and mother, they certainly have less chance now of becoming the first than they had years ago. Mothers they may become, for temporary connections are much more frequent, and considered much less discreditable, than formerly. Society now winks at them, and almost recognizes their necessity. This is what it has come to.'

It is impossible to get over this, which is notoriously true. It is impossible to get over other things to which the most distant allusion is all that can be ventured upon, but which indisputably forms links in the same chain. There is no smoke without fire; it may be only a preliminary puff of a smoulder; but the smoulder is there. You ask a mariner if the land is in sight. He answers, 'no, but we can see the loom of the land.' Can we be confident that we do not see in all these signs the loom of a land which will shortly appear on the horizon, a land which will fall disastrously short of the happy land we have lived in hitherto.

My dears, I have been carried away, but I can hardly wish a word of it unsaid even to you. I could not too earnestly implore you to take it all—all that Mr. Trollope has said—to your young hearts, and may Heaven's blessing rest upon it and upon you!

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A NIGHT CHASE.

SIX days out of the seven had elapsed without any tidings from Sir Robert reaching Halcombe, and two at least of the little household were growing very impatient to discover the mystery that had gathered round him. It was with difficulty, as we have seen, that Gresham had been persuaded to suffer so considerable a time to pass in inaction, and to Lady Arden this passiveness was well nigh intolerable. To her Sir Robert's silence appeared absolutely unaccountable, except on the ground of his being too ill to write, or on that of his letters having been intercepted. To have suddenly changed his intention of leaving one hemisphere for the other, and then to have even returned to England without informing her of the fact, was an act of neglect and even cruelty, with which she refused to credit him. That he was not, morally speaking, his own master, was true enough, but no malign influence of a mere moral kind could, she felt, have induced him to thus behave to her. He must be under not only dictation but restraint; or he must be utterly prostrated by illness.

As time went on, these convictions began to be more and more shared by the rest of the family, and even Gresham, notwithstanding Mr. Bevill's concurrence with his own judgment, began to doubt of its wisdom.

On the seventh morning, it had been arranged that the detective was to come over to the Hall to receive his last instructions, and so impatient were the two young men that on his not putting in an appearance immediately after breakfast they set out in the dog-cart to meet him. They had passed through the Wilderness and reached the moorland, when they saw a horseman coming from the direction of Mirton, and at once concluded that it was he; but on his coming nearer they saw that he was a stranger; he had an olive complexion with long and pointed moustachios, and except that he had so good a seat on his horse, might have been taken for a Frenchman. He raised his hat, too, in a foreign fashion as they met, and then passed on. It seemed unlikely that he should be bound for any place but the Hall, and no sooner had they parted, than it struck them that he might be the bearer of some message which might relieve the common anxiety. Gresham accordingly pulled and was about to hail him, when he saw that the stranger had also reigned his steed and was turning back.

'Could you happen to tell me, gentlemen,' said he in broken English, 'whether I am on the right road for Halcombe Hall?'

'Yes, yes,' said Gresham, eagerly; have you any message for any of the family? I am Sir Robert Arden's nephew.'

'My business is with one Mistarre, —Mistarre—ah! *oui* Mistarre Mayne.'

'I am the man, sir,' cried Mayne, eagerly. 'What have you to say to me?'

'Merely that I am ready to start for Weymouth,' answered the supposed foreigner, with a suppressed grin.

'Confound the fellow, it's Bevill,' cried Mayne. 'Why you would deceive the very devil.'

'I hope to deceive my gentleman, who is next kin to him,' answered the agent dryly. 'I thought it was inexpedient to come to the Hall in my own proper person; and now that I have met you I will, with your permission, not go there at all; it is better to be on the safe side.'

'But how will you get back to Mirton, without being recognised?'

'A handful of water from the first pool and a twitch at these moustachios will make Richard himself again,' returned Mr. Bevill coolly. 'In the meantime I wait your instructions.'

These were soon given; indeed, they consisted mainly in impressing on him the anxiety that prevailed in the family, and the necessity of relieving it as soon as possible. He was to telegraph to them, though in guarded terms, every point that seemed of importance; and Gresham would hold himself in readiness to join him at a moment's notice.

It is a vulgar error to ascribe any great intelligence to the mimetic art, even when displayed in its higher walks; like the business of the conjuror, and of the statesman, it is magnified by the majority of mankind, because they are necessarily unacquainted with it, but the effect of Mr. Bevill's masquerading was to impress both the young men with a sense of his sagacity, and to convince them that he would leave nothing undone through lack of strategy and prudence in the matter entrusted to him. When he had left them they began to feel that sort of complacency which we experience even under the most menacing circumstances, when we know that we have at least taken every precaution possible, and if things go wrong, it must be owing to the malignity of fate. And this feeling they imparted in some measure to the rest of the household.

For the first time for many days, Lady Arden was able to listen to the words of wisdom that fell from the Great Baba with something like her old appreciation; for the pretty prattle of the nursery, though it never loses its music for the mother's ear, has, when her heart is sore and sad, a pathos that melts what is wax already, and gives to grief its hesitating tear.

With an inopportuneness characteristic of its age, the child, too, would generally choose Sir Robert for the topic of its talk, and this his deserted consort found intolerable.

That evening, however, Lady Arden joined the rest of the family (which included, it should be mentioned, that newly-joined devotee, Mr. Frederic Mayne), in their usual acts of idolatry; and the Great Baba, in the drawing-room before the late dinner, was more adorable than ever.

His brother Frank had a tame starling, and he stated at immense length how he too intended to procure a feathered pet, and by what means. Salt, as a device for placing on birds' tails, and so securing them, he had, he explained, hitherto found illusory; the birds were too rapid in their movements; but he (Baba) had observed [this with all the grave simplicity of a White of Selborne describing a fact in Natural History] that the goose was the most slow moving of all birds, and a goose he accordingly meant to catch, and put it in a cage to sing to dear Papa when he came home.

This statement, delivered with the most unconscious comicality, was supplemented by a request that 'Georgie dear' (Gresham) should indicate upon the instant *which* goose in Gilbert Holme's collection he considered would be most eligible for this experiment.

In vain did Gresham aver with much emotion (he was half suffocated with

suppressed mirth, and nothing made the Great Baba so wrath—except contradiction—as laughing at him) that he did not know one goose from another; nothing would satisfy the exacting infant, or induce him to retire to his couch until Gresham had passed his word that he would visit the farmyard and investigate this weighty matter that very night.

Out of which absurd agreement a strange event came to pass, which set many minds at work, and added the glamour of mystery to the gloom that already shadowed Halcombe Hall.

After the ladies had retired that night Gresham bethought him of his promise, which could fortunately be kept in all its integrity by the young men's visiting the curate, and smoking a pipe with him at the Manor Farm, as they often did. After an hour's chat and smoke, they were returning through the shrubbery, when Gresham suddenly stopped, and pointed out to his friend that, though the rest of the house was in darkness, there was a light in Sir Robert's dressing-room.

'But why should there not be?' inquired Mayne.

'I know Lady Arden has never entered the room since my uncle left us,' returned Gresham. 'And she told Evelyn that she never——Good Heavens! look yonder.'

'What is it? I see three windows lighted up instead of only two.'

'That is just the wonder of it. There are only two windows to all appearance in that dressing-room, though there are three when looked at from outside. The third gives light to only what is called the "Priest's Hole"—a hiding-place, no doubt, for the family confessor in the Jacobite times. Its very existence is unknown, except to the members of the family. One has to stand on the broad window-ledge, and open a sort of cupboard with a spring. Sir Robert keeps his private papers there, I believe.'

'Then it is probably Lady Arden herself.'

'No, no,' interrupted Gresham, hastily; 'don't speak, don't move. We must get at the bottom of this; no woman could have reached the place without great difficulty; see, that is a man's shadow.'

'By Jingo, so it is,' exclaimed the other. The head and shoulders of a man with one projecting arm, as though he were taking something from this secret repository, could be now distinctly seen. Then the candle that had revealed him was suddenly extinguished and all was dark again.

'There's a thief in the house,' whispered Gresham, in great excitement; 'and I am sure it is none of its inmates. He must therefore break cover somewhere or another; either at the back or front; if you run round to the stable yard, I will stand here, and we will give the alarm to one another. Walk softly on the grass, and —hush, listen! By Jove, there he is.'

The lifting of a window somewhere on the lower floor was distinctly heard, and then a figure dashed across the lawn within a hundred feet of them, and sped along the avenue.

The young men darted after it like two arrows discharged by a single string, and three pairs of winged feet broke the silence of the night together by their patter on the gravel. All three were good runners, but the stranger had two advantages over his pursuers—he had not dined so recently, and he was not wearing evening boots of polished leather. These latter were no obstruction to the young gentlemen's progress on the gravelled avenue, but when they had shot through the lodge gates and found themselves on the steep and slippery village street, their footing became insecure. They could not 'take off' from the toe, which is necessary to a very high rate of speed, because their boot-soles, save the high heels, became as unelastic as wet blocks of patent blotting paper. And yet after the first fifty yards they gained upon the flying foe. This, though they did not know

it, was because they had youth upon their side, an excellent ally while he sticks to you, though at bottom always a deserter. When the supposed thief had reached the spot where the moss-grown stocks stood opposite the blacksmith's shop, his pursuers were flying by the village inn, and when he sped by the cattle-pound, they were racing past the stocks. This was a gain of full five yards.

'If Dyneley were here he would have had him by this time,' panted Gresham.

'We shall have him ourselves in ten minutes,' responded Mayne.

An interchange of ideas which cost them—that is, lost them—at least four feet.

At the cattle-pound the road turned sharp to the right and then to the right again, up to the moor, and at the first bend on the left was the bridle road into 'the Wilderness.'

They ran right on to the second bend before they discovered—by stopping and listening—that their man was behind them. He had taken the bridle road. This 'check' might have been fatal to them, but at this moment the full moon came out, showing each branch and leaflet as clearly as at noonday, and also the object of their pursuit, straining up the grass-grown road a hundred yards in front of them. There was but one abrupt turn in this road, and then a straight run on to the moor.

'We have got him,' said each young fellow to himself, for bountiful Nature had just given to each his 'second wind,' and it was plain by his style of going that the fugitive had no such auxiliary. He had begun to 'wobble' in his gait, which is a very bad sign, and signifies, among other things, as I happen to know, that the runner is past his prime. They calculated, and with reason, though they would necessarily lose sight of him for a minute or so at the turning, that when they reached it he would be only half his present distance ahead of them. And they were right. Indeed he was leading by considerably less than fifty yards, but then he was on horseback. He had evidently left his steed tied up at this concealed spot, in readiness for some such emergency as had occurred, and the result had justified his precaution.

He was cantering away from them as leisurely as a railway train from a couple of cows, and they perceived at once that further pursuit was useless.

The young men flopped down on the wayside, and gazed after the vanishing figure, with gasps and gurgles. Their neat evening costumes were in a pretty state; their great coats lay somewhere in the mire, where they had thrown them, as a ship throws over her ballast, anywhere; their boots were split and sloppy, and they had run a mile from home at midnight for nothing. The first use to which Mayne put his recovered breath was to burst out laughing.

'We thought we were so cocksure of him,' said he, 'didn't we?'

But Gresham did not even give an answering smile.

'You saw the scoundrel pull up his coat collar as he rode off,' observed he, earnestly. 'Do you know why he did that?'

'No, how should I,' returned the other; 'He couldn't have been *cold*, that's certain.'

'Well, he did it to escape recognition, that was Ferdinand Walcot.'

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BLACK NEWS.

THE astonishment which had been the portion of Mr. Frederic Mayne consequent on the events of the last twenty minutes was nothing as compared with the amazement with which he listened to his companion's last observation.

'No, my dear Gresham, I can't stand that,' he answered. 'I can only just credit that I am sitting here on a damp bank, with my clothes torn, after chasing a burglar by moonlight; to ask me to believe that that burglar was Ferdinand Walcot is to overdraw the small balance of credulity I have still on hand. Let it even be granted that he should come to rob the house, in this inexplicable manner, I could still never be brought to admit that dear Uncle Ferdy could run like that.'

'As cowards will fight with a rope round their necks,' observed Gresham, gravely, 'so even elderly gentlemen will make use of their legs when to be caught is ruin. Of course under the circumstances—midnight and twenty miles an hour—I can't swear to the man's identity, but I am morally convinced of it. I felt it was so all along, but when I saw him pull up the collar of his coat, I said to myself no man but Ferdinand Walcot, being at his last gasp for breath, and with his wits shaken into a hasty pudding, could have thought of such a precaution at such a moment.'

'There is something in that,' replied Mayne, musing; 'but why the deuce didn't you mention it? If I had thought it was Uncle Ferdy, I *must* have caught him. Oh dear, to see him scuttle up the village!'

And Mr. Mayne fell prone upon the bank, to the still further damage of his dress coat, and roared with laughter.

'Yes, it was Walcot,' continued Gresham, meditatively, 'but unless we can get proof of it, it might do more harm than good to say so. Moreover, it would alarm Lady Arden and the girls exceedingly, as, to say the truth, it does me.'

'How so?' inquired Mayne, quickly. 'Who's afraid of him? I would give a thousand pounds if he would only come again—just once—like a thief in the night. Indeed I don't know why I say *like* a thief—for no doubt he came in that very capacity.'

'I think so too, Mayne,' said Gresham, earnestly, 'and that is what makes the thing so serious. He would never run such a risk, unless for an immense and immediate gain. It is my conviction that some crisis has taken place as respects my unhappy uncle.'

'Indeed that seems very probable,' said Mayne, rising to his feet, and turning with his companion towards home. 'We may, in that case, hear something decisive in the course of the next twenty-four hours; nothing can be worse for poor Lady Arden than this state of anxiety and suspense.'

'We always think that till the catastrophe happens,' answered Gresham, gloomily: 'then we find the worst is to know the worst. I own to you, Mayne, that I have a deep presentiment of evil as regards Sir Robert.'

'Half the unhappiness in the world,' answered Mayne, philosophically, 'arises from presentiments—speculating for the fall, as Mr. Bevill calls it. For my part I am morally certain not only that Uncle Ferdy will eventually come to grief, and that I shall live to see it, but that Sir Robert will "enjoy his own again," as the song says.'

'The song, however, you remember was wrong,' remarked Gresham, dryly. 'However, it is well, of course, and one's duty, to keep a good heart. In the mean time silence will be our best plan as regards this night's adventure.'

'I quite agree with you, my dear Gresham, and not only for the sake of the ladies at the Hall. If the hero of to-night is really the man you suggest, and he suspects us of having identified him, he will expect us to take some important step, or at all events to make a row. Our remaining quiet will puzzle even him. Let us say nothing of what has happened unless we find any of the household suspect it, and in that case only describe our

visitor as an ordinary burglar. Only we must brush our own great coats, else old Parker will say, 'They was very drunk last night, them two was, and fout on the ground.'

There was no sign, however, that any one at the Hall had been aroused: the young men let themselves in as usual, and with their own hands drew down the window of the dining-room through which the supposed thief had made his exit. Gresham called his friend's attention to the fact that it was the same window through which in summer time Walcot and Sir Robert were wont after dinner to issue on to the lawn. 'He knew that it moved easily, and without noise.'

Mayne nodded acquiescence, and murmured something in admiration of Uncle Ferdy's excellent memory. Neither of them had much sleep that night. Anxiety as to what the morrow might bring forth kept Gresham's eyes from slumber. Mayne suffered from even a worse foe to sleep. The sense of the ridiculous oppressed him; 'to see him scuttle up that hill,' he kept saying to himself, and he had to stuff the sheet into his mouth to stifle his untimely mirth.

Nothing did happen on the morrow till its close. Late in the evening a telegram arrived from Mr. Bevill. 'The *Meduse* (this was the name of the trader from Marseilles) brought neither of our friends to Weymouth; this is certain. There were no passengers at all. I do not, nevertheless, despair of getting hold of one end of the thread within a few hours. If harm had been done I should have learnt it.'

The two last sentences, as all well understood, were put in by the detective by way of sedative. The rest of the message was simply astounding.

'He has killed him,' said Lady Arden, clasping her hands.

'No, no,' said Mayne. 'It is his own influence that is dying, and he dare not trust Sir Robert to communicate with those who love him. That is why these extraordinary precautions have been taken to conceal their whereabouts. If any calamity had happened, at sea, for example, we must, as Bevill says, have heard of it ere this.'

'But where can they be?' reiterated her ladyship.

'Well, they may have never left Marseilles; their appearing to do so may have been a *ruse* to throw Bevill off the scent, I confess I think it unlikely, however, that he should have been so hoodwinked. On the other hand, the captain of the ship may have been induced to touch somewhere, and put them on shore—at Gibraltar, for instance—before reaching Weymouth. For my part I feel no whit discouraged. The work has to be done over again, that is all. If they are above ground, Bevill will find them.'

Lady Arden shook her head. The phrase 'above ground,' which Mr. Mayne had used, suggested its alternative.

'He has killed him,' she repeated, despairingly.

This unhappy condition of his hostess disturbed the young man exceedingly; he reproached himself with having advised delay, and, by way of penance, resolved to tear himself away from Halcombe, and the sweet flower that bloomed there, and assist Mr. Bevill in his researches in person.

Lady Arden did not oppose this, for she had lost confidence in the detective, but, like the rest, as soon as Mayne was gone she began to feel his loss. His good sense and sanguine views had acted as a tonic to them in their troubles, and when the doctor who had to be called in to her ladyship next day (as is the way in the country when such an opportunity occurs, 'just look at' the rest of the family) he said, 'You are all running down like clocks, but especially Miss Milly.'

On the same night a telegram reached the Hall from Mayne, which fulfilled Mr. Bevill's hope that 'one

end of the thread' would presently be in his hands, and also afforded some comfort. It appeared certain that Sir Robert was at all events in England. The detective had ferretted out a sailor belonging to the *Meduse*, and left behind—he was probably a runaway—when the vessel returned to France; and he had stated that the two 'gentlemen passengers' had been put ashore, at their own request somewhere on the English coast. At what place the Frenchman could not tell, they had left the ship in a small boat, which had afterwards returned to it.

The next morning two letters were brought up to Gresham's room, that gentleman, as usual, being late for breakfast; one in Mayne's handwriting and the other in a hand he did not at the moment recognise. He naturally opened the former first. It detailed the news given in the telegram of the night before, but added for his private eye, if he should think it desirable to conceal the matter, that the French sailor had described the old gentleman—doubtless meaning Sir Robert—as being deadly ill, which had been the cause of his having been put ashore with his companion.

Then for the first time Gresham began to apprehend the worst. With a certain quickness of action, that signified no eagerness (for he expected nothing), but merely impatient with Fate, he took up the second letter. To his amazement he found this to be from Walcot himself.

'May 21st, Salton Point.

'DEAR SIR,

'It is with the most poignant sorrow that I have to communicate to you the death of your revered uncle, which took place last night. He had been ailing, as his letters have no doubt informed Lady Arden, for a considerable time; the doctors he consulted on the Continent agreed with his own family physician in the necessity of a complete change of air and scene, and at one time he had actually resolved upon a voyage to Australia; with the caprice of an invalid, however, he suddenly determined to return to England by sea from Marseilles. On the voyage (we were bound to Weymouth) his symptoms grew so alarming, that I persuaded the captain to put us ashore at this place, where we have since remained.

'I more than once suggested that Lady Arden or yourself should be communicated with, but this he peremptorily declined to permit. Mr. Howard, his medical attendant here, a gentleman who tells me he was at college with you, and whom you will doubtless remember, had hopes of him so late as up to yesterday afternoon. But he finally succumbed to his disease—fatty degeneration of the heart, I understand, a mischief that has been long at work—at 6.45 P.M.

'I am thankful to think that nothing was left undone that could be done to save his life, or alleviate his sufferings. He could not, as I have said, be induced to see you; but your immediate presence *now* here, is, I need not say, very desirable. I propose to return with you, with our precious charge—though alas! what we so loved in him is now no more—to Halcombe, on the 26th, and have made all arrangements for that purpose; unless you would prefer a later date. I have purposely avoided the use of a mourning envelope, lest it should meet Lady Arden's eye, to whom it is your unhappy privilege to break this sad intelligence.

'I am, dear Sir,

'Yours truly,

'FERDINAND WALCOT.'

Gresham threw on his clothes, and leaving word that he was gone to breakfast at the Manor Farm, betook himself at once to Dyneley. He needed his advice, of course, but the hope that the curate might be induced to take upon himself that duty which Walcot had described as his 'privilege,' was the true spur that urged him. The

young fellow was brave enough, and had given proofs of it; but he shrank from all things painful—and, to do him justice, especially from those painful to others; the ocean in its most furious mood was in his eyes a less formidable thing to face than a woman's tears.

While Dyneley read the letter aloud, Gresham strode about the farm parlour, putting in his indignant commentaries upon Mr. Walcot's text.

'Did you ever read such a tissue of hypocrisies? His "poignant sorrow" forsooth, as though he had not counted on my poor uncle's death, and very likely hastened it! It is sad, indeed, as you say, but one's anger fairly overcomes one's sorrow in the presence of such duplicity. The idea of his pretending to be unaware whether poor Sir Robert had written to his wife or not when every word must have been dictated by him! Then his daring to talk about our "precious charge" —"though what we loved in him is now no more," pah, it sickens me! Of course, I will go to this place—wherever it is—at once; but as to breaking the news to poor Lady Arden—I really think, my dear Dyneley, since you are a clergyman, and if you wouldn't mind——'

Dyneley looked up with a surprised air that presently vanished in a sad smile; 'I will see Lady Arden, Gresham, if you wish it; it falls, as you say, within my duty.'

'Thank Heaven!'—ejaculated the other *naïvely*, 'what a good fellow you are—I suppose, by-the-bye—only this man is such an unconscionable rogue —that my poor uncle is really dead! If Walcot has only lied to us in this, as in all else, I would willingly forgive him.

'No, this is the truth,' said Dyneley thoughtfully; 'looking at it all around, I see no hope of its being otherwise. And mind you, though I share your opinion of this man, you have no right to say he hastened your uncle's death. This is a dangerous thing to say, and, what is more, an unjustifiable one. There has, you see, been a doctor in attendance on him —do you know the gentleman, by-the bye, as is stated here?'

'Yes: I remember Howard: he was in my own year. A very honest fellow I should think, though (like myself) not overburthened with brains.'

'A year or two, especially in early manhood, sometimes makes a serious difference in man's character,' observed Dyneley musing.

'That's true: but I may say—yes, for certain—that Howard could have stooped to nothing, I do not say criminal, but underhand. What has been done—so far as he is concerned—we may take it for granted has been done on the square.'

'Very good,' observed the curate. 'That is worth knowing: it corroborates so far my own view that we should be slow to impute misconduct to any one in this affair, without proof; but there is something wrong as to the date of this letter. It was written on the 21st, and speaks of poor Sir Robert as having "died last night;" and yet it only reaches you to-day, the 25th.'

'Gad, I never noticed that,' said Gresham; 'it's very queer, to say the least of it. It cannot surely be more than two days 'post, if so much.'

'It is two days' post 'answered the curate, thoughtfully; 'the envelope tells us that much; the dates 24th and 25th are on it; it could not have been posted till then, till two days after it was written.'

'What an observant fellow you are!' cried Gresham admiringly. 'I should never have thought of looking at the envelope. Mr. Bevill now would set me down as a born fool.'

'Never mind Mr. Bevill; though I don't say that it is not within the bounds of possibility that we may still require his services. It is your duty no doubt to start for Salton at once: I would go with you myself, but that

I feel I may be of use to poor Lady Arden just at present.'

'Of course you will be of use; of the greatest comfort to her, and to the girls also. Evy has often said what a comfort you are, when there is real trouble anywhere.'

'Has she?' exclaimed Dyneley, eagerly. Then hastily added with a deprecatory smile. 'Well, you know, we clergy are still believed in by the ladies: our experience among the poor is of use to us, for when there is real sorrow, human nature is the same everywhere, and the same sources of comfort——.' Here he stopped, for it was plain that his companion was not attending to him; 'What are you looking for, my dear Gresham?'

'Your *Bradshaw*: I've got it now; but, dear me, Salton Point is not in it.'

'I dare say not; there is probably no station there. I don't think I ever heard of the place. See here in the map—you must go to Saltonburg, and then drive over—it looks about six miles. You have just time to sit down and get your breakfast; and be in Mirton to catch the mid-day coach. I will send round the dog-cart from the stables to pick you up here.'

'Then you are going to the Hall at once—well, it is best to get these things over. I am awfully obliged to you for taking the matter off my shoulders. I say—you'll make it clear to *all* of them—I mean the girls of course (he was thinking of Elise, but dared not mention her) how it was that I went off without saying good-bye, won't you? Thanks. God bless you, old fellow.'

Then as he sat down to his meal alone, he murmured. 'What a capital fellow a *good* parson is. I wish Dyneley could have come with me down to Salton Point. Poor old Sir Robert—he was a kind friend in me, in life, whatever happens, I shall never forget that. How wretched it will be down there; and with that infernal scoundrel in the house——Well, well; I must go through with it.'

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SALTON POINT.

THAT Mr. Dyneley 'did not know Salton Point' only proved, not indeed that it was unknown, but that he was of stay-at-home habits, or, at all events, had not travelled much upon the railways of the south coast. To every one that did so, Salton Point has long been a household word, and the place itself perfectly familiar, so far as the art of the painter can make it so. The locality in question had never, it is true, been made the subject of any picture in the Academy, or even in Suffolk Street, or Pall Mall; but the pictorial advertisement of it displayed at all the stations in the summer months was such as, once having seen, no eye could easily forget. The scene was at once so brilliant, picturesque, and fashionable.

On a beautiful heath that contrasted strongly with the broad, bright border of garden flowers that Art had placed on it, stood 'The Point Hotel, Salton,' a palatial edifice, 'replete,' said the letter press beneath the picture, 'with every modern convenience, and supplied with every luxury of the season.' One carriage and four, it was true was departing from its principal entrance, but then two were driving up to it full of expectant guests; those who were already its happy tenants were taking equestrian exercise upon the specious parade in front of it; or playing croquet on its 'unrivalled' lawn; or endeavouring (in vain) to exhaust the resources of the establishment in the articles of open flys, garden seats, or arbours 'so happily situated as to views both on land and sea.' A considerable portion of the British Navy was stationed immediately opposite this abode of bliss, and the rest of it appeared to be coming up full sail to join it. The extreme proximity of the numerous bathing machines (each with 'Point Hotel' upon them) to these

vessels of war, was, in fact (to the modest mind), the only drawback to the attractions of this marine abode, and even that might have been a mere misrepresentation of perspective. The whole picture reminded you of one of Claude's, at least in one respect, that every object that a landscape could suggest was to be found in it, besides those (such as the bathing machines and croquet ground) which had turned up since the elder master's time. Moreover, the tints in which the landscape was portrayed were of the most intense description; never were skies more blue, never was sea more green —indeed I may *so* green—as they were depicted in Salton Point. The British passenger is not, as a rule, impulsive (unless you abstract his umbrella), or else the attractions of scenery and climate as represented in this delightful picture were such as to have infallibly diverted him from going anywhere else, and taken him, out of hand, from the main line on to the branch to Salton-borough, whence a coach, with four flying steeds (said a supplementary advertisement) would convey him to the Point Hotel.

For George Gresham, journeying slowly by breaks and branches, as is the way with those who patronise cross lines, this picture, which began to meet his eye, late in the afternoon, at every station, had, of course, a special attraction. It was some sort of satisfaction to him, on his melancholy errand, to be thus assured that the locality at least to which he was bound was of a cheerful kind. It was nothing to him, of course, that the internal arrangements of the hotel were conducted in the continental fashion, or that 'the *table d'hôte* was second to none,' but these facts seemed somehow to relieve the gloom that in his imagination enveloped the roof beneath which his uncle had come to his end.

Gresham's first disenchantment took place at Saltonborough, where, instead of the Flying Coach, he found only a melancholy one-horse omnibus starting for 'The Point,' and on which, save for a humpbacked driver with a keen hatchet face, he was the only passenger. Lightly laden as it was, and level as was the lonely road on which it travelled, its progress was very slow. On both sides of it extended a treeless waste, on one hand consisting of rank meadow land; on the other of marsh, which presently became a morass, and eventually an arm of the sea—apparently suffering from paralysis. It had hardly any tidal movement, and the very gulls that flew lazily across it seemed to partake of its stagnation. There were no vessels, save one huge collier lying on her side in the mud, like a sea monster in a fit; but several masts, or what looked like masts, stood up forlornly in the ooze and slime, as though, like human ne'er-do-wells, the ships to which they had once belonged had gradually 'gone under.'

After a few miles, the road itself, to avoid sharing a similar fate, proceeded along a causeway; but causeway or road, there was nothing on it except the one-horse omnibus which appeared to be journeying with the last man to the end of the world.

'There don't seem many people about,' observed Gresham to the driver, after a long silence; 'I suppose the season has hardly begun yet.'

'The season,' answered the other moodily, and not even taking the trouble to turn his head to his companion; 'oh! yes, the season's begun fast enough; we've nothing to complain of about *that*.'

'I mean the visitors at the hotel,' continued Gresham; 'they don't appear to have come down yet.'

'Yes, they have; more on 'em than usual,' was the unexpected reply. 'Last week we had twice as many as this time last year; now we've got our usual quantity.'

'They don't seem to ride or drive much at all events,' remarked Gresham.

'Small blame to 'em,' answered the driver crustily. 'Half on 'ems dead.'

'Half of them *dead*?' repeated Gresham in accents of horror. 'There must have been an epidemic, then—what on earth was it?'

'*I* dunno; you must ask the doctor, Mr. Howard. Epidemic or not, we can't afford to have many sick at the Point, or we should soon have to shut up shop.'

'But I thought it was so healthy,' argued Gresham; 'the advertisement on the railway——'

Here the driver burst out into such a laugh that an old crow, the only living denizen of the landscape beside themselves, rose with a frightened 'caw, caw,' from the ditch beside them, and sailed away into the gathering mist; for the dews were already falling.

'Oh! yes, the Point is healthy enough,' observed the man,' after he had thus relieved his feelings; 'but if you think it like that picture at the station: oh lor! however, I belongs to the establishment; and you had better judge for yourself.'

And again he relasped into taciturnity.

This idea of an epidemic, however, without at all alarming Gresham on his own account, had re-awakened his suspicions of Mr. Walcot's morality. Was it possible that, knowing of this visitation, he had wilfully brought Sir Robert here in his critical state, to fall a victim to the contagion?

'Do you really mean to say, my good man, that one half of the visitors at The Point Hotel this spring have died there?'

'Yes, I do,' was the dogged reply. 'There was two on 'em in all, and now there's only one on 'em.'

Then Gresham perceived that circumstances or Nature had made his companion a cynic, and dowered him with that grim humour which is the ordinary mitigation of that calamity.

'I am Sir Robert Arden's nephew; it is to *his* death, as I suppose, that you have so unfeelingly referred?'

'I didn't mean no unfeelingness,' muttered the man in ungracious apology; 'though, of course, it don't put inn folks in any particular good temper when a party only takes his rooms to die in 'em; and I would not 'a said a word if I had known you was kith and kin to him. You are like the old gentleman, too, now I come to look at you. He was but skin and bone when they landed him, and as yeller as any guinea.'

'Then he was very ill from the first?' sighed Gresham, whom sympathy on Sir Robert's account had rendered insensible to the compliment thus paid to himself.

'I believe you; as ill as ill could be. He only used the sittin' room (it was No. 1 on the first floor) for a day or two, and then took to his bed reglar. Now the other one—may be you are *his* nephew by the mother's side?'

'No, no; I am not; but I know the gentleman you speak of—well enough; what were you going to say about him?'

'Well, I was going to say,' said the hunchback, with a caution, aroused no doubt by the eagerness of his companion's tone, 'that the other one, *he* is alive enough; here to-day and in London to-morrow, and all over the place.'

'In London to-morrow?' repeated Gresham. 'Is he going to London?'

'Not as I knows on, though it's like enough. It's a way we have of speaking: here to-day and gone to-morrow—which is what happened to your uncle the Baronet. Ah! that was hard: to have a Baronet in our "arrivals" for a week or less, and then to lose him altogether.'

'But when did Mr. Walcot go to London?'

'Well, the day after Sir Robert took and died. He had done all he could for him—that everybody says—when his friend was alive, and never left his side. But when he was dead, I suppose he thought he might be his own master (as he is everybody else's; I

never knew so masterful a gentleman) for four and twenty hours.'

'I see,' replied Gresham, thoughtfully. He was wondering whether that time could possibly have been consumed by Mr. Ferdinand Walcot in going to Halcombe instead of London. It was on the night of the 21st that Mayne and he had their burglar-chase; and the date tallied with this.

'I don't think you'll find Mr. Walcot at The Point just now,' continued the driver. 'He has been waiting at home for some one—you, as it turns out—every day except that next one after his friend died, and now it seems he has given you up. At all events he was just going out for a sail when I started for the station, and I notice that the wind has changed, which will keep him out longer than he bargained for.'

There were two sources of comfort for Gresham in this piece of intelligence; in the first place the carelessness of Walcot in leaving the coast clear for him to make all inquiries at the hotel, in his absence, seemed to prove him innocent of foul play as respected his late companion; secondly it was a great relief to the young fellow to feel that he might take his last farewell of Sir Robert without this man's hypocritical presence.

As the last of the afternoon was fading into evening the omnibus deposited Gresham at the door of The Point Hotel. This building, so palatial in its proportions upon canvas—or rather on the advertisement board—was in fact a four square edifice of moderate size, without verandah, balcony or porch, to relieve its excessive hideousness. It was newly built, yet already showing traces of decay. The brilliant *parterre* of flowers, which should have separated it from the blooming heath, existed perhaps in pots in the autumn months; but at all events it was absent now; while the 'unrivalled croquet ground' was represented by a patch of mangy grass, on one side of the mansion, with three rusty hoops upon it, and a broken mallet. The 'magnificent parade' on which the carriages and four had been represented, with equestrians of both sexes caracolling with such a sense of freedom, was there—so far as space was concerned; only instead of gravel it was sand. Indeed there was rather too much of space about The Point Hotel. Before it was the sea; on the right hand was the heath, on the left hand was the heath, and behind it was the heath. Not a tree was there to be seen anywhere; but only the heath and the horizon. That the hotel itself had been made the central object in the picture was not to be wondered at; for except a half-finished row of unoccupied lodging-houses there was no other building visible. A more depressing scene at the close of the day, thought Gresham, could hardly be imagined; and in this house laid the corpse of his only relative, and to whom he was indebted for all he possessed on earth!

At the door stood the landlord, a pleasant-featured, bright-eyed man, whose foreign appearance had perhaps suggested to the composer of the advertisement that phrase about the establishment being conducted 'on the Continental system.' He had a napkin in his hand (being his own waiter), which he waved slowly before him, like a saluting flag, and he smiled on the new arrival as it is popularly believed only a French innkeeper can smile. And yet his name was Jenkins, and he was English.

'Welcome, sir,' he said, 'you have had a fine day for your journey. A private sitting-room, I conclude?'

'My name is Gresham, I am the nephew of the late Sir Robert Arden.'

'A thousand pardons.' The smile flew from Mr. Jenkins' face, and he threw up his hand so tragically that it almost seemed he was about to apply his napkin to his eyes. We have been expecting you these many days—ever since, in fact—Dear me, what a melancholy event.'

'Can I see—the—the—' Gresham

hesitated. There is always a difficulty to the sensitive mind in speaking of the newly dead.

'The late Sir Robert Arden, Bart., lies, sir, in Number Four. My wife will usher you there if you wish it, but Mr. Howard begged particularly to have a few words with you first. He is now in your sitting-room. Mr. Walcot begged that he might be at hand in case of your arrival during his own absence. Selina!'

A very stout, but by no means vulgar-looking woman—she looked like the housekeeper in a family of distinction, and full ten years her husband's senior—here made her appearance.

'If you will kindly walk this way, sir,' said she, in a hushed voice.

She leads the way upstairs to a sitting-room on the first floor, where a young man of Gresham's age is sitting by the fire (for it is cold at 'The Point' still) reading a book in the French tongue—doubtless a scientific work on surgery. With a natural modesty he crams this into the pocket of his shooting jacket as the visitor is announced, and then comes forward with a grave smile of greeting. 'So glad to see you, Gresham, though alas on a most melancholy occasion. We have been expecting you these three days.'

'I only got Mr. Walcot's letter yesterday morning,' returned Gresham; 'there must have been some wretched mistake about it.'

'Mr. Walcot certainly wrote to you on the twenty-first,' answered the other, 'for I saw him direct the envelope. I am sorry for the mischance—for a certain reason.'

'What is that?'

'No matter, my dear fellow, that will keep. How well you are looking? You are not changed in anything since we parted at college, while I—I suppose it is being anchored so near the shore here in all sorts of weather—I have become a wreck this long time.'

If this had really been the case, salvage was certainly due to somebody, for Mr. Howard still presented a very seaworthy and even taut appearance.

For a surgeon in so out-of-the-way a spot he was very smartly dressed, and had a certain air of fashionable idlesse, though far removed from ennui. The whiskers that sentinelled his handsome face were exceptionally well looked after, and he had an admiring way of regarding his boots which revealed the dandy.

'I was right,' thought Gresham, noticing this, 'about my friend here, so far as honesty is concerned, but it remains to be seen whether that scoundrel has not made a fool or a tool of him.'

'My dear Howard,' said he aloud, 'I present myself to you as an old friend in sad trouble, who may need your help; at all events I must ask of you to behave towards me with perfect frankness.'

'You mean as regards what has happened here, and especially with respect to Mr. Walcot's conduct,' was the unexpected reply. 'Most certainly I will do so, and the more willingly since I have been requested by that gentleman himself to conceal nothing.'

'Why should he suspect you of concealing anything?' put in Gresham quickly. 'Why should behave hinted at concealment at all!'

'Because he foresaw what would happen,' answered the young surgeon, with a smile. 'He knew you would want to pump me because you mistrust him. "Your friend Gresham thinks I am a rogue," said he, "because his interests and mine happen to be somewhat antagonistic, and he honestly thinks it. I cannot stoop to contest that point, but must leave you to judge for yourself. Only when he comes, for Heaven's sake answer all his questions without reserve, else he will at once believe that I have murdered his poor uncle, and that you have connived at it." I think that "and that you have connived at it," was a capital joke,' observed Mr.

Howard, 'though indeed (he added, precipitately) all jokes on such a subject are out of place.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Gresham, gravely. 'Of course, my dear Howard, I have no fear of your having played into this man's hands—which, to say only the bare truth, are not clean ones; but are you sure—are you quite sure—that you have been so careful of the case that nothing amiss could have happened without your knowing it, that your confidence has not been won, and your watchfulness lulled to rest, by this man's show of affection for your patient?'

'I am quite sure, Gresham,' answered the young man, confidently. 'Every thing has followed the course of nature—which is unhappily not always so satisfactory as some people would have us believe. Mr. Walcot was very kind and attentive to your uncle, but not demonstratively so.'

'Indeed? And did not Rir Robert on his part appear "ate up" with him, as poor Lady Arden used to call it?'

'Well, no, certainly not that. He seemed to be quite conscious of his care and kindness—which were unintermittent—but no more.'

'Then he must have found him out, exclaimed Gresham, naively. 'That must have been terrible, to have one's pillow smoothed by a hand we know to be false.'

The surgeon answered nothing to this, but regarded his companion very curiously, as though he had been some physiological phenomenon.

'Ah, you don't know this gentleman as I know him,' continued the other, pacing the room with hasty steps; 'he has played the very devil.'

'That is just what my people say of me,' observed Mr. Howard, quietly, 'just because I am not a success in life, as you may guess by seeing me down here. But I am not so very bad, I do assure you.'

'No, but then you have only injured your own prospects, not deliberately attempted to destroy those of others. You have not estranged man from wife, and kith from kin, for your own vile ends. By the bye,' here his voice softened, 'did my uncle ever speak of me!'

'To my knowledge, never.'

Gresham bit his lip: 'Nor of his wife!'

'Yes, he used to talk to himself about her, but that was when his mind wandered, and from what I gathered the lady was dead.'

Gresham threw up his hands. 'Poor Lady Arden!' he said. Then after a long pause he added softly, 'I think I will see him before this man returns.'

'If you *wish* it, certainly,' said the surgeon, rising, and lighting a bedroom candle.

'I don't *wish* it: I abhor it,' answered Gresham, with a half shudder; 'but I think it is my duty.'

'Very good; just let me pour you out a glass of wine. As a medical man I prescribe that.'

Gresham shook his head, and motioned him impatiently to lead the way.

'You will do as you please, of course, my dear fellow, but I should say, "sherry." You will see a great change—a *very* great change. We expected you, you know, much earlier.'

Gresham shivered, and with a gesture, half of impatience, half of disgust, followed the doctor out of the room.

In a minute or two they returned, and this time Gresham drained the glass which he had refused before. He was very pale, and his hand trembled as it carried the wine to his lips.

'I guessed how it would be,' observed Howard, coolly, 'it is often so with those who look on death for the first time. I felt something like it myself at my first *post-mortem*. This was a particularly bad case, for your poor uncle suffered from a complication of maladies, though the immediate cause of his decease was, as Walcot told you, fatty—Hullo, *here is* Mr. Walcot.'

CHAPTER XL.

AT THE INN.

NEITHER of the young men had heard Mr. Walcot's step in the passage, or his hand on the door, yet there he stood in the middle of the room, with his keen face fixed on Gresham. He was dressed in rough sailor garb, having just landed from the sailing boat, and it contrasted strangely with the delicacy, nay, almost the effeminacy of his features. His cheeks, for all the buffeting of the wind, showed no trace of colour; and the tone of his first words, 'So you have come at last, Mr. Gresham,' although somewhat reproachful, was as gentle as a woman's.

'I started as soon as I got your note, which was this morning,' answered Gresham, coldly, and without taking the least notice of the other's outstretched hand. 'Its delay is unaccountable to us.'

'Not more so than it is to me,' was the calm reply. 'I think you saw me write it and post it also, Mr. Howard.'

'Yes, by Jove, and so I did,' said the surgeon, quickly. 'I had forgotten about the posting, but now I remember you dropped it in the box in my presence, and remarked on the time it would take to reach Halcombe.'

'The envelope was dated Salton 24th,' observed Gresham, coldly. 'As it happens, I brought it with me, and here it is.'

'That's curious, indeed,' said Walcot, examining it. 'The only explanation possible is that it must have stuck in the box; these country postmasters are so careless. However, unhappily, haste could not have mended matters.'

Gresham turned upon his heel, and poked the fire. It made him mad to hear this man discourse so oilily, and the more so because the oil allowed no chance of friction; if he would only say something he could 'take hold of,' that would have given him the opportunity to exhibit the contempt that consumed him!

While his back was turned Walcot cast a glance of interrogation at the surgeon, who replied to it with a significant nod. Then he went on in still lower and more gentle tones. 'Have you taken your friend, Mr. Howard, to pay his last sad visit to——'

'Yes, yes, I have,' said Howard, hastily, 'it is not necessary to refer to that.'

'Just so; I have ventured in your absence, Mr. Gresham, to take all necessary steps with regard to our proposed sad journey to-morrow—if to-morrow suits you.'

'Of course it does,' answered Gresham, with irritation; 'the sooner we get away from this hateful place the better. Why did you ever bring him to it?'

'Because otherwise he would have died on board the *Meduse*,' answered Walcot, calmly.

'My uncle was well enough when he left Halcombe.'

Mr. Walcot smiled a pitying smile, and looked at Mr. Howard as though he would say, 'Did I not tell you so?'

'I am bound to say, Gresham,' said the young surgeon, in answer to his silent appeal, 'that your uncle must have been very far from well at the date you speak of. He must have had in fact the seeds of death in him for many months.'

Here the landlord came in to lay the cloth for dinner.

'It is a fine night after all, gentlemen,' he said, in chirpy tones; 'and there will be a lovely moon. Salton by moonlight is much admired, is it not, Mr. Howard?'

'It looks better than by daylight,' answered that gentleman unsympathetically; 'but best of all, to my thinking, in a fog.'

'Dear me,' said the landlord, 'now that's curious. Though indeed I have known some who say "Give them a

downright wet day." We have a piano in the house, you must know, sir,' turning to Gresham, 'and Mrs. Jenkins has, it is thought, a pretty touch; and there is my museum. A bat that I caught with my own hands on the terrace; a lamb with two heads born in the immediate neighbourhood; some beautiful specimens of dried frogs from Salton marsh. All the fauna of the locality in short, as Mr. Howard is so good as to call them——Here is the wine *carte* gentlemen. I would venture to recommend our 'ock.

'If you mean your beef, Mr. Jenkins, there is nothing to be said against it,' said Howard smiling; 'but it is no use your looking at me for a recommendation of white vinegar. It is against my professional principles, unless I have a commission.'

'Mr. Howard will always have his joke,' explained the landlord.

'Bring some champagne,' said Walcot, curtly; 'and remember that we wish to see the cork.'

'You'll be sure to *taste* it, at all events,' observed Howard; he was doing his best to dissolve the gloom of the little party, but by no means with the desired effect. He was the only one of the three who did justice to the entertainment, which was of the usual British-inn description; soles, a leg of lamb, and an apple tart.

Directly it was concluded, Gresham rose with a sigh and left the room.

Walcot looked up with the same look of enquiry as he had worn before.

'Do not fear,' said Howard, assuringly. 'He has had quite enough of *that*, poor fellow. You were quite right to put me on my guard. He turned as white as a woman when she sees blood.'

'Poor fellow,' said Walcot, pityingly. 'You must never mention to him what I told you. It would wound his *amour propre;* and besides, he would resent above all things my appearing to take any interest in him His prejudices are beyond belief.'

'That is only to be expected,' said Howard, coolly helping himself to champagne (they had no other wine); 'given a super-sensitive nature, and all these things follow in their proper places. It is a pity in Gresham's case, for he is an excellent fellow. At college—where I was, however, two years his senior—he was a general favourite, and deservedly so.'

'No doubt,' said Walcot, coldly. 'His uncle, however, had a great dislike to him.'

'Ah, *his* nature, perhaps, was also super sensitive.'

'Very much so,' said Mr. Walcot.

In the mean time the subject of this talk had gone out upon the heath with his cigar. The presence of Walcot was intolerable to him, but so soon as he had left it he ceased to think of the man. He paced the silent desolate heath which under the moon's radiance, and fringed by the silver of the wave, was not without its grace, and even grandeur, with unwonted thoughts of death; it was rare for him (as for most of us) to dwell on such a topic, but the place, and circumstance, and time, all tended to draw his mind in that direction. He did not think of the Hereafter, nor even of death in its general or philosophical aspects: that is not the manner of such men; but only of the dead man lying near him. What a sad end it was, and how wholly unexpected, that one of such a gentle nature, made to be loved by his fellow creatures, and who had been loved by some of the best of them, should have perished *here* among strangers savefor one familiar, but false friend! All the dead man's past kindnesses, fr om the 'tips' he had given him as a schoolboy, to the hopes which he had once expressed in him—it had been on his going to Germany after the Cambridge *fiasco*—as the last of all his kin—rose up before Gresham, one by one, and made appeal, as it were, for his uncle's

memory against harsh judgment. Sir Robert might have shaken the very dust from his feet on leaving Halcombe; he might have elected—nay it was too likely that he did so—to become henceforth a stranger to his own belongings, for the sake of this worthless scoundrel who had so fooled him, and it might be that he had made such dispositions in his will that all who were really worthy of his remembrance, or had a natural claim to it, were left out in the cold, to the advantage of this scheming villain. If that should be the case—and notwithstanding that, if it were so, Gresham's once smiling future would be dark and cheerless indeed—the young fellow now made up his mind that no feeling of bitterness should take root within him. He would think of Sir Robert as he had been in the good old time, and he would set down any harshness or injustice, not to his hand at all, but to the alien fingers that had guided it.

(To be continued.)

ROUND THE TABLE.

Eccentricities of Loyalty.

NOW that the exuberance of civic festivities is over, and the people of Western Ontario are generally cooling off to a temperature a little below boiling point, the philosophical observer may find much to amuse and instruct in the records of the late progress. In the first place I want it noticed that the object of all these processions, speechifyings, and cheerings is persistently ignored; or rather, it is deliberately misrepresented. To listen to these loyal address factors you would believe this was all got up to please the Governor-General and his wife. Nothing of the kind! Beyond the fact that they afford some slight evidence of personal popularity and of general content (which could be and is supplied in half-a-dozen better ways) I can see no reason why this eternal round should not have proved an unmitigated piece of boredom to the Marquis. There would be a novelty about the first few receptions, which would soon wear off, to be succeeded by a deadening feeling of monotony; so many more yards of red drugget walked over, so many more reams of addresses, authorised and unauthorised, in bad prose and limping verse, listened to,—so many mayors, aldermen, presidents of societies and even school children 'personally introduced,'—so many more stacks of heads to bow to, widely-gaping throats to be cheered at by, heavy lumber arches decked with evergreen and Chinese lanterns to be passed under. Clearly enough the pleasure aimed at was that of the crowd. Each town wanted a holiday, an excuse for illuminations and decorations—what matters it if the Vice-Regal guests had seen better at Montreal or Toronto? the good folk of —— hadn't seen anything of the sort and were not going to have their colossal arch of welcome's nose put out of joint by any such injurious comparison. The guests were the excuse and part of the attraction, but the concomitant glories were intended more to please their hosts than them.

Sometimes an attempt to break the ordinary routine, appears to have had a singular effect. Undoubtedly there was novelty in the idea that set off 'thirty or forty locomotive engines' whistling a simultaneous welcome in Stratford railway-yard! The good

people of Stratford must have acquired a taste for vigour of sound (in preference to expression or delicacy of rendering), since their big explosion last spring which smashed windows a mile off, but I can imagine that if all the forty whistled to the full extent of their powers (and it would have been disloyal to have done otherwise), the Princess, who comes of a family with some pretensions to musical taste, must have mentally determined to pass Stratford in future *incognito*. Suppose other places had wished to show off their peculiar excellencies in a like manner, what odd results would have been heard! Imagine the exhibitors at Guelph being bidden at a word of command to tread each man on the tail of his neighbouring exhibitor's pig (to secure unanimity of action and pressure), what a squeal of welcome would have arisen! I do not like to pursue this painful subject further, and it is hardly necessary, as the example of Stratford is not likely to be followed.

Then there are the eccentricities of the illuminators. Your truly delightful illuminator best loveth the transparency. His ideas are sometimes deliciously clear, but at times become vague, a trifle vague. When I saw a picture of Her Majesty gazing rather stolidly at a remarkable 'wall of waters' (supposed to represent the rapids above Niagara), and labelled 'your mother next,' I got in a sort of a quandary. Was the painter so unacquainted with contemporary history as to imagine the Queen had ever been within a mile of Goat Island, and so ignorant of recent history, as to know of no insuperable objection to her late Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, visiting Canada shortly?

But I must not forget the man who had (*teste* the Globe) twenty-one glass globes displayed '*to represent a royal salute!*' a feat which requires unusual clearness on the part of the globes, or extraordinary perspicacity on the part of the reporter. Perhaps, however, as was well suggested to me, the globes exploded regularly, one after another, which would account for the similarity being recognised.

On the whole, there must be some feeling of relief that it is all over. The civic mind cannot long continue spinning addresses in prose and verse out of its inner consciousness. The average throat of humanity must have found its cheering capabilities sorely overtaxed before it would have called in the 'forty whistling as one' at Stratford. It will be a relief to all concerned to drop back to the level of everyday life, where grammar and the construction of sentences can be left with impunity to mere literary men, and where high state dignitaries, raised to the exalted language of the seventh heaven by congenial eloquence and wine, need no longer perorate about Princesses in the hospital slang of Bob Sawyer.

F. R.

Unitarianism and Roman Catholicism.

—'Rather severe on Cardinal Newman,' he murmured aloud, as he laid aside the last number of the Canadian Monthly, and wearily leaned his head on his hand. 'Strange that his case—in many respects so different—is yet similar to my own.' Here the beautiful hymn by Dr. Newman, 'Lead, kindly Light,' came into his mind, and, half-unconsciously, he repeated it aloud:

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night be gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

'What a remarkable thing,' thought the soliloquiser, 'If God be, indeed, the loving Father which we Unitarians believe him to be, and not the stern Deity of the Calvinistic theology, will He not guide His children on the way to Heaven? Here is Dr. Newman, with all his brilliant talents, imploring the direction of God with the artless simplicity of a child: "Lead *Thou* me on." Did *God* lead him into the Church of Rome? Again, here am I, who was brought up from childhood in the teachings of high-Calvinism, and only at the dawn of manhood began to doubt whether such a portraiture of God as it presents could be He whom doctrinal theology reveals as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. How well do I remember the long years of struggling before its cruel dogmas were thrown aside. I searched the Scriptures and earnestly prayed to God to guide me into all truth. I became a Unitarian, embracing that faith which some suppose to be a stepping stone to infidelity. How two devoted seekers after truth, both earnestly imploring the guidance of Heaven, should be led into Romanism on the one hand, and Unitarianism on the other, is incomprehensible to me. An Evangelical would probably explain it in this way: "Dr. Newman's surroundings in his youth may have influenced his conduct more than he himself was aware of; for surely it is monstrous to believe that God led him into the idolatries of Romanism. Then, in the other case, the horrors of ultra-Calvinism, in which you were cradled, brought on such a re-action on attaining years of discretion that you were naturally driven to embrace Unitarianism." Evangelicals would doubtless explain it in that fashion, and there may be some grain of truth in what they say. Still, the question troubles and perplexes me, for since God is so wise, loving, and merciful, surely He is able to lead His trusting children aright, no matter what untoward circumstances may surround them. Wherever the fault may lie, it does not lie in Him. Perchance our early education and various influences in after life may frequently prevent us from seeing things clearly. Was Dr. Newman deceived in thinking himself divinely led when he entered the Church of Rome? No doubt of it. Then may not I, too, be deceived in my earnest belief that it was God who led me to embrace Unitarianism? Yes, it is at least possible. Joseph Cook says that "our age has many in it who wander as lost babes in the woods, not asking whether there is any way out of uncertainties on the highest of all themes, and in suppressed sadness beyond that of tears." But, he adds, "I will not be a questionless lost babe, for I believe there is a way, and that, although we may not know the map of all the forest, *we can find the path home.*" I hope so. Of one thing we may be sure, that all who earnestly seek the truth will, sooner or later, find it. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." God is *love;* and though, in His wisdom, He may see fit to lead His children a long way round, He will lead them safely home.'

M. E. S. S.

J. G. W. on Dr. Newman.

—J. G. W. accuses Dr. Newman of indulging in 'glittering generalities,' and cites as an example the credit he gives the Christian Church for the overthrow of slavery. J. G. W. takes, however, too narrow a view of the subject in limiting slavery, as he appears to do, to the negro slavery of modern times. A little more 'generality' in his thought would have

saved him from an error. Dr. Newman speaks of slavery as it existed at one time throughout the world, the slavery not of inferior races specially, but of multitudes of unfortunate victims of war and poverty. How the Church dealt with this wide-spread system of slavery, Mr. J. G. W. can learn, if he will, from Mr. Lecky's 'History of European Morals,' vol. ii, p. 69, *seq.* During the first two centuries that elapsed after the conversion of Constantine but little was done in the way of legislation to ameliorate the conditions of slavery; but the Emperor Justinian introduced important measures of reform which Mr. Lecky specifies. He then goes on to say: 'Important as were these measures, it is not in the field of legislation that we must chiefly look for the influence of Christianity upon slavery. This influence was indeed very great, but it is necessary carefully to define its nature . . . The services of Christianity in this sphere were of three kinds. It supplied a new order of relations in which the distinction of classes was unknown. It imparted a moral dignity to the servile class, and it *gave an unexampled impetus to the movement of emancipation.*

'At a time when, by the civil law, a master whose slave died as a consequence of excessive scourging was absolutely unpunished, the Council of Illiberis excluded that master for ever from the communion. . . . The chastity of female slaves, for the protection of which the civil law made but little provision, was sedulously guarded by the legislation of the Church. In the next place, Christianity imparted a moral dignity to the servile class not only by associating poverty and labour with that monastic life which was so profoundly revered, but also by introducing new modifications into the ideal type of morals.'

These, no doubt, were the facts of which Dr. Newman was thinking when he spoke of the influence of the Church upon slavery; and they seem to me sufficient, broadly speaking, to justify his position. Perhaps, however, J. G. W. is prepared with a number of other instances of the Doctor's proneness to 'glittering generalities.' If so, he would do well to bring them forward, as there is a wide-spread impression among reading-men that this is a literary sin which is particularly repugnant to Dr. Newman's genius.

TINEA.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Life of Charles James Mathews, chiefly auto-biographical. Edited by CHARLES DICKENS. No. 71 of Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

No one expected that Mr. Charles Dickens would rival or even approach his father as a novelist, humorist, or emotional writer, but certainly the literary surroundings amongst which he was brought up justified the belief that he would have proved an able man of letters, especially in the fields of editing and biography, success in which can be obtained by the apt disposition of material furnished by others. We do not think that this belief is confirmed by the manner in which Mr. Dickens has accomplished his present task. No doubt there are difficulties in the way, and the author of an actor's biography has to keep an even course between that exuberance of merely theatrical detail which proves attractive to old playgoers and that wider view of his subject which rather commends itself to the general public.

But in this case Mr. Dickens has

been unusually favoured. Mathews was not simply an actor. Indeed, we shall probably be supported by public opinion when we say that those pages which relate to his life before he appeared professionally upon the stage are the most interesting among the many very interesting pages of this book. Moreover, it was a great advantage to have an account of the greater part of two out of three periods of Mathews' life, written by the hero himself in his own racy style. We will, however, give a short account of the actor's career before paying attention to the subordinate point of the editor's shortcomings.

Charles James Mathews was born at Liverpool, on Boxing-night, 1803, and narrowly escaped being christened Paul. His father and mother were both well-known comedians of their day, and appear to have entertained much affection for their child, whom they designed for some more serious (or, in the cant of the day, respectable) profession.

But no amount of dressing the little fellow up in 'a complete parson's suit of black, old-fashioned square-cut coat, long-flapped waistcoat, bands, shoes and buckles,' could give the twig the necessary clerical bend, when the company of such men as Colman, Hook, Liston, Kemble, and James and Horace Smith, was leading him to look at things from a dramatic and literary standpoint. Indeed, we can imagine the circumstance operating rather to turn his attention to mimicry and the art of 'making up' for a part, in which he afterwards excelled.

The usual school-boy troubles being over, architecture was chosen as his future vocation, and his studies commenced under Pugin. Among other works upon which he was employed, he mentions the Pavilion at Brighton, which was 'artistically executed under the personal superintendence of George the Fourth.' We prefer to attribute this favourable criticism to the sarcastic powers of the embryo comedian rather than to a lack of taste in the budding architect.

Even in those early days his histrionic powers were noticeable. A professional trip to Paris made him acquainted with French actors and acting, and, upon his return, his imitation of the celebrated M. Perlet, at a private but largely-attended amateur performance, was so perfect as to deceive even men intimate with the great original.

Hardly had the young man acquired a smattering of his profession, when an event occurred which changed the complexion of his whole life. Lord Blessington, who was on friendly terms with Mathews the elder, was bitten with the mania for building a castle on his Irish estates, and young Mathews was sent for in a hurry to help to put the nobleman's crude ideas into shape. Nothing came of the building project, but so much was Lord Blessington taken by the vivacious manners and versatile talents of his new companion that he took him to Italy, where a most delightful year was spent, chiefly at Naples, amid charming company.

To our mind this part of Mathews' life is the most interesting. Certainly it had a great effect upon his future capabilities as an actor. The youth, who had known Lamb, Hook, and Liston as a boy, was now being polished by associating with D'Orsay and the society of the best travelled Englishmen to be found in Italy. It is little wonder, then, that he should have earned the praise of being the only light comedian who, in acting a gentleman upon the stage, still preserved the manners of a gentleman in a drawing-room.

After Italy, he was sent to Wales to oversee certain building operations arising out of one of the then numerous bubble companies, in which his father had unfortunately dabbled. Already he was writing songs and pieces for his father's performances (including the well-known 'Jenny Jones'), and, when the Welsh Iron and Coal Company exploded, his relatives were a little nonplussed as to the best course for him to pursue. He resisted, however, all temptations to the stage, and entered the office of Nash, the architect. Not getting on here as he expected, he essayed a second continental tour of a more purely professional character than the last, ending, however, in his meeting Lord Normanby at Florence, and going in with him, heart and soul, for private theatricals.

A severe illness sent him home again, and his expiring effort as an architect was to apply for and obtain a district surveyorship, a post which he did not retain long. In 1835 his father died, financially embarrassed, and Mathews' own troubles began. We cannot follow him through the second period of his life, the period of unwise attempts to manage large theatres without capital,

of repeated bankruptcies, arrests, and struggles. As an actor he at once made his mark, and marked out for himself the school of so-called *light* comedy, in which few, if any, have followed him. It was not, however, till he shook himself free from the trammels of managership, that he was really able to feel upon an independent footing, and to reap the harvest of his own talents. His death, for we must hurry to a close, did not occur till the 24th of June, 1878, when he had been forty-four years before the public as an actor of the first rank, had visited Australia once and America three times, and had achieved the great honour of acting, with marked success, before a Parisian audience in their own tongue.

So much for the substance of the book; but what can we say for Mr. Dickens' part in it? This appears to us to have been performed carelessly, and with lack of discretion. The idea of giving alternate chapters of biography, and of correspondence, may be a good one, but, besides the objection to a plan that takes you twice over the same period, we find in many cases a verbatim repetition. An editor who was worth his salt would have omitted these duplicated passages in the letters. After all, the correspondence, even of a Mathews, is not of such a sacred nature as to merit preserving *in extenso*, as we should do the letters of a Goethe or a Cromwell. Again, the letters of Mathews' mother to him, and, in fact, all the correspondence about mere remittances of money for travelling expenses, should have been ruthlessly expunged, as interesting to no living soul. Then, when explanation or information is really needed, we do not get it, as in the case of the sudden return from Naples, the cause for which is left entirely to our imagination. Chapter viii. is incorrectly entitled, 'Second Visit to England,' instead of 'to Italy,' and trivial, but not the less annoying, errors in grammar, spelling, and construction abound. When so much of the work was done to the editor's hand, these little matters are the more inexcusable.

But we do not want our readers to think that the book is spoilt by these faults. It remains in their despite eminently readable and amusing, full of anecdotes, jokes, and puns. Some of the little character-sketches are delightful, as for instance the 'take-off' of the modern traveller who 'does' a country with 'a haste that puts him on about a par with an intelligent portmanteau.'

'Did you go to Rome?'

'Rome? Did we, mamma? Oh, yes, I remember now. It was the place where we saw that old beggar woman with the child on the steps of a church.'

The reprint is carefully executed.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE caterers for public amusement are putting forth this season a programme so rich in promise, and have already given so fair an earnest of its fulfilment, that we are induced to resume the monthly reviews of dramatic and musical events which formed a prominent feature of this magazine in days gone by. They were discontinued at a time when the small interest which the general public seemed to take in dramatic affairs suggested that criticism there anent would be even more stale, flat, and unprofitable.

But the current season has opened with indications of a revival, both of managerial enterprise and of a responsive interest on the part of theatre-goers. We believe that of the companies which have already visited us, such as deserved any encouragement at all, have played to good average 'business,' and we are disposed to think that the prospects are in favour of continued success.

There seems to be a very general opinion that 'the times' are improving, and if there be any justification for that belief, it is superfluous to point out that its animating influence will be felt in no direction more strongly than in that of public amusements. What, however, is more certain and more directly to the

purpose, is that the system now adopted by the managers of our Toronto theatres is, in more than one respect, a marked improvement on that formerly in vogue. At the Grand Opera House, Mr. Pitou has abolished altogether the old Stock Company, and wisely placed his trust in combinations. In so doing he has, we believe, shown himself fully alive to the conditions of successful management in Toronto. It had become imperative that the stock company should either be vastly improved or altogether abandoned. Toronto theatre-goers had grown more than weary of a system under which the only new thing presented for their delectation was the weekly passage of a single first, or second-rate star through a dull dramatic firmament of fixed rushlight mediocrities. The inevitable re-appearance of 'the old familiar faces,' and the invariable repetition of the old familiar mannerisms in every play, in every conceivable make-up, and under every conceivable circumstance, was beginning to exhaust the patience of even the most enthusiastic *habitués* of the theatre. There have been some very tolerable actors—as well as some very intolerable ones—among the various stock companies Toronto has had; but it would have required phenomenal versatility, such as certainly none of them possessed for them to have assumed satisfactorily all the incongruous *rôles*, which they were called upon at short notice to prepare. The system was unfair to the 'stars,' it was unfair to the company, and, above all, it was unfair to the public. To have made it otherwise, it would have been necessary to keep on foot a regular company of such first-rate ability as would have ruined the management in salaries, unless there had been developed an enthusiasm for theatre-going as yet unprecedented in Toronto. The alternative which Mr. Pitou has adopted, in bringing to his theatre week after week, a series of 'combinations,' or regularly organized travelling companies, with limited *répertoires*, is one which obviates the most serious of the disadvantages to which we have alluded as connected with the 'stock' system—although it has others of its own. Without dwelling on these at present, it will suffice to say that under this new *régime*, Toronto audiences will, at all events, have change and variety, such as a city with but two theatres could not otherwise obtain. The various companies visiting us, having been organized each with a view to the production of a certain piece or class of pieces, and having played them consecutively a great number of times, may at least be expected to present them with a smoothness and *ensemble* that was always lacking when one company was forced hurriedly to get up numerous fresh plays, and, thus insufficiently prepared, to support a different 'star' every week. In this connection, however, we would strongly protest against a trick, which these travelling companies are frequently guilty of, and which will prejudice the interests of our local managers even more than their own, if it is long continued. We refer to the unaccountable manner in which the approach to Toronto seems to affect the health of the actors and actresses who are advertised for a week before the arrival of the company, and—we are sorry to add, throughout their stay—to play important parts; but who are suddenly taken ill somewhere on the route, leaving their parts to be filled by sorry substitutes, without any apology or announcement being made to the public, before or after the performance. It is the chief drawback to these transitory companies that the public have no guarantee of the fulfilment of their advertised pledges—and no hold upon them in default. Such being the case, it is only right that the managers of our theatres should be held responsible for any small dodges of the kind just referred to, and it is to their interest to look to it that their patrons are protected from anything of the kind.

One thing more, before we enter upon the details of our task. It is much to be regretted that our daily press neglects to exert any influence towards the elevation of the public taste in the dramatic art, by competent or even outspoken criticism. In this respect the *Toronto Evening Telegram* sets a meritorious example to its bigger brothers. The leading dailies—except on very rare occasions—entrust their dramatic criticism to tyros whose 'notices'—couched in an unvarying phraseology which suggests the use of regular forms in blank, filled in with names and dates as required,—are utterly misleading to such of the public as read them, and must be anything but encouraging to actors or managers who are wise enough to value intelligent criticism above monotonous encomiums dealt out in return for their advertising.

We will proceed to pass briefly in re-

view some of the 'attractions' which have so far visited the Grand Opera House.

Early in the season Mr. Lawrence Barrett, supported by Mr. Eben Plympton and an efficient company, presented for the first time in Toronto, a drama adapted especially for him from the Spanish, by Mr. W. D. Howells, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The play, which has the rather vague and hap-hazard title of 'A New Play,' has its action in the days of Shakespeare, amid the actors of the old *Globe Theatre*, the chief interest of the piece centering in the rôle of *Yorick*, which Mr. Barrett assumed. *Yorick*, 'a fellow of infinite jest,' at the first, is represented as the victim of gradually increasing jealousy and suspicion of his young wife, *Mistress Alice* (Miss Ellen Cummins), who loves his *protégé, Master Edward* (Mr. Plympton). He is made to act the rôle of a deceived husband in 'A New Play' produced by Heywood at the Globe Theatre, Alice and Edward taking the parts of his guilty wife and her lover. The situation, though far-fetched and spoiled by a too detailed and elaborate correspondence of the circumstances of the play, and the play within the play, is unquestionably a strong one, and gives ample scope for some subtle and powerful acting. We are forced to confess that Mr. Barrett entirely failed to realize the possibilities of his part. In the first act he seemed to think that light-hearted gaiety and whimsicality were amply represented by incessant restlessness of legs, hands and eyes, and a rapidity of utterance which it was almost impossible to follow, while, as the tragedy of his situation deepened, the spasmodic jerkiness of his movements, and the breathless rapidity of his speeches were increased, presumably to portray increasing depth of passion. We cannot say that the effect was artistic; nor do we think Mr. Barrett's *Yorick* a success in any respect. He entirely fails to make the character his own, or to leave any impression of a distinctive personality with his audience. In marked contrast to this is his *Richelieu*, a finished study which, although marred by some of Mr. Barrett's inevitable mannerisms of mouth and eyes, it is always a pleasure to witness.

The apparently inexhaustible fleet of 'Pinafores' now cruising about the continent, has sent us representatives in Haverley's Juvenile crew, the Saville-Lee crew, and, more recently, Haverley's Chicago Church Choir crew—for, in boarding this subject, we are nothing if not nautical. Some of the 'Pinafore' companies, on the other hand—notably the last mentioned—are anything *but* nautical in appearance.

The success attending the visit of Haverley's Juvenile Pinafore Company was attributable rather to the 'infant phenomenon' craze by which astute managers like Mr. Haverley know so large a part of the public to be possessed, than to much intrinsic merit in the performance itself. The singing, especially in the choruses, was often shrill and hopelessly out of tune, while in some cases, especially in that of the *Josephine* (Annie Walker), it was rather pitiable than enjoyable to witness the unsuccessful attempts of the child to render music entirely beyond the compass of her voice. *Sir Joseph Porter* (Frankie Bishop), *Dick Deadeye* (Arthur Dunn), and *Hebe* (Daisy Murdoch) however, all had excellent voices, and sang with spirit and precision; while Jennie Dunn, as *Ralph Rackstraw*, had a sweet voice and sang carefully, but was overweighted by the difficulties of her part. The acting of little Arthur Dunn as *Dick Deadeye*, notwithstanding some excusable self-consciousness, was really superior in grotesqueness and humour to that of any 'grown up' representative of that blighted and misanthropical tar we have seen. Zoe Tuttle was a bright and *piquant Buttercup*, but Daisy Murdoch as *Hebe* was more pert and saucy than her part required or than it was pleasant to see a child applauded for.

From a musical point of view, Haverley's Chicago Church Choir Company is unquestionably the best Pinafore combination that has visited Toronto. There was not a poor voice in the cast, while some of them, notably the fine baritone of Mr. McWade (*Captain Corcoran*), and the rich contralto of Miss Bartlett (*Buttercup*), were exceptionally good. The really phenomenal *basso profundo* of Mr. A. Liverman, elicited repeated *encores* of the song 'He is an Englishman;' the tremendous power of his voice compensating for some lack of musical quality and of skill in its management. The choruses were strong and spirited, and the orchestra, conducted by Mr. Louis J. Falk, a very fine one. Altogether, more was made of the music than previous companies had even suggested the

possibility of; although we scarcely think that the somewhat ambitious alterations in Sullivan's score were improvements on the original or altogether in keeping with its general *motif*. Mr. McWade acted *Captain Corcoran* with refreshing life and zest, it being a part, as a rule, played very tamely. Miss Bartlett made his attachment to *Buttercup*, as charmingly represented by her, one in which the audience could heartily sympathize. With these exceptions, however, the acting was very *amateurish* and flat. The parts of *Sir Joseph* (Mr. F. A. Bowden), *Dick Deadeye* (Mr. L. W. Raymond) and *Hebe* (Miss Ada Somers), losing all their due prominence, and, indeed significance. The crew in this Company are so sombrely—almost dingily—dressed, as to detract very materially from the general brightness of the effect.

The Saville-Lee English Opera Company, who paid their second visit to the 'Grand' a few weeks ago, do *Pinafore* full justice all round; and have, in Mr. Digby V. Bell, an excellent singer and actor, who catches the full humour of the part of *Sir Joseph Porter* and renders it inimitably. He is ably seconded by Miss Carrie Burton, who makes a dainty and coquettish *Hebe*. This Company, however, is scarcely strong enough to attempt 'The Bohemian Girl' with much success; nor did Mr. J. J. Benitz (as *Devilshoof*), and Mr. Percy J. J. Cooper (as *Florestine*) improve matters by introducing buffoonery utterly incongruous and out of place in that opera. The most interesting performance by the Saville-Lee Company was that—for the first time in this City—of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operetta, 'The Sorcerer,' which met with success almost as remarkable as that of *Pinafore*, on its production at the *Opera Comique*, in London, a year or two ago, with George Grossmith and the late Mrs. Howard Paul in the leading parts. Whether it be that the 'points' of its satire are best appreciated in England, or that its music, although fully as charming, is not so full of 'catching' airs as *Pinafore*, it certainly has not created anything like the same enthusiasm on this side of the Atlantic. Though it be heresy to say so, we think it superior to *Pinafore* in the humour of its plot and the quaint satire of its *libretto*; while its music, although in a somewhat higher vein, is bright and captivating in the extreme. It was well received here, and rendered very satisfactorily, Mr. Bell again decidedly taking the lead, both in acting and singing, in the part of *John Wellington Wells*, the Family Sorcerer. The marvellous grotesque dancing of Mr. George Grossmith, the originator of this part in London, contributed in a great degree to the original success of the opera. Mr. Bell, not being George Grossmith, cannot justly be taken to task for its omission; but the dancing having been omitted, we think we may fairly say that Toronto has not yet seen the 'Sorcerer.'

Mr. John T. Raymond, in a three nights' engagement last week, made his first appearance here as *Ichabod Crane*, in a new play by Mr. George Fawcett Rowe, entitled *Woolfert's Roost*, and dramatized, with many variations, from Washington Irving's book of that name. The drama is no better—rather worse—than Mr. Rowe's former not very successful attempts. There is no coherence or sequence in the plot—if plot it can be said to have—and there is not much literary merit in the dialogue by way of compensation. Some of the situations would be good if anything led up to them, or they led up to anything, but neither is the case. The associations of the piece, and the very pretty scenery it introduces, give it a sort of idyllic interest; and Mr. Raymond makes *Ichabod*, the Schoolmaster, an amusing, if not a very distinctive, character. In fact, if *Ichabod* were suddenly to exclaim 'there's millions in it!' we do not think the audience would resent it as much of an incongruity. Mr. Raymond played *Colonel Sellers* — intentionally — once again during his stay, and when we hear of Sothern doing something better than *Dundreary*, or of Jefferson eclipsing his *Rip Van Winkle*, we shall be ready to believe that Mr. Raymond will ever make the mark in any other part that he has done in *Colonel Sellers*.

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THE POWERS OF CANADIAN PARLIAMENTS.

BY S. J. WATSON, TORONTO.

IN this, the second and concluding article on 'The Powers of Canadian Parliaments,' much must be omitted that is necessary for argument and illustration. But the claims of space are imperative.

The present paper will consider, in brief—

1. The powers given to the Dominion and to the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec by the British North America Act.

2. The powers with which the Legislatures of these two Provinces have clothed themselves, in order to carry out the purposes for which they exist.

3. The opinion of the Tribunals on the powers of the Provincial Parliaments, those inherited and those conferred.

4. The difference between the powers of the Imperial and the Federal Parliaments.

Section 90 of the British North America Act thus defines some of the powers conferred on the Provincial Legislatures :—

'The following provisions of this Act respecting the Parliament of Canada—namely, the Provisions relating to Appropriation and Tax Bills, the Recommendation of Money Votes, the Assent to Bills, the Disallowance of Acts, and the Signification of Pleasure on Bills Reserved—shall extend and apply to the Legislatures of the several Provinces, as if those Provisions were here re-enacted and made applicable in terms to the respective Provinces and the Legislatures thereof, with the substitution of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province for the Governor-General, of the Governor-General for the Queen, and for a Secretary of State, of One year for two years,* and of the Province for Canada.'

No argument is needed to prove that

* This refers to the period—one year—within which, and not after, the Governor-General has authority to disallow Provincial Legislation. During the existence of the late Province of Canada two years was the period within which the Imperial authorities could exercise the veto.

the powers conferred on the Provinces by this 90th section, are amongst the most important that justify the existence of a Parliament. The Provincial Legislatures are made the participants of the Federal Parliament, 'as if these provisions were here re-enacted' in the power to deal with the people's money; a right which, entrusted for the time being, by the people to their responsible representatives, lies at the root of Parliamentary Government and Free Institutions.

The latter part of the section shows that the powers conferred are part of those exercised by the late Parliament of Canada, and are transmitted unimpaired to the Provincial Legislatures.

It is but right to admit, without discussion, that the Federal Parliament is in possession of larger powers than the Provincial Legislatures. But it may be possible to show that these powers differ more in degree than they do in kind. In attempting to make this comparative similarity apparent, there is no desire to belittle the Parliament of Canada. Such as it is, that Legislature is our own; it represents, in a tentative way, the idea of Nationhood. It is the formative power, shaping out of materials, scattered and disproportioned, something that shall be the embodiment of a vigorous National life; something less than the British Empire, but greater than a Province.

(1). Section 91 of the British North America Act deals with the 'Distribution of Legislative powers.' Under the heading 'Powers of Parliament,' there are enumerated twenty-eight subjects reserved to the Federal Legislature.

Section 92 of the Act enumerates the subjects under the control of the Provincial Legislatures: they are sixteen in number.

For the purposes of comparison, the more important of the subjects reserved to each Legislature will be placed side by side, not in numerical procession, as in the Act, but according to relationship.

Federal Powers.	Provincial Powers.
3. The raising of money by any mode or system of taxation.	2. Direct Taxation within the Province in order to the raising of a Revenue for Provincial purposes.
4. The borrowing of money on the public credit.	3. Borrowing money on the sole credit of the Province.
8. The fixing of and providing for the salaries and allowances of Civil and other officers of the Government of Canada.	4. The establishment and tenure of Provincial offices and the appointment and payment of Provincial officers.
11. Quarantine and the establishment and maintenance of Marine Hospitals.	7. The establishment, maintenance, and management of Hospitals, Asylums, Charities and Eleemosynary Institutions in and for the Province, other than Marine Hospitals.
24. Indians and lands reserved for the Indians.	5. The management and sale of the Public Lands belonging to the Province, and of the Timber and Wood thereon.
26. Marriage and Divorce.	12. The Solemnization of Marriage in the Province.
27. The Criminal Law except the Constitution of the Courts of Criminal Jurisdiction, but including the procedure in Criminal matters.	14. The Administration of Justice in the Province, including the Constitution, Maintenance, and Organization of Provincial Courts, both of Civil and Criminal Jurisdiction, and including Procedure in Civil matters in those Courts.
28. The Establishment, Maintenance and Management of Penitentaries.	6. The Establishment, Maintenance, and Management of Public and Reformatory Prisons in and for the Province.

The following are the more important of the remaining Federal and Provincial Powers not placed in comparison above:—

Reserved for the Federal Parliament—

The Regulation of Trade and Commerce.

Postal Service.

Militia, Military, and Naval Service and Defence.

Navigation and Shipping.

Currency and Coinage.

Banking, Incorporation of Banks, and the Issue of Paper Money.

Bankruptcy and Insolvency.

Reserved for the Provincial Legislatures—

The Amendment from time to time, notwithstanding anything in this Act, of the Constitution of the Province, except as regards the Office of Lieutenant-Governor.

Municipal Institutions in the Province.

Local Works and undertakings other than such as are excepted in sub-section 10.

The Incorporation of Companies with Provincial Objects.

Property and Civil Rights in the Province.

Education.

It will be seen from the comparison of Federal and Provincial powers, given above, that there exists the closest relationship between them, and that there is no transcendant superiority vested in the Dominion Parliament.

As regards the internal and material interests of each of the Provinces, their municipal self-government, their systems of education, their public lands and their development, and the administration of justice, the Local Legislatures are of much greater importance than the Federal Parliament. Over those vital and complex functions of a free commonwealth, which are known as Civil Rights, and which are the life and marrow of local self-government and Constitutional citizenship, the Provincial Parliaments rule supreme.

It must be borne in mind that the Federal Parliament is the offspring of the Provincial Legislatures; that it is not their progenitor; and that in confiding to it such of their powers as were necessary to establish it as a greater Representative Institution than themselves, there were yet certain powers which they reserved for their own behoof.

As an illustration of these reserved powers, may be cited the last clause of Section 94 of the British North America Act. The section is headed 'Uniformity of Laws in Ontario, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.' This uniformity has reference to 'all or any of the laws relative to property and civil rights' in the three Provinces just named, and to the procedure 'of all or any of the Courts in those three Provinces.' But the last clause of this section declares that 'any Act of the Parliament of Canada making provision for such uniformity shall not have effect in any Province unless and until it is adopted and enacted by the Legislature thereof.'

In the framing of the British North America Act great care was taken to avoid making violent alterations in the distinctive Institutions of some of the Provinces which were parties to the Federal compact. The French system of jurisprudence in Lower Canada was left inviolate, and although 'Marriage and Divorce' are subjects placed specially under Federal control, yet no hand was laid on the Court of Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, which then existed in New Brunswick, and which still exercises its functions in that Province.

In one respect the Provincial Legislatures have a pre-eminent advantage over the Federal Parliament: they can at any time amend the Constitution, except as regards the office of Lieutenant-Governor. But even this power would not be denied by the Imperial Government, if we may judge from a reference to Colonial Governors, in a speech delivered by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, on March 28, 1867, on the subject of the Canada Loan Bill. Mr. Gladstone said:—

'We have for a full quarter of a century acknowledged absolutely the right of self-government in the colonies. We do not expect the laws of Canada or of Australia to be modelled according to our own ideas. We grant them a greater freedom from interfer-

ence than, as amongst the three kingdoms, the Legislature grants to the peculiar ideas that may happen to prevail in one of those three. We have carried it to this point, that as far as regards the Administration, I believe it may be said that the only officer appointed by the Colonial Secretary is the Governor; and I believe there cannot be a doubt that if it were the well-ascertained desire of the Colonies to have the appointment of their own Governor, the Imperial Parliament would at once make over to them that power.'*

The Ontario House, at an early period of its existence, took a bold constitutional stand against the legislation of the Federal Parliament. The action was in defence of the Federal compact, and in vindication of the rights of the Provinces which were consenting parties to that Instrument.

On the 23rd November, 1869, the Honourable Edward Blake, eminent even then, in the dawn of his political career, for a lofty and impartial statesmanship—proposed a series of resolutions, condemning in the Federal Legislature, the breach of the terms of Confederation. This breach, in respect to Nova Scotia, 'making altogether an alteration in favour of that Province of over $2,000,000, of which Ontario pays over $1,100,000.'

The Legislature of Ontario, by an overwhelming majority—64 to 12—

Resolved—'That, in the opinion of this House, the interests of the country require such legislation as may remove all colour for the assumption by the Parliament of Canada of the power to disturb the financial relations established by the Union Act as between Canada and the several Provinces.'

Here was early, energetic, and practical assertion of the rights of the Provinces, when the Federal Parliament was threatening the Federal Compact. Here was substantial interference in Dominion Legislation; and who is bold enough to say that this interference did not help to anchor the Federal ship of state, before she began to plunge and drift towards the breakers of bankruptcy?

(2.) The powers and privileges devolving upon the Parliament of Ontario by 'An Act respecting the Legislative Assembly,' assented to on the 10th of February, 1876, are at once various and extensive.

It is not possible, in this place, to do more than glance, briefly, at the provisions of this Statute, which is known as 39 Vict. cap. 9. It is to be found at length in the Statutes of Ontario, 1875-'76, and forms chapter 12 of the Consolidated Statutes of that Province.

Section 1 of this Act provides that the Legislative Assembly may, at all times, command and compel the attendance of witnesses before itself or any of its committees. The same rule applies to the production of papers.

Section 2 authorises the Speaker to issue his warrant or subpœna, requiring the attendance of persons, and the production of papers, before the House or any of its committees.

Section 3 enacts that no person shall be liable, in damages, for any act done under the authority of the Legislative Assembly, and, within its legal powers; that the warrants of the House may command the aid of all sheriffs, bailiffs, etc.

Section 4 assures to members freedom of speech and action in the Assembly.

Section 5 exempts members from arrest for any debt or cause of a civil nature, during any Session of the Legislature, or during the twenty days preceding, or the twenty days following, such Session.

Section 6 declares that during the periods mentioned in the preceding section, all members of the Assembly, all its officers, and all witnesses summoned before it or any of its committees, shall be exempt from serving as jurors in any court in this Province.

*Hansard, vol. 186; p. 753.

* * * * *

Section 11 enacts that the Assembly shall have all the rights and privileges of a Court of Record, for the purpose of summarily enquiring into and punishing, as breaches of privilege, or as contempt of Court—without prejudice to the liability of the offenders to prosecution and punishment criminally or otherwise, according to law, independently of this Act—the acts, matters and things following:—

1. Assaults, insults or libels upon members during the Session of the Legislature, and twenty days before and after the same.

2. Obstructing, threatening or attempting to force or intimidate members.

3. The offering to, or acceptance of, a bribe by any member to influence him in his proceedings as such, etc.,

4. Assaults upon or interference with officers of the Assembly.

5. Tampering with any witness.

6. Giving false evidence, or refusing to give evidence or produce papers.

7. Disobedience to subpœnas or warrants.

8. Presenting to the Assembly, or to any Committee thereof, any forged or falsified documents.

9. Forging or falsifying any of the records of the Assembly, or of its Committees, or any petition, etc.

10. Bringing action against a member, or causing his arrest, for anything done by him in the House as a member.

11. Effecting the arrest of a member for debt or cause of a civil nature, during a Session of a House, or during the twenty days preceding or the twenty days following such Session.

The Assembly is declared to possess all such powers and jurisdiction as may be necessary for enquiring into, judging and pronouncing upon the commission of any such acts, and awarding and carrying into execution the punishment thereof provided for by this Statute.

Section 12 provides that every person, for any of the offences enumerated above, in addition to any other punishment to which he may by law be subject, shall be liable to imprisonment, for such time during the Legislative Session then holding as the Assembly may determine.

Section 13 enacts that whenever the House finds any person guilty of a contempt for any of the acts, matters and things in Section 11 set forth, and directs him to be imprisoned, the Speaker shall issue his warrant to the Sergeant at-Arms or to the Keeper of the Common Jail to take such person into custody, and to detain him, in accordance with the order of the Legislative Assembly.

Section 14. The determination of the Legislative Assembly, upon any proceeding under this Act, and within the Legislative authority of this Province, shall be final and conclusive.

On the 18th of February, 1870, the following Act of the Quebec Legislature received the assent of the Lieutenant-Governor:—

'An Act to uphold the authority and dignity of the House of the Quebec Legislature, and the independence of the members thereof, and to protect persons publishing Parliamentary Papers.'

The Act is also known as 33 Vict. cap. 5; and as 'The Quebec Parliamentary Act.'

The Quebec Act contains thirteen Sections; the Ontario Act twenty-one. Both Statutes, however, are practically the same in respect to the power to compel attendance of witnesses, and the production of papers; and the protection of persons acting under the authority of the Legislature.

The matters declared to be infringements of the Acts, such as assaults upon members, threatening them, or offering them bribes, tampering with witnesses, and falsifying documents, are the same in both Statutes. Similar, also, are the enactments respecting freedom of speech, freedom from arrest, and exemption from jury service. Each Legislature takes upon itself the

power to punish infringement of the Statutes in question.

But, in some respects the Acts differ. The 11th Section of the Ontario Statute provides that the 'Assembly shall have all the rights and privileges of a Court of Record,' etc. This has no counterpart in the Quebec Act. Sub-section 7, of Section 11 of the Ontario Act, makes disobedience to subpœnas or warrants an offence; Section 13 provides that any person declared 'guilty of a contempt,' shall be committed on the Speaker's warrant to the common gaol.

The Quebec Act is silent as to the punishment for disobedience of the Speaker's warrant; neither does it define, with the precision of the Ontario Statute, by what means the Legislature may order imprisonment.

(3.) The powers of the Provincial Legislatures as defined by the tribunals.

A test case was that of Mr. C. A. Dansereau, who was arrested on the warrant of the Speaker of the Quebec Legislative Assembly for refusing to give evidence in an inquiry concerning what was known as the 'Tanneries Land Swap.'

On the 17th of February, 1875, in Montreal, the petition of Mr. Dansereau for a writ of *Habeas Corpus* came before the judges of the Queen's Bench, in appeal. Chief Justice Dorion, Mr. Justice Taschereau, Mr. Justice Sanborn and Mr. Justice Monk agreed in refusing the petition; Mr. Justice Ramsay dissenting.

We regret that space compels the omission of the important observations of the learned Judges, with the exception of some of those of Mr. Justice Ramsay and Mr. Justice Sanborn.

The Court held—

"That the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Quebec has power to compel the attendance of witnesses before it, and may order a witness to be taken into custody by the Serjeant-at-Arms if he refuses to attend when summoned

"The omission to state in the Speaker's Warrant of Arrest the grounds and reasons therefor, is not a fatal defect.

"The Quebec Statute, 33 Vic. cap. 5, is within the powers of the Local Legislature."

Mr. Justice Ramsay (dissentient) in pronouncing against the power of the Speaker to order the arrest of Dansereau said, amongst other things:

'The last question, and the most important, is the warrant of attachment. . . A general warrant which is nothing more than an order to the Serjeant-at-Arms to arrest A. or B., without expressing any cause whatever, cannot be justified on necessity by the most obsequious defender of arbitrary power. . . The consequence of granting it is to give the Local Houses, respectively, unlimited authority over the persons and property of Her Majesty's subjects. . . For my part I have no hesitation about the illegality of general warrants. . . I must resist them morally with all the arguments I can command, materially with all the authority I may possess. I hold that they are unknown to the law, and that the precedents cannot legalise them. . . The power to issue a general warrant is given by no Statute to the Commons of England—by Section 18, B. N. A. Act, it is refused to the Houses of Parliament of Canada, and it is denied to all persons by many Statutes in express terms.' (See the Petition of Rights, and 16 Charles 1, cap. 10.)

Mr. Justice Sanborn, in giving his decision, said, in part:

'The British North America Act of 1867 was enacted in response to the petition of the late Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, as stated in the preamble of the Act, "to be federally united into one Dominion under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland with a Constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom."

'The powers of Legislation and Re-

presentative Government, or as it has commonly been called, Responsible Government, were not new in Canada. They had been conceded to Canada, and exercised in their largest sense, from the time of the Union Act of 1840, and, in a somewhat more restricted sense, from the Act of 1791 to 1840. The late Province of Lower Canada was constituted a separate Province by the Act of 1791, with a Governor, a Legislative Council, and a Legislative Assembly, and it has never lost its identity. It had a separate body of laws, both as respects Statute and Common Law, in civil matters. No powers that had been conceded were intended to be taken away by the British North America Act of 1867, and none, in fact, were taken away, as it is not the wont of the British Government to withdraw constitutional franchises once conceded.

'This Act, according to my understanding of it, distributed powers already existing, to be exercised within their prescribed limits, to different Legislatures constituting one Central Legislature and several subordinate ones, all upon the same model, without destroying the autonomy of the Provinces, or breaking the continuity of the prescriptive rights and traditions of the respective Provinces. In a certain sense the powers of the Federal Parliament were derived from the Provinces, subject, of course, to the whole being a Colonial Dependency of the British Crown.

'The Provinces of Quebec and Ontario are, by the Sixth Section of the Act, declared to be the same that formerly comprised Upper and Lower Canada. This recognises their previous existence prior to the Union Act of 1840. All through the Act these Provinces are recognised as having a previous existence and a constitutional history upon which the new fabric is based. Their laws remain unchanged, and the Constitution is preserved. The offices are the same in name and duties, except as to the office of Lieutenant-Governor, which is placed in the same relation to the Province of Quebec that the Governor-General sustained in the late Province of Canada. I think that it would be a great mistake to ignore the past governmental powers conferred upon, and exercised in, the Province, now called Quebec, in determining the nature and privileges of the Legislative Assembly of this Province.

'The remark is as common as it is erroneous, that the Legislatures of the Provinces are mere large Municipal Corporations. It is true that every government is a corporation, but every municipal corporation is not a government. Consider the powers given exclusively to Provincial Legislatures. They have sole jurisdiction over education, property, and civil rights, administration of Justice and municipal institutions in the Province, subjects which affect vitally the welfare of society. The very court which enables us to determine the matter now under consideration, holds its existence by the will of the Provincial Legislature. No such powers were ever conferred upon mere municipalities in the ordinary sense. They are subjects which, in all nations, are entrusted to the highest legislative power. Legislatures make laws, municipal corporations make by-laws.

'If these Legislative powers confided to Provincial Legislatures are not to be exercised in all their amplitude, with the incidents attaching to them, they can be exercised by no other sovereign power, while our present Constitution exists. They have been conceded by the Imperial Parliament; and it claims no further right, as a rule, to legislate upon our local affairs; and the powers given exclusively to the Local Legislature necessarily exclude the jurisdiction of the Federal Legislature.

'Blackstone says: "By sovereign power is meant that of the making of laws, for wheresoever that power resides, all others must conform to and be directed by it, whatever appearance

the outward form and administration of the government may put on. For it is at any time in the option of the Legislature to alter that form and administration by a new edict or rule, and to put the execution of the laws into whatever hands it pleases by constituting one or a few or many executive magistrates, and all powers of the State must obey the legislative power in the discharge of the several functions, or the Constitution is at an end.

* * * *

'The Local Legislatures are not permitted to amend the Constitution as respects the office of Lieutenant-Governor. In Section 65 of the B. N. A. Act, the powers and functions of the Lieutenant-Governor are specially defined. This establishes that, in the view of the framers of that Act, the powers and functions of this branch of Parliament form part of the Constitution; and, consequently, the powers of the other branches are equally a part of the Constitution; and ability to amend the Constitution as respects the Houses of the Legislatures, includes power to determine their respective powers and immunities.

'This arrest of Mr. Dansereau, by virtue of the power conferred by this Act, (33 Vic. cap. 5), is apart from the question of privilege, inherent in, and incident to, every Legislative body. I hold that, under this Statute, the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Quebec has a right to compel the attendance of Mr. Dansereau before the Bar of their House. Thus holding, it is unnecessary for the purposes of this case to discuss the question of privilege as a common law right.

* * * *

'I consider that the present Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly of Quebec have a right to invoke the usages and precedents of these Houses existing prior to the B. N. A. Act of 1867, from 1791 to the date of that Act. There is the notable precedent of the British Parliament, dating their privileges prior to the Commonwealth, and the fact that the Commons subsequent to the Commonwealth did not insist upon the right to examine witnesses on oath as one of their privileges, which was insisted upon by that body during the Commonwealth.

'Whatever powers and immunities attached to the Legislative Assembly of the late Province of Lower Canada and the Legislative Assembly of the late Province of Canada, as were necessarily incident to them in the proper exercise of their functions as Legislative bodies, I consider attach to the Legislative Assembly of the present Province of Quebec. In considering the privileges necessarily incident to Colonial Legislatures, we can only apply the Constitution of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, where the analogy obtains.

'The Senate of the Dominion, or the Legislative Council of the Province, cannot claim the judicial powers of the House of Lords; and yet there are many judicial powers to be exercised in connection with Legislation, the depository of which must be somewhere. For example, jurisdiction over divorce is given to the Federal Parliament. It has been thought necessary to assume power to examine witnesses upon oath, and determine the matter judicially, though neither Houses had greater powers than the Commons House of the United Kingdom. It became a necessary incident to the powers conferred.

'The Legislative Assembly of our Province has not the mere nude power of legislation. It has, by implication, by usage, and by a Constitution modelled upon the English House of Commons, also an inquisitorial power, to make itself acquainted, by means of committees, of the needs of the Province, and the evils that exist in society, over which it has control, in order to legislate intelligently, and administer wisely.

'Any person who refuses to attend,

upon the summons of the Legislative Assembly, to give evidence, is obstructing that body in the legitimate execution of its functions. I think, without reference to the Statute already quoted, there must be an inherent right, in the Legislative Assembly, to compel persons to attend before them, and give evidence.

'This principle, it appears to me, is conceded in the cases of Kielly *vs.* Carson, and Doyle and Falconer. In the former Baron Parke said: "We feel no doubt that such Assembly has the right of protecting itself from all impediments to the due course of its proceedings. To the full extent of every measure which it may be necessary to adopt, to secure free exercise of their legislative functions, they are justified in acting upon the principle of the Common Law." This was said with reference to a Legislative Assembly acting under a Crown Charter, in a minor Province, and assuredly it should apply with much greater force to this Province, which, for many years, has been governed under a Statutory Constitution, and upon usages conformable to the British Constitution.

'The cases of Tracey, Monk, and Duvernay in our early jurisprudence, and the recent case, *ex parte* Lavoie, sanction these privileges as inherent in our Provincial Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly; and I find them recognised in the late cases in the Privy Council. I see no reason in this advanced stage of our parliamentary history and progress in all the material interests which give to a nation importance why these powers should be denied to our Local Legislature. . . .

'This warrant discloses no contempt. It is simply an exercise of the powers of the Legislative Assembly to bring Mr. Dansereau before that body. If this warrant were issued solely on the ground of privilege, it would be difficult to sanction it in its vague terms, without the purpose being shown; but, by the 2nd and 9th Sections of 33 Vic. cap. 5, such warrant is permissible.

'I consider that the arbitrary form of the order is objectionable, but I cannot say that it is illegal. . . . . I think the *habeas corpus* should be quashed, and the Serjeant-at-Arms be left to execute his warrant.'

(4.) Let us now see what is the difference between the powers of the Imperial and Federal Parliaments.

Section 18 of the British North America Act, in its original shape, stood thus:

'The privileges, immunities, and powers to be held, enjoyed and exercised by the Senate and by the House of Commons, and by the members thereof, respectively, shall be such as are from time to time defined by Acts of the Parliament of Canada, but so that the same shall never exceed those at the passing of the Act held, enjoyed and exercised by the Commons House of Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland.'

It was not long before it was practically demonstrated that this clause tied the hands of the Federal Parliament. The experience occurred after the investigation upon oath into the circumstances of what was known as the 'Pacific Scandal.' For the purposes of that inquiry, the Parliament of Canada passed an Act, 36 Vic. cap. 1, 'To provide for the examination of witnesses on oath by Committees of the Senate and House of Commons, in certain cases.' But the Act was disallowed by the Queen. The reasons, as stated in the despatch of the Earl of Kimberley to the Earl of Dufferin, dated 30th June, 1873, were:

'That the Act was *ultra vires* of the Colonial Legislature, as being contrary to the express terms of Section 18 of the British North America Act, 1867, and that the Canadian Parliament could not vest in themselves the power to administer oaths, that being a power which the House of Commons did not possess in 1867, when the Imperial Act was passed. The Law Officers

also reported that the Queen should be advised to disallow the Act.'

But the Legislature of Quebec, by the Act 32 Vic. cap. 6 (1869); and the Legislature of Ontario by 35 Vic. cap. 5 (1871-2), conferred on their respective committees the power to examine witnesses on oath. Thus, the Local Legislatures, in one of the most important incidents of law-making, the right of inquiry, invested themselves with powers that were refused to the Federal Parliament.

In order to limit and legalise the privileges of the Federal Parliament, Section 18 of the B. N. A. Act was repealed, and, by an Imperial Statute 38 and 39 Vic. cap. 38 (1875), the following provision took its place:

'The privileges, immunities, and powers to be held, enjoyed, and exercised by the Senate and by the House of Commons, and by the members thereof, respectively, shall be such as are from time to time defined by Act of the Parliament of Canada.

'But so that any Act of the Parliament of Canada defining such privileges, immunities, and powers, shall not confer any privileges, immunities or powers exceeding those at the passing of such Act, held, enjoyed, and exercised by the Commons House of Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and by the members thereof.'

This same Imperial Act, by its second section, gave validity to the Statute of Parliament of Canada, 31 Vic., cap. 24, (1866), intituled 'An Act to provide for oaths to witnesses being administered in certain cases, for the purposes of either House of Parliament,' from the date at which the Royal assent was given thereto by the Governor-General. The Canadian Act of 1872 was thus set aside for that of 1868; the latter being considered, perhaps, the less objectionable.

The Speaker of the British House of Commons, when, after his election, he presents himself to the Queen for approbation, lays claim, by humble petition, 'to all their ancient and undoubted rights and privileges—particularly to freedom of speech in debate; to freedom from arrest of their persons and servants; to free access to Her Majesty, when occasion shall require.'

It is claimed by some who advocate the unqualified omnipotence of the Federal Parliament, that the privileges thus claimed by the Speaker of the British House of Commons, appertain to the Federal Legislature. They do belong to that Parliament; and belong equally to the Provincial Parliaments, substituting, in the one case, the Governor-General, and in the other case, the Lieut.-Governor, for Her Majesty.

The Speaker of the Ontario Parliament, after his election, addressing himself to the Lieut.-Governor, uses much the same form of words. Hon. Rupert M. Wells, Speaker of the last Parliament of Ontario, after his election to that office, on November 25th, 1875, in his address to the Lieut.-Governor, 'humbly claims all their (the Legislature's) undoubted rights and privileges, especially that they may have freedom of speech in their debates, access to your person at all seasonable times, etc.'

But there is an Imperial meaning and a tremendous force behind these verbal forms, when used by the Speaker of the British House of Commons. The fact is, that his address to the Queen, leaves unenumerated those powers of that semi-omnipotent House, which isolate and divide it from all other Legislatures by a gulf that neither kings nor colonies dare overpass.

The powers which the new Section 18 of the B. N. A. Act allows the Federal Parliament to assume, now or hereafter, are, in the nature of things, limited and provincial. There is not, in their nature, the least approach to sovereignty: they relate, mainly, to the regulation of the Parliamentary procedure, in the present, to its possible amendment, in the future; re-

stricting this possible amendment so that it shall not move beyond the practice in the Imperial House of Commons.

Political imagination, in its most fervid and patriotic flights, would shrink from picturing the Imperial and the Federal Legislatures as the possessors of co-equal powers. Still, there may be a few who fancy that the British North America Act, while giving pre-eminence to the Ottawa House of Commons as respects the Provincial Parliaments, constitutes it, in a mysterious and an indefinite manner, the compeer of the Imperial Legislature. For better or for worse, they will never be compeers.

The Imperial Parliament can change the Succession; can refuse to pass the Mutiny Act, and the Act for the Manning of the Navy, and thus disband the Army and put the Fleet out of commission; can repeal the Statutes by which the Colonies exercise the right of self-government; can impeach a Minister; can overturn the British Constitution and create another in its stead. These things are all within the powers of the Imperial Legislature. Its sovereignty over every foot of the earth's surface, where the British standard floats, is supreme. The great restraining power is not want of authority, but common-sense, and concession, without which Constitutional government would be impossible, and liberty be expounded, not by the statesman but by the soldier.

It needs no more than the few illustrations just furnished, to show the inherent and irreconcilable difference between the Parliament of Great Britain and the Parliament of Canada.

The fact is, that our Federal Legislature, proud as we may be of it, is in reality nothing more than a larger Local Parliament. The powers of the Provincial Assemblies end with their boundaries; the powers of the Ottawa Legislature terminate at our shore line.

We must now bring to a close our exposition of 'The Powers of Canadian Parliaments. A fair understanding of their functions is the key to the successful working of our present political system. The difficulties that seem to beset a practical and satisfactory definition of the limits of Federal and Provincial sovereignty, are none too great for a patriotic Canadian Statesmanship to overcome. It is satisfactory to remember that, in the event of an unyielding dispute as to contested prerogatives, an ultimate appeal can be made to the Imperial authorities. These high arbitrators can have comparatively little trouble in rectifying a possible complication, when it is borne in mind that, although both the Federal and the Provincial Legislatures are free, neither of them is independent.

'TOOTS.'

A CANADIAN IDYL.

BY WM. WEDD, PEMBROKE.

WHY she was called so has never to this day proved susceptible of satisfactory solution. Most of the nicknames familiar to the ears of the people of our land, and which so materially assist in removing the formality of our everyday intercourse, have arisen from infantile corruptions of the proper names of the recipients, or have been bestowed in consequence either of the habits of the individuals in question, or of some real or fancied resemblance to noteworthy features in the lives of those of the world's celebrities who have 'stepped down and out' of this earthly scene in bygone days. In her case, however, no such interpretation could by any possibility have been deemed sufficient. Her name, simple Mary Forrester, was a designation very remote from the *soubriquet* she bore; and her habits, though odd enough in many respects, furnish no clue to the title. It might have been possible, of course, to discover, in the history of those of her sex who had preceded her, some one whose nature was akin to hers; but yet there was nothing in the lives of any of the crowned or uncrowned queens of the past (for people don't usually go beyond the category of renown in such cases), to justify the use of the appellation, a nickname which, though then as now enigmatical, became so well known and so well beloved in the little village of Rockport, some twenty-seven years ago.

It was not certainly for want of investigation that the reason for the bestowal of the name remained a mystery. When, some ten years before, she had arrived in the neighbourhood, a bright-eyed, lisping little maiden of scarcely six summers, nearly every one in the village had sought from her some explanation of the matter. 'Toots' of course, didn't know, nor did she care to any very great extent; and the good people were left to guess at the cause of the peculiarity as best they might, and to content themselves with the conjectures of those who were generally recognised as leaders of public opinion thereabouts. Many and varied were the theories advanced in circles where a novel subject of discussion was a thing of rare occurrence; but it was nevertheless at length concluded, with but one dissenting voice, that the name arose from imitations, on the part of the child, of the noise made by a bird, beast, bugle, or something of the sort, which had greeted her ear when first she had shewn a tendency to take note of sights and sounds. The one 'dissenter' was the village schoolmaster, a gentleman of a world-wide stripe, who, although once possessed of an uncle of collegiate education, had, as modern paragraphists would say, spared his parents a heap of responsibility by becoming a 'self-made man.' This individual was fond of tracing the derivation of every word he heard, whether lexicographic or colloquial, to some classic source, an operation in the performance of which he received more assistance from dictionaries than from memory; and in this case he held that the name was derived from a Greek word, signifying 'small,' and

was bestowed in consequence of the diminutive size of the young lady during the earlier portion of her childhood. The worthy pedagogue had never had an opportunity of ascertaining whether the smallness of stature was really a fact at the time when the nickname was first applied, and, as 'Toots' was certainly no youngling when Rockport rejoiced in her early presence, the good people of the village, albeit usually deferential to the master's superior 'larnin,' did not see fit to fall in with the opinion so authoritatively expressed by him on this occasion.

From whatever source the title arose, 'Toots' seemed to have always been her name, and 'Toots' would certainly have been her nature if there could have been any possibility of twisting the word into a signification of hoydenish and well-nigh untameable maidenhood. This characteristic lost what it might have possessed of the objectionable when it became apparent how truly its proprietress was a daughter of nature. Poor child! she had little cause to be anything else. Her grandfather was one of those British residents of the Republic across the border who left their possessions during the War of 1812 and sought more congenial surroundings on Canadian soil; his zeal in the cause being rewarded by the grant of a valuable homestead on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. Her father had succeeded to the property, but had followed up early dissipations to such an extent that he soon became hopelessly involved. Her mother dying shortly after her birth, she was for nearly six years left to such control as a drunken father and his neighbours could exercise over a spirit naturally buoyant, and, as a consequence, never really knew what it was to be guided by anything much stronger than her own instincts and desires. When, therefore, her father's continued evil habits led to his death, and she was adopted and brought to Rockport by a Mr. Houston, of that village, who had been visiting on the frontier, she showed such a disposition towards the exercise of personal free-will that her friends in the Houston family could only control her in such matters as those in which her natural sense of propriety told her they were entitled to her respect and obedience. In this way she was led, by a knowledge of their kindness, to submit to the educational training of the village school; but, although by nature intelligent, she could not bring herself to take advantage of her opportunities to anything like the fullest extent, or to tie herself down to the course of study which was even then customary amongst maidens of her age. Much she preferred the pursuits to which her disposition seemed more peculiarly adapted. For her the Book of Nature laid open wide its more glowing pages; to her the birds chanted their sweetest lays; and never was she happier than when, in the shadowy woodland or by the mighty waters, she sought the recreations so dear to her heart. Rockport was situated on the south bank of the Ottawa River, at the foot of a vast enlargement of the stream known as 'The Lake.' A few miles above, the volume of waters was precipitated through a narrow and rocky gorge and formed a foaming and impassable cataract, the spray from which cooled and refreshed the surrounding atmosphere on the hottest of summer days. Far away on the northerly bank of the River the Laurentian Hills, whose continuous range of peaks traverse the whole of eastern Canada and delight the tourist across the boundary under the names of the Green Mountains of Vermont and the White Mountains of New Hampshire, lifted their lofty and magnificent brows to heaven, and reflected the sunlight in a purple splendour which served to remind the Scotch settlers of the heather-clad hills of their native land. All down its course the stream itself was dotted with countless islands, covered with

trees and flowers of the rarest beauty; the whole forming a scene of loveliness which even a less exuberant child of nature than our little maiden might well have rejoiced in. As for 'Toots,' she was fairly in love with the opportunities for research thus afforded her. The locality was frequently visited by bands of aboriginal inhabitants, who came, with their squaws and papooses, their dogs and their baskets, to visit the resident white man, and to obtain, in payment for furs, bead-work, moccasins and snow-shoes, the many products of the civilized world. A few of these mortals were also employed in the settlement. With all of them 'Toots' was on the friendliest possible terms, and, in return for such little acts of kindness as she alone seemed to know how to bestow in acceptable form, she soon gathered from them a complete knowledge of the best localities for fishing, the most prolific spots for berries, and the many curious ways adopted by the red-man for ensnaring and capturing the smaller species of game. Day after day was spent in solitary pursuit of such sports as only men are accustomed to participate in, and, at the time when our story opens, about the year 1850, she had become so skilled in the use of the canoe, in fishing, in swimming, in trapping game, and even in shooting, that she was noted the country round as the most daring and successful of local explorers.

From this period her excursions became even more frequent, and were pursued with, if possible, greater zest than ever, owing to the fact that a bright little incident in her career proved the means of providing her with a genuine worshipper at her shrine, and a thenceforth constant companion of her travels. The calm warmth of a September day had been succeeded, as so often happens in our northern latitude, by one of the wildest and most sudden of storms. Æolus had, almost without warning, sent forth with furious blast the prevailing north-west wind of the locality; and the bosom of the lake, erstwhile so peaceable and placid, upheaved like the billows of the mighty ocean. Doors slammed, windows rattled, chimneys and tree-tops bade fair to topple before the fury of the blast, and tender mothers looked around with anxious haste, for fear that some amongst their little broods might be exposed to the dangers of the coming night. A cry of alarm arose, almost as suddenly as the storm itself, from one of the cottages nearest to the lake, and a woman with a babe at her breast rushed forth in eager search for a missing member of her flock. Incoherent questionings and hurried explanations were heard, even above the roaring of the waters, and it finally became apparent that one of her little ones, Harry by name, had obtained permission, in consideration of the calmness of the morning, to set out on a fishing expedition in a slightly built craft, and had evidently not yet returned to *terra firma*. The villagers hastily gathered on the scene, and all eyes were eagerly engaged in scanning the boiling surface of the waters. At first nothing was visible save the white capped summits and deep, dark, rolling hollows of the waves; then a black speck appeared just beyond the shadow of the opposite shore. It was almost certain that the boy had started for home, and had been caught in the storm; equally as certain that, though as much accustomed to the water as any of the palmiped creatures of the lake, his strength could never prove sufficient to bring him safe to shore. On and on he came, however, larger and larger grew the speck, till it was no longer doubtful that the approaching object was a boat containing a little creature, who was, with ever-waning strength, struggling for very existence. The failure of a single stroke would leave him at the mercy of the waves. What was to be done? All the available boats of the settlement, few in number at any time, were away from the village, their ow-

ners being engaged in the various operations of making and rafting timber, in which nearly every one at that time participated. Nothing remained but 'Toots's' little canoe, and the few men in the crowd hesitated before risking their lives in so veritable a shell. 'Let me pass!' a clear voice rang out upon the evening air; and 'Toots' herself, with paddle in hand and hair flying in the wind, rushed towards the margin of the stream. 'Let me go, I say!' the voice impatiently repeated, as efforts were made to interfere with her very evident purpose; and, before further dissuasion could be attempted, the canoe was rapidly surmounting the opposing waves. There was no need to tell that a master hand propelled the tiny craft, each powerful and skilful stroke gave evidence of the fact; and, although women fell on their knees in earnest prayer to the all-merciful One for the intervention of His saving power, and men scanned the angry waters with anxious eyes, all felt instinctively that if 'Toots' failed in her heroic venture, it would not be for want of courage, or through any deficiency in that skill of management which long practice and intrepid perseverance grant as their sure reward. On came little Harry and his boat, forward toiled 'Toots' and her canoe; the former momentarily losing what little strength was left him, the latter almost gaining power from the thought of what was before her, and how little might make her efforts futile. She tried to call to him, but the adverse winds bore her words far from his ears. He saw her coming, however, and was nerved to further effort at the sight. Unfortunately, while yet a considerable distance separated them, he, excited by his endeavours to lessen the space, lost his presence of mind, and failing to guard against a large billow, the frail craft overturned and precipitated him into the water. Poor 'Toots' was in a terrible fix now, for she feared that the boy would endeavour to climb into her canoe without any attempt at care and ingenuity, and she knew that in the midst of so wild a storm, the slightest rashness would prove fatal. Harry, however, fully appreciated the situation, and as he could swim sufficiently to keep himself above the surface for a considerable space of time, was fortunately enabled to abstain from reckless effort. At length, by dint of careful climbing over the end of the craft, and steady preservation of equilibrium, the rescue was accomplished, and the brave little woman turned her course in a shoreward direction. The canoe was scarcely intended to convey two in such rough weather, and the homeward journey was not managed without considerable danger; but, after a hard fight with the elements, in which the boy also employed what little energy was left him, 'Toots' had the satisfaction, amidst the tearful thanks of her fellow women, the blessings of the relieved mother, and the silent hand-clasps of the men, of running ashore with the only being that she had ever rescued from the toils of death. So far from showing undue elation, she at once proceeded to pull up her craft, shouldered her paddle, and went into supper with as much *sang froid* as if just returned from an ordinary fishing excursion on a calm summer day.

The matter, though calmly treated by 'Toots,' however, was not by any means forgotten by the villagers, and seemed especially to make a lasting impression on Harry's youthful companions, who now looked up to her as the lawful protector of the entire coterie of juveniles. Children-like they formed an inordinate opinion of the powers possessed by their goddess, and came to her with all their grievances, from splinters in the fingers to the perchance well deserved 'spankings' of their legal guardians. In the performance of this veritable worship (the homage, not the 'spankings') little Harry occupied a sacerdotal position which nothing on earth could tempt him to relinquish; and, so earn-

est were his entreaties to be allowed to accompany the deity in her many wanderings, that she was prevailed upon to take him everywhere with her, and at length found him almost indispensable to the enjoyment of her tours. 'Toots' and Harry thus became foragers for the great body of juvenile idolators; and if Simpkins's baby played with the choicest of pebbles, or Sally Anderson decorated her bonnet with the most gorgeous of plumes, or Harrison's infant carried to its mouth a thumb rendered saccharine by the freshest of honey, or the whole settlement of urchins revelled in profusion of wild flowers and super-abundance of berries, it was not hard to guess who had sought by land and water, or risked the sting of angry bees, or stooped till stiff over the bramble bush, to provide the pleasures of the hour. Harry enjoyed a very considerable importance, and 'Toots' was fairly adored with a fervour which no eastern deity of flesh or fabric had ever obtained from amongst his, her, or its multitude of self-sacrificing devotees. No treasures were like those which she generally had in store, no dictate exacted as ready obedience as hers did, and no word of comfort ever proved as thoroughly soothing in its effects as that which she vouchsafed when some little voice, broken with the sobs of welling emotion, poured into her sympathetic ear the troubles and annoyances which had moved the little heart.

It was not only with the little ones, however, that she earned such golden opinions. That species of perhaps unobjectionable vanity, so often to be found in the characters of the very best of people, and which leads to the performance of more than ordinary good deeds, on the part of those from whom good deeds, as a rule rather than an exception, are to be expected, may have had a good deal to do with a change which thenceforth manifested itself in her conduct towards her neighbours. She saw to how great an extent her saving of little Harry, and protection of the children generally, had led to her popularity in the village and neighbourhood, and she would have been more than human if the circumstances had not been followed on her part by a slight tinge of vanity, and a desire to increase by further acts of kindness the influence thereby obtained. It was certain, however, that in this respect, as in her treatment of the youngsters, her own natural largeness of heart had a very great deal to do with it. At all events, it soon became apparent that Toots had developed a strong desire to enact the character of the good Samaritan in very many respects. Those whom Divine Providence had afflicted, either by straightened circumstances or lingering illness, frequently recognised in her the means adopted by that self-same providence for the bestowal of compensating mercies, and homes which had only heretofore been brightened by very occasional and sickly rays of sunshine, now oft-times rejoiced in gifts of freshly procured fish, fruit, flowers and other things of that description, which, though simple in themselves, gladdened the hearts of the poverty-stricken or bed-ridden recipients as only the kindnesses of a true-hearted donor can. These charitable actions were, of course, all in the way of 'Toots's' nomadic pleasures, and cost her very little trouble or difficulty; but it was not long before she learned to carry her good purposes into effect at the expense of her dearly loved recreations. Scarcely a case of sickness occurred in the neighbourhood without her rushing to the rescue; and many an afflicted one lived to bless her ready care and attention, or crossed the dark river to place before the Eternal Registrar of mundane affairs the record of her worth. How truly observant of human nature has that poet shewn himself to be, who, whilst dilating on the contumaciousness of womankind at moments when sympathy is seemingly unrequired, has

failed to recognise the true character of kindliness and compassion which bursts forth in all its splendour when care and suffering call for her commiseration! 'Toots' seemed to realize the very idea of the bard. Wilful, even whilst passing years rapidly carried her from girlhood to femineity, to an extent which bordered on the intractable; she, nevertheless shewed herself so gentle and sympathetic in the presence of family difficulties, sickness and death, as to fill all her associates with wonder when they reflected on the past years of her life. The result is easily imagined; she became one of the most skilful and effective of nurses and enjoyed the affection of the whole community, as fully and completely as she could have possibly desired had she been ever so vain and fond of the adulation of her fellow beings.

It was deemed advisable, about this time, to procure the services of a medical man in the community. Constant immigration, and a steady increase of the earlier settlers' families, had augmented the settlement to such an extent, that the village and neighbourhood had become quite populous; and, as usually happens in such cases, illnesses and deaths were no longer of that rare occurrence which rendered them noteworthy features in bygone days. The little graveyard, wherein the earliest pioneer had deposited the mortal remains of his earthly partner, and had wept over the resting-places of those of his children who had met with untimely dissolution, was by no means the family circle of olden times, but had grown wider and even wider, until, within its sacred precincts, had been gathered together silent sojourners from nearly every household. The quantum of medical lore, which the schoolmaster had picked up, pretty much as he did the rest of his learning, was far from being considered sufficiently effective. Accordingly one warm June evening, as the sun cast its lingering rays upon the far-distant summits of the Laurentians, the mail stage from adown the river brought to the village a young man of middle height, whose sedate and quiet bearing, despite his youthful appearance, betokened a by-no-means inconsiderable acquaintance with the world in general, and the practice of medicine in particular. Dr. Vaillancourt had been recommended by an esteemed friend of Mr. Houston's, resident in Montreal, who had had an opportunity of watching the young physician's course from the time he had commenced his studies; and this fact alone was sufficient to secure the prompt employment of his services in every family where professional assistance was required. Many, indeed, invoked his aid from the mere novelty of the thing; and all agreed that one possessed of such very evident ability, and so kind and charitable a heart, could not but prove successful during his residence in their midst. It did not take the young doctor long to discover that, in care and attention at the bedside, he had a rival of no mean repute. Everywhere he went he heard good accounts of our little 'Toots;' and, although it was some time before he had an opportunity of forming her acquaintance, he speedily came to the conclusion that he would not have far to look, whenever the exigences of his profession demanded the ready help which woman alone can give in the hour of serious complaint. One night, some weeks after his arrival, he was called to the assistance of a suffering little mortal, whose life was fast ebbing away under an attack of scarlet fever. The parents were poor, and, in ignorance of the danger, had neglected to send for the Doctor, until the disease had played sad havoc with the feeble frame. One glance was sufficient to convince him that little or no hope remained; but, with that energy so characteristic of the zealous physician, he set about relieving the burning fever to the best of his ability. The same look revealed to him the fact that his clinical rival was also in attend-

ance. 'Toots' it certainly was who had come ahead of him, unsolicited, to ease the sufferings of her sick protegée, and to further carry out her mission to one of the little band of worshippers at her shrine. Unlike the case of other idolators, the cry to this goddess, though uttered beneath the breath, had not been in vain; and all through the night 'Toots' bathed the heated brow, and otherwise obeyed the Doctor's orders, in a way which proved 'her to the manner born.' And when, as the first streak of dawn illumined the rippling waters, the icy hand of the Angel of Death forever broke the fever of this life, 'Toots' it was who folded the little arms across the little bosom, and knelt with the weeping mother in brief prayer to the Most High, for patience and resignation to His will. She and the young Doctor walked home together shortly afterwards. It was the first time he had ever really met her, and he felt it almost a duty to express his appreciation of her character, and to shew her how great an assistance she might be to him in his labours. '"Toots!"—I beg your pardon—Miss Forrester, but I have scarcely heard you called by any other name, you can have no idea how pleasant it is to one, long exposed to the contemplation of cold and selfish motives, to find a person like yourself, so young, and yet seemingly so devoted to the good work in which I have found you engaged. It adds a zest to the commencement of my practice here, to know that there is at least one to whom I can look for assistance as occasion requires; and, although a considerable share of danger may attend your efforts, of which it is only fair to inform you beforehand, I ask you candidly and honestly, will you help me? I know I cannot look for satisfactory help elsewhere.' A smile of pleasure enlightened 'Toot's' face as she looked up at him before making reply. There was nothing in his countenance to indicate more than the ordinary question of a business matter, but its very seriousness was what pleased her most. She had watched his movements all through the preceding night, as he noiselessly attended to the sick one; and had instinctively felt that there was a bond of sympathy between them which would sooner or later find expression in union of action. She had come to a speedy conclusion that he was a man to be looked up to and trusted, and her praises as sung by him gratified her beyond measure. She liked the idea, too, of engaging in such a work under his instruction, more especially as it involved a little danger, and above all, she was pleased that he completely trusted in her ability to do what he wished. 'I will, indeed, Dr. Vaillancourt; but I can assure you that you quite over-estimate my poor efforts. My whole desire to do what I have been doing during the past night, arises from my fondness for children, and certainly deserves no special praise. I shall indeed be glad to help you in every possible way.' This, with so sweet a smile that the Doctor, after a few words of hearty thanks, turned, for they were now at Mr. Houston's door, and proceeded to his lodgings, with a new feeling in his bosom, which he probably could not at that moment have analysed or explained. Certain it is that his housekeeper had to remind him that he had peppered his tea, and had otherwise trifled with that matutinal meal in a manner which indicated complete abstraction of mind. 'Toots' retired to her room and scanned her features closely in the mirror, to see if her friends spoke truly when they set her down as more freckled than usual.

Poor little Harry had good cause now to complain of neglect. His priestly office had been almost wholly transmuted into a sinecure, and, barring an occasional trip with 'Toots' down the River, when she took that means of visiting some of the Doctor's more distant patients, he very rarely caught more than a passing glimpse of the goddess. As for the other juvenile

worshippers, they still rolled, as of yore, on the River's bank; still had their little grievances, so many and so varied; but, although 'Toots' the comforter sometimes came as she used to do, and endeavoured as much as possible to meet their demands, she had no longer time or opportunity to see to all their wants, and, as a consequence, little hearts that were wont to overflow with the heaviness of grief, had oftentimes to go uncomforted to bed.

Canadian residents of twenty-five years ago will readily remember the cholera of 1854. The scourge passed over the land like a vast forest fire, laying low the goodly pines and tender saplings of humanity, and leaving in its train the blackened ruins of misery, loneliness, and heart-breaking distress. In dense metropolitan centres the disease was found in its most appalling form, and, day by day and all day long, during the continuance of the mighty affliction, the vehicles that were used to convey the sick to the hospitals met, in continual procession, trains of rude waggons, bearing numberless ghastly and sable corpses to the common burial pit, in which they were to await in one huddled mass their final call to the place of infinite repose. In the midst of this very general affliction the Upper Ottawa Valley, although now comparatively well settled, was favoured with singular exemption. There seemed to be something in the northerly climate which stopped the advances of the fell destroyer, and confined its ravages to the border counties. There were, nevertheless, a few of the worst cases of the disease amongst the residents of the Rockport district who had recently visited Quebec to sell their timber. Those who were thus afflicted, in nearly every instance, came home to meet with a speedy and frightful death. One of the patients in question, who lived almost opposite Rockport, came under the attention of Dr. Vaillancourt, and called for his most vigilant assistance. The young physician had paid the man a visit in the early morning of a certain peaceful day, and had found him so ill that he had determined, after returning to the village and making a few necessary calls, to re-cross the Lake and occupy the remainder of the day in endeavouring to stay the ravages of the dreadful epidemic. Meanwhile, however, the elements had been roused into fury, and the Lake was lashed into a boiling and foaming mass. The swiftly-coursing wind betokened a continuous and severe storm, and sounded, as it were, the key-note of warning to those who had thoughts of venturing upon the treacherous river. Dr. Vaillancourt couldn't swim, but it never struck him for a moment to relinquish his purpose of returning where his services were so much required. When, therefore, the storm was at its highest, he might have been found standing in his surgery, buttoning up his water-proof coat, and packing his medicine chest so as best to resist the action of the water. And found he indeed was; for just as he had completed his arrangements a little hand was laid on his, and a pair of sweet but determined eyes, that he had lately learned to love very dearly, glanced up at him with a look of half entreaty half command that sufficiently set forth the owner's request before she had spoken a single word. It was in vain that he urged the advisability of her staying at home; in vain that he represented the danger of the undertaking; 'Toots' insisted on accompanying him, and indeed wouldn't even hear of his going alone when he wasn't able to swim a stroke, and had not proved himself by any means too proficient with the paddle. And so the Doctor was obliged to give in—most people are when bright eyes speak in the language of adjuration, more especially when their importunate owner happens to show an unmistakable solicitude for the welfare of the person entreated. A moment later saw them embarked in

'Toots's' well-used canoe, with 'Toots' herself in the place of eminence directing its course. One or two of the people on shore watched them until nearly out of sight, as they battled bravely with the well-nigh overwhelming waves, and then, with perfect confidence in 'Toots's' powers of management, returned to their respective labours. A few minutes afterwards a squall of great force swept in misty blackness across the waters; the waves hissed and spluttered as they momentarily subsided before the irresistible blast, and then piled up and rolled away with greater vigour than ever as the gust passed on and left the waters to the uncontrollable fury of pent-up and accumulated power. A moment later the rain descended in torrents and shut out the landscape as with a curtain.

* * * *

It was evening, and the moon shone peacefully and calmly over the now quieted scene. Not a vestige remained of the afternoon's fearful gale, save the slightest possible undulation of the waves, against which the moonlight fell in shimmering reflection, and added an indescribable glory to the picture. The peace without was, however, a strange contrast to the undefinable fear and commotion which disturbed the little settlement on the River's bank. The utmost that any one had as yet spoken on the subject was to wonder what was keeping them from returning on so fine a night; but, of course, the Doctor's patient had been taken worse, and they had been obliged to remain longer than had been expected. It was ridiculous to suppose that anything could happen to so skilled a water-bird as little 'Toots.' An uncertain fear was, nevertheless, in everyone's heart, and continued until one of the men, who, on the first intimation of apprehension, had gone across the lake, returned with the alarming intelligence that the Doctor had not put in an appearance at the afflicted man's residence since morning, and 'Toots' had not been seen on the other side of the lake for at least two days. Uncertain fear gave way to the perturbation of despair; in an instant every boat in the village was brought into requisition, and strong arms were engaged in rapidly propelling them towards all quarters of the lake, in hasty search for some trace of the missing ones. Every island was visited, every point was touched at; but, as the moon went down, and that intense darkness which always precedes the dawn precluded the possibility of further search, the villagers returned, tiding-less, to await in silent sadness an opportunity of renewing their labours.

The sun rose clear and bright on a lake of glassy smoothness, and brought into prominence a group of tearful toilers, who had, since the first glimpse of daylight, been dragging the river in the immediate vicinity of a little rock-bound island. Entangled amongst the rushes, which skirted this little strip of land, had at an early hour been found a wide rimmed straw hat, —a careless little piece of head gear, which had served as the sole means of confining a forest of glossy curls. Reverentially, the well-known covering was laid aside, and the villagers commenced their sub-aqueous search. The drag was a cruel instrument to look at, with its sharp hooks and grapples; but tenderly and carefully was it drawn along the river bed, in plain manifestation of the fact that each silent searcher feared to inflict a mark on the beloved form which they knew would shortly be brought to view. Hour after hour was spent in fruitless toil; nothing came to the surface save water-logged branches and an occasional mass of earth and stone. Still the work went on; and still the villagers vied with each other in tender use of the unfeeling iron. At length the men at the lines' end experienced a resistance which to their practised touch was unmistakable; a gentle tug was given, the grapple came away

empty. The spot was tried again, and for some time without result; but eventually the hooks took hold, this time with greater surety; a steady but tender pull was made; the load, whatever it was, was evidently coming with the drag; a final and careful effort, and the necessity for search was at an end! There was no mistaking the face; for once the cruel implement of recovery had been sparing, and the little idol of the village, as she broke upon the gaze of the weeping villagers, bore all the peaceful beauty and repose of living sleep. One arm was stretched out in the act of buffeting the waves, the other still firmly clasped the body of the young Doctor. Striving to save her helpless companion, for whom so deep an attachment had grown up in her heart, she had soared with him above the remorseless tempest of this life, and had commenced a new and happier one in the City of the Ever Blest!

LONGINGS.

BY FREDERICK A. DIXON, OTTAWA.

Printemps est passé, bon soir violettes.

With weary thoughts and vain desires,
With smoulderings of forgotten fires,
Come longings after truth and trust,
And friendships crumbled into dust:
(The summer trees are bent with winter's rime.)

For loves flown past on airy wing,
For songs the syrens used to sing,
For hopes of honour, long since dead,
High purposes not perfected:
(The frozen brook regrets the summer time.)

For good that now must lie unwrought,
For knowledge that must rest unsought,
For chance to live, in earnest truth,
Again the glorious days of youth.
(The happier rose is gathered in its prime.)

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS, ESQ.

BY THE REV. JAMES S. STONE, TORONTO.

II.

HAVING in my last paper spoken of Charles the Second, it may not, perhaps, be considered uninteresting if I give some of the opinions expressed in the Diary of his great predecessor, Cromwell.

Pepys had been in his younger days a Republican, for soon after the Restoration, having been in company with an old school-fellow, he writes: 'He did remember that I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy, and I was much afraid that he would have remembered the words that I said the day the King was beheaded (that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be—" the memory of the wicked shall rot;") but I found afterwards that he did go away from school before that time.' There is no reason to suppose that Pepys ever really changed his political sentiments, though his time-serving policy constrained him to conceal them. We may, therefore, expect to find him dealing favourably with the great Chief of the Commonwealth.

The general opinion of the company in which Pepys found himself is thus recorded: 'At dinner we talked much of Cromwell; all saying he was a brave fellow, and did owe his crown he got to himself as much as any man that ever got one.'

The following extract speaks volumes in his favour as compared with Charles. 'It is strange how everybody do nowadays reflect upon Oliver, and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbour princes fear him; while here a prince, come in with all the love and prayers and good liking of his people, who have given greater signs of loyalty and willingness to serve him with their estates than ever was done by any people, hath lost all so soon, that it is a miracle what way a man could devise to lose so much in so little time.'

This contrast between the two men is strongly illustrated in the case of Sir G. Downing, Charles's ambassador in Holland, who, in 'a speech he made to the Lords States of Holland,' told 'them to their faces that he observed that he was not received with the respect and observance now, that he was when he came from the traitor and rebell Cromwell.' And in the question of the Lord Treasurer to Mr. Pepys: 'Why will not people lend their money? Why will they not trust the King as well as Oliver?'

'It is pretty to see,' observes Pepys of certain Parliamentary Commissioners in the days of the degeneracy, 'that they are fain to find out an old-fashioned man of Cromwell's to do their business for them, as well as the Parliament to pitch upon such, for the most part, among the lowest of people that were brought into the House, for Commissioners.' Of Cromwell's soldiers he thus writes: Mr. Blackburn, a staunch Puritan, 'tells me that the King by name, with all his dignities, is prayed for by them that they call Fanatiques, as heartily and powerfully as in any of the other churches that are thought better: and that, let the King think what he will, it is them that must help him in the day of warr. For so generally they

are the most substantiall sort of people, and the soberest; and did desire me to observe it to my Lord Sandwich, among other things, that of all the old army now you cannot see a man begging about the streets; but what? You shall have this captain turned a shoemaker; the lieutenant, a baker; this a brewer; that a haberdasher; this common soldier, a porter; and every man in his aporn and frock, etc., as if they never had done anything else: whereas, the others go with their belts and swords, swearing, and cursing, and stealing; running into people's houses, by force oftentimes, to carry away something; and this is the difference between the temper of one and the other; and concludes, and I think with some reason, that the spirits of the old parliament soldiers are so quiet and contented with God's providences, that the King is safer from any evil meant him by them one thousand times more than from his own discontented Cavaliers.'

It is pleasant to find Pepys uniting, as it were by anticipation, with our modern sentiment in reference to Cromwell. Our historians used to represent the great Protector as the personification of all evil. Burnet says, 'The enthusiast and the dissembler mixed so equally in a great part of his deportment, that it is not easy to tell which was the prevailing character;'* and Clarendon declares, 'no man with more wickedness ever attempted any thing, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion, and moral honesty.'†

These opinions are regarded as of little weight in our day. Cromwell is now exalted and enthroned in the hearts and affections of his countrymen, as none but such an one as an Alfred, or an Earl Godwin, a Nelson, or a Wellington, ever can be. Englishmen have at last learned to look up to their great deliverer from regal and episcopal tyranny and absolutism with the reverence that singleness of heart and righteousness of purpose, combined with genius and unflinching perseverance, must ever command.

Our forefathers never failed to trace a connection between extraordinary celestial or atmospheric phenomena and the great events that happen among men. The coincidences have certainly been many. To say nothing of a total eclipse, which, as is well known, was regarded as an omen of terrible evil, the appearance of a comet struck every soul with awe. At the sight of a 'blazing star,'

> 'The people stand aghast:
> But the sage Wisard telles, as he has redd,
> That it importunes death and doleful dreryhedd.'*

In the April of 1066 such a comet appeared. Men gazed with terror upon a mighty mass of flame that streamed across the southern heavens, and felt that some great catastrophe was about to happen. Ere the year had closed, William of Normandy had crossed the Channel, defeated Harold on the field of Senlac, and before the Altar of the West Minster had been crowned king of the conquered nation. A similar connection was observable in reference to storms. These regularly accompanied strange or solemn events. The law was given to the Israelites amid the mighty thunderings of Sinai, and their request for a king was granted on a day of terrible tempest. Pius the Ninth pronounced the dogma of papal infallibility at a time when the lightning was playing among the pinnacles and domes of the Eternal City, and the storm shook the very walls of St. Peter's. Shakespeare makes the night in which Duncan was murdered a night of storm, a rough, unruly night. So when the great Cromwell died a raging storm was devastating the land he had ruled so well in the name of the Lord. Men had never known so great a storm. It sent ruin

* 'Own Time,' vol. 1, p. 145.
† Rebellion, p. 862.

* 'Faërie Queen,' Book 3. Canto 1.

from one end of the realm to the other. Trees and houses were overthrown, and people were in fear of their lives. In its wild wrath it lashed the ocean till the breaking billows spread a broadened fringe of frothy foam around the island empire, strewing the shore with wrecks, and making the great rocks tremble. It seemed as though the very elements were in league with the dying man in Whitehall, and had amassed all their strength to rescue from the grim monster England's greatest glory. But death knows no conqueror. When its finger touches the little violet in the dell, or the giant oak in the forest, both obey. And the mighty uncrowned king, to whose word all Europe listened, had met his overlord, the great dethroner of monarchs, and he had no other alternative. And thus, amid the convulsions of nature, the Protector breathed his last, the pitcher was broken at the fountain, and the sweeping wind uttered its long, loud wail of sorrow across the southern downs, the meres of the fenland, the hills and valleys of the ancient Deira, and the moors and mountains of the northern realm. A fit ending to so great a life! Singular to say, when Charles the Second was crowned, a violent and unexpected storm of thunder and lightning greeted him on his way from Westminster Hall, which failed not to draw forth many comments from both friend and foe, just as the earthquake at the coronation of his father had done. It is impossible for people not to think of these coincidences. But Pepys says, it 'is a foolery to take too much notice of such things.'

We may now turn to our Diarist's religious views and practices, and here, as ever, we shall find much to interest and amuse, perhaps much to instruct and edify.

Mr. Pepys was not pious nor was he irreligious. He took considerable interest in religion, and carefully avoids speaking of it lightly or irreverently, as was too much the habit of his day. He lived at a time when the moral and spiritual life of England was at a very low ebb, and already rapidly declining into the utter deadness that reigned undisturbed for the greater part of the last century. The Restoration, undoubtedly, gave a strong impetus to the downward movement, but it is unfair to ascribe to that event the springs of all the wickedness that existed in the land. We are not obliged to do this, even though we allow that 'the court of Charles was the most scandalous that England has seen.'

The fact is, the Restoration did little more than remove some of the restraints which had been imposed during the Commonwealth. Sin and iniquity abounded as well in the days of Cromwell's rule as in the days of Charles's rule.* The repeated and praiseworthy attempts made by the Puritans during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, towards a change in the national manners, abundantly testify that the King's return brought few new evils with it. Long before the first Puritan lifted up his voice in denunciation of his country's sins, long, indeed, before the stagnant pool of mediæval ignorance and ungodliness had felt the disturbing influences of the new currents of thought and life that gathered into such a flowing flood in the sixteenth century, virtue and rectitude, as we understand them, were rare graces among the masses. They were so not only among the masses, but also among the clergy,—alas! were not the monasteries and convents the hiding places of every species of vice? It is to this sad fact we owe, in a great measure, the glorious Reformation — a movement which aimed as much at a reformation of morals as at a reformation of doctrine. Nor was any appreciable change effected until the time of the great Revival in which Whitfield and Wesley took

* See Lathbury on the Prayer Book, p. 321, where the original authorities are given.

so prominent a part, when England was baptized with a purifying fire from heaven.

I am not at all disposed to undervalue the work of the Puritans. They were men who tried to live a high and a holy life, banishing from their actions and words and thoughts all that might be derogatory to the glory of the king whose servants they claimed to be, and whose laws they did their best to obey. Their exterior may seem gloomy and forbidding, but their hearts were enriched with the spirit of true manliness, and rang with an anthem of praise such as none but a living spiritual religion could inspire. They remind me of one of those great Eastern windows in some of our English cathedrals. Looked at in the early morning from the outside, such a window appears to be full of deformities and blotches—a mass of darkened absurdity fantastically set in the wickered Gothic, but when viewed from the inside, the golden sunshine is tinged with the rich ruby and green and blue and violet, and figures of wondrous beauty appear, and where everything seemed disagreeable discord all is happy harmony—the morning light wovened into a very poem of such sweet grace that in adoring raptures the soul is lifted up from the earthly temple to the eternal temple above. So I believe the Puritan saw all nature setting forth the glory of his God in such a way, so full and satisfying, that rather than being morose and miserable, he breathed the happy, joyous air of a very paradise of delights. His home was the abode of purity and contentment, a dim but true foreshadowing of the better home for which his highest duty was to prepare himself and his family. He looked upon his brave boys, Valiant-for-truth, and young Win-the-fight, and Zeal-of-the-Land, and his fair, rosy Patience, with a loving pride in no sense diminished because he was a Roundhead and a Calvinist, and denounced gambling, drunken curates, and proud, worldly prelates, and all their half-fledged Popish conceits. We may see him in his rough, homespun garments, with his Bible in his hand, traversing those glorious woodland walks so common in England, and meditating upon the rich imagery of the Israelitish prophets, yet ever and anon glancing at the still richer expression of God's power and love around him; upon those great mossy arms of giant oaks entwined overhead in a broad arch grander than a minster's vaulted roof, and then upon the green sward by the roadside blooming with its wildflowers, its daisies, and buttercups, and cowslips, and bounded in by thick hedges snowy with May-blossom and alive with the song of merry birds; and then down the valley to the little brook, where the willows grow upon the brink amid the tall flags and bulrushes, the home of the king-fisher, the widgeon, the teal, the snipe and the wild duck, and where in years gone by he used to cast a line into the limpid stream and shout for joy when he succeeded in landing carp, tench, perch, or, above all, a pike. In that quiet, happy country life he lived with a sober mind and an earnest soul. He was not a dry, austere, unreal man, but a true Englishman—one that will compare more than favourably with the rough, riotous cavalier whose time was spent on the bowling green or in the village tavern, drinking healths with the parson to the king and the bishops, till worse than a brute he lay senseless on the altar of Bacchus. Well may the Puritan have declaimed and fought against so corrupt an aristocracy and clergy, and tried to bring about a change for the better. His abstinence from profane oaths and unhallowed jest, his abhorrence of outward glitter and show and of the worship of men no better or wiser than himself, his delight in spiritual religion and in the Sabbath, made him a witness for the truth in the midst of a wicked and adulterous generation.

And what if he did try to express his gratitude and religion in psalms twisted into execrable verse, the psalm was no indication of the depth of his soul. That depth can only be sounded by a line taken from the transcendant piety of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or the lofty imaginations and wonderful outbursts of the 'Paradise Lost.' He who has read and studied those two masterpieces of English literature will obtain such an insight into the Puritan soul as will for ever restrain him from joining in the wholesale condemnation of those grand and noble men which, in our day, is so fondly indulged in by some small-minded and weak-kneed individuals.

Our author, though a Churchman, was honest and impartial enough to give all the credit due to men, who, though they may have been wrong in many of their views and indiscreet in the mode of propagating them, were, to say the least, intensely sincere in their convictions. After reading a book entitled 'Five Sermons in Five Several Styles,' wherein the discourses of several prominent Churchmen and Nonconformists were compared, he says, 'I do think, when all is done, that, contrary to the design of the book, the Presbyterian style and the Independent are the best of the five sermons to be preached; and this I do, by the best of my present judgment, think.' Two days before this he says, 'the business of abusing the Puritans begins to grow stale, and of no use, they being the people that, at last, will be found the wisest,'—an opinion which, to say nothing of Scotland, and some parts of England, Ireland and Wales, is abundantly verified on this continent by the position the New England States assume among the States of the Great Republic, and Ontario among the provinces of the Canadian Confederation. The two brightest gems in all America are Massachusetts and the Queen Province of the Dominion, both strongly Puritan.

The following entry gives a painful illustration of the manner in which the Puritans were mocked and scorned, not only by the common people but in Lambeth palace, the princely residence of the patriarch of the Anglican Communion. After describing a dinner with the Archbishop, Gilbert Sheldon, he says, 'I heard by a gentleman of a sermon that was to be there; and so I staid to hear it, thinking it serious, till by and by the gentleman told me it was a mockery, by one Cornet Bolton, a very gentleman-like man, that behind a chair did pray and preach like a Presbyter Scot, with all the possible imitation in grimaces and voice. And his text, about the hanging up their harps upon the willows: and a serious good sermon, too, exclaiming against Bishops, and crying up of my good Lord Eglinton,* till it made us all burst; but I did wonder to have the Bishop at this time to make himself sport with things of this kind, but I perceive it was shown him as a rarity; and he took care to have the room-door shut, but there were about twenty gentlemen there, and myself, infinitely pleased with the novelty.'

It is true Pepys sympathized with the Puritans in their troubles, but it was not on principle. He was a time-server. As a proof of both these assertions, take the following: 'I saw several poor creatures carried by, by constables, for being at a conventicle. They go like lambs, without any resistance. I would to God they would either conform, or be more wise, and not be catched!'

Sunday in the reign of Charles the Second was not observed with the laudable strictness of the Puritans, nor even with the decorum that prevails in the present day. James the First set the example for all his race of irritating, as much as possible, the nonconformist members of the Church of England; as witness the famous proclamation of May 24th, 1618, in which

* A noted Presbyterian who had fought against Charles at Marston Moor.

the King 'signified his pleasure that after the end of Divine service on the Lord's Day, the good people should indulge themselves in lawful sports—such as dancing, archery, leaping, vaulting, May-games, Whitsun-ales, Morris-dances, and such like.'* How strangely different this from the edicts of England's earlier kings! Take for instance Ethelred's decree: 'Let Sunday's festival be rightly kept, as is thereto becoming: and let marketings, and folk-motes, and huntings, and worldly works, be strictly abstained from on that holy day.'†

When one reads Pepys' Sunday entries, it reminds one of a Continental Sabbath, or a Sabbath in some of the Western States. The King held councils on this holy day, and we find Pepys' attending to his state affairs, making up his accounts, holding musical entertainments, going into the country on pleasure parties, and calling 'up the people to washing by four o'clock in the morning,' in direct violation of the fourth commandment. But he went to Church generally once a day, and occasionally to the communion, though too much stress must not be attached to the latter act, since it was necessary as a qualification for office. Sometimes a discourse made a profound impression on him, and at others he 'slept soundly all the sermon.' Like most people, he did not fail to criticise, as, for example, when he says, 'Before sermon I laughed at the reader, who in his prayer desires of God that He would imprint His word on the thumbs of our right hands, and on the right great toes of our right feet.' On another occasion, 'To Church, where Mr. Mills, a lazy sermon upon the devil having no right to anything in this world;' and on a third, 'a stranger preached, a seeming able man; but said in his pulpit that God did a greater work in raising of an oake-tree from an acorn, than a man's body raising it at the last day, from his dust, showing the possibility of the Resurrection: which was, methought a strange saying.' The entry 'it come into my head why we should be more bold in making the collection while the psalm is singing, than in the sermon or prayer,' reminds us of a custom which has now become well nigh, if not quite, obsolete in the English Church.

It is almost impossible to avoid looking at the ludicrous side of Pepys—even of his religious life. He kept the state fast days, but, as with everything else, it was in a curious manner. 'At night, it being a little moonshine and fair weather, into the garden, and, with Mercer, sang till my wife put me in mind of its being a fast-day; and so I was sorry for it, and stopped, and home *to cards.*' There was a distinction without a difference. It reminds me of a man I once knew, who, to avoid countenancing what he considered a breach of rubric in having a hymn sung at the beginning of a Christmas service in his own church, went to another and enjoyed an anthem of twenty minutes' length. Pepys' idea of maintaining appearances is equally amusing. At the time of the panic in London, in 1667, at the news of the advance of the Dutch up the Thames, he writes: 'By and by, after dinner, my wife out by coach to see her mother; and I in another, being afraid, at this busy time, to be seen with a woman in a coach, as if I were idle.' So in consequence of hearing 'that my people do observe my minding my pleasures more than usual, which I confess, and am ashamed of,' he resolves for a given time to abstain from going to the theatre, where he was a regular and enthusiastic attendant.

Some of his references to religious customs are interesting from an ecclesiastical point of view. There are few more burning topics of controversy in the present day than the practices of

*Perry's 'History of the Church of England,' vol. 1, p. 259.

†Thorpe's Ancient Laws and Institutes of England, vol. 1, p. 321.

the Church of England. That body is rent and torn by men holding to contrary interpretations of its laws and traditions. It is suggestive to read Pepys' account of a conference he heard between the two Houses of Parliament on the 'Bill for Conventicles,' which touches somewhat on this point. The Lords 'would have it added, that whereas the bill says: "That that, among other things, shall be a conventicle wherein any such meeting is found doing anything contrary to the Liturgy of the Church of England," they would have it added, "or practice." The Commons to the Lords said, that they knew not what might hereafter be found out which might be called the practice of the Church of England, which were never established by any law, either Common, Statute, or Canon; as singing of psalms, binding up prayers at the end of the Bible, and praying extempore before and after sermon: and though these are things indifferent, yet things, for aught they at present know, may be started, which may be said to be the practice of the Church, which would not be fit to allow.' Take the fourth report of the Royal Ritual Commission made in 1870, as an illustration of the difficulties which the sagacious Commons of 1664 foresaw might arise.

The surplice was especially obnoxious to the Puritans as a 'rag of popery,' and when they were in power they at once abolished it, nor was it immediately restored upon the re-institution of the King in his rights or the episcopal clergy in theirs. It is not till the autumn of 1662 we read: 'Saw the first time Mr. Mills in a surplice; but it seemed absurd for him to pull it over his ears in the reading pew, after he had done, before all the church, to go up to the pulpit, to preach without it.' But more than two years before this he remarks of a service in Whitehall Chapel, 'Here I heard very good musique, the first time that ever I remember to have heard the organs, and singing men in surplices in my life;' and later, 'At St. Paul's, where I saw the quiristers in their surplices going to prayers, and a few idle people and boys to hear them, which is the first time I have seen them, and am sorry to see things done so out of order.' Organs are common enough now even in Presbyterian Churches, and in the English Church plenty of choirs may be found wearing the surplice, with 'a few idle people and boys to hear them'—not but that the robe is appropriate enough for them, when the whole congregation is similarly vested.

A correspondent of the 'Spectator' once asked 'Is it not a contradiction to say, illustrious, right reverend, and right honourable poor sinners?'* Such was not an unusual custom in Pepys time as the following entry shows: 'To church, and had a good plain sermon. At our coming in, the country people all rose with so much reverence; and when the parson begins, he begins, "Right Worshipful and dearly beloved" to us.' So Swift having on one occasion no other auditor than his clerk began the service with 'Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places.'

The references to Baptism are numerous. In those days it was very commonly administered at home, which is seldom done now except in cases of sickness, nor is it indeed rubrical. A feast usually accompanied the event. 'After the christening comes in the wine and the sweetmeats, and then to prate and tattle.' As at weddings a huge cake was the chief attraction of the festive board. The guests were supposed to make presents to various interested parties. 'It cost me 20s. between the midwife and the two nurses to day.' 'It cost me near 40s. the whole christening: to midwife 20s. nurse, 10s., maid, 2s. 6d., and the coach 5s.' Our journalist went to another christening, 'having made myself fine, and put six spoons and a porringer of silver in my pocket, to

* No. 312.

give away,' and 'did give the midwife 10s., and the nurse 5s., and the maid of the house 2s. But forasmuch as I expected to give the name to the childe but did not, it being called John, I forbore then to give my plate till another time, after a little more advice.

Pepys had no children of his own, and perhaps that made him all the readier to act as 'gossip'* or sponsor. Certain it is, he was always prepared. 'To my Lord Sandwich's, where, bolting into the dining-room, I there found Captain Ferrers going to christen a child of his, born yesterday, and I come just pat to be a God-father.' Of the responsibility or sacredness of the relationship incurred, he thought as little as the general run of persons do to whom the Church, with godly discretion and motherly care, commits the spiritual charge and training of her young children. He did not hesitate, I am sorry to say, to trifle over the matter. Riding with a party through the country, 'By and by, we come to two little girls keeping cows, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her ask my blessing, and telling her that I was her god-father, she asked me innocently whether I was not Ned Warding, and I said that I was, so she kneeled down and very simply called, "Pray, god-father, pray to God to bless me," which made us very merry, and I gave her two-pence.' Perhaps, had it not been for his trifling, we should not have heard of so pretty a custom.

It may seem a rapid transition to go from one end of life to the other, from the Church's first rite to her last, in other words, from christenings to funerals, and yet it is not unnatural, for they are the two most important events in a man's career. I will here give, in conclusion, Pepys' account of his brother's burial, which will illustrate more points than one:

'To church, and, with the grave-maker, chose a place for my brother to lie in, just under my mother's pew. But to see how a man's tombes are at the mercy of such a fellow, that for six-pence he would, as his own words were, "I will justle them together but I will make room for him;" speaking of the fulness of the middle aisle, where he was to lie; and that he would for my father's sake, do my brother, that is dead, all the civility he can; which was to disturb other corps that are not quite rotten, to make room for him; and methought his manner of speaking it was very remarkable; as of a thing that now was in his power to do a man a courtesy or not. I dressed myself, and so did my servant, Besse; and so to my brother's again: whether, though invited, as the custom is, at one or two o'clock, they come not till four or five. But, at last, one after another, they come, many more than I bid: and my reckoning that I bid was one hundred and twenty; but I believe there was nearer one hundred and fifty. Their service was six biscuits a-piece, and what they pleased of burnt claret. My cozen, Joyce Norton, kept the wine and cakes above; and did give out to them that served, who had white gloves given them. But, above all, I am beholden to Mrs. Holden, who was most kind, and did take mighty pains not only in getting the house and everything else ready, but this day in going up and down to see the house filled and served, in order to mine and their great content, I think: the men sitting by themselves in some rooms, and the women by themselves in others, very close, but yet room enough. Anon to church, walking out into the street to the conduit, and so across the street: and had a very good company along with the corps. And, being come to the grave as above, Dr. Pierson, the minister of the parish, did read the service for buriall: and so I saw my poor brother laid into the grave: and so all broke up; and I and my wife, and Madam Turner and her family, to her brother's, and by-and-by fell to a

* God-sib, or God-relation.

barrell of oysters, cake and cheese, of Mr. Honiwood's, with him, in his chamber and below, being too merry for so late a sad work. But, Lord! to see how the world makes nothing of the memory of a man, an hour after he is dead! And, indeed, I must blame myself; for, though at the sight of him dead and dying, I had real grief for a while, while he was in my sight, yet presently after, and ever since, I have had very little grief indeed for him.' I may leave this extract to speak for itself.

BALLADS OF FAIR FACES.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

No. 3.—At Murray, Ont.

'Varium et mutabile, semper.'

Fairest one, in form and feature—
Captious, cruel, cross-grained creature.

In whose dark eyes gentle-greeting,
All kind thoughts rise at our meeting.

In whose face the quick flush starting,
Soon foretells our angry parting.

Sweet one! true to Virgil's 'semper,'
Looks her best when in a temper!

Rich red lips, since first I knew them—
Oh, what wild words have passed through them.

Little hand! no harder hitter,
Writing words than blows more bitter.

Little feet, whose boots ambitious
Love to light on ways suspicious!

Ways that far on Life's wild highway
Lead when her way parts from *my* way.

Void of heart, soul, conscience, duty,
What is good in you, but beauty?

No. 4.—In an Album.

Sweet girl whene'er I look at you,
What various thoughts arise—
What studies brown, and devils blue!
Just like your hair and eyes!

MODERN PESSIMISM.

BY R. W. BOODLE, B. A., MONTREAL.

WHAT value do I attach to life? Such is a question that naturally suggests itself to the reader of Mr. Mallock's latest work. Its title, 'Is Life Worth Living?' raises, it is true, a doubt, which had better have remained unexpressed. Our first feelings on encountering such a work, the title of which (more general than the actual scope of the subject considered) would seem to allow it to be an open question, whether it is worth our while to be here, are naturally feelings of contempt or regret. It seems like quarrelling with our bread and butter, and we feel inclined to say with Lady Macbeth—

> Why
> You do unbend your noble strength, to think
> So brainsickly of things?

Then, too, it is a question admitting of too ready an answer—a doubt, which is being raised every day by the vicious or the desponding, and solved in the manner we all know too well. But we live in a curious age, an age in which it may be said, if ever, that our minds are 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,' and the question is one, round which in its widest form our thoughts can hardly help lingering. Not, however, that the question is by any means a new one. The discovery that life has a dark side, that it is not a mere succession of pleasures, but often a mere monotony broken by pain, has constantly been made before. It is really not much more than an open secret. What interests us to notice is, that at the present moment the question has taken rather a different shape. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity! has been a truism of philosophers and satirists from the time of Solomon to the present day. But it is a different matter when, what was an opinion muttered by the few, becomes a commonplace of the many. The truth of the implied assertion will be shown at more length presently, it will be well first to glance at its ill-effects.

The dignity of life is closely bound up with its value, and to most men its value depends more or less avowedly upon the amount of pleasure to be extracted from it. As soon as it becomes a settled question, that life is but a poor affair after all, the practical instinct of mankind is too ready with its inferences—let us make the best we can of it, let us at least indulge in any pleasures that afford immediate satisfaction. It will be seen at once that, with such a philosophy, the dignity of life is in a perilous state. Now this the conclusion to which Mallock points—his warnings urge us to take heed to our ways, if we desire to keep the standard of life as high as it has been. It is not the purpose of the present discussion to consider the question started in Mallock's book, but rather by way of preparation to treat of certain preliminary subjects. With this object, it will be convenient to take a cursory view of different phases of the question of the value and happiness of life up to the present day, and to show by example the way in which the tone of society reflects itself in the literature of the day.

In treating of previous periods and phases of Pessimist thought, I will omit without further notice the phenomenon of Buddhism, a religion resting

upon a Pessimist basis, because it is a phase of thought distinctly Asiatic and, as such, belongs to a class of minds entirely distinct from the active European type. Nor will the expressions of solitary thinkers, such as Shakespeare and Johnson, delay us long, though it is necessary to notice them. Such men may be regarded rather as independent thinkers, whose intellect has given them too unerring an insight into facts, than as writers typifying the state of thought popular in their age. To illustrate my meaning—Shakespeare's view of life is, at its best, not a happy one, as when he writes—

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

There he merely feels disposed to throw doubt upon its reality, and to think rather contemptuously about it. When he is disposed to take a harsher view, no picture can be sadder—

> Life's but a walking shadow,
> ....it is a tale,
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

Such men as Shakespeare stand alone, their thoughts are not as other men's thoughts, their initiations into life and its secrets are deeper, and they may be taken as exemplifying the words of the sage, 'in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.' To such men the unthinking frame of mind, which looks upon happiness as the highest thing in life, is strange. Their greatness makes them solitary and their lonely grandeur carries with it the pains and penalties of greatness—

> Thin, thin, the pleasant human noises grow,
> And faint the city gleams
> Rare the low pastoral huts—marvel not thou!
> The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,
> But to the stars, and the cold lunar beams;
> Alone the sun arises, and alone
> Spring the great streams.

But while their depth of insight shows them the sorrows of life, philosophy is able to furnish them with strength to bear it—

> Lean'd on his gate, he gazes—tears
> Are in his eyes, and in his ears
> The murmur of a thousand years.*
> Before him he sees life unroll,
> A placid and continuous whole—
> That general life, which does not cease,
> *Whose secret is not joy, but peace;*
> That life, whose dumb wish is not miss'd
> If birth proceeds, if things subsist;
> The life of plants, and stones, and rain,
> The life he craves—if not in vain
> Fate gave, what chance shall not control,
> His sad lucidity of soul.

We must not then suppose, because we find a low view of the joy of life expressed in the works of the highest geniuses, that such a view is a common one. It will not be safe to conclude, that we have found an age similar to our own, unless it can be shown that the unhappiness of life is a theory widely accepted and exemplified in the actual lives of the ordinary run of men.

Such periods, however, have occurred before the present age, when a tone of sadness, almost of despair, was prevalent—periods marked too by a contempt of life, and by a ready acceptance of death. 'The spirit of the world,' a philosophical writer observes, 'seems deeper and sadder, and the good and joy of life are no longer its predominant conceptions.' It might seem strange that a mode of thought so familiar to the care-worn nineteenth century should have been felt too in earlier ages. But there is nothing new under the sun. The analogy between the individual and the state has often been pointed out, and a similar one exists between the individual and the world. In youth, like Cyrus, we play over the part which, in fulness of years, we shall have to enact in reality, and to the earlier phases of the Time-spirit that haunting visage of Sorrow was not unknown, which centuries afterwards obstinately rises again—

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* Matthew Arnold, of course, had Shakespeare's Sonnet No. 107 in his mind, when he wrote this.

the same thoughts of sadness born reappearing with a new vitality.

Such a period of gloom and unhappiness was the first century of the Roman Empire—an epoch in many ways similar to that in which we are living. The old systems of religion, which we call Paganism or Polytheism, were visibly decayed, and while the masses took refuge in grosser forms of superstition than the reason of former ages had warranted, the higher spirits found their religion in systems of philosophy. From among these, appear most prominent to us the schools of Stoicism and Epicureanism, corresponding in many ways with the Jewish sects of the Pharisees and the Sadducees. It would be foreign to my purpose to point out the similarity between these schools and their modern representatives. Yet it would be an interesting study to trace how far Utilitarianism is the true representative of the school of Epicurus, and what analogy exists between the teaching of the Porch and the tone of thought best represented to us at the present day by Carlyle and his followers.

I need not tell you that Epicureanism consisted in making the best of life by means of its pleasures. The tone of Stoicism will appear from the following paraphrase from Seneca. It comes from his discourse on Providence, and is the conclusion of the piece. Seneca introduces the Deity to exhort mankind to strength and endurance, and his words are the more remarkable, as coming from the mouth of such a being. 'Your true happiness consists in doing without it. Still, life is full of incidents, grievous, terrible, and hard to bear. As I have not been able to free you from them, I have armed your spirit against them all. Bear up bravely: in this lies your superiority to God: He needs no patience under suffering, for He is placed beyond it—you are raised above it. Despise poverty, for no one is as poor as when he was born. Despise grief, you will kill it, or it you. Despise death, which is either the end or a state of transition. Despise fortune, for I have given her no weapon with which to assail the mind. But above all, remember not to feel bound against your will. The door is open, if you will not fight, you can fly. Hampered though you are in many ways, I have made nothing easier than death. Listen to me, and you will see how short and easy the road is that leads to freedom.' The Deity then proceeds to recommend various modes of suicide, concluding 'What is called death (the passage of the soul from the body) is quicker than the thought of it. By hanging, or by drowning, whether you dash your brains out, or swallow fire, whatever it is, it is speedy. Do you not blush at your prolonged fears of what takes place so quickly?'

This we may well call life at a low ebb. Life meant simply endurance, and if this was too hard, men could die; and practice was in conformity with such a theory. Suicide was a matter of daily occurrence, and recognised by law as a right, except in the case of soldiers, when it was assimilated by Hadrian to desertion, and of accused persons, in regard to whom Domitian ordained that suicide should entail the same consequences as condemnation.

With the spread of Christianity, justly termed the Worship of Sorrow, the misery and worthlessness of life became part of the orthodox belief. By way of compensation, an immortality of happiness after death was assured. Still men's practice was better than their theory, and owing no doubt, to the new vigour of the races, who became the leaders of the world's history, as well as to the sanctity imputed to human life by the doctrines of the Church, suicide became uncommon. 'He is an homicide and guilty of an homicidal act, who, by suicide, has killed an innocent man,' so ran the formula. Two forms, however, of suicide, were countenanced. People were praised for provoking martyr-

dom, and Christian women were allowed to commit suicide to guard their chastity. Still, though suicide was discountenanced, it must not be forgotten that life—this life that all sound-minded men value so justly, not only as a transition state or sphere of preparation for a better life, but in itself and for itself—was regarded during the vigour of Christianity, as but a mean thing, though clothed in sanctity. Happiness was not to be sought here but hereafter. The natural joy of life was itself an unholy pleasure. 'You are here,' says the 'Imitation of Christ,' 'to serve, not to rule; you have been called to show patience, and to toil, not to spend your life in talking and ease. Here, therefore, men are meritorious only as gold is, while passing through the furnace.' At another place the writer laments the human necessities of food and sleep. The minds and writings of those bred under the shade of the Church were colourless and emasculate. Nature spread for them her charms in vain. I cannot illustrate the Christian phase better than by a passage on the Assumption of St. John the Apostle, from one of Ælfric's Homilies:—

'When the Apostle was ninety-nine years old, the Lord Jesus Christ appeared to him with the other Apostles that He had received from this life, and said "John come to Me," It is time for thee to feast with thy brothers at My banquet.' John then arose and went with the Saviour, and He said to him, "Now on Sunday, the day of My resurrection thou comset to Me." And after that word the Lord went to heaven. The Apostle greatly rejoiced at this promise, and waking early on the Sunday morning came to the church and taught God's laws to the people from cock-crow until evening, and sung masses for them, and said that the Saviour had summoned him on that day to heaven. He ordered them to dig his tomb facing the altar and to carry out the earth. Then he went alive and sound into his tomb, and stretching out his hands to God, cried, "Lord Christ, I thank Thee that Thou callest me to Thy feast. Thou knowest that with all my heart I have desired Thee. Oft I begged Thee that I might go to Thee, and Thou saidst that I should wait, that I might gain more people. Thou hast preserved my body against all defilement, and Thou likewise enlightenest my soul, and hast at no time neglected me. Thou didst put in my mouth Thy word of truth, and I have written the doctrines that I heard from Thy mouth, and the wonders that I saw Thee work."' The Apostle goes on in this strain to some length, ending with a doxology. Upon this he dies without enduring death's attendant pains, as a reward for the sanctity of his life on earth, and with the prospect of a life of feasting above, for in this way, in accordance with the genius of the English people, has the Saxon homilist transformed the feasting in the halls of Walhalla in Asgard into the Supper of the Lamb mentioned in the Apocalypse.

This uninteresting view of life, the world in process of time outgrew, aided, doubtless, by the Pagan Renaissance with its earlier and later phases. Not even Puritanism had power to restore the past, though, under its influence, life was for a time denuded of joy and pleasure—for the Puritans were as attentive to success in life as to the welfare of their souls. Hence, practically, their gloomy views had less influence on their daily life, than the early Puritan leaders would have wished.

Time would fail me, were I to trace the change in tone caused successively by the revolutionary epoch with which the eighteenth century closed, by the romantic revival which ushered in the nineteenth century, by the struggles for freedom on all sides and in various ways, which afterwards ensued. These two movements, which, while they lasted, must have lightened the burden of life, and at least occupied men's thoughts in a different

direction, seem for a time to have spent their force. The Revolutionary era is for a time at least over. Meanwhile thought, having become perfectly free, has succeeded in unsettling the old grounds of belief and morals, without devising any equivalent to take their place, with the result of causing a feeling of melancholy and uneasiness, acknowledged on all hands. The unhappiness of life is widely felt, yet its paramount importance is insisted upon. Its value is taken for granted, for we are told that it is all upon which we can build, yet writers do not tire of telling of its infinite littleness. Tyndall even seems to gloat over the fact that ages hence 'you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.' One cannot help remarking the seeming inconsistency of the ruling tone of thought. While the misery of life is asserted, its dignity is as strenuously maintained and suicide is condemned without compromise. Meanwhile the original mode of thinking upon which this condemnation rests, viz., the theological conviction that life is a sacred gift of God, and that we are accountable for it to this higher power, is lost sight of or denied. The sum of all is a prevalent feeling of depression and unhappiness.

Not to make an assertion without giving proofs of it, I will draw attention to a few points which will justify my conclusions. This change is well exhibited in the tone of popular poetry. Poetry acts as a kind of spiritual weather-gauge, its popularity depends upon its conformity with the modes of thought and spiritual needs of the time. It is itself the expression of the deepest religious beliefs, unfettered by the dogmas that cause the traditional forms of religion to stagnate and fail of sympathy with the ideas of the time. If we find a poet of a distinct type popular at any special time, we are justified in asserting that his leading ideas are also the ideas common at that time. Now, beyond doubt, the poetry that within the last few years has had the widest popularity, is that of Matthew Arnold and Algernon Swinburne. Though some of Arnold's poetry was written as early as 1848, and the first appearance of his latest volume dates in 1868, it has never been as popular as it is at the present day, and the complete edition of 1869 having been exhausted, another edition appeared last year. These facts, when its difficulty is remembered, are noticeable. One feature Mr. Swinburne has to himself, and will partly account for his popularity with a certain class of readers. But it is not to Swinburne, as a leader of the Fleshly School of Poets, that I would now draw your attention—though as such his popularity is no favourable symptom of the age. But there is another side of his genius, what may be called his theological side, upon which the similarity of his work to that of Matthew Arnold is striking. In both the burden of sorrow, 'this strange disease of modern life,' as Arnold calls it, is ever uppermost. One specimen of Matthew Arnold will be sufficient, as no poet varies less in his tone—

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at its full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor hell for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Now, this is no unfair type of his poems. Open the book at random, and the same thoughts will meet you on every page. In Swinburne this grief is intensified, and marked by

despairing and blasphemous outbursts of rage against the highest symbol of what is sacred and holy. For a parallel to the impotent fury of the fourth Chorus, in Swinburne's 'Atalanta in Calydon,' I know not where to look. The passage is too long to quote, and would only be spoiled by an extract. Let us see how the love-poet treats his favourite passion in the Second Series of his 'Poems and Ballads,' published last year—

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?
And were one to the end—but what end who knows?
Love deep as a sea as a rose must wither,
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
What love was ever as deep as the grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them,
Or the wave.

A mournful turn, one cannot help thinking, to the well known words of Scripture, 'love is as strong as death . . . . . many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.'

To preclude the possibility of the objection that these are merely the writings of extreme thinkers—an objection which is really without force in the case of Matthew Arnold, I will consider the works of a poet that can by no possibility be looked on as such. The English Poet-Laureate will hardly be suspected of being an exponent of any extreme school of thought. His attention to style is notorious. No one expects to find in him a deeper strain of philosophy than that of an average thinker. When he expresses his thoughts upon deep subjects they are naturally quoted as being better expressed by such a consummate master of language than we can find them elsewhere. His philosophy is certainlyn ot deeper than that of enlightened orthodoxy. As a Churchman he would probably take rank among the moderate school of Latitudinarians. Yet even upon the works of Tennyson the spirit of the time has set its indelible mark. Anyone who has studied his 'Idylls of the King' chronologically and taken the trouble to notice additions to the earlier poems of the series, comparing the tone of these with the later poems, will be much struck by the change of colouring exhibited in the later portions of his work. As reference will again be made to Tennyson, I will only give two instances at the present moment. In 'Vivien,' one of the four original Idylls, a 'great melancholy' falls on Merlin, arising, it would seem, from his consciousness of a foolish fondness for the frail heroine, but we are left in doubt. In the last editions, however, subsequently to 1876, this doubt is solved, and the melancholy given a new turn by the introduction of lines ascribing it to his consciousness of

World-war of dying flesh against the life,
Death in all life and lying in all love,
The meanest having power upon the highest
And the high purpose broken by the worm.

The first edition of 'Vivien' was published in 1859. It was very natural that in seventeen years some changes should occur to the author, but the nature of the change is significant. He has also modified what he had written more lately. The 'Passing of Arthur,' into which was incorporated the 'Morte d'Arthur,' earliest written of the entire series, was published in 1870. This time he re-adopted the well-known lines—

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

This sentiment was first published as far back as 1842, and was quite in keeping with the hopeful, reforming spirit of the time. Now, contrast these lines with the despairing 'moanings of the King,' added to the same poem after 1877. The old work and the new stand side by side. Tennyson could hardly have struck out lines of such surpassing beauty—but it is not hypercritical to call the later inconsistent with the earlier work. The

'moanings of the King' are as follows:—

I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I mark'd Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not.
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.
O me! for why is all around us here,
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it, and make it beautiful?

. . . . . .

For I, being simple, thought to work His will,
And have but stricken with the sword in vain;
And all whereon I lean'd in wife and friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm
Reels back into the beast, and is no more.
My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death:
Nay—God my Christ—I pass, but shall not die.

The last line is obviously added to clear the speaker from inconsistency, but it does not clear the poet. Now, these lines reflect very accurately the doubting, perplexed tone of thought, the incoherency and uncertainty so commonly felt at the present day. The year 1874 will always be an epoch in the religious history of England, for then Professor Tyndall delivered his well-known Belfast Address—the high-water mark, it would seem, of Materialism. The previous year had seen the publication of Mill's 'Autobiography,' to a passage in which the words,

As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,

are a manifest reference. In the chapter on his father's character and opinions, Mill wrote, 'He found it impossible to believe that a world so full of evil was the work of an Author combining infinite power with perfect goodness and righteousness . . . The Sabæan, or Manichæan, theory of a good and an evil principle struggling against each other for the government of the universe he would not have equally condemned, and I have heard him express surprise that no one revived it in our times.' I should not feel so confident of Tennyson's alluding to this passage were I not justified by his special mode of workmanship. One great difficulty of his poems consists in his allusions—often to matters of merely contemporary interest. In this case Mill's 'Autobiography' was in every one's mind at the time, and the passage I have quoted, as well as another to which I wish to draw attention, were widely discussed in the periodicals of the day. The other passage comes from the same chapter. The younger Mill tells us that his father 'thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by.' Now this, as I have shown before, was not a new thing. It had been remarked often enough, but appearing just then, it attracted much attention. It seemed to strike a corresponding chord in men's hearts, and the note has been prolonged ever since by writers of all kinds, till the question has been openly put 'Is life worth living?' I do not now propose to enquire into the causes that have brought matters to such a pass, although '*vere scire est per causas scire*,' but shall take it for granted that the main external conditions that attend the tone of thought are the shock that ordinary mortals have received from the breaking up of long cherished beliefs, as well as the sense of failure, or apparent failure, of the Utopian schemes which the nineteenth century projected as its work. I may be excused for quoting again, from the latest edition of the 'Idylls,' the lines describing the desolation of Sir Bedivere as he listens to the last wail attending the passage of his king from the world:

But when that morn had past for evermore,
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
Amazed him, and he groan'd 'the King is gone.'

There is no king any longer—such is the poetical symbol in which the Laureate embodies the feeling of despair, which Matthew Arnold had expressed before by the same figure, though he handled the subject somewhat differently—

Amongst us one,
Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
His seat upon the intellectual throne;
And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days;
Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,
And all his hourly varied anodynes.

This for our wisest! and we others pine,
And wish the long unhappy dream would end,
And waive all claims to bliss, and try to bear;
With close-tipp'd patience for our only friend,
Sad patience, too near neighbour to despair.

The sequel of such a despairing tone is natural enough. The poisonous breath of Pessimism is taken for the healthy air of heaven. The works of the German philosophers, Schopenhauer and Hartmann, began to be read in England with eagerness, and their theories have found their way at second and third-hand to the general public. The fashionable tone of Pessimism, among the upper classes in England, is a subject of casual notice in Leslie Stephen's lately published monograph upon Dr. Johnson.

Upon this subject I would refer the reader to an article in the *Westminster Review* for January, 1876, where he will find the organ of Radicalism and extreme thought adopting a tone of protest and reaction against what it rightly believes to be a pernicious change of tone. From the conclusion I will quote a few significant sentences. '"The owl of Minerva does not start upon its flight until the evening twilight has begun to fall." It is, indeed, a significant fact that this "Philosophy of Despair" should have within five years passed through six editions. As is the people, so is the priest. Literature itself seems tainted with the faith of pessimism, and Cassandra's voice is heard throughout our magazines and novels. A light cynicism, which smites at enthusiasm and disbelieves disinterestedness, is not unfashionable in society. Has Europe in very truth reached that stage in which the only philosophy it can accept is not unlike those emanation doctrines which consoled the decaying mind of Greece?'

So wide is this Pessimism in its influence, the joy and fun of life seems stifled. The difference, to take a single instance of what is a general feature, between the *Punch* of to-day and *Punch* of fifteen years ago, is striking enough. It is not sufficient to say that Leech is dead. The wit of the present moment is purely local in its colouring, temporary in its tone. One can imagine readers of the twentieth and succeeding centuries enjoying Mr. Briggs, and the flunkeys (for such people exist in all ages), but the sense of merriment excited by the excesses and absurd talk of dilettanti artists, furniture fanciers, &c., must be as evanescent as its cause—the prevailing tone of fashion and extravagance. The wit of ten years ago, and before that, was the wit of Horace, the wit that springs from a pleasurable contemplation of the endless varieties of the humours of man. The wit of the present day is hard to describe: it is a satire upon extravagance, but without the moral tone that gives satire vitality, wanting also that element of permanence, so hard to define, which makes it a gift for the ages. Another form of satire, not exactly new, for we have read something similar in Mrs. Manley's 'New Atalantis,' is exhibited in such papers as 'Vanity Fair,' 'The World,' and 'Truth.' The existence and popularity of such periodicals as these is not reassuring to contemplate. A cynical and disbelieving age, having lost its sense of genuine humour, is content to amuse itself with personalities, and to gloat over the revelations of the sins and follies of the fashionable classes of society. There have been scandalous chronicles before now, but they have hitherto been content with the name, and have not masked under the sacred name of Truth. 'Vanity Fair' speaks for itself, and is much better, and I have no objection to the

name 'A Journal for Men and Women:' it is at least modest.

Another effect of this state of world-weariness, cynicism, and joylessness is a tendency to look upon death with different eyes to those with which men have regarded it in the healthiest and the best ages of the world. It is better to be a poor slave, says Achilles, in the Odyssey, and to serve under a hard master, than to be the king of the dead. Consistently with this view of Homeric times, the shield of Achilles in the 'Iliad' contains no Birth and no Funeral of man. I will quote in illustration of this the appropriate words of Mr. Gladstone*—'The beginning and the end of life are endowed for Christians with so intense an interest that we are apt to forget how different an aspect they offer to those beyond the pale. Both of them are swathed in weakness or distress, and the Greek had no charm in his possession which could invest distress and weakness with beauty, or infuse into them the glow of life. Sorrow had not been glorified. Scenes like these, he would say, do not make up the completeness of life, but impair it; they are not to be acknowledged as legitimately belonging to it; we submit to them, for we cannot help submitting; but they form no portion of our glory, and we put them out of sight.' Perhaps, as Christians, we should logically look upon death, if not with joy, yet with complacent composure. But as our instincts are stronger than our beliefs, even Dr. Johnson, who was far from an optimist as to life, and gave his intellectual assent to the hard doctrine of Soame Jenyns, 'death is so far from being an evil, that it is the infallible cure for all others,' felt and expressed his instinctive fear of it. He could not bear to contemplate it. He disliked to discuss it. This is a great puzzle to his biographer, but it seems to me to be a sign of the healthy state of the man. That which is inevitable, but in so far as it means the cutting of all the ties of life is an unmitigated evil, it can do little good to linger fondly round. It has been reserved for poets of the present day to eulogise it. I could quote from several poets, but two specimens will be sufficient. Tennyson's 'Gareth and Lynette' was written in 1872. This, with the exception of 'The Holy Grail,' is perhaps the most mystical and the hardest to interpret of all the Idylls. In this poem, after Gareth's contest with Death and his victory—the whole of which reads like a piece of foolish masquerade—the Lady Lyonors and her house 'make merry over death'

> As being, after all their foolish fears
> And horrors, only proven a blooming boy.

Now, whatever death may be, I submit that it can never be a subject for merriment, even in an allegory. I will give two instances from the lately published poems of J. A. Symonds. The beauty of some of the verses almost blinds us to the unhealthy tone of the sentiment—for unhealthy notwithstanding it is.

> Behold the void that was so still
> Breaks into singing, and the desert cries
> Praise, praise to Thee! praise for Thy servant death,
> The healer and deliverer!

And again

> How sweet it were on this mysterious night
> Of pulsing stars and splendours, from the shore
> Knee-deep to wade, and from the ripple bright
> To brush the phosphorescent foam-flowers hoar;
> Then with broad breast to cleave the watery floor,
> And floating, dreaming, through the sphere to swim
> Of silvery skies and silvery billows dim!
>
> What if the waves of dreamless Death, like these,
> Should soothe our senses aching with the shine
> Of Life's long radiance? O, primeval ease,
> That wast and art and art to be divine.
> Thou shalt receive unto the crystalline
> Silence of thy sleep-silvered healing sea
> These souls o'erburdened with mortality!

I have said more than enough of the symptoms of this 'disease of modern

* 'Contemporary Review, February, 1874

life.' Though my observations have been wholly taken from English writers, it is not a phenomenon confined to England, as the existence of the Pessimist writers of Germany, France, and Russia sufficiently proves. It is, however, much in accordance with the English nature. Long ago the peculiar mental affection, called Hypochondria, was named the 'English malady,' and it is a question worth considering whether the Pessimist Philosophy, should it ever become widely popular among the English, would not produce more lasting effects amongst us than elsewhere. The English and the Scotch have not the knack of the French and other Romanesque nations of holding lightly by their religious views.

The manner in which the Reformation affected the nations of Europe is worth recalling, as the statement will illustrate the question I am at present considering. It was only among those parts of Europe, in which Teutonic blood was strong, that the Reformation produced any very perceptible effects of a religious nature. Elsewhere, instead of religious we find political results. Again, though all the Teutonic nations joined in the Reformation, as a religious movement, more or less zealously, it was only in the British Isles that the peculiar after-result of it, which we call Puritanism, existed or produced lasting effects. The original birth-place of Calvinism was the South of France (the Visigothic, portion of that nation) and Switzerland; and the Dutch soon became as Calvinistic as the original followers of Calvin. But if we wish to look for the full development of the Calvinistic spirit into Puritanism, we must go to the Lowlands of Scotland and to England. Hence the strict observance of the Sabbath, the boast of the British Isles, and the superiority, so often pointed out by Matthew Arnold, of the English in regard to one of the many elements of national welfare, viz., Conduct or Morality. We may fairly say, then, that the English and the Scotch are a people more seriously disposed by nature than other European peoples. We might infer, that should a Pessimist tone of thought spread in England, should the melancholy and dissatisfaction, which I have shown to exist, blossom out in a Pessimist Philosophy, it would produce more alarming results among the English than elsewhere.

Still it must be constantly borne in mind that England is a nation large enough to contain within itself many divergent movements, and a constant tendency to what may be called a Continental mode of thought is observable, as it has been often before, side by side with the great national movements. At the present moment this takes the form of Neo-Paganism and is well illustrated by the theory of poetic art. The theory of poetry that has come down to us from the days of Aristophanes, and which is most widely recognised among the English, is one which lessens its artistic for the sake of its moral side. 'The poet,' says Dr. Johnson, a thoroughly English critic, 'must consider right and wrong in their abstracted and invariable state . . . he must write as the interpreter of nature and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations.' 'The principal end of Painting,' says Dryden, 'is to please; and the chief design of Poetry is to instruct . . . the moral is the first business of the poet, as being the ground-work of his instruction.' By way of contrast listen to the utterances of Mr. Pater, one of the leading writers on æsthetics: 'The æsthetic critic regards all objects with which he has to do, as powers or forces, producing pleasurable sensations, each of a more or less peculiar and unique kind.' We have a short time to live, 'and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions, the wisest in art and song. For our one chance is in expanding that interval, in getting

as many pulsations as possible into the given time.' Such is his philosophy of life, and he adds, 'of this wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for art's sake has most; for art comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake.' Other things, such as Morality, Politics, and Religion, he would not consider for a moment. 'The theory, or idea, or system, which requires of us to sacrifice any part of this experience, in consideration of some interest into which we cannot enter, or some abstract morality we have not identified with ourselves, or what is only conventional, has no real claim upon us.'

Fully in accordance with this theory of poetry and art is such work as the 'Earthly Paradise,' whose author, William Morris, confessedly abandoning the calling of the teacher, aims only at the task of pleasing.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy regions stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Before closing this paper, I will sum up the results. I have shown by illustration that, over the poetry of the present day, which, better than anything else, expresses the direction of men's minds—a cloud of darkness has gathered; the lightness of former days, the joy of life, the hope and enthusiasm with regard to the future, have, to a great extent, passed away from it. This tone has grown, till it has all but taken form in a Philosophy of Pessimism 'a self-indulgent despair,' to use the words of George Eliot, 'which cuts down, and consumes, and never plants.' A reaction is taking place, but the cure is as bad as the disease, for it is equivalent to the abandonment of noble aims, and has for its object merely the killing of the sense of pain by opiates of pleasure. All this world-weariness is brought to a head, or to use his own favourite word, 'focalized' by Mallock in his sad book 'Is Life Worth Living?' The consideration of his book may perhaps be taken up in another paper.

SONG.

O LOVE, Love, Love!
Whether it rain or shine,
Whether the clouds frown or the sky is clear,
Whether the thunder fill the air with fear,
Whether the winter rage or peace is here,
If only thou art near,
Then are all days divine.

O Love, Love, Love!
Where thou art not, the place
Is sad to me as death. It would be cold
In Heaven without thee, if I might not hold
Thy hand in mine, if I might not behold
The beauty manifold—
The wonder of thy face. —*From Drift Weed.*

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TWO days later, Amelius moved into his cottage.

He had provided himself with a new servant, as easily as he had provided himself with a new abode. A foreign waiter at the hotel—a gray-haired Frenchman of the old school, reputed to be the most ill-tempered servant in the house—had felt the genial influence of Amelius with the receptive readiness of his race. Here was a young Englishman, who spoke to him as easily and pleasantly as if he was speaking to a friend—who heard him relate his little grievances, and never took advantage of that circumstance to turn him into ridicule—who said kindly, 'I hope you don't mind me calling you by your nickname,' when he ventured to explain that his Christian name was 'Théophile,' and that his English fellow-servants had facetiously altered and shortened it to 'Toff,' to suit their insular convenience. 'For the first time, sir,' he had hastened to add, 'I feel it an honour to be Toff, when *you* speak to me.' Asking everybody whom he met if they could recommend a servant to him, Amelius had put the question, when Toff came in one morning with the hot water. The old Frenchman made a low bow, expressive of devotion. 'I know of but one man, sir, whom I can safely recommend,' he said. 'Take me.' Amelius was delighted; he had only one objection to make. 'I don't want to keep two servants,' he said, while Toff was helping him on with his dressing gown. 'Why should you keep two servants, sir?' the Frenchman inquired. Amelius answered, 'I can't ask you to make the beds.' 'Why not?' said Toff—and made the bed, then and there, in five minutes. He ran out of the room, and came back with one of the chambermaid's brooms. 'Judge for yourself, sir—can I sweep a carpet?' He placed a chair for Amelius. 'Permit me to save you the trouble of shaving yourself. Are you satisfied? Very good. I am equally capable of cutting your hair, and attending to your corns (if you suffer, sir, from that inconvenience). Will you allow me to propose something which you have not had yet for your breakfast?' In half an hour more, he brought in the new dish. 'Œufs à la Tripe. An elementary specimen, sir, of what I can do for you as a cook. Be pleased to taste it.' Amelius eat it all up on the spot; and Toff applied the moral, with the neatest choice of language. 'Thank you, sir, for a gratifying expression of approval. One more specimen of my poor capabilities, and I have done. It is barely possible—God forbid!—that you may fall ill. Honour me by reading that document.' He handed a written paper to Amelius, dated some years since in Paris, and signed in an English name. 'I testify with gratitude and pleasure that Théophile Leblond has nursed me through a long illness, with an intelligence and devotion which I cannot too highly praise.' 'May you never employ me, sir, in that capacity,' said Toff. 'I have only to add that I am not so old as I look, and that my political opinions have changed, in later life, from red-republican to moderate-liberal. I also

confess, if necessary, that I still have an ardent admiration for the fair sex.' He laid his hand on his heart, and waited to be engaged.

So the household at the cottage was modestly limited to Amelius and Toff.

Rufus remained for another week in London, to watch the new experiment. He had made careful inquiries into the Frenchman's character, and had found that the complaints of his temper really amounted to this—that 'he gave himself the airs of a gentleman, and didn't understand a joke.' On the question of honesty and sobriety, the testimony of the proprietor of the hotel left Rufus nothing to desire. Greatly to his surprise, Amelius showed no disposition to grow weary of his quiet life, or to take refuge in perilous amusements from the sober society of his books. He was regular in his inquiries at Mr. Farnaby's house; he took long walks by himself; he never mentioned Sally's name; he lost his interest in going to the theatre, and he never appeared in the smoking-room of the club. Some men, observing the remarkable change which had passed over his excitable temperament, would have hailed it as a good sign for the future. The New Englander looked below the surface, and was not so easily deceived. 'My bright boy's soul is discouraged and cast down,' was the conclusion that he drew. 'There's darkness in him where there once was light—and, what's worse than all, he caves in, and keeps it to himself.' After vainly trying to induce Amelius to open his heart, Rufus at last went to Paris, with a mind that was ill at ease.

On the day of the American's departure, the march of events was resumed; and the unnaturally-quiet life of Amelius began to be disturbed again.

Making his customary inquiries in the forenoon at Mr. Farnaby's door, he found the household in a state of agitation. A second council of physicians had been held, in consequence of the appearance of some alarming symptoms in the case of the patient. On this occasion, the medical men told him plainly that he would sacrifice his life to his obstinacy, if he persisted in remaining in London and returning to his business. By good fortune, the affairs of the bank had greatly benefited, through the powerful interposition of Mr. Melton. With these improved prospects, Mr. Farnaby (at his niece's entreaty) submitted to the doctors' advice. He was to start on the first stage of his journey the next morning; and, at his own earnest desire, Regina was to go with him. 'I hate strangers and foreigners; and I don't like being alone. If you don't go with me, I shall stay where I am—and die.' So Mr. Farnaby put it to his adopted daughter, in his rasping voice and with his hard frown.

'I am grieved, dear Amelius, to go away from you,' Regina said; 'but what can I do? It would have been so nice if you could have gone with us. I did hint something of the sort; but——'

Her downcast face finished the sentence. Amelius felt the bare idea of being Mr. Farnaby's travelling-companion make his blood run cold. And Mr. Farnaby, on his side, reciprocated the sentiment, 'I will write constantly, dear,' Regina resumed; 'and you will write back, won't you? Say you love me; and promise to come to-morrow morning, before we go.'

She kissed him affectionately—and, the instant after, checked the responsive outburst of tenderness in Amelius, by that utter want of tact which (in spite of the popular delusion to the contrary) is so much more common in women than in men. 'My uncle is so particular about packing his linen,' she said; 'nobody can please him but me; I must ask you to let me run upstairs again.'

Amelius went out into the street, with his head down and his lips fast closed. He was not far from Mrs. Payson's house. 'Why shouldn't I call?' he thought to himself. His

conscience added, 'And hear some news of Sally.'

There was good news. The girl was brightening mentally and physically—she was in a fair way, if she only remained in the Home, to be 'Simple' Sally no longer. Amelius asked if she had got the photograph of the cottage. Mrs. Payson laughed. 'Sleeps with it under her pillow, poor child,' she said, 'and looks at it fifty times a day.' Thirty years since, with infinitely less experience to guide her, the worthy matron would have followed her instincts, and would have hesitated to tell Amelius quite so much about the photograph. But some of a woman's finer sensibilities do get blunted with the advance of age and the accumulation of wisdom.

Instead of pursuing the subject of Sally's progress, Amelius, to Mrs. Payson's surprise, made a clumsy excuse, and abruptly took his leave.

He felt the need of being alone; he was conscious of a vague distrust of himself, which degraded him in his own estimation. Was he, like characters he had read of in books, the victim of a fatality? The slightest circumstance conspired to heighten his interest in Sally—just at the time when Regina had once more disappointed him. He was as firmly convinced, as if he had been the strictest moralist living, that it was an insult to Regina, and an insult to his own self-respect, to set the lost creature whom he had rescued in any light of comparison with the young lady who was one day to be his wife. And yet, try as he might to drive her out, Sally kept her place in his thoughts. There was, apparently, some innate depravity in him. If a looking-glass had been handed to him at that moment, he would have been afraid to look himself in the face.

After walking until he was weary, he went to his club.

The porter gave him a letter, as he crossed the hall. Mrs. Farnaby had kept her promise, and had written to him. The smoking-room was deserted at that time of day. He opened his letter in solitude, looked at it, crumpled it up impatiently, and put it into his pocket. Not even Mrs. Farnaby could interest him at that critical moment. His own affairs absorbed him. The one idea of his mind, after what he had heard about Sally, was the idea of making a last effort to hasten the date of his marriage before Mr. Farnaby left England. 'If I can only feel sure of Regina——'

His thoughts went no farther than that. He walked up and down the empty smoking-room, anxious and irritable, dissatisfied with himself, despairing of the future. 'I can but try it!' he suddenly decided—and turned at once to the table to write a letter.

Death had been busy with the members of his family in the long interval that had passed since he and his father left England. His nearest surviving relative was his uncle—his father's younger brother—who occupied a post of high importance in the Foreign Office. To this gentleman he now wrote, announcing his arrival in England, and his anxiety to qualify himself for employment in a Government office. 'Be so good as to grant me an interview,' he concluded; 'and I hope to satisfy you that I am not unworthy of your kindness, if you will exert your influence in my favour.'

He sent away his letter at once by a private messenger; instructing the man to wait for an answer.

It was not without doubt, and even pain, that he had opened communications with a man whose harsh treatment of his father it was impossible for him to forget. What could the son expect? There was but one hope. Time might have inclined the younger brother to make atonement to the memory of the elder, by a favourable reception of his nephew's request.

His father's last words of caution, his own boyish promise not to claim kindred with his relations in England, were vividly present to the mind of Amelius, while he waited for the re-

turn of the messenger. His one justification was in the motives that animated him. Circumstances, which his father had never anticipated, rendered it an act of duty towards himself to make the trial at least of what his family interest could do for him. There could be no sort of doubt that a man of Mr. Farnaby's character would yield, if Amelius could announce that he had the promise of an appointment under government—with the powerful influence of a near relation to accelerate his promotion. He sat idly drawing lines on the blotting-paper at one moment regretting that he had sent his letter; at another, comforting himself in the belief that, if his father had been living to advise him, his father would have approved of the course that he had taken.

The messenger returned with these lines of reply:—

'Under any ordinary circumstances, I should have used my influence to help you on in the world. But, when you not only hold the most abominable political opinions, but actually proclaim those opinions in public, I am amazed at your audacity in writing to me. There must be no more communication between us. While you are a Socialist, you are a stranger to me.'

Amelius accepted this new rebuff with ominous composure. He sat quietly smoking in the deserted room, with his uncle's letter in his hand.

Among the other disastrous results of the lecture, some of the newspapers had briefly reported it. Preoccupied by his anxieties, Amelius had forgotten this when he wrote to his relative. 'Just like me!' he thought, as he threw the letter into the fire. His last hopes floated up the chimney, with the tiny puff of smoke from the burnt paper. There was now no other chance of shortening the marriage engagement left to try. He had already applied to the good friend whom he had mentioned to Regina. The answer, kindly written in this case, had not been very encouraging:—'I have other claims to consider. All that I can do, I will do. Don't be disheartened—I only ask you to wait.'

Amelius rose to go home—and sat down again. His natural energy seemed to have deserted him—it required an effort to leave the club. He took up the newspapers, and threw them aside, one after another. Not one of the unfortunate writers and reporters could please him on that inauspicious day. It was only while he was lighting his second cigar that he remembered Mrs. Farnaby's unread letter to him. By this time he was more than weary of his own affairs. He read the letter.

'I find the people who have my happiness at their mercy both dilatory and greedy' (Mrs Farnaby wrote); 'but the little that I can persuade them to tell me is very favourable to my hopes. I am still, to my annoyance, only in personal communication with the hateful old woman. The young man either sends messages, or writes to me through the post. By this latter means he has accurately described, not only in which of my child's feet the fault exists, but the exact position which it occupies. Here, you will agree with me, is positive evidence that he is speaking the truth, whoever he is.

'But for this reassuring circumstance, I should feel inclined to be suspicious of some things—of the obstinate manner, for instance, in which the young man keeps himself concealed; also, of his privately warning me not to trust the woman who is his own messenger, and not to tell her, on any account, of the information which his letters convey to me. I feel that I ought to be cautious with him on the question of money—and yet, in my eagerness to see my darling, I am ready to give him all that he asks for. In this uncertain state of mind, I am restrained, strangely enough, by the old woman herself. She warns me that he is the sort of man, if he once gets the money, to spare himself the trouble of earning it. It is the one hold I have

over him (she said)—so I control the burning impatience that consumes me as well as I can.

'No! I must not attempt to describe my own state of mind. When I tell you that I am actually afraid of dying before I can give my sweet love the first kiss, you will understand and pity me. When night comes, I feel sometimes half mad.

'I send you my present address, in the hope that you will write and cheer me a little. I must not ask you to come and see me yet. I am not fit for it—and besides I am under a promise, in the present state of the negotiation, to shut the door on my friends. It is easy enough to do that; I have no friend, Amelius, but you.

'Try to feel compassionately towards me, my kind-hearted boy. For so many long years, my heart has had nothing to feed on but the one hope that is now being realized at least. No sympathy between my husband and me (on the contrary, a horrid unacknowledged enmity, which has always kept us apart); my father and mother, in their time, both wretched about my marriage, and with good reason; my only sister dying in poverty—what a life for a childless woman! Don't let us dwell on it any longer.

'Good-bye for the present, Amelius. I beg you will not think I am always wretched. When I want to be happy, I look to the coming time.'

This melancholy letter added to the depression that weighed on the spirits of Amelius. It inspired him with vague fears for Mrs. Farnaby. In her own interests, he would have felt himself tempted to consult Rufus (without mentioning names), if the American had been in London. As things were, he put the letter back in his pocket with a sigh. Even Mrs. Farnaby, in her sad moments, had a consoling prospect to contemplate. 'Everybody but me!' Amelius thought.

His reflections were interrupted by the appearance of an idle young member of the club, with whom he was acquainted. The new-comer remarked that he looked out of spirits, and suggested that they should dine together and amuse themselves somewhere in the evening. Amelius accepted the proposal; any man who offered him a refuge from himself was a friend to him on that day. Departing from his temperate habits, he deliberately drank more than usual. The wine excited him for the time, and then left him more depressed than ever; and the amusements of the evening produced the same result. He returned to his cottage so completely disheartened, that he regretted the day when he had left Tadmor.

But he kept his appointment, the next morning, to take leave of Regina.

The carriage was at the door, with a luggage-laden cab waiting behind it. Mr. Farnaby's ill-temper vented itself in predictions that they would be too late to catch the train. His harsh voice, alternating with Regina's meek remonstrances, reached the ears of Amelius from the back dining-room. 'I'm not going to wait for the gentleman-Socialist,' Mr. Farnaby announced, with his hardest sarcasm of tone. 'Dear uncle, we have a quarter of an hour to spare!' We have nothing of the sort; we want all that time to register the luggage.' The servant's voice was heard next. 'Mr. Goldenheart, miss.' Mr. Farnaby instantly stepped into the hall. 'Good-bye!' he called to Amelius, through the open door of the front room—and passed straight on to the carriage. 'I sha'nt wait, Regina!' he shouted, from the door-step. 'Let him go by himself!' said Amelius indignantly, as Regina hurried into the room. 'O, hush, hush, dear! Suppose he heard you? No week shall pass without my writing to you; promise you will write back, Amelius. One more kiss! O, my dear —!' The servant interposed, keeping discreetly out of sight. 'I beg your pardon, miss, my master wishes to know whether you are going with him or not.' Regina waited to hear no

more. She gave her lover a farewell look to remember her by, and ran out.

That innate depravity, which Amelius had lately discovered in his own nature, let the forbidden thoughts loose in him again as he watched the departing carriage from the door. 'If poor little Sally had been in her place—!' He made an effort of virtuous resolution, and stopped there. 'What a blackguard a man may be,' he penitently reflected, 'without suspecting it himself!'

He descended the house-steps. The discreet servant wished him good-morning with a certain cheery aspect—the man was delighted to have seen the last of his hard master for some months to come. Amelius stopped and turned round, smiling grimly. He was in such a reckless humour, that he was even ready to divert his mind by astonishing a footman. 'Richard,' he said, 'are you engaged to be married?' Richard stared in blank surprise at the strange question—and modestly admitted that he was engaged to marry the housemaid next door. 'Soon?' asked Amelius, swinging his stick. 'As soon as I have saved a little more money, sir.' 'Damn the money!' cried Amelius—and struck his stick on the pavement, and walked away with a last look at the house as if he hated the sight of it. Richard watched the departing young gentleman, and shook his head ominously as he shut the door.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AMELIUS went straight back to the cottage, with the one desperate purpose of reverting to the old plan, and burying himself in his books. Surveying his well-filled shelves with an impatience unworthy of a scholar, Hume's *History of England* unhappily caught his eye. He took down the first volume. In less than half an hour, he discovered that Hume could do nothing for him. Wisely-inspired, he turned to the truer history next, which men call fiction. The writings of the one supreme genius, who soars above all other novelists as Shakespeare soars above all other dramatists—the writings of Walter Scott—had their place of honour in his library. The collection of the Waverley Novels at Tadmor had not been complete. Enviable Amelius had still to read *Rob Roy*. He opened the book. For the rest of the day he was in love with Diana Vernon; and when he looked out once or twice at the garden to rest his eyes, he saw 'Andrew Fairservice' busy over the flower-beds.

He closed the last page of the noble story as Toff came in to lay the cloth for dinner.

The master at table and the servant behind his chair were accustomed to gossip pleasantly during meals. Amelius did his best to carry on the talk as usual. But he was no longer in the delightful world of illusion which Scott had opened to him. The hard realities of his own every-day life had gathered round him again. Observing him with unobtrusive attention, the Frenchman soon perceived the absence of the easy humour and the excellent appetite which distinguished his young master at other times.

'May I venture to make a remark, sir?' Toff inquired, after a long pause in the conversation.

'Certainly.'

'And may I take the liberty of expressing my sentiments freely?'

'Of course you may.'

'Dear sir, you have a pretty little simple dinner to-day,' Toff began. 'Forgive me for praising myself; I am influenced by the natural pride of having cooked the dinner. For soup, you have *Croûte au pot;* for meat, you have *Tournedos à la sauce poivrade;* for pudding, you have *Pommes au beurre.* All so nice—and you hardly eat anything, and your amiable conversation falls into a melancholy silence which fills me with regret. Is it you

who are to blame for this? No, sir! it is the life you lead. I call it the life of a monk; I call it the life of a hermit—I say boldly it is the life of all others which is most unsympathetic to a young man like you. Pardon the warmth of my expressions; I am eager to make my language the language of utmost delicacy. May I quote a little song? It is in an old, old, old French piece, long since forgotten, called *Les Maris Garçons*. There are two lines in that song (I have often heard my good father sing them), which I will venture to apply to your case: "*Amour, délicatesse, et gaieté; D'un bon Français c'est la devise!*" Sir, you have naturally *délicatesse* and gaieté—but the last has, for some days, been under a cloud. What is wanted to remove that cloud? *L'Amour!* Love, as you say in English. Where is the charming woman, who is the only ornament wanting to this sweet cottage? Why is she still invisible? Remedy that unhappy oversight, sir. You are in a surburban paradise. I consult my long experience; and I emplore you to invite Eve—Ha! you smile; your lost gaiety returns, and you feel it as I do. Might I propose another glass of Claret, and the reappearance on the table of the *Tourne-dos à la poivrade?*

It was impossible to be melancholy in this man's company. Amelius sanctioned the return of the *Tourne-dos*, and tried the other glass of claret. 'My good friend,' he said, with something like the return of his old easy way, 'you talk about charming women, and your long experience. Let's hear what your experience has been.'

For the first time, Toff began to look a little confused.

'You have honoured me, sir, by calling me your good friend,' he said. 'After that, I am sure you will not send me away if I own the truth. No! My heart tells me I shall not appeal to your indulgence in vain. Dear sir, in the holidays which you kindly give me, I provide competent persons to take care of the house in my absence, don't I? One person, if you remember, was a most handsome engaging young man. He is, if you please, my son by my first wife—now an angel in heaven. Another person who took care of the house, on the next occasion, was a little black-eyed boy; a miracle of discretion for his age. He is my son by my second wife—now another angel in heaven. Forgive me, I have not done yet. Some few days since, you thought you heard an infant crying downstairs. Like a miserable wretch, I lied; I declared it was the infant in the next house. Ah, sir, it was my own cherubim-baby by my third wife—an angel close by in the Edgeware-road, established in a small millinery-shop, which will expand to great things by and by. The intervals between my marriages are not worthy of your notice. Fugitive caprices, sir,—fugitive caprices! To sum it all up (as you say in England), it is not in me to resist the enchanting sex. If my third angel dies, I shall tear my hair—but I shall none the less take a fourth.'

'Take a dozen if you like,' said Amelius, 'Why should you have kept all this from my knowledge?'

Toff hung his head. 'I think it was one of my foreign mistakes,' he pleaded. 'The servants' advertisements in your English newspapers frighten me. How does the most meritorious man-servant announce himself when he wants the best possible place? He says he is "without encumbrances." Gracious heaven, what a dreadful word to describe the poor pretty harmless children! I was afraid, sir, you might have some English objection to *my* "encumbrances." A young man, a boy, and cherubim-baby; not to speak of the sacred memories of two women, and the charming occasional society of a third; all inextricably enveloped in the life of one amorous-meritorious French person—surely there was reason for hesitation here? No matter; I bless my stars I know better now, and I withdraw myself from further notice.

Permit me to recall your attention to the Roquefort cheese, and a mouthful of Potato-salad to correct the richness of him.'

The dinner was over at last; and Amelius was alone again.

It was a still evening. Not a breath of wind stirred among the trees in the garden; no vehicles passed along the by-road in which the cottage stood. Now and then, Toff was audible downstairs, singing French songs in a high cracked voice, while he washed the plates and dishes, and set everything in order for the night. Amelius looked at his bookshelves— and felt that, after *Rob Roy*, there was no more reading for him that evening. The slow minutes followed one another wearily; the deadly depression of the earlier hours of the day was stealthily fastening its hold on him again. How might he best resist it? His healthy out-of-door habits at Tadmor suggested the only remedy that he could think of. Be his troubles what they might, his one simple method of resisting them, at all other times, was his simple method now. He went out for a walk.

For two hours he rambled about the great north-western suburb of London. Perhaps he felt the heavy oppressive weather, or perhaps his good dinner had not agreed with him. Anyway, he was so thoroughly worn out, that he was obliged to return to the cottage in a cab.

Toff opened the door—but not with his customary alacrity. Amelius was too completely fatigued to notice any trifling circumstances. Otherwise, he would certainly have perceived something odd in the old Frenchman's withered face. He looked at his master, as he relieved him of his hat and coat, with the strangest expression of interest and anxiety; modified by a certain sardonic sense of amusement underlying the more serious emotions. 'A nasty dull evening,' Amelius said wearily. And Toff, always eager to talk at other times, only answered, 'Yes, sir'—and retreated at once to the kitchen regions.

Amelius went into the library, to rest in his comfortable armchair.

The fire was bright; the curtains were drawn; the reading-lamp, with its ample green shade, was on the table—a more comfortable room no man could have found to receive him after a long walk. Reclining at his ease in his chair, Amelius thought of ringing for some restorative brandy-and-water. While he was thinking, he fell asleep; and, while he slept, he dreamed.

Was it a dream?

He certainly saw the library—not fantastically transformed, but just like what the room really was. So far, he might have been wide awake, looking at the familiar objects around him. But, after a while, an event happened which set the laws of reality at defiance. Simple Sally, miles away in the Home, made her appearance in the library nevertheless. He saw the drawn curtains over the window parted from behind; he saw the girl step out from them, and stop, looking at him timidly. She was clothed in the plain dress that he had bought for her; and she looked more charmingly in it than ever. The beauty of health claimed kindred now, in her pretty face, with the beauty of youth: the wan cheeks had begun to fill out, and the pale lips were delicately suffused with their natural rosy red. Little by little her first fears seemed to subside. She smiled, and softly crossed the room, and stood at his side. After looking at him with a rapt expression of tenderness and delight, she laid her hands on the arm of the chair, and said, in the quaintly-quiet way which he remembered so well, 'I want to kiss you.' She bent over him, and kissed him with the innocent freedom of a child. Then she raised herself again, and looked backwards and forwards between Amelius and the lamp. 'The firelight is the best,' she said. Darkness fell over the room as she spoke; he saw her no more; he heard

her no more. A blank interval followed; there flowed over him the oblivion of perfect sleep. His next conscious sensation was a feeling of cold —he shivered, and woke.

The impression of the dream was in his mind at the moment of waking. He started as he raised himself in the chair. Was he dreaming still? No; he was certainly awake. And, as certainly, the room was dark!

He looked and looked. It was not to be denied, or explained away. There was the fire burning low, and leaving the room chilly—and there, just visible on the table, in the flicker of the dying flame, was the extinguished lamp!

He mended the fire, and put his hand on the bell to ring for Toff, and thought better of it. What need he of the lamp light? He was too weary for reading; he preferred going to sleep again, and dreaming again of Sally. Where was the harm in dreaming of the poor little soul, so far away from him? The happiest part of his life now was the part of it that was past in sleep.

As the fresh coals began to kindle feebly, he looked again at the lamp. It was odd, to say the least of it, that the light should have accidently gone out, exactly at the right time to realize the fanciful extinction of it in his dream. How was it there was no smell of a burnt-out lamp? He was too lazy, or too tired, to pursue the question. Let the mystery remain a mystery—and let him rest in peace! He settled himself fretfully in his chair. What a fool he was to bother his head about a lamp instead of closing his eyes and going to sleep again!

The room began to recover its pleasant temperature. He shifted the cushion in the chair, so that it supported his head in perfect comfort, and composed himself to rest. But the capricious influences of sleep had deserted him: he tried one position after another, and all in vain. It was a mere mockery even to shut his eyes. He resigned himself to circumstances, and stretched out his legs, and looked at the companionable fire.

Of late, he had thought more frequently than usual of his past days in the Community. His mind went back again now to that bygone time. The clock on the mantelpiece struck nine. They were all at supper at Tadmor—talking over the events of the day. He saw himself again at the long wooden table, with shy little Mellicent in the chair next to him, and his favourite dog at his feet waiting to be fed. Where was Mellicent now? It was a sad letter that she had written to him, with the strange fixed idea that he was to return to her one day. There was something very winning and loveable about the poor creature who had lived such a hard life at home, and had suffered so keenly. It was a comfort to think that she would go back to the Community. What happier destiny could she hope for? Would she take care of his dog for him when she went back? They had all promised to be kind to his pet animals, in his absence; but the dog was fond of Mellicent; he would be happier with Mellicent than with the rest of them. And his little tame fawn, and his birds—how were they doing? He had not even written to inquire after them; he had been cruelly forgetful of those harmless dumb loving friends. In his present solitude, in his dreary doubts of the future, what would he not give to feel the dog nestling in his bosom and the fawn's little rough tongue licking his hand! His heart ached as he thought of it; a choking hysterical sensation oppressed his breathing. He tried to rise, and ring for lights, and rouse his manhood to endure and resist. It was not to be done—where was his courage? where was the cheerfulness which had never failed him at other times?—he sank back in the chair, and hid his face in his hands for shame at his own weakness, and burst out crying.

The touch of soft persuasive fingers suddenly thrilled through him.

His hands were gently drawn away from his face; a familiar voice, sweet and low, said, 'O, don't cry!' Dimly through his tears he saw the well-remembered little figure standing between him and the fire. In his unendurable loneliness, he had longed for his dog, he had longed for his fawn. There was the martyred creature from the streets, whom he had rescued from nameless horror, waiting to be his companion, servant, friend! There was the child-victim of cold and hunger, still only feeling her way to womanhood; innocent of all other aspirations, so long as she might fill the place which had once been occupied by the dog and the fawn!

Amelius looked at her with a momentary doubt whether he was waking or sleeping. 'Good God!' he cried, 'am I dreaming again?'

'No,' she said simply. 'You are awake this time. Let me dry your eyes; I know where you put your handkerchief.' She perched on his knee, and wiped away the tears, and smoothed his hair over his forehead. 'I was frightened to show myself till I heard you crying,' she confessed. 'Then I thought, Come! he can't be angry with me now—and I crept out from behind the curtains there. The old man let me in. I can't live without seeing you; I've tried till I could try no longer. I owned it to the old man when he opened the door. I said, "I only want to look at him; won't you let me in?" And he says, "God bless me, here's Eve come already!" I don't know what he meant—he let me in, that's all I care about. He's a funny old foreigner. Send him away; I'm to be your servant now. Why were you crying? I've cried often enough about You. No; that can't be—I can't expect you to cry about *me*; I can only expect you to scold me. I know I'm a bad girl.'

She cast one doubtful look at him, and hung her head—waiting to be scolded. Amelius lost all control over himself. He took her in his arms and kissed her again and again. 'You are a dear good grateful little creature!' he burst out—and suddenly stopped, aware too late of the act of imprudence which he had committed. He put her away from him; he tried to ask severe questions, and to administer merited reproof. Even if he had succeeded, Sally was too happy to listen to him. 'It's all right now!' she cried. 'I'm never, never, never to go back to the Home! O, I'm so happy! Let's light the lamp again!'

She found the matchbox on the chimneypiece. In a minute more the room was bright. Amelius sat looking at her, perfectly incapable of deciding what he ought to say or do next. To complete his bewilderment, the voice of the attentive old Frenchman made itself heard through the door, in discreetly confidential tones.

'I have prepared an appetising little supper, sir,' said Toff. 'Be pleased to ring when you and the young lady are ready.'

CHAPTER XXX.

TOFF'S interference proved to have its use. The announcement of the little supper—plainly implying Simple Sally's reception at the cottage—reminded Amelius of its responsibilities. He at once stepped out into the passage, and closed the door behind him.

The old Frenchman was waiting to be reprimanded or thanked, as the case might be, with his head down, his shoulders shrugged up to his ears, and the palms of his hands spread out appealingly on either side of him—a model of mute resignation to circumstances.

'Do you know that you have put me in a very awkward position?' Amelius began.

Toff lifted one of his hands to his heart. 'You are aware of my weakness, sir. When that charming little creature presented herself at the door,

sinking with fatigue, I could no more resist her than I could take a hop-skip-and-jump over the roof of this cottage. If I have done wrong, take no account of the proud fidelity with which I have served you; tell me to pack up and go —but don't ask me to assume a position of severity towards that enchanting Miss. It is not in my heart to do it,' said Toff, lifting his eyes with tearful solemnity to an imaginary heaven. 'On my sacred word of honour as a Frenchman, I would die rather than do it!'

'Don't talk nonsense,' Amelius rejoined a little impatiently. 'I don't blame you—but you have got me into a scrape, for all that. If I did my duty, I should send for a cab, and take her back.'

Toff opened his twinkling old eyes in a perfect transport of astonishment. 'What?' he cried, 'take her back? Without rest, without supper? And you call that duty? How inconceivably ugly does duty look, when it assumes an inhospitable aspect towards a women! Pardon me, sir; I must express my sentiments or I shall burst. You will say perhaps that I have no conception of duty? Pardon me again —my conception of duty is *here!*'

He threw open the door of the sitting-room. In spite of his anxiety, Amelius burst out laughing. The Frenchman's inexhaustible contrivances had transformed the sitting-room into a bedroom for Sally. The sofa had become a snug little white bed; a hairbrush and comb, and a bottle of eau-de-cologne were on the table; a bath stood near the fire, with cans of hot and cold water, and a railway-rug placed under them to save the carpet. 'I dare not presume to contradict you, sir,' said Toff; 'but there is *my* conception of duty! In the kitchen, I have another conception, keeping warm; you can smell it up the stairs. Salmi of partridge, with the littlest possible dash of garlic in the sauce. O sir, let that angel rest and refresh herself! Virtuous severity, believe me is a most horribly unbecoming virtue at your age!' He spoke quite seriously, with the air of a profound moralist, asserting principles that did equal honour to his head and his heart.

Amelius went back to the library.

Sally was resting in the easy-chair; her position showed plainly that she was suffering from fatigue. 'I have had a long, long walk,' she said; 'and I don't know which aches worst, my back or my feet. I don't care— I'm quite happy now I'm here.' She nestled herself comfortably in the chair. 'Do you mind my looking at you?' she asked. 'O, it's so long since I saw you!'

There was a new undertone of tenderness in her voice— innocent tenderness that openly avowed itself. The reviving influences of the life at the Home had done much—and had much yet left to do. Her wasted face and figure were filling out, her cheeks and lips were regaining their lovely natural colour, as Amelius had seen in his dream. But her eyes, in repose, still resumed their vacantly-patient look; and her manner, with a perceptible increase of composure and confidence, had not lost its quaint childish charm. Her growth from girl to woman was a growth of fine gradations, guided by the unerring deliberation of Nature and Time.

'Do you think they will follow you here, from the Home?' Amelius asked.

She looked at the clock. 'I don't think so,' she said quietly. 'It's hours since I slipped out by the back door. They have very strict rules about runaway girls—even when their friends bring them back. If *you* send me back—' she stopped, and looked thoughtfully into the fire.

'What will you do, if I send you back?'

'What one of our girls did, before they took her in at the Home. She jumped into the river. "Made a hole in the water;" that's how she calls it. She's a big strong girl; and they got

her out, and saved her. She says it wasn't painful, till they brought her to again. I'm little and weak—I don't think they could bring me to life, if they tried.'

Amelius made a futile attempt to reason with her. He even got so far as to tell her that she had done very wrong to leave the Home. Sally's answer set all further expostulations at defiance. Instead of attempting to defend herself, she sighed wearily, and said. 'I had no money; I walked all the way here.'

The well-intended remonstrances of Amelius were lost in compassionate surprise. 'You poor little soul!' he exclaimed, 'it must be seven or eight miles at least!'

'I daresay,' said Sally. 'It don't matter, now I've found you.'

'But how did you find me? Who told you where I lived?'

She smiled, and took from her bosom the photograph of the cottage.

'But Mrs. Payson cut off the address!' cried Amelius, bursting out with the truth in the impulse of the moment.

Sally turned over the photograph, and pointed to the back of the card, on which the photographer's name and address were printed. 'Mrs. Payson didn't think of this,' she said slily.

'Did *you* think of it?' Amelius asked.

Sally shook her head. 'I'm too stupid,' she replied. 'The girl who made the hole in the water put me up to it. "Have you made up your mind to run away?" she says. And I said, "Yes." "You go to the man who did the picture," she says; "he knows where the place is, I'll be bound." And I asked my way till I found him. And he did know. And he told me. He was a good sort; he gave me a glass of wine, he said I looked so tired. I said we'd go and have our portraits taken some day—you, and your servant. May I tell the funny old foreigner that he is to go away now I have come to you?'

The complete simplicity with which she betrayed her jealousy of Toff made Amelius smile. Sally, watching every change in his face, instantly drew her own conclusion. 'Ah!' she said cheerfully,' 'I'll keep your room cleaner than *he* keeps it! I smelt dust on the curtains when I was hiding from you.'

Amelius thought of his dream. 'Did you come out while I was asleep?' he asked.

'Yes; I wasn't frightened of you, when you were asleep. I had a good look at you. And I gave you a kiss.' She made that confession without the slightest sign of confusion; her calm blue eyes looked him straight in the face. 'You got restless,' she went on; 'and I got frightened again. I put out the lamp. I says to myself, If he does scold me, I can bear it better in the dark.'

Amelius listened, wondering. Had he seen drowsily what he thought he had dreamed, or was there some mysterious sympathy between Sally and himself? These occult speculations were interrupted by Sally. 'May I take off my bonnet and make myself tidy?' she asked. Some men might have said No. Amelius was not one of them.

The library possessed a door of communication with the sitting-room; the bedchamber occupied by Amelius being on the other side of the cottage. When Sally saw Toff's reconstructed room, she stood at the door, in speechless admiration of the vision of luxury revealed to her. From time to time, Amelius, alone in the library, heard her dabbling in her bath, and humming the artless English song from which she had taken her name. Once she knocked at the closed door, and made a request through it. 'There is scent on the table; may I have some?' And once Toff knocked at the other door, opening into the passage, and asked when 'pretty young Miss' would would be ready for supper. Events went on in the little household as if

Sally had become an integral part of it already. 'What *am* I to do?' Amelius asked himself. And Toff, entering at the moment to lay the cloth, answered respectfully, 'Hurry the young person, sir, or the salmi will be spoilt.'

She came out from her room, walking delicately on her sore feet—so fresh and charming, that Toff, absorbed in admiration, made a mistake in folding a napkin for the first time in his life. 'Champagne of course, sir?' he said, in confidence to Amelius. The salmi of partridge appeared; the inspiriting wine sparkled in the glasses; Toff surpassed himself in all the qualities which make a servant invaluable at a supper-table; Sally forgot the Home, forgot the cruel streets, and laughed and chatted as gaily as the happiest girl living. Amelius, expanding in the joyous atmosphere of youth and good spirits, shook off his sense of responsibility, and became once more the delightful companion who won everybody's love. The effervescent gaiety of the evening was at its climax; the awful forms of duty, propriety, and good sense had been long since laughed out of the room—when Nemesis, goddess of retribution, announced her arrival outside, by a crashing of carriage wheels and a peremptory ring at the cottage bell.

There was a dead silence; Amelius and Sally looked at each other. The experienced Toff at once guessed what had happened. 'Is it her father or mother?' he asked Amelius a little anxiously. Hearing that she had never even seen her father or mother, he snapped his fingers joyously, and led the way on tiptoe into the hall. 'I have my idea,' he whispered. 'Let us listen.'

A woman's voice high, clear and resolute (speaking apparently to the coachman), was the next audible sound. 'Say I come from Mrs. Payson, and must see Mr. Goldenheart directly.' Sally trembled and turned pale. 'The matron!' she said faintly. 'O, don't let her in!' Amelius took the terrified girl back to the library. Toff followed them, respectfully asking to be told what a 'matron' was. Receiving the necessary explanation, he expressed his contempt for matrons bent on carrying charming persons into captivity, by opening the library-door, and spitting into the hall. Having relieved his mind in this way, he returned to his master and laid a lank, skinny forefinger cunningly along the side of his nose. 'I suppose, sir, you don't want to see this furious woman?' he said. Before it was possible to say anything in reply, another ring at the bell announced that the furious woman wanted to see Amelius. Toff read his master's wishes in his master's face. Not even this emergency could find him unprepared: he was as ready to circumvent a matron as to cook a dinner. 'The shutters are up and the curtains are drawn,' he reminded Amelius. 'Not a morsel of light is visible outside. Let them ring—we have all gone to bed.' He turned to Sally, grinning with impish enjoyment of his own stratagem. 'Ha, Miss! what do you think of that?' There was a third ring at the bell as he spoke. 'Ring away, Missess Matrone!' he cried. 'We are fast asleep—wake us if you can.' The fourth ring was the last. A sharp crack revealed the breaking of the bell-wire, and was followed by the shrill fall of the iron handle on the pavement before the garden-gate. The gate, like the palings, was protected at the top from invading cats. 'Compose yourself, Miss,' said Toff; 'if she tries to get over the gate, she will stick on the spikes.' In another moment, the sound of retiring carriage-wheels announced the defeat of the matron, and settled the serious question of receiving Sally for the night.

Sally sat silent by the window, when Toff had left the room, holding back the curtains and looking out at the murky sky. 'What are you looking for?' Amelius asked.

'I was looking for the stars.'

Amelius joined her at the window. 'There are no stars to be seen to-night.'

She let the curtain fall to again. 'I was thinking of night-time at the Home,' she said. 'You see I got on pretty well, in the day, with my reading and writing. I wanted so to improve myself. My mind was troubled with the fear of your despising such an ignorant creature as I am; so I kept on at my lessons. I thought I might surprise you, by writing you a pretty letter some day. One of the teachers (she's gone away, ill) was very good to me. I used to talk to her; and, when I said a wrong word, she took me up, and told me the right one. She said you would think better of me, when you heard me speak properly—and I do speak better, don't I? All this was in the day. It was the night that was the hard time to get through—when the other girls were all asleep, and I had nothing to think of but how far away I was from You. I used to get up, and put the counterpane round me and stand at the window. On fine nights, the stars were company to me. There were two stars, near together, that I got to know. Don't laugh at me—I used to think one of them was you, and one of them me. I wondered whether you would die, or I should die, before I saw you again. And most always, it was *my* star that went out first. Lord, how I used to cry! It got into my poor stupid head that I should never see you again. I do believe I ran away because of that. You won't tell anybody, will you? It was so foolish, I am ashamed of it now. I wanted to see your star and my star to-night. I don't know why. O, I'm so fond of you!' She dropped on her knees, and took his hand, and put it on her head. 'It's burning hot,' she said, 'and your kind hand cools it.'

Amelius raised her gently, and led her to the door of her room. 'My poor Sally, you are quite worn out. You want rest and sleep. Let us say good-night.'

'I will do anything you tell me,' she answered. 'If Mrs. Payson comes to-morrow, you won't let her take me away? Thank you. Good-night.' She put her hands on his shoulders, with innocent familiarity, and lifted herself to him on tiptoe, and kissed him as a sister might have kissed him.

Long after Sally was asleep in her bed, Amelius sat by the library fire, thinking.

The revival of the crushed feeling and fancy in the girl's nature, so artlessly revealed in her sad little story of the stars that were 'company to her,' not only touched and interested him, but clouded his view of the future with doubts and anxieties which had never troubled him until that moment. The mysterious influences under which the girl's development was advancing were working morally and physically together. Weeks might pass harmlessly, months might pass harmlessly—but the time must come, when the innocent relations between them would be beset by peril. Unable, as yet, fully to realise these truths, Amelius nevertheless felt them vaguely. His face was troubled, as he lit the candle at last to go to his bed. 'I don't see my way as clearly as I could wish,' he reflected. 'How will it end?'

How indeed!

CHAPTER XXXI.

AT eight o'clock the next morning, Amelius was awakened by Toff. A letter had arrived, marked 'Immediate,' and the messenger was waiting for an answer.

The letter was from Mrs Payson. She wrote briefly, and in formal terms. After referring to the matron's fruitless visit to the cottage on the previous night, Mrs. Payson proceeded in these words:—'I request you will immediately let me know, whether Sally has taken refuge with you, and has passed the night under your roof. If I am right in believing that she has

done so, I have only to inform you that the doors of the Home are henceforth closed to her, in conformity with our rules. If I am wrong, it will be my painful duty to lose no time in placing the matter in the hands of the police.'

Amelius began his reply, acting on impulse as usual. He wrote, vehemently remonstrating with Mrs Payson on the unforgiving and unchristian nature of the rules at the Home. Before he was halfway through his composition, the person who had brought the letter sent a message to say that he was expected back immediately, and that he hoped Mr. Goldenheart would not get a poor man into trouble by keeping him much longer. Checked in the full flow of his eloquence, Amelius angrily tore up the unfinished remonstrance, and matched Mrs. Payson's briefly business-like language by an answer in one line:—'I beg to inform you that you are quite right.' On reflection, he felt that the second letter was not only discourteous as a reply to a lady, but also ungrateful as addressed to Mrs. Payson personally. At the third attempt, he wrote becomingly as well as briefly. 'Sally has passed the night here, as my guest. She was suffering from severe fatigue; it would have been an act of downright inhumanity to send her away. I regret your decision, but of course I submit to it. You once said, you believed implicity in the purity of my motives. Do me the justice, however you may blame my conduct, to believe in me still.'

Having despatched these lines, the mind of Amelius was at ease again. He went into the library, and listened to hear if Sally was moving. The perfect silence on the other side of the door informed him that the weary girl was still fast asleep. He gave directions that she was on no account to be disturbed, and sat down to breakfast by himself.

While he was still at table, Toff appeared with profound mystery in his manner, and discreet confidence in the tones of his voice. Here's another one, sir!' the Frenchman announced, in his master's ear.

'Another one?' Amelius repeated. 'What do you mean?'

'She is not like the sweet little sleeping Miss,' Toff explained. 'This time, sir, it's the beauty of the devil himself, as we say in France. She refuses to confide in me; and she appears to be agitated—both bad signs. Shall I get rid of her before the other Miss wakes?'

'Hasn't she got a name?' Amelius asked.

Toff answered, in his foreign accent, 'one name only—Fabay.'

'Do you mean Phœbe?'

'Have I not said it, sir?'

'Show her in directly.'

Toff glanced at the door of Sally's room—shrugged his shoulders—and obeyed his instructions.

Phœbe appeared, looking pale and anxious. Her customary assurance of manner had completely deserted her: she stopped in the doorway, as if she was afraid to enter the room.

'Come in, and sit down,' said Amelius. 'What's the matter?'

'I'm troubled in my mind, sir, Phœbe answered. 'I know it's taking a liberty to come to you. But I went yesterday to ask Miss Regina's advice, and found she had gone abroad with her uncle. I have something to say about Mrs. Farnaby, sir; and there's no time to be lost in saying it I know of nobody but you that I can speak to, now Miss Regina is away. The footman told me where you lived.'

She stopped, evidently in the greatest embarrassment. Amelius tried to encourage her. 'If I can be of any use to Mrs. Farnaby,' he said, 'tell me at once what to do.'

Phœbe's eyes dropped before his straightforward look as he spoke to her.

'I must ask you to please excuse my mentioning names, sir,' she resumed confusedly. 'There's a person

I'm interested in, whom I wouldn't get into trouble for the whole world. He's been misled—I'm sure he's been misled by another person—a wicked drunken old woman, who ought to be in prison if she had her deserts. I'm not free from blame myself—I know I'm not. I listened, sir, to what I oughtn't to have heard; and I told it again (I'm sure in the strictest confidence, and not meaning anything wrong), to the person I've mentioned. Not the old woman—I mean the person I'm interested in. I hope you understand me, sir? I wish to speak openly (excepting the names) on account of Mrs. Farnaby.'

Amelius thought of Phœbe's vindictive language, the last time he had seen her. He looked towards a cabinet in a corner of the room, in which he had placed Mrs. Farnaby's letter. An instinctive distrust of his visitor began to rise in his mind. His manner altered—he turned to his plate, and went on with his breakfast. 'Can't you speak to me plainly?' he said. 'Is Mrs. Farnaby in any trouble?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And can I do anything to help her out of it?'

'I'm sure you can, sir—if you only knew where to find her.'

'I do know where to find her. She has written to tell me. The last time I saw you, you expressed yourself very improperly about Mrs. Farnaby—you spoke as if you meant some harm to her.'

'I mean nothing but good to her now, sir.'

'Very well, then. Can't you go and speak to her yourself, if I give you the address?'

Phœbe's pale face flushed a little. 'I couldn't do that, sir,' she answered, 'after the way Mrs. Farnaby has treated me. Besides, if she knew that I had listened to what passed between her and you—' She stopped again, more painfully embarrassed than ever.

Amelius laid down his knife and fork. 'Look here!' he said; 'this sort of thing is not in my way. If you can't make a clean breast of it, let's talk of something else. I'm very much afraid,' he went on, with his customary absence of all concealment, 'you're not the harmless sort of girl I once took you for. What do you mean by, "what passed between Mrs. Farnaby and me?"'

Phœbe put her handkerchief to her eyes. 'It is very hard to speak to me so harshly,' she said, 'when I'm sorry for what I've done, and am only anxious to prevent harm coming of it.'

'*What* have you done?' cried Amelius, weary of the woman's inveterately indirect way of explaining herself to him.

The flash of his quick temper in his eyes, as he put that straightforward question, roused a responsive temper in Phœbe which stung her into speaking openly at last. She told Amelius what she had heard in the kitchen as plainly as she had told it to Jervy—with this one difference, that she spoke without insolence when she referred to Mrs. Farnaby.

Listening in silence until she had done, Amelius started to his feet, and, opening the cabinet, took from it Mrs. Farnaby's letter. He read the letter, keeping his back towards Phœbe—waited a moment thinking—and suddenly turned on the woman with a look that made her shrink in her chair. 'You wretch!' he said. 'You heartless detestable wretch!

In the terror of the moment, Phœbe attempted to run out of the room. Amelius stopped her instantly. 'Sit down again,' he said; 'I mean to have the whole truth out of you, now.'

Phœbe recovered her courage. 'You have had the whole truth, sir; I could tell you no more if I was on my deathbed.'

Amelius held up Mrs. Farnaby's letter, and shook it at her threateningly. 'Do you mean to tell me you are not in this abominable conspiracy?' he asked.

'So help me God, sir, I never even heard of it till yesterday!'

The tone in which she spoke shook the conviction of Amelius; the indescribable ring of truth was in it.

'There are two people who are cruelly deluding and plundering this poor lady,' he went on. 'Who are they?'

'I told you, if you remember, that I couldn't mention names, sir.'

Amelius looked again at the letter. After what he had heard, there was no difficulty in identifying the invisible 'young man,' alluded to by Mrs. Farnaby with the unnamed 'person' in whom Phœbe was interested. Who was he? As the question passed through his mind, Amelius remembered the vagabond whom he had recognised with Phœbe, in the street. There was no doubt of it, now—the man who was directing the conspiracy in the dark was Jervy! Amelius would unquestionably have been rash enough to reveal this discovery, if Phœbe had not stopped him. His renewed reference to Mrs. Farnaby's letter and his sudden silence after looking at it roused the woman's suspicions. 'If you're planning to get my friend into trouble,' she burst out, 'not another word shall pass my lips!'

Even Amelius profited by the warning which that threat unintentionally conveyed to him.

'Keep your own secrets,' he said; 'I only want to spare Mrs. Farnaby a dreadful disappointment. But I must know what I am talking about when I go to her. Can't you tell me how you found out this abominable swindle?'

Phœbe was perfectly willing to tell him. Interpreting her long involved narrative into plain English, with the names added, these were the facts related:—Mrs. Sowler (bearing in mind some talk which had passed between them, on the occasion of a certain supper) had called at her lodgings on the previous day, and had tried to entrap her into communicating what she knew of Mrs. Farnaby's secrets. The trap failing, Mrs. Sowler had tried bribery next; had promised Phœbe a large sum of money, to be equally divided between them, if she would only speak; had declared that Jervy was perfectly capable of breaking his promise of marriage, and 'leaving them both in the lurch, if he once got the money into his own pocket;' and had thus informed Phœbe, that the conspiracy which she supposed to have been abandoned was really in full progress, without her knowledge. She had temporised with Mrs. Sowler, being afraid to set such a person openly at defiance; and had hurried away at once, to have an explanation with Jervy. He was reported to be 'not at home.' Her fruitless visit to Regina had followed—and there, so far as facts were concerned, was an end of the story.

Amelius asked her no questions, and spoke as briefly as possible when she had done. 'I will go to Mrs. Farnaby this morning,' was all he said.

'Would you please let me hear how it ends?' Phœbe asked.

Amelius pushed his pocket-book and pencil across the table to her, pointing to a blank leaf on which she could write her address. While she was thus employed, the attentive Toff came in, and (with his eye on Phœbe) whisper in his master's ear. He had heard Sally moving about. Would it be more convenient, under the circumstances, if she had her breakfast in her own room? Toff's astonishment was a sight to see, when Amelius answered, 'Certainly not. Let her breakfast here.'

Phœbe rose to go. Her parting words revealed the double-sided nature that was in her; the good and evil in perpetual conflict which should be uppermost.

'Please don't mention me, sir, to Mrs. Farnaby,' she said. 'I don't forgive her for what she's done to me; I don't say I won't be even with her yet. But not in *that* way! I won't

have her death laid at my door. O, but I know her temper—and I say it's as likely as not to kill her or drive her mad, if she isn't warned about it in time. Never mind her losing her money. If it's lost, it's lost, and she's got plenty more. She may be robbed a dozen times over for all I care. But don't let her set her heart on seeing her child, and then find it's all a swindle. I hate her; but I can't, and won't, let *that* go on. Good morning, sir.'

Amelius was relieved by her departure. For a minute or two, he sat absently stirring his coffee, and considering how he might most safely perform the terrible duty of putting Mrs. Farnaby on her guard. Toff interrupted his meditations, by preparing the table for Sally's breakfast; and, almost at the same moment, Sally herself, fresh and rosy, opened her door a little way, and looked in.

'You have had a fine long sleep,' said Amelius. 'Have you quite got over your walk yesterday?'

'O yes,' she answered gaily; 'I only feel my long walk now in my feet. It hurts me to put my boots on. Can you lend me a pair of slippers?'

'A pair of my slippers? Why, Sally, you would be lost in them! What's the matter with your feet?'

'They're both sore. And I think one of them has got a blister on it.'

'Come in, and let's have a look at it?'

She came limping in, with her feet bare. 'Don't scold me,' she pleaded. 'I couldn't put my stockings on again, without washing them; and they're not dry yet.'

'I'll get you new stockings and slippers,' said Amelius. 'Which is the foot with the blister?'

'The left foot,' she answered, pointing to it.

(To be continued.)

WINTER NIGHTS.

SHEATHED is the river as it glideth by,
Frost-pearled are all the boughs in forests old,
The sheep are huddling close upon the wold,
And over them the stars tremble on high.
Pure joys these winter nights around me lie;
'Tis fine to loiter through the lighted street
At Christmas time, and guess from brow and pace,
The doom and history of each one we meet,
What kind of heart beats in each dusky case;
Whiles startled by the beauty of a face,
In a shop-light a moment. Or instead,
To dream of silent fields where calm and deep
The sunshine lieth like a golden sleep—
Recalling sweetest looks of Summers dead.

—*From Alex. Smith's Poems.*

A BRIEF SUMMING UP ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

BY A NON-RESIDENT OF NEWFANGLE.

THE 'Woman Question' as it is briefly, though somewhat inelegantly styled—has certainly received in THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, during the past year, an amount of attention and discussion which should satisfy those most interested in placing its main aspects before the public. Seven papers by writers expressing various shades of opinion have appeared during the year, and if the courtesy of the editor grants this brief article a prompt insertion,—this will constitute the eighth. Such full discussion from various points of view, of what is confessedly one of the most important subjects of the day, can do only good, and the fact that a man occupied with so many arduous duties as Principal Grant has found time to write so valuable and thoughtful a paper upon it, is at once a testimony to its importance, and a token of progress which cannot fail to cheer everyone who has in any way laboured to promote the cause of higher education for Canadian women.

As 'Our old friend of Newfangle,' does not say much this time which calls for any further reply from me, I shall content myself with noticing briefly a very few points, and a few concluding remarks. I do not, in the first place, admit it to be a 'misstatement' that 'if our friend's first homily was not throughout a sneer at *the higher education movement and its results*, it was singularly calculated to mislead ordinary readers.' For most certainly that was the impression produced, not only on my own mind after reading it with some care, but on that, also, of all the 'ordinary readers' with whom I was able to compare notes. It is not always necessary to make many direct references to a subject, in order to sneer at it. However, I am quite willing to believe, on her authority, that it did not fairly represent her *intention*, the more so that there was a perceptibly different tone in her second article—and notably so with regard to the medical education of women. But assuredly the *tendency* of her first article, if it had any tendency at all—was to disparage the results of higher education for women in the past—to impress the idea that it had done rather more harm than good, and to persuade young women that all they have to do is to look for a wealthy 'Jack' to undertake their support for life, and that any preparations for self-support and self-reliance are not only *de trop* in the education of women, but are indeed rather unwomanly than otherwise. We all know how these last principles have been acted upon in 'society' (not indeed in the lower ranks of life, where a healthier system has prevailed perforce), and how the results of such action have been such as to point against the sex sharper shafts of satire than any other cause whatever. And yet it is not women who are to blame so much as society in general.

We often see young girls acting in character the part of a faded spinster, vainly trying by too transparent arts and pretences of juvenility—to 'catch' the husband fate has hitherto denied her—a part they seem fond of playing—unconscious, apparently, that they are helping to degrade the ideal of their sex, in the minds of masculine

spectators. I never see it without feeling that generous men and women, instead of laughing at their folly caricatured, would do better to blush over the pityful system of upbringing for girls, which makes such folly not only natural but inevitable.

Our friend is still worried about the 'average man.' Well, I quite agree that he *is* rather a shadowy individual, and that the word used as an adjective, is awkward, not easy legitimately to define. Though I must say that the frequently used expression, that the land in a certain county averages so many bushels to the acre, seems to me to be very nearly the same as to talk of the average yield of a field of wheat, which would mean that it averages so many grains to the ear. It is well, however, that all our inaccuracies of language should be criticised to the utmost, so that we may educate each other to seek that truthfulness of language which is so closely allied to truthfulness of thought. But we need not continue to squabble about *words*. I am quite willing to throw the 'average man' overboard, as a cause of dissension, even if he has not deserved it by his delinquencies. All that I care to establish is the *position* which is all I understand by the words to which our friend has taken such exception, *i.e.* that chivalry will not prevent men from cheating women where honesty will not, and that dishonesty is quite sufficiently prevalent to make it most desirable that women should be prepared, as far as possible, to take care of themselves, instead of relying on any delusive idea that the conventional deference they receive in society will stand the strain beneath which honesty and principle too often break down. This position, I think, any man who knows the world and his fellow man will heartily endorse, whatever women may be led to imagine on the subject. (N. B. our friend of Newfangle unwittingly makes a point against herself, when she sets me down as a man—since it is generally supposed that men know more of men than women do). Of course, where there is high principle, a man will no more cheat or wrong a woman than he would a man. But is high principle the rule or the exception in the business world? Ask any lawyer with a large practice, or any merchant with a large business, and there is little doubt how he will answer. I happen to know the experience of a lady—not rich—who has at various times, out of kindness, made loans to both men and women at times of severe pressure—sometimes at low interest, sometimes at none. The loans made to men, and men, too, with fairly remunerative callings, have been so far, after considerable lapse of time, paid in little more than promises and thanks. The loans made to poor women, struggling against many adverse circumstances to support themselves and helpless relatives, have been paid with all the promptness that could reasonably be expected, and with faithful payment of interest, where that was stipulated. And the men in question would not be set down as by any means exceptionally dishonest men. This is a mild instance, compared with many that I could mention, were it fitting here, of bitter pecuniary wrong done by men to women. This is mentioned simply to show that, without going into *criminal* wrongs, we are a very long way from that ideal state of society, in which every man on the ground of his manhood is supposed to feel himself bound to protect the interests of every woman, on the ground of her womanhood. And although our friend of Newfangle has discoursed in such glowing terms of the honesty and chivalry of men—she probably does not consider it superfluous to *take care of her receipts* even in Newfangle!

Our friend, with her usual disregard of unpalatable facts, finds the figures given from the Society for the Protection of Working Women in New York 'incredible on the very face of it.' At this I am not surprised, with her preconceived ideas, to which it must be

somewhat of a shock. All I shall say is that the figures were given *from the Report of the Society* in a New York journal of the highest class, and that the editor, a representative of the best type of 'American men,' instead of an indignant disclaimer, simply added a few comments enforcing the usefulness of such a Society, and the need for its existence. But it would be an unwarrantable assumption that 'American men' were in this respect any worse than other men, simply because these cases had been brought to light and righted.

'Our Friend of Newfangle' is troubled again because I did not mention the undoubted fact that there are many honest trustees, &c., as well as many dishonest ones. Well, when one is trying to bring out a particular point with all possible brevity, one does not feel it necessary to refer to all the points of the compass besides. The case is very different when a particular writer is criticised, the fact being ignored that he has said many of the very things which his critic goes on to say, in apparent opposition. My point was not whether there were or were not many honest men, but simply that there were so many dishonest ones that it was advisable that women should be prepared to take care of themselves, instead of trusting to a supposed 'chivalry,' which so often turns out a broken reed. For the support of this we need hardly refer to one of its latest illustrations—the purchase, by Consolidated Bank Directors, *of the shares of poor widows*, in the expectation, of course, derived from their superior knowledge—of making some profit out of the wrecks of the little fortunes they had ruined. But I should have thought it went without saying that there were many honest and high-principled men with whom a woman's equality with a man's trust would be perfectly safe. Similarly, as I was speaking of *women*, not wards in general, I did not think it necessary to mention male wards, more especially as all the cases of 'manipulation,' which have come under my own knowledge, have been those of *female* wards, and it is moreover, as everyone knows both more heartless or more hazardous to take liberties with the property of male wards, who, when they come of age, are likely to be qualified to look pretty carefully into the conduct of their trustees. Similarly, in saying that genius is *usually* recognized, &c., I did not think it necessary to add the qualifying remark, which also goes without saying—that there are occasional exceptions! One does not think it necessary to encumber a magazine article with as many qualifications and guards as a legal document, which would certainly be paying a poor compliment to the intelligence of the reader, and our 'old friend' must excuse me for saying that such a criticism as this last, in particular, can only show that she is rather 'hard up' for matter to criticise.

Newfangle, in many ways a remarkable township, must be exceptional in the matter of marriage settlements, if these are numerous among its farmers. But what does the very existence of marriage settlements imply? In Ontario, at least, where the property of a married woman is protected by Statute against *her husband* and his creditors—a protection which has been declared from the Bench to be equivalent to a settlement—the only use of marriage settlement is still further to protect her interests, and those of her children, from the improvidence or indifference of *her husband*, in neglecting to make a provision for a possible widowhood and orphanhood; and also, by the interposition of trustees, from her own weakness in yielding to his selfish or shortsighted persuasions to trench on that provision, or sacrifice her own *dôt* if she has brought any; and this too often, only to stave off the evil day, and eventually to make the ruin more complete. If such settlements are on the increase, it shows that the need for them must be more

felt, and this is a pretty significant indication of how far *men* believe that a woman's interests are to be unreservedly trusted—even in Newfangle—to the one man out of all the world, who has solemnly sworn to love, cherish, and protect her! As a rule, the bride, if a loving, true-hearted girl, hates the very idea of marriage settlements, being quite sure—as our friend has it, that 'Jack is the finest fellow in the world'—and that, if she could not trust him out and out, she would not marry him. It is the more worldly-wise father who relentlessly insists on the settlement as by no means superfluous, even where the unequalled Jack is concerned.

'A Woman of Newfangle' shows a curious tendency to exalt the opposite sex at the expense of her own, and I am not surprised that some men should be pleased with her articles, and should 'read them to their wives and daughters.' But this tendency of hers is the more curious, since no one, in the present discussion, has tried to do the reverse. 'Tis a way some women have to be sure, of flattering the opposite sex, though it seems a trifle unnatural. But 'methinks the lady doth protest too much,' and if 'A Woman of Newfangle' be, as I strongly suspect—no woman at all—it is doing some injustice to the sex assumed thus to sail under false colours. Yet, with all her anxiety to exalt men, she cannot be so glaringly unjust as not to admit that, if there are many things done for women, by men, there are also many things done by men for women? They have not, as a rule, much silver and gold at their disposal, but they give what is more precious still. Florence Nightingale is only a type of many a devoted and self-sacrificing woman, whose name was never known to fame. Many a man has been spurred to philanthropic deeds by the memory of an imperishable debt of gratitude owed to the memory of some obscure woman. One of the noblest institutions in Scotland owed its foundation to the gratitude of the founder, for the unforgotten care and tenderness of his half-witted and not very respectable mother—the only parent he had been permitted to know. And where women have had the means they have shown themselves, at least, not less generous and philanthropic than men. The Baroness Burdett Coutts is simply an example, on a large scale, of what many women, according to their ability, are doing in a smaller one. How it may be in Newfangle, I cannot undertake to say, but in places of which I have more knowledge, it is indisputable that women do the lion's share of purely philanthropic work, whether in church or charity. I do not say this in order to exalt women above men, for undoubtedly they have more time at their disposal; but only to do them simple justice, since our Newfangle friend would almost convey the impression, that women are perpetually receiving from men, seldom, if ever, giving to them. Let us be most thankful that there are so many *of both sexes*, who are high-principled, high-minded, charitable, and philanthropic. But while we recognise this, we do not, therefore, set down this character as the average type of humanity, and we do not therefore leave our doors unfastened at night, or trust our purses, or our property, to the honesty—or chivalry—of the first passer by. There is no 'pulling down' of either sex, in saying that women should not, any more than men, be encouraged to trust either the honesty, or the chivalry of men too blindly—as has too often been the case.

I am sorry that our friend, in the close of her last homily, seems to drift back somewhat into the position taken in her first article, against the growing enlargement of woman's education and sphere of work. I have no fault to find with Mr. Anthony Trollope's remarks, which, however, so far as they refer to the treatment of women by men, refer to an ideal, rather than to a real, state of society. No one has ever attempted

to maintain that woman—as a sex—was or could be man's equal in *physical strength*. No reasonable person would hesitate to admit that woman's physique is at once more finely organized, more delicate and more fragile, and that because of all these qualities, she may well claim the chivalrous care and protection of the stronger and ruder sex. Personal attractiveness, too, will ever enforce that claim so long as men have eyes to be attracted by feminine charms. But this is not all. The ground on which woman claims more than chivalry—more than protection—man's *reverence*—is the possession of moral and spiritual qualities which, when fairly and fully developed, rise higher and nearer to the Divine than anything else this sinful earth can show; a truth to which writers so divergent in most things as Auguste Comte,* Professor Huxley, and George Macdonald, agree in giving emphatic testimony. But it would be absurd and against all experience to say that *mental* weakness or helplessness constitutes a necessary factor in that chivalry, that reverence. No one but 'A Woman of Newfangle' has touched upon the question of the *mental* equality or inequality of the sexes, regarding which so much has been said on both sides. I regard it as a question, which cannot be decided now, or until several generations of educational fair-play shall have taken from men some of the odds they now have in their favour. The very difference which has been talked about may go toward proving equality rather than the reverse, by showing that what is lacking in one direction may be more than made up in others, as in the case of the difference between a poet and a mathematician. But, however this may be, no one can deny that very many women are intellectually superior to very many men, and the number of such cases gives no little support to the doctrine of the equality of the sexes. In a good many cases, too, wives are manifestly the intellectual superior of their husbands. Will any one say that where women are thus the intellectually stronger, they, on this account, forfeit the chivalrous respect and consideration of men? Look at John Stuart Mill, lavishing an absolute worship on the wife whom he at least regarded as his intellectual superior, his teacher and inspirer! It is not the highest type of man who likes to feel his wife his intellectual inferior, and we do not find many men showing additional deference to their wives because of their mental weakness or vacuity. Nor is it otherwise in general society. It would be only a miserable puppy who would give less chivalrous deference to George Eliot or an Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, than to a Belgravia butterfly, whose highest aims are dress and admiration, and we do not find that man's chivalry and respect rises in proportion as woman is mentally inferior and circumscribed in her education and sphere. We do not look to the harem of the Turk or the zenana of the Hindoo for striking examples of chivalrous regard for women. And the conservative Baber follows the same train of argument as the highly civilized Englishman when he dreads that higher education—represented in his case by the teaching of the three Rs—will draw woman out of her 'purely feminine occupations and qualities,' will make her 'think she knows as much as her husband,' and so make an end of domestic peace and social happiness! Many however, even among Hindoo Babers, begin to see a little farther, and one touched the real and only danger when he said to an English female Missionary regarding his wife: 'Her head is turned because she understands a few books. We want *training of heart and mind*, that no others can give our women, and your

* 'When the mission of woman is better understood, she will be regarded by man as the most perfect impersonation of humanity.' —*Auguste Comte.*

religious instruction is of chief value to them.' It is only *unwomanliness* that can ever forfeit the chivalrous respect of men, and it is only a superficial and distorted education that can tend to make woman unwomanly. As a rule, the most highly cultivated women are the most thoroughly womanly, however wide their sphere or public their station, of which we have no more striking examples than our gracious Queen and her daughters. As Principal Grant so well observes, 'what the world needs, and greatly needs, is not less education but more and better.' Nothing so much as a *true* education, however wide in the range, will preserve women from follies or affectations of all kinds, whether they be the silly extravagances of fashionable feminine attire, or the not more silly affectation of *manish* dress and loud and 'slangy' speech. It is not among earnest and helpful and cultivated women that such, as a rule, are found, but among girls whose restless mental vacuity

> 'Finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do.'

There have been vain and silly women in all ages, who have 'demanded at the very point of the bodkin all that chivalry can give them.' Such an one has been immortalized in Schiller's ballad of 'The Glove.' But they have not usually been found among women who had any true culture or any serious or worthy aim in life.

It is not the earnestness and helpfulness and self-reliance of women, but their frivolity and helplessness and dependence that causes the most serious evils which the 'gentleman at the English Bar' deplores, and which it were absurd to lay at the door of any widening of their sphere. I should hold true womanliness for a much slighter and shallower thing than I do if I thought that any external change, either of education or of work, could injure it. What is conventional or affected may well pass away in a healthier development. We may seldomer, when truer habits of thought or taste are established, find women sacrificing health and happiness to a mere fanciful conventionality—seldomer find such anomalies as kind-hearted women giving rise or currency to a blighting scandal, or tender-hearted girls uniting to exterminate whole tribes of innocent songsters for the barbaric vanity of a most inappropriate adornment, or wearing garments whose colours have been death to many of their labouring sisters. But, with the true and full development and 'training of mind and heart,' with the strengthening of her whole nature, woman's true womanliness must develop and strengthen also, and man's respect and consideration be placed on still more firm and stable foundations.

The fallacy which seems to run through the remarks of the 'gentleman at the English Bar,' so far as they bear on this question, is the same which has run through so much writing on the subject—that of assuming that because wifehood and motherhood are the 'mission' of many women they are the mission or the sphere of *all*, while we know that there is a large and growing number to whom that mission is necessarily denied. One should think that to turn such women to the best account according to the mental capacities which God has given them—would be to render the best service to themselves and to humanity. We are so much at the mercy of mere words, that women are easily frightened by being told that they should restrict themselves to 'purely feminine occupations.' Yet painting, poetry, and music, which have always been universally allowed to women, are as little 'purely feminine occupations' as medicine and law. And to speak as if only 'purely feminine' occupations were 'in accordance with God's Will when He created them,' is surely to ignore His Will as manifested in

the providence that denies to many women a domestic sphere, and fits them by natural endowment and tendency for another. But this subject has been so well handled by Principal Grant that I need add no more, unless to say, what I think has been well said somewhere by a female writer, that, as a rule, the best preparation for marriage is to be prepared for an opposite contingency.

Meanwhile the 'higher education' movement has been succeeding beyond the most sanguine expectation. On one side of the Atlantic, President Angell, of Michigan University, testifies the utmost satisfaction with the progress of lady-students and the utter absence of any inconvenience arising from their presence in the University. On the other side, we have Principal Caird, of the ancient University of Glasgow, declaring that 'women are not less capable of receiving higher education than men, for wherever it has been tried, women could hold their place against the other sex'—and that 'not a single rational argument could be urged against the limitation of the benefits of a higher education to one half of the human species.' Furthermore, the reports of the Cambridge examiners show that a good proportion of the candidates took scholarships—several being 'distinguished' in nearly every subject of their particular courses of study, and, in some cases, in branches of other courses. We are told, too, 'that they are very unassuming and modest about it, some students being surprised by their own success.'

Nor do I entertain the slightest fear that, whatever proportions the success of the movement may attain, we are threatened with any social cataclysm. Such fears are only for those who regard the complex world of Nature and Humanity as the product of blind necessity from insensate matter. I hold that God's moral, and spiritual, and social order stands on deeper foundations than can be shaken by any human effort, least of all by human efforts, in His own upward direction, for the fuller development of any of His creatures. Whatever of external and adventitious circumstances may change, all that is beautiful and valuable in the relations of men and women is rooted deep in our human nature, and will last as long as humanity endures—even though

> 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways.'

NOT yet, not yet, the light;
Underground, out of sight,
Like moles, we blindly toil.
On, though we know not where;
Some day the upper air,
The sun, and all things fair,
We reach through the dark soil.

—*Beatrix Tollemache.*

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XL.—*continued.*

TO have arrived at this conclusion may seem to some excellent people to have been no great virtue after all; they may argue that, since Sir Robert might have done as he liked with his own, the young man had no cause to feel aggrieved. This, however, was not quite the case. Gresham had been brought up in habits of luxury and idleness in view of his great expectations, and should these have been withdrawn from him—and he had a very strong presentiment that they had been so—he had certainly good reason to complain. Moreover, to the eye of youth its grievances seem large, while what of good befalls it—and especially if it is past good—is taken as a matter of course. Whatever misfortune was hanging over Gresham's head, it must also be remembered, threatened that of his Elise also in her relation to him. So that upon the whole the young man's resolution was commendable. The effect of it was to send him back to the hotel with a less heavy heart than he had left it, but with by no means a more mollified mind as respected Mr. Ferdinand Walcot: indeed, in acquitting his uncle his indignation rose higher than ever against this man, who had done his best—though happily in vain—to make him not only a pauper, but an ingrate.

In the doorway of the hotel stood a man with a cigar, and Gresham took another turn on 'the Parade' for fear it should be his enemy. Presently the man came out, and he saw it was a stranger in a black suit: 'it is one of the people that are engaged for that horrible journey to-morrow,' he said to himself, not without a shudder. Then, ashamed of his weakness, he walked up to him. A big, burly man, with bushy whiskers, and a red face, which the light from his cigar made redder.

'A fine night.'

'Yes, sir, very fine,' answered the other: 'it's a keen air though from the sea. What do you say to a glass of "hot with?"'

In a general way Gresham would have certainly said 'No,' and very decidedly. He didn't like 'liberties' in the lower classes, but at that moment he heard Walcot's voice at the open window above them, speaking no doubt to Howard, and even the society of an undertaker's man was preferable to his.

'I don't mind if I do,' he said; and the other led the way into the coffee-room. It was a large apartment, very barely furnished; and on its wall, for single ornament, bore an immense plan of Salton Point, divided into building lots, and with a number of striking edifices upon it, including a club-house, a church, and a skating rink.

'It may be a lively place when all that happens,' said the stranger, pointing to this work of the imagination, 'but at present it's dull; deuced dull.'

The landlord appeared and supplied them with what was wanted, without a glance of recognition at Gresham. It was a pleasing fiction of his own that

the coffee-room waiter was quite another person from the other waiters, who again were wholly disconnected, except in their business relations, from the landlord—albeit they were all one and himself.

'As if it wasn't dull enough already,' pursued the stranger, when they were left alone, 'there has been a death here.'

'I know it,' answered Gresham, curtly.

'Have you seen him?'

'Seen who?' inquired the young man, in a tone of ill-suppressed disgust.

'The dead man. *Your* uncle.'

'Why, bless my soul, it's you, Bevill!' exclaimed Gresham, eagerly.

He was surprised, of course, but very well pleased to find himself in the companionship of a friend—or one who, under the circumstances, was no bad substitute for such. 'Why, I thought you were an undertaker's man.'

'No; I am in the commercial line, just now. It is not, however, a good place for business; so I have spent my leisure since yesterday in looking about me. It's a queer place to bring a friend to die in.'

'Yes, indeed. Do you really suspect anything?'

'You mean with regard to "my gentleman?" Well, of course, one suspects; but there is nothing to go upon, so far as I can find out. Sir Robert is dead, that's certain. You say you saw him yourself?'

'Yes. I went into the room——'

'Ah, well, he was there, that is the point. The doctor, too, has not been got at; you feel pretty sure of that?'

'I feel *certain*,' answered Gresham; 'he has been deceived; however, by Walcot; takes him for an honest man, and thinks I am unjustly prejudiced against him——'

'Of course,' interrupted Mr. Bevill.

'But there has been no foul play as regards my uncle's death.'

Mr. Bevill nodded adhesion.

'There is *something* queer, nevertheless,' he said. 'My gentleman gave out that he went to London on Tuesday; it seems, however, he went to Halcombe.'

'Ah! I felt sure I recognised him that night. Mayne has come over to my opinion, then.'

'Well, *I* have, at all events, sir,' returned the detective, drily. 'My gentleman bought his ticket for London; but at Nottly Junction he took the down train. That was stupid in a man like him. The ticket clerk at Nottly was naturally surprised at the waste of fare; and it gave him something to talk about.'

'But I don't see, after all, how this affects Walcot.'

'Nor I, directly, sir. But it shows duplicity; and duplicity,' here the moralist stroked one of his false whiskers, 'always shows that there is mischief somewhere. I have no more notion than Mr. Howard up yonder what my gentleman has been up to, but that he has been up to *something*—queer, and not upon the square—I'm *certain*. His story was quite true about your uncle's illness necessitating their being put ashore here by the *Meduse*—that was confirmed by one who sent me here; it is somewhere farther back that we must look for the kink in it; but kink there *is*.'

'That knowledge will be but cold comfort to those he has robbed, Mr. Bevill,' remarked Gresham.

'Quite true, sir; *quite* true. It will not be so solacing, nor yet so warm as this here whisky punch; but still it will be something to come and go upon. Now, Mr. Mayne, *he's* not unreasonable; so long as he cries quits with my gentleman sooner or later, he says he shall be satisfied; and quits he shall cry. We can't raise the dead, sir—no; but we may so contrive it that the living shall, at last, have their deserts.'

'I am glad you are so hopeful, Mr. Bevill.'

'Hopeful ain't the word, sir; it is unequal to the situation. The right word is "certain." I am certain sure.'

CHAPTER XLI.

THE WILL.

THE day looked forward to with such abhorrence by George Gresham has come to an end at last, and others almost as sad have succeeded it. The body of Sir Robert Arden has been brought to Halcombe, and laid in the family vault under the church upon the hill. His widow, though bowed down by trouble upon trouble, shows a braver front than had been expected of her, thanks to the presence of Ferdinand Walcot. If he came hoping to see her in humiliation, or moved by passionate discontent, he was disappointed, though to say truth there is as little sign about him of triumph as of self-vindication. His voice is softer than ever, his manners have less of the master about them than of old; but this may be his tribute to the occasion. If there is any effort in his behaviour, it is an effort to be his old self, unchanged by the new prosperity which all suspect, and he must surely know, awaits him. But to Lady Arden the spectacle of this man in the house he has made desolate is as the poison to the Pontian king; it does her more good than harm. It prevents her from giving way to her calamities. To a certain extent, and while she endures his hateful presence, her anger has cast out her grief. In her eyes he is not only the murderer of her husband, but the wretch who destroyed his love for her. Like Gresham, she feels no indignation against the dead, but nourishes a fury which is almost sublime in its intensity against him who perverted a noble nature to his own foul uses. She is powerless to avenge herself, but she does what she can to show her hate.

For example, she caused Frederick Mayne to be telegraphed for to attend Sir Robert's funeral, which, she knew, would be wormwood to her enemy. It was as much as to say, 'I ask to my late husband's roof, and to bear his pall, the man against whom you turned his heart by fraud,' which she took for granted without knowing how he had turned it. Mayne came, of course; and at the inn at Mirton arrived on the same day two gentlemen with rods and lines and creels, ostensibly to fish the moorland streams, one of them, Mr. Sturt, a lawyer, a stranger to those parts, the other, Mr. Bevill, and with these Mr. Mayne held daily communication. Within twenty-four hours Walcot was aware of their arrival, and of their object, of which he spoke quite openly to the family lawyer, Mr. Hayling, of Archester.

'Never,' he complained with bitterness, 'was a man placed in a more unpleasant position than I am, nor more unjustly. I am suspected by Lady Arden herself of—I know not what indeed—but at the least of having obtained undue influence over her late husband. She invites to his roof a man who he himself compelled to quit it for gross misconduct, simply because the information on which he did so, she knows, was furnished by myself. And then she connives at spies being located in the neighbourhood. I think, sir, I am very hardly used.'

Mr. Hayling, a country lawyer of the old school, with three yards of white cravat, bowed stiffly; it was not a sympathising bow; it seemed at the most to say, 'No doubt yours is an unpleasant position.'

'However, sir,' continued Mr. Walcot, 'I have the satisfaction of feeling I have done my duty by my dead friend and brother in-law, and have nothing to reproach myself with; that is some compensation.'

'And there are others,' observed the lawyer, drily.

This was base ingratitude, for in that very will to which Mr. Hayling thus referred—and which was now in his own keeping—there was a bequest of one hundred pounds to him, which was solely owing to Mr. Walcot's suggestion.

It was clear that the lawyer could not be counted upon as an ally; while all the rest were in open enmity with him. Nothing but the mere decencies of life, in fact, prevented Mr. Ferdinand Walcot from being addressed as Scoundrel, Liar, Thief, by every member of the family, or their friends, which for a person of 'acute sensibility of mind,' as Mr. Walcot had often described himself to be, was certainly deplorable.

I have noticed that something very similar occasionally occurs to some very clever fellows, whom all the world acknowledges to have achieved a great success in life; and it seems to me to detract both from the cleverness and the success. Still, in both cases, the spoils remain with the conqueror; and in the one under consideration these were very large.

When the will was read in the great dining-room of Halcombe, a scene took place which made some congratulate themselves that the young ladies of the household had thought proper to absent themselves from that transaction.

There were present, the widow, who sat in the bay window and in the very chair which had been Sir Robert's favourite seat, and fronting the same home-view that had so often pleased his eye; close to her stood his next of kin, George Gresham, with his hand resting on the back of her chair—they had been fast friends when their interests had been apparently antagonistic, and now that they were both about to suffer material loss (as they felt certain) they were no less drawn together; Frederic Mayne stood by the chimney-piece with his elbow on it, and his gaze fixed sternly, and it must be owned somewhat offensively, upon Mr. Walcot, who now and again repaid him with a glance of contempt, but for the most part remained with folded arms throughout the ceremony, and with eyes bent upon the floor.

Between these two men the Curate had placed himself, doubtless by accident, though it seemed no inappropriate position for one whose calling was that of peacemaker; his countenance alone bore no trace of resentment, but only wore the gloom befitting one who has lost a dear and kindly friend.

Even in the lawyer's case, a certain sternness mingled with his usual gravity of demeanour, which bespoke his distaste for the task before him.

'One moment, Mr. Hayling,' interposed Gresham, ere he began to read; 'may I ask how that document came into your hands?'

'Most certainly you may, Mr. Gresham; it was placed there by Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, here present.'

'And from whom did he receive it?'

'I received it from the late Sir Robert Arden during his last illness,' observed Walcot, perceiving that the lawyer looked towards him for a reply.

'No,' said Lady Arden, in a sharp, firm voice. 'It was placed, as were all my husband's private papers, in the secret cupboard in the window-seat of his dressing-room.'

'His other papers may have been placed there, Lady Arden,' answered Walcot, gently; 'but you are mistaken as to this one, I do assure you.'

'She is *not* mistaken,' exclaimed Gresham, 'It is you who have lied. With my own eyes I saw you take it out of the window-seat on the 22nd of last month, just ten days ago, at midnight.'

For an instant Walcot's presence of mind deserted him; the colour which Lady Arden's speech had called into his cheek suddenly fled, leaving them of a livid paleness.

'I was at Salton Point—no, in London—on the date you mention,' exclaimed he, defiantly.

'You were not,' replied Gresham, curtly; 'you came here to get possession of that will—with what object I know not, except that, judging others by yourself, you may have

thought we should destroy it. You came, like a thief in the night; but I saw you, from the lawn, abstract it from its hiding-place.'

'I saw him, also,' observed Mayne. 'At the time I did not recognise the thief. Now I have no doubt of his identity: one has only to look at him as he stands there.'

Certainly Mr. Ferdinand Walcot did not at that particular moment appear to the best advantage. His eyes refused to meet those of his accusers, and his teeth fastened on his under lip till the blood came; still it was with the old masterful air and tone that he turned to the lawyer at his side, 'When you have had enough of these falsehoods, Mr. Hayling—the obvious offspring of petty malice and baffled hopes—I beg you to proceed with the matter in hand, as I have no time to spare.' And he made a show of looking at his watch.

As Gresham nodded acquiescence in reply to the lawyer's inquiring look, the latter proceeded with the reading of the will. Its provisions were, in the main, what had been looked for. Ferdinand Walcot was the heir, not only to the personalty—the money in the funds and elsewhere, all of which was left to him—but to most of the landed estate. To Lady Arden was left (she had, of course, her jointure, which was considerable) the tenancy of the Hall for life—and that was all. What was still more singular was that, although £3,000 apiece were bequeathed to Millicent, Frank, and the Great Baba, Evelyn (who had once been the prime favourite of her stepfather) had only a thousand pounds. To George Gresham, the Baronet's next of kin and only relative, was left but £5,000; and even that under peculiar and humiliating restrictions. He was to have nothing, and his bequest was to revert to the residuary legatee (Mr. Walcot), unless, for the next two years after Sir Robert's death, the young man should be up and dressed by seven o'clock in the winter and six in summer, save in case of illness; in which event he was to make up for the lost time after the two years were over. Moreover, there were some stern words addressed to him about the sin of deception, which fell upon Gresham's ear with the greater bitterness, since he perceived Mr. Walcot's evident enjoyment of them.

What seemed to those present even more offensive than the details of this document was the fact that Ferdinand Walcot was made its administrator, the sole trustee—a circumstance which even cautious Mr. Haylight afterwards described as 'very unusual.' But about the genuineness and legality of the will itself there was no shadow of doubt.

The whole family were more or less outlawed, and Mr. Ferdinand Walcot was appointed inheritor of their rights. When this document, which was a very lengthy one, and included a number of small bequests to domestics had been read aloud, down to the very names of the witnesses—two servants then in the house—there ensued a painful silence, which Lady Arden was the first to break.

'Do I understand, Mr. Hayling,' said she, in a firm clear voice, 'that this house and all that it contains are for my life-time my own—that I am mistress here, in short, as of old?'

'Certainly, my dear madam,' answered the lawyer, confidently; 'as much so as you ever were, and more so.'

'Then I wish that man'—she pointed with a trembling finger to the new lord of so many thousands—'to leave this roof.' The poor lady also made some other observations not so dignified in style—for under pressure of a vital wrong it is not every woman who preserves repose of manner—to all which Mr. Walcot only replied by a pitying smile.

At last Gresham rose from his chair, and in a voice of suppressed passion exclaimed, 'Go sir.'

Mr. Walcot shrugged his shoulders

with more than French significance: this gesture seemed to say, 'Well, perhaps you are right; my absence is doubtless the only thing that will stop this good woman's tongue.'

He drew on his gloves, took up his hat, and, with a grave bow to the lawyer, left the room.

CHAPTER XLII.

A LAST APPEAL.

I AM afraid that if Lady Arden had been consulted on the matter, no equipage from the Halcombe stables would have been placed at the disposal of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, when that gentleman took his departure from the Hall; but as it happened, he ran no risk of a refusal of that courtesy, but calling at the little inn in person, ordered a cart for the conveyance of his luggage, and took his own way to Mirton on foot.

Despite the indisputable success that had at last crowned his efforts, there was no sign of triumph in his mien; he walked up the street with head erect indeed, but no higher than he usually carried it, and when he turned into the solitary 'Wilderness' it dropped forward, and he clasped his hands behind him—which was his manner when in deep thought. The recollection of the last occasion on which he had trodden the same path—at full speed and pursued by two amateur detectives—might well have then occurred to him, but he was thinking of no such thing; it was not his habit to dwell upon the past at any time, and just now the future demanded his attention. Most persons would no doubt have concluded that Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, with from forty to fifty thousand pounds in his pocket, or at immediate command, and with a much larger sum in land that could be realized, if necessary, in a few weeks or months, had now—since the blessings of his fellow creatures were not in his programme—obtained all he wanted; but this was by no means the case.

Man never is but always to be blessed.

He was thinking how a certain desired object could be most easily obtained, when at that very turn of the road, where he had once found the means of escape from a very unpleasant position, and ridden away on it, this very object presented itself—in the person of Evelyn Nicoll.

A pious person would have exclaimed, 'this is providential,' but what Mr. Walcot observed to himself was, 'This is luck, indeed.'

She was coming very slowly homeward, and so wrapped in thought that she did not at first observe him; he had time to notice how pale she looked in her mourning garb, and with what an inelastic step she walked. When she caught sight of him she gave an obvious start—which was, indeed, a species of shudder—then drew herself up, and quickened her speed; not to meet him we may be sure—but to get the meeting over. She would have passed him with a stiff bow, and without a word, if he had not addressed her.

'Miss Evelyn,' he said, in his gentlest tone. 'I wish to speak to you.'

She stopped and scanned him from head to foot, in a most unpromising fashion. 'Well, sir.'

'I have just come from a very sad scene,' he said, 'and which has been made still more distressing to me on your account.'

'Indeed?'

But that one word, and yet she somehow contrived to express in it incredulity and contempt sufficient to fill a volume.

'I see,' he continued, gently, 'that like the rest, you are prepared to misjudge me; that you behold in me a selfish adventurer who has enriched himself by discreditable means at the expense of others.'

She bowed, haughtily enough, but in unmistakeable assent.

'Well, that is not so. I could not help the estrangement that took place between your late stepfather and his belongings; it was a misfortune sure to happen, on account of certain circumstances—very peculiar ones (which I will fully explain to you another time), and quite out of my power to prevent. What I wish to say just now is that it is my pride and happiness to think that if you have suffered loss it is far from being irreparable. It is true your stepfather has left you a mere nothing—a miserable thousand pounds—but it remains with you—you have only to say one little word—to become his sole heiress.'

'I do not understand you,' returned Evelyn, coldly; 'if my stepfather has left me a thousand pounds, it is only another proof—though I did not need it—of the love he bore me. As to being his heiress, that would be out of the question in any case. Do you suppose that I would rob George Gresham of his rights, even if it lay in my power?'

'George Gresham,' repeated the other, contemptuously, 'has forfeited by his own misconduct what rights he may have ever possessed. He is a man who does not know what is worth having; his behaviour to yourself is a supreme example of it.'

'The question of what is worth having, Mr. Walcot, is a matter of taste,' replied Evelyn, in deep offence; 'some people think that they obtain it when they have got riches, though in obtaining them they have earned the contempt of every honest man.'

'You are more than severe, Evelyn, you are unjust,' answered Walcot, gently, 'but you can never make me angry with you. It is strange, and shows the intensity of your prejudice, that though you recognise Sir Robert's right to withhold his benefits from one person (yourself, for instance) you deny it as respects another. Who was so dear to him as I was; who (with one exception) was more near to him, by the ties of marriage, if not of blood? The fact, then, that he has chosen to leave me his whole fortune, instead of a large portion of it, is not so very surprising, and should certainly not evoke the contempt of all honest men upon its recipient. You may say that I schemed for it. If to make one's self useful to another in a thousand ways, to invite and reciprocate his confidence, to sacrifice one's time and pleasure for him, is to scheme—then I have "schemed." But the word is not applicable to my conduct in any other sense. That I had this golden end in view, while doing my duty to my friend and brother-in-law, may have been the case, just as any other honest worker may look for his reward; nay, to be frank with you, it was so. And yet my object, Evelyn, was not a selfish one. When we last spoke together alone, I ventured to predict a time when I should address you under very different circumstances—no longer as a dependent, a suppliant at the feet of Fortune; and the time has come with unlooked-for speed. I am now a man of wealth, which, however, is only valuable to me in that I can offer it to *you:* I do not say to share it; it shall be yours unreservedly upon the day that you become my wife. Do not frown, nor flash your scorn upon me, Evelyn; I tell you that I love you; such love as mine is given but to a few, yet, once given, given for ever—a love not lightly won, nor lightly to be rejected.'

'You seem to think so highly of it, Mr. Walcot,' replied Evelyn, scornfully, 'that the love of others is as nought beside it. Mine, for instance, as I gather, you deem is purchaseable. It was denied to you when you were poor; but you imagine that it has now come within reach of your purse.'

'You wrong me, Evelyn, every way,' he answered eagerly. 'Your love is beyond price; and yet self-sacrifice—for a man's self is dear

to him—and the devotion of a life might win it. The offer of my fortune was not made to tempt you; I only wished to say "all that is mine is yours. I have not toiled for *it*, but for you only." Do not, however, suppose, dear girl, that I have only material reasons to advance in favour of my suit. I say nothing of myself, though, indeed, with this wealth to back me, I think I have the means within me of acquiring a great position only to be prized, however, because you, the sharer of it, will so become it; but if the wishes of the beloved dead have weight with you, I may say that it was Sir Robert's latest wish, expressed to me upon his deathbed, that——'

He hesitated, and Evelyn, looking fixedly upon his face, inquired, 'well, what?'

'He said that though he had left his wealth away from some who might have looked for it, he would be well pleased, indeed, if it should return to one of them through me; he said, "ever since that other wish of mine," —referring, I suppose, to the engagement between Gresham and yourself —"has failed, I have decided that Evelyn Nicoll should be your wife." Do you hear me, Evelyn?' for the girl, though still regarding him intently, said never a word.

'Yes, I hear you,' she now answered, slowly. 'It would make no difference to the matter in question even if Sir Robert did thus speak, for he could not have been himself—the gentle, kind, just stepfather I knew; in any case, indeed, it would make no difference, because my heart could never be given to such as you, at any one's request, however dear; but to be frank with you, Ferdinand Walcot, *I do not believe you.*'

'What? Not my word?'

'No, nor your oath; I utterly distrust you, and abhor you.'

'You *do*? And you dare tell me so—Evelyn Nicoll—to my face? His brow grew very dark, and from his eyes there shot a gleam of fury terrible in its concentrated malevolence.

'Yes, sir, do not let me have to repeat it in the presence of another.'

She pointed quietly down the road up which Mr. Dyneley could be seen approaching at quick strides.

Walcot cast a look at him in which rage and calculation were strangely mixed. It seemed to say, 'is there time before this man comes up, to drag this woman down to yonder cliff top, and there end her life and mine together, or is there not time?'

If such was his inquiry, the reply, it seemed, was in the negative; he took off his hat to Evelyn, and with a creditable imitation of a smile of farewell, turned on his heel and pursued his way.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MR. STURT'S PRESENTIMENT.

WITHIN an hour or two of the reading of Sir Robert's will at the Hall, Mr. Sturt, in the inn parlour at Mirton, was giving his consideration to its provisions, which had been supplied to him from notes taken by Mayne and Gresham. He was a short 'squat' man, with what would have been unjustly called a moonface, because that of the moon has mountains, and Mr. Sturt's was perfectly flat, save for a little knob of a nose. But for his eyes, which were very bright and keen, so motionless was his stout form, and so squat his attitude, that he might have sat for a Burmese god.

Upon the whole, the items of the will were much as had been expected, and, while they showed clearly enough under whose dictation the document had been prepared, afforded no grounds for legal dispute. Gresham might say, and think (indeed he did so) that his uncle must have been mad to bestow his estate on such a scoundrel as Fer-

dinand Walcot, and might impute, with reason, 'undue influence' to that worthy; but such vague charges were, of course, incapable of proof. But while the will held good there were certain points in it which not a little awakened Mr. Sturt's curiosity, and with a lawyer curiosity means suspicion. He was sufficiently acquainted with the circumstances of the family to understand why the legacy of George Gresham had been coupled with that singular restriction as to early rising. It was most likely a whim of the testator, flattered into action by Walcot, in order to inflict a personal insult upon his enemy; even the appointment of Walcot, as trustee of that remnant of the estate which was not left to him absolutely, could—'unusual' as it was—be explained on similar grounds. He had probably persuaded Sir Robert to extend to him, after death, that confidence which he had always evinced in him during life, not so much to clear his own character in the eyes of others as to humiliate those who had shown such disinclination to his sway. But the proportions of the various bequests were not so easily explained. Why should Evelyn have but one thousand pounds while the other children had thrice as much? The disproportion of course, like all the rest, was owing to Walcot's influence; but why had it been exerted to the eldest sister's disadvantage?

'Sir Robert had liked her best of all the children,' was Gresham's answer to this inquiry, 'and that was doubtless reason enough for setting Walcot against her.'

Mayne demurred to this; perhaps because he could not imagine how any one could have been preferred to Millicent, and the lawyer himself did not think the explanation sufficient.

'No doubt,' said Gresham, perceiving that the motive was deemed of importance, 'my uncle was annoyed with Evelyn with respect to a certain matter, in which, however, if any one was to blame, it was not she, but I; and, taking advantage of that prejudice, this brute——'

'Meaning Mr. Walcot?' inquired the lawyer, with raised eyebrows. He had had to do with some base people in his professional career, but never used strong language concerning them. When a man was once in Newgate he expressed his real opinion of him; otherwise he was only 'the defendant,' or 'our opponent.'

'Of course I mean Walcot,' said Gresham testily. 'If I said "brute," I apologise—to the brutes.'

The lawyer smiled and smoothed his chin.

'If speaking one's mind would do any good, young sir,' he said, 'I would venture to express my own opinion of this gentleman; it is no use barking unless we can bite. It is necessary to get up very early in the morning to tackle Mr. Ferdinand Walcot.'

'That is just what Gresham is going to do,' observed Mayne laughing. 'Do you really think, however, Mr. Sturt, that even that—I mean any course that we can now take will remedy matters?'

'Not as they stand—no; but I cannot escape from the idea that, though everything our opponent has done seems in accordance with his legal rights, there is still a screw loose. It is a mere presumption—scarcely more, indeed, than a presentiment—yet——' Here he broke off. 'Now these legacies have been left in rather an unusual way. Why should they be paid out of the proceeds of the sale of the estate when there is all this money at the bankers' and elsewhere! One does not wish to be uncharitable; but, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, this seems to me to suggest two things on the part of Mr. Walcot: Haste—no time to be lost, you understand!—and a desire to realise at the earliest possible moment.'

'To fill his pockets and be off before there's a row?' inquired Mayne.

'Well, really, you young men put things in such a strong light; but

something of that nature—merely an assumption, as I say—has certainly presented itself to me. Now there may be nothing in it—indeed, I understand Mr. Walcot came this morning on foot from Halcombe, which militates *against* this view——'

'He couldn't help it,' interrupted Gresham; 'no carriage was offered to him, and he was too proud to ask for one.'

'Well, so far that is accounted for then,' continued Mr. Sturt. 'And when he did get here, he was so anxious to catch the up-express, that he took a post-chaise-and-four. Nobody takes a chaise-and-four nowadays unless one is in a very great hurry.'

'I wish I had known that,' observed Gresham moodily; 'I'd have put a spoke in one of his wheels, or bribed the postboys. Now he's got clear away; whatever turns up, we shall never catch sight of him, you may depend upon it.'

'If anything is really amiss,' returned the lawyer slowly—'though indeed, I can't say how anything *can* be—the will is not proved yet; and however anxious he may be to realise even the personalty, it can't be done in a day you know.'

'As to catching sight of our friend,' remarked Mayne coolly, as he shook the ash from his cigar; 'I think I can promise that we shall never *lose* sight of him. Bevill—though he doesn't look at all like Bevill—has gone up with him in the express.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed the lawyer in admiration.

'Oh yes, that's my affair; quite independent of the Halcombe interest. I've an old score to settle with the gentleman—a return match — Gresham here knows all about it—has to come off between us.'

'It has been a long time coming off,' observed Gresham gloomily.

'No doubt; and the date remains unfixed; but, like Mr. Sturt, I have my presentiment. Our gentleman, as Bevill calls him, has got the start of me, no doubt, and the best of me hitherto; but he has not won the rubber. A treble and four, you know, does not always win.'

'I like that notion of Bevill's sticking to him,' observed the lawyer thoughtfully. 'It is well to be acquainted with Mr. Ferdinand Walcot's movements, in case he might any day be wanted.'

'"Wanted" is a term used by the police with reference to malefactors,' remarked Gresham approvingly.

'I mean to imply nothing of the sort,' replied the lawyer with indignation.

'I am sure you did not,' observed Mayne, conciliatingly. 'It was what Paley calls "an undesigned coincidence."'

CHAPTER XLIV.

COUPLES.

TO ordinary eyes, as we have said, there was nothing more in the parting of Mr. Walcot from Evelyn in 'The Wilderness' than a polite, if somewhat stiff, farewell; yet the Rev. John Dyneley, though he had not been a close spectator thereof, seemed to have seen something strange in the manner of it, for his first words upon reaching the young lady were, 'Has that man been saying anything to annoy you, Miss Evelyn?'

His tone was vehement, nay, fiery, and, if he looked like a son of the Church at all at that particular moment, it was of the Church militant.

'No, no,' returned Evelyn, quickly; 'or I should rather say he had no intention of annoying me. Pray do nothing rash.'

For the Curate, though she stood looking so sweet and pale beside him, kept his gaze fixed on Mr. Walcot's retreating figure in a very menacing fashion.

'Intention!' he repeated. 'A man like that is well aware of what he

says, and should be made to account for it.'

Evelyn laid her hand upon his stalwart arm entreatingly—nay, tenderly, for a woman does not like a man the worse—even though he be a clergyman—for showing fight in her cause.

'I beg of you to restrain yourself, Mr. Dyneley. He is gone away, let us hope forever, and has left few friends behind him. It was a dark day when he first came to Halcombe.'

'Yes indeed, and he has left evil behind him. His influence over Sir Robert has borne sad fruit. Everything, it seems, has been left to yonder scheming fellow.'

'It would be well if that were all,' said Evelyn, sighing. 'To do my mother justice, what she will regret far more than any neglect of her in a material way, is the thought of my poor stepfather's changed relations towards her of late months.'

'No doubt, no doubt; her jointure fortunately could not be touched, else that fellow would have doubtless laid hands on everything. And yet to think how Sir Robert used to love you all!'

'Nay,' said Evelyn, 'since we are talking of such a subject, it must be remembered that dear kind Papa was no real kin of ours, and that when his affections for us were superseded—by whatever means—we have no ground for complaint that he turned his bounty into other channels. It is very hard on George, no doubt; but why should he have made heirs and heiresses of *us*? As a matter of fact—though it is shocking to talk of such things when so good a man has but just been laid in his grave—Mr. Walcot has just told me that I have been left a thousand pounds.'

The Curate threw up his hands. 'Yes. A thousand pounds to his favourite! How his mind must have been poisoned!'

At the same time the Curate's conscience smote him, because with his chagrin upon Evelyn's account was, in fact, mingled an involuntary feeling of pleasure upon his own. Since this girl was, after all, no heiress, she would be in that regard at least within his reach. He had been hitherto kept at a distance from her by the thought, 'She is Sir Robert's favourite stepdaughter; she will no doubt have a large slice of fortune; to one in my position at least she will be an heiress;' and the Rev. John Dyneley was not of that large class of young divines who think heiresses are created for them. His pride forbade it, and also his humility of mind. He was not so great that he could despise the inequalities of wealth, nor was he so small that he was eager to remedy them when the chance offered itself in his own case And yet now and then—in the forbidden moments of luxury which the imagination at times permits itself to all of us, except in the case of those ascetics whom the greatest of living writers compares with persons with colds in their heads, to whom life has no savour whether of good or bad—in some rare moments, I say, he had ventured to imagine that this girl was not wholly indifferent to him; his discovery that there was no bond of love between Gresham and herself, had given him, as we have seen, an exquisite satisfaction; and though he had absented himself of late from her presence as much as was possible without exciting comment, it was only the more attractive to him, when, as now, it was by accident vouchsafed to him.

'You speak of a thousand pounds,' said Evelyn smiling, 'as if it were a thousand pence. I don't know whether my brother and sisters have been similarly remembered; but, if so, we ought not to be pitied. I have heard you say yourself that money is like an elastic band which can be made to go far, or not, at the will of its possessor.'

'Yes,' he put in quickly, 'if he has been accustomed to practice economy. I was speaking of such a person as myself—not of one like you. Our

cases are very different. I have few wants, and some even of those I have of necessity'—here he gave a little sigh—'been compelled to forego; but *you*——'

'Nursed in the lap of luxury,' interrupted Evelyn, with mock gravity, 'enervated by indulgence, and the slave of fashion; I know what you are going to say.'

'Indeed I was not going to say that, Evelyn, he answered hurriedly. 'I had no thought of blaming you; only when life has gone very smoothly with us, as it has with you, to find the road suddenly become rough or difficult; it will not, indeed, be very rough, thank Heaven, in your case, nor toilsome——'

'And why, Mr. Dyneley, should you thank Heaven for that on my account?' interrupted Evelyn, with a touch of pride. 'Have you so low an opinion of me as to imagine that even poverty, had I to face it, would appal me; that its chill atmosphere would destroy me like a butterfly who can only live in summer time?'

'No, no, Evelyn; you have never shrunk from duties from which other young ladies in your position might well have excused themselves'—he was referring to her constant visits among the parish poor; 'you need not look displeased. If I appear to wrong you in this matter, it is, Heaven knows, from no ill opinion of you; but you have always seemed to me one so far apart—above all vulgar needs, and—oh, Evelyn, if I had *my* will, the very breath of Heaven should never visit your cheek too roughly.'

'You are too tender-hearted, Mr. Dyneley, and too kind.'

'Yes; that is true,' he answered, sadly. 'I am too tender-hearted—that is to myself. Poor as I am, I have been extravagant enough to indulge myself in the luxury of a dream.'

He took her hand, and held it gently in his own. 'May I tell you my dream, the dream of my life, Evelyn?'

It was easy to read in his face what he had dreamt, and that he was dreaming still. She slowly disengaged her fingers from his hold, and answered softly, 'Not to-day, Mr. Dyneley; not just now;' her eyes dropped upon her sable garb and stayed there; they shrank (though not with loathing, as they had done in Walcot's case) from the young man's impassioned gaze.

The Curate felt her reproof a just one; but that was not why he submitted to it with so good a grace; it was indeed no time to press a love suit, but without pressing he felt the rapturous conviction that it would be granted. His friend and patron was lying newly dead in his own churchyard, but it was impossible for him in that hour of blossoming hope to keep his heart in mourning. As Evelyn and he walked slowly home together, side by side, he felt like one walking by an angel, to whom it is forbidden him to speak of Heaven.

The young ladies at Halcombe had a sanctum of their own, next the schoolroom, where they were wont to pursue certain studies, and which was 'taboo' to all visitors, but, by virtue of his cousinship, George Gresham would occasionally venture thither, when he had reason to believe that they were not within, but that Elise might be. She read German with them there most mornings, and in the afternoons would sometimes sit down at Milly's writing-desk, which was always at her disposal, and continue one of those interminable epistles to her aunt at Heidelburg, which it is the habit of exiled German maidens in England to indite to their relatives in the Fatherland.

On his return from that interview with Lawyer Sturt at Mirton, Gresham had sought this apartment, with the excellent excuse of retailing what had happened to his fair cousins if he found them there, and if not—as occurred in this instance—to have a precious moment or two with Elise. He found her at the desk, as usual, but without pen in hand, and her pleasant face had such unaccustomed traces of woe upon

it as prompted him immediately to remove them after Love's fashion.

'Oh, George, George,' she murmured, 'it is wrong to kiss me, wrong to love me; I am very, very wretched.'

'Your statements are inconsistent with one another, Elise mine,' was his prompt reply. 'If you are wretched, there is the more necessity that I should kiss and comfort you; but what has happened?'

'I have been your ruin.'

'That is news, indeed,' he said. 'My own impression has long been the reverse of that, and is to-day stronger than ever, for you have given me something to live for and work for.'

'To work,' she repeated. 'Yes, but why has it become necessary for you to work at all? Oh, I have heard all about it from Millicent. You have been disinherited, and, alas, upon my account. I have been your ruin.'

'You said that before, darling, but the repetition of a statement does not make it a fact. I have been disinherited by the machinations of a scoundrel, to whom, nevertheless, I feel thankful, because he might have so contrived it, that what has fallen to my share should only have been left me on condition of my not marrying you, in which case we should have had to marry on nothing at all. You are not so contaminated, I hope, by your connection with this nation of shopkeepers and millionaires, as to call 5,000*l* nothing?'

'No, George, no; in my eyes, of course, it is a fortune.'

'Well, come, that is a comfort. I thought you were going to jilt me because I was not rich enough.'

'How can you talk so; you know that it is not on my own account that I am so mi—mi—miserable. If I had only never met you on board that unlucky ship!'

'O thank you,' put in Gresham, with a bow of acknowledgment. 'If you had only met somebody else instead, I admit it might have been better for you.'

'Not better for me, George, no; you were far too good for me—every way. But I selfishly allowed myself to be persuaded by you, and then Sir Robert came to know of our engagement—as I knew he would—and instead of your being made his heir, as would otherwise have been the case, he has left you next to nothing.'

'Next to nothing,' repeated Gresham, in mock amazement. 'She calls 5,000*l*. next to nothing. As to my own ability to gain a living, it is plain what she thinks of that. I am a fool and a beggar.'

'It is *I* that am the fool, and worse, to have beggared *you*,' answered Elise, bitterly. And once more she burst into tears.

'Now, my dear girl, don't cry, but listen to reason,' said Gresham, with tender gravity, 'and only see how a plain tale, as Mr. Haynes would say, shall put you down. The truth of the matter is, that in any case Ferdinand Walcot would have ousted me, as my uncle's heir, and put himself in my place. My love for you may have been his excuse; but I feel convinced that if it had not been afforded him, he would have found another. Do you suppose, for example, if Evelyn and I had agreed to marry—which we could not have done—that *that* would have saved me?'

'No, that would not have saved you, George.'

Her tone was so significant that it attracted Gresham's attention. 'Well, I am glad you see that,' said he, 'but why are you so sure?'

'Because Mr. Walcot loves her himself.'

'What, *he*—that villain? Do you mean to say that he wanted to marry Evelyn?'

'Oh, yes, and he really loved her, too, so far as he was capable of it. I saw that from the first.'

'What a clever girl you must be, Elise!'

'Not so,' she answered simply; it was because I loved *you*, George.'

'I understand,' replied he, thoughtfully; 'that made you detect the diagnosis of the same malady in another. Well, I am glad *I* didn't detect it, or I should have killed him. But are you quite sure?'

'Quite—more so to-day than ever; for I hear that Evelyn has been left only a thousand pounds; but the others three thousand. That was Mr. Walcot's doing, of course.'

'Yet that doesn't look as if he loved her.'

'Yes, it does. The poorer she was left, the more likely he thought she would be to accept his ill-gotten wealth, and him along with it.'

'My dear Elise, your sagacity alarms me. You should be placed at once at the head of the "Intelligence Department" of your beloved Fatherland. Why even Mr. Sturt never thought of this.'

'I don't suppose Mr. Sturt is in love.'

'Well, I should be inclined to think he isn't,' admitted Gresham; 'or if he is, that his passion is not reciprocated. Does any one else know about this?'

'I think Millicent does.'

'Then Milly is in love, too, I suppose?'

'There is no doubt of that—with your friend, Mr. Mayne.'

'Then we're all in love together!' exclaimed Gresham, comically. 'I object, however, to Walcot's entertaining the same sentiments, or anything like them, as myself, and especially with regard to Evelyn. Do you think he has ventured to speak with her?'

'It is possible: he is not one to miss an opportunity.'

'If I had caught him at it,' observed Gresham, confidently, 'I would have pounded him to a jelly.'

'So would somebody else,' observed Elise with significance.

'No? Do you really mean it? Then it must be Dyneley.'

'Of course it is. Mind, I don't think *he* has spoken to her. *He* is not one to take advantage of every opportunity of declaring himself, like Mr. Walcot, or Mr. George Gresham——'

'I object to being bracketed with that man in anything,' put in Gresham.

'Why so?' inquired Elise innocently. 'He is clever and accomplished; and Millicent tells me he is now possessed of at least 12,000*l.* a year.

'What nonsense! Supposing even he had 120,000*l.* a year that would make no difference to Evelyn. I know her so well, and respect her so much.'

'I know it,' interrupted Elise, with a little sigh. 'It is a misfortune for you that you could not go a little farther; would that you had fallen in love with her instead of me? It is all my selfishness that has prevented it.'

'That is quite true,' said Gresham, gravely. 'It is yourself, and yourself only, who has won my love—though not from any other woman. As for regretting it, my darling, your wisdom should teach you in any case not to cry over spilt milk; but it is my firm conviction that the present condition of affairs, though it may seem untoward, will all work together for good—that is for my good, you know.'

She nodded; of course she understood that; what others' good could she be thinking about?

'I mean, Elise, instead of being an idle worthless fellow, I now mean to make my own way in the world. My notion is to read for the Bar, and become Lord Chancellor.'

'Good,' she said. She did not understand the legal title, but recognised the plan as admirable.

'I should never had done a stroke of work for myself,' he went on, 'if I had been my uncle's heir; and you always said that idleness was so bad for me.'

'Is reading for the Bar and becoming Lord Chancellor very difficult George?' inquired Elise, simply.

'Oh, dear, no. You want connex-

ions, that is all; if you were an attorney's daughter it would be the easiest thing in the world; but as it is, I know Lady Arden has a cousin who is an attorney, and when I am ready for him, she will ask him down to the Hall.'

'And in the meantime?' inquired Elise, gravely.

'Oh, in the meantime we shall marry.'

It was impossible to resist this genial and light-hearted young fellow, who parried the sharp stroke of Fate with a jest, and met all foreboding with a smile.

'It would be madness,' she murmured, while she suffered her last tear to be kissed away.

'It is a very common madness, darling,' said he, softly. 'Look yonder.'

He pointed to the window which commanded the whole valley, save those spots surrounded by the envious trees. Through the field that lay between the Hall and the Farm ran a pleasant brook, beside which two figures were now lingering. These were Mayne and Millicent. They were looking down into the clear water, a position which offered the same opportunity of seeing one another as that of being face to face, and had the advantage of not being so demonstrative.

'They are not thinking of drowning themselves—those two, continued Gresham. 'And yet what *can* he be at?'

They were standing on the very brink, and Mayne was stooping down, with his hand in the water.

'It is where the forget-me-nots grow,' said Elise, softly.

'Ah, I see,' replied the young fellow, 'he is what the Americans call "bunching" her.'

CHAPTER XLV.

MR. RAYNES DOES BUSINESS.

IT is not to be supposed although the love-making by the young couples at the Hall trod so very closely upon the heels of the death of its late head, that they were unmindful of his memory, or were embittered against him. His very demise had in fact, in at least two cases out of the three, left them free for the first time to openly avow their sentiments. For Gresham had been hitherto restrained (not of his own will indeed, but through the influence of Elise), from the fear of giving Walcot an excuse for effecting his total ruin, and Dyneley, as we have seen, from the inequality of fortune which, while Sir Robert was alive, seemed to place Evelyn out of his reach; while even Milly had now become in a manner her own mistress, and thereby gave a certain encouragement to Mayne to press his suit. It was natural enough, nor is it surely to be regretted, that even death's proximity cannot still the pulses of youth and love, yet a certain remorse was felt more or less by all of them, and especially by the young women, that they could nourish such tender and gracious thoughts at such a time.

The condition of Lady Arden, too, seemed a living reproof to them. Now that her indignation was no more excited by the presence of Walcot, her grief resumed its sway. She reproached herself with fancied shortcomings in her past relations with the dead man, and dwelt, with poignant sorrow, upon his many virtues of generosity and tenderness. It could justly be said of her, as is cynically written of widows in general, that she had never appreciated her husband's worth at its true value till she had lost him. She even charged herself—most unjustly—with the change of late in his conduct towards her and hers.

The grief at home for Sir Robert's loss, in short, was so general and genuine that it caused them, perhaps, to somewhat underrate his good qualities. They had no patience with the folly that had made him the tool of a man whom they had all disliked and

feared, and they resented as landed proprietors the diversion of his estate from its legitimate channel into the pockets of an adventurer. Such was the term they did not now hesitate to apply to Mr. Ferdinand Walcot; for after all, except that he was Sir Robert's brother-in-law, who was there that knew anything about him? The circumstances of the first marriage of the late baronet was shrouded in mystery. There were Walcots in Debrett and Burke, but none of them were connections of the first Lady Arden. She herself was disposed of in the baronetage in a very few lines, and of course under the head of 'Arden.' *'Marr. June 5, 18—Madeline, daughter of Mr. John Walcot.'* A man who was not even an Esquire, and had apparently no fixed place of residence. A clever nobody is always looked upon with suspicion in a country neighbourhood, which, if he aggrandises himself, are naturally confirmed. Moreover, although Mr. Walcot was capable of attaching persons to his interest, and even of winning their regard, this was effected by superiority of intellect, and a certain personal influence which, while almost magical over individuals, failed with the general public altogether. The case is by no means uncommon, and has its parallel at St. Stephen's, where many men are popular whom the country at large refuses to accept, and *vice versa*.

The general impression about Halcombe, I am obliged to say, was that the family at the Hall, and more especially George Gresham, had not only been wronged by Sir Robert's will, but that they had been swindled out of their rights; and that Mr. Ferdinand Walcot was a swindler.

Still, it is necessary to do business occasionally with very disagreeable, and even dishonest, persons, and it came to pass that Lady Arden's friend and neighbour, Mr. Raynes, had a certain affair to transact with Mr. Walcot.

While Sir Robert was alive, he had felt a delicacy about asking him to sell the Four-Acre field, as it was called, contiguous to his own little property, but now that the field had fallen into new hands—not particularly clean ones, and which would certainly have no scruples about 'breaking up the estate,' if it should seem to his advantage—Mr. Raynes made his bid through his solicitor, Mr. Hayling.

To his surprise he received a note from Mr. Walcot himself, to the effect that he declined, for private reasons, having any dealings with Mr. Hayling, but if, as an old acquaintance, Mr. Raynes chose to call upon him, any time he chanced to be in town, he had no doubt that the matter could be arranged to his satisfaction.

If Mr. Raynes had been like other people, he might, perhaps, have hesitated to do business in this unusual fashion, but being a person *sui generis* (on which the other had probably calculated), and being besides a very Ahab in his desire for the field in question, he at once resolved to accede to this suggestion. He accordingly ran up to town, and called upon Mr. Walcot at his hotel, the Cosmopolitan. He had timed his visit in the morning, in order to be sure to find him at home, yet not so early but that his surprise was somewhat excited at learning that Mr. Walcot had not yet breakfasted. He was, however, shown to his sitting-room, a very handsome one on the first floor, and had not long to wait his coming. Mr. Raynes was not a man of keen observation, but the alternative in his old acquaintance's appearance struck him as very marked. A few months only had elapsed since he had last seen him, but if they had been years he would not have looked for so great a change. Mr. Walcot's features, always sharp, had become still more so, his complexion, always pale, was now almost colourless; and his eyes, formerly, as Mr. Raynes said to himself, 'the best

part of the fellow,' were no longer soft and lustrous, but haggard and cavernous, the very homes of care. 'I am sorry to be so late,' was his first greeting; 'in the country, you will be my witness, I used to keep better hours; but the fact is, I don't sleep very well in London.'

Mr. Raynes thought to himself, 'You look as if you never slept at all;' but he felt no pity for the man on that account; that insulting proviso in Sir Robert's will that now hauled poor Gresham up every morning at so unwelcomed an hour (which everybody knew had been dictated by Walcot) occurred to him at once, and 'it serves the beggar right' was his reflection.

What he *said*, however, was, 'Ah, you are not used to the carts and omnibuses.' And then he grinned from ear to ear, as though he had been delivered of an epigram.

'It is certainly noisier here than at Halcombe,' returned Mr. Walcot. 'By the bye, [here the waiter brought in the morning paper, and the speaker paused till he went out again] 'how are all the good folks at Halcombe?'

'All well in health, except, perhaps, Lady Arden, and even in her case I fancy that mental trouble has more to do with her state of health than——'

'And the children?' interrupted Mr. Walcot.

'Oh, the boys are in high feather; indeed, I think Frank is brighter than he used to be; the discredit that attached to the poor lad about that giant he met on his way from our house, until all was so happily cleared up, I do believe affected his spirits, for he seems quite another boy; as for the Great Baba, he is the same affable tyrant as ever.'

'But the others—the girls?'

'Oh, I didn't know you included them in your inquiry after the children; they are both as charming as ever, and, as you have doubtless heard, their charms have been appreciated.'

'I have heard nothing,' said Mr. Walcot, in a husky voice, and tones of which he endeavoured in vain to render indifferent.

'Miss Millicent is going to make a great match with Mr. Mayne, George Gresham's friend; it is not going to come off just yet, I believe, though really, under the circumstances——'

And here Mr. Raynes began to stammer, remembering by whom the circumstances (namely, of Sir Robert's estrangement) had been brought about.

'And Evelyn?' inquired Mr. Walcot, taking up *The Times*.

This action—committed at the expense of courtesy—was intended to convey extreme indifference, and also perhaps, to hide the workings of his countenance; but his companion noticed and mentioned it afterwards—how the paper trembled in his hand.

'Well, they say she, too, is going to make a love match, though not so splendid a one as her sister. Rumour gives her to the Curate, Dyneley; one of the best of men. He was always very friendly with the family; but the affair has taken them all by surprise, I hear. The wedding, however, like her sister's, is not to come off just yet, whereas George Gresham's—you were aware, no doubt, of his *penchant* for the pretty little governess?'

Walcot bowed his head. It was not so much a gesture of assent, however, as the mechanical action of one who affects attention when his mind is far away.

'Well, he is going to make short work of it. There is an inconvenience, you see, in his intended's staying on at the Hall, as half friend, half governess; so the young couple are to be made one next month. The whole family are coming up to town, under pretence of getting her *trousseau;* but in reality, as I understand, in hopes to divert Lady Arden's melancholy.'

Here Mr. Raynes' unaccustomed flow of speech was arrested by the expression of his companion's face, which had suddenly become distorted as if from internal passion. His eyes, still fixed upon the paper, were starting almost out of his head, and his teeth were set together like those of one in a fit.

'Good Heavens! is there anything the matter, Mr. Walcot?'

'With *me*, no!' The sudden distortion had disappeared and was replaced by the old quiet smile of superiority. 'It is a weakness of mine, Mr. Raynes to show my feelings, when any act of wrong or cruelty is brought under my notice. I had the discourtesy to cast my eyes on such a case in to-day's paper while you were addressing me, pardon me; with respect to this four-acre field, then, you were saying——'

'I have said nothing about it yet,' observed Mr. Raynes with an aggrieved air; for he felt that he had been wasting his breath for the last ten minutes.

'This is the map of the estate,' said Mr. Walcot, pointing to where it hung on the walls; 'there have been a great number of nibbles at it; but I wish to sell the whole to one man. However, in your case, I shall be glad to serve an old friend.'

Mr. Raynes did not altogether relish this compliment; but he bowed his acknowledgments nevertheless.

'I was thinking that ten pounds an acre would be a fair price for such land as that, Mr. Walcot; you see it is rather an outlying bit, and doesn't spoil the symmetry of the Halcombe property, as it were;' and he indicated with his finger the situation of the spot in question.

As there was no reply, he turned his head, and there was Mr. Walcot poring once more over the newspaper, as though he had been alone in the room. He had certainly no intention of being discourteous, for the next moment he was profuse in his apologies

'To be frank with you, Mr. Raynes, I am not myself this morning. It is unusual with me, as you know, to exhibit such weakness; but I have seen here the death of an old friend. Once more, forgive me. You shall have the Four-Acre field at a reasonable price.'

'I named ten pounds an acre,' observed Mr. Raynes.

'Then so let it be. If you will only put the matter in legal form, but not through Mr. Hayling, if you please—I have my own reasons for declining to do business with that gentleman.—You may consider the matter settled.'

'I am really obliged to you, Mr. Walcot. I am sorry I should have brought ill news with me——'

'Who *said* you had brought ill-news?' inquired the other with irritation.

'Nay, I only meant the coincidence of my calling on so unfortunate a morning. You said a friend had died.'

'True, true. It is too early to offer you any refreshment? Good morning, then; *good* morning.'

'I have got the field,' soliloquised Mr. Raynes, when he found himself outside the door, 'and I have escaped from a madman! What the deuce can be the matter with the man? He's off his head for certain. I believe I could have bought the land for five pounds an acre. However, it is a good bargain as it stands, and I'll get it ratified at once. I musn't go to Hayling, it seems; but there's that Mr. Sturt, Mayne's lawyer. I'll go to *him*.'

As his cab drove away from the door of the 'Cosmopolitan,' its commissionaire stood staring after it with his mouth at fullest stretch—a faint reflex of the grimace with which Mr. Raynes had favoured him instead of six-pence.

'Well, I'm blessed,' exclaimed that astonished official, 'if *ever* I seed a gentlemen grin so.'

(*To be continued.*)

"GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

BY SAMUEL J. WATSON.

WITH finger on her hushed and holy lips,
The Judean Night dreams on her star-lit throne:
Lo! the Lord's Presence hath around her shone,
Pouring miraculous dawn o'er day's eclipse:
Then Heaven unbosoms an Apocalypse,
As its rapt host sings, flashing into sight,
"Glory to God, in the highest: on earth Light,
Peace and Good-Will towards men." Lebanon dips
His plumes of a thousand years in wonderment
As the words shake the silence o'er him furled:
Faith says "that Psalm will fill the firmament,
With infinite promise, till Time cease to be;
Despair and Death chained men, God set them free,
When He came down that night to save the world."

THOU knowest, O my Father! Why should I
Weary high heaven with restless prayers and tears?
Thou knowest all! My heart's unuttered cry
Hath soared beyond the stars and reached Thine ear.

Thou knowest—ah, Thou knowest! Then what need,
O, loving God, to tell Thee o'er and o'er,
And with persistent iteration plead
As one who crieth at some closèd door?

"Tease not?" we mothers to our children say,—
"Our wiser love will grant whate'er is best."
Shall we, Thy children, run to Thee alway,
Begging for this and that in wild unrest?

I dare not clamour at the heavenly gate,
Lest I should lose the high, sweet strains within;
O, Love Divine! I can but stand and wait
Till Perfect Wisdom bids me enter in!

From 'Friar Anselmo.'

SPENCER'S 'DATA OF ETHICS.'*

BY A. W. GUNDRY.

IN publishing this work before the completion of vols. II. and III. of the *Principles of Sociology*, which logically precede it, Mr. Spencer deviates from the order originally laid down in the programme of his Synthetic Philosophy. He has been led to do so, as he explains in the preface, by the fear that persistence in conforming to that order 'might result in leaving the final work of the series unexecuted. Hints, repeated of late years with increasing frequency and distinctness, have shown me that health may permanently fail, even if life does not end, before I reach the last part of the work I have marked out for myself.' There is a resigned sadness in this sentence which will remind the reader of a well-known passage in Buckle, in which he realized that only a fragment of his great work could be achieved in what remained to him of life. Happily the parallel ceases here. Mr. Spencer, were his apprehensions realized, would leave behind him, not a mere fragment but a system of thought, theoretically and abstractly, *totus, teres, atque rotundus*, with nothing lacking but the practical deductions necessary for its application to life and conduct. Moreover, according to the latest accounts, Mr. Spencer has now fully recovered his health.

But to have left his philosophic system without any indication of its bearings upon actual life, without some definite statement of its ethical aspect, would have been to have left it without the very keystone of the arch; to have omitted that part of his task to which, as he says, he regards all the preceding parts as subsidiary. From the publication, in 1842, of his first essay on *The Proper Sphere of Government*, he adds, 'my ultimate purpose, lying behind all proximate purposes, has been that of finding for the principles of right and wrong in conduct at large, a scientific basis. To leave this purpose unfulfilled after making so extensive a preparation for fulfilling it, would be a failure, the probability of which I do not like to contemplate; and I am anxious to preclude it, if not wholly, still partially. Hence the step I now take.' The necessity for 'the establishment of rules of right conduct on a scientific basis,' strikes Mr. Spencer as especially urgent at the present moment, when, to use his own words, 'moral injunctions are losing the authority given by their supposed sacred origin.' Those who are already conversant with the general tenour of Mr. Spencer's views, as, indeed, of the prevalent views of the most prominent scientific writers of the day, will not be startled to meet this bold assumption at the outset. Doubtless it will be widely resented as unwarranted by the facts, and will bring down upon him much hostile criticism, which, indeed, he fully expects. But all who, having eyes, will see, are well aware that, whether it be gratuitous or not, the assumption is not peculiar to Mr. Spencer, or by any means unheard of in these latter days. Not unbelievers only, but distinguished Christians participated some time ago in a *Symposium* at which was discussed 'The Influence upon Morality of a

* *The Data of Ethics*: By HERBERT SPENCER, New York: D. Appleton & Company, 1879. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

Decline in Religious Belief,' and it was certainly never objected that the Symposium was an anachronism; while it was only last month that Prof. Goldwin Smith discussed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 'The Prospect of a Moral Interregnum,' upon a very distinct enunciation of the same assumption. Thus, without here entering at all into the merits of the question, it is evident that Mr. Spencer cannot justly be made the scape-goat for an assumption which, however much it may be combatted, is certainly 'in the air' of the intellectual life of the day, and familiar to all who breathe it; though it may be startling and unwelcome to those who studiously keep their mental windows down. Therefore, a work like the present one should be read fairly and without prejudice, upon its own premises, if it is to be properly estimated or successfully criticised. Those who are inclined to lose their temper over the assumption referred to, will be wise to read no further than the preface; for they will certainly not be soothed as they proceed. With more philosophic minds a work written with such a serious conviction of its necessity, and such a masterly breadth of treatment, cannot but command respectful examination, if not agreement. Not many, at all events, will dispute the very solemn truth of Mr. Spencer's remark that 'few things can happen more disastrous than the decay and death of a regulative system no longer fit, before another and fitter regulative system has grown up to replace it.' The seriousness of this consideration is fully recognised on the Christian side, and no argument is more commonly employed against the encroachments of sceptical criticism than that it aims at the overthrow of a creed on which is based the whole of current morality, and offers no valid substitute for what it would destroy. How far it is to the honour of the defended creed to meet attacks upon its truth with the plea that it ought to be left undisputed because, whether true or not, it is very useful for keeping people in order, need not now be discussed. It is, at all events, an argument *ad terrorem* which is used with considerable effect, but not always with great discrimination. Against Mr. Spencer, whose philosophy is both in name and purpose, not destructive, but synthetic, it has always been inappropriate; and will now be even more out of place. For in this work the orthodox challenge is definitely met, and the substitute which modern science and non-christian thought have to offer for the Christian basis of ethics is indicated in outline; although not containing the specific conclusions to be set forth in the entire work, yet implying them in 'such wise, that definitely to formulate them requires nothing beyond logical deduction.'

It is almost needless to say that Mr. Spencer derives the first principles of the 'fitter regulative system' which he considers destined, in some shape, to replace the current one, from an application to the facts of life and conduct of the theory of evolution. Hitherto the ethical tendencies of this, the representative doctrine of modern scientific thought, have been discussed only in a very loose and general fashion, which has allowed of a good deal of optimistic over-statement on the one side and not very logical hostile depreciation on the other. Here we see them traced by the master hand and brought into strict logical relation with the first principles of that comprehensive system of thought which the same hand has already reared, and with the vast body of facts on which it is based.

If evolution be the governing principle of the phenomena of life in general, it must apply to conduct, which is but part of the aggregate of actions, that part which comprehends acts adjusted to ends. Ethics, again, being concerned with but a part of conduct at large, conduct at large must be generally understood before that part can

be specially understood; and to understand conduct at large, as exhibited by all living creatures in their adjustment of acts to ends, we are obliged to study the evolution of conduct. In doing so, we find that the most highly evolved conduct is that in which the adjustment of acts to ends is most complete,—that which best subserves the maintenance of individual life, both in length and fulness, together with maintenance of progeny, and thus of the race;—and this not only without interfering with other creatures in the attainment of similar ends, but assisting them therein by co-operation. On examining the leading moral ideas men have otherwise reached, we find that this highly-evolved conduct, coincides with what is pronounced good conduct, and that what we recognize as the ideal goal to the natural evolution of conduct, is what is recognized as the ideal standard of conduct ethically considered. 'Other things equal, well adjusted self-conserving acts we call good; other things equal, we call good the acts that are well adjusted for bringing up progeny capable of complete living; and other things equal, we ascribe goodness to acts which further the complete living of others' (page 44). It is evident that these judgments involve the assumption that life is desirable. The pessimist cannot consistently call good, acts subserving the maintenance of life. But pessimist and optimist agree on the postulate that life is desirable or undesirable 'according as the average consciousness accompanying it is pleasurable or painful. Whence it follows, that if we call the good conduct conducive to life, we can do so only with the implication that it is conducive to a surplus of pleasures over pains' (p. 45). This view of conduct as good or bad, 'according as its aggregate results, to self or others or both, are pleasurable or painful,' Mr. Spencer demonstrates conclusively to be involved in all the current judgments on conduct; while every other proposed standard really derives its authority therefrom. 'Pleasure somewhere, at some time, to some being or beings, is an inexpugnable element of the conception' of an ultimate moral aim. 'It is as much a necessary form of moral intuition as space is a necessary form of intellectual intuition.' Further, as Mr. Spencer points out 'this necessity of thought originates in the very nature of sentient existence. Sentient existence can evolve only on condition that pleasure-giving acts are life-sustaining acts.' Thus, the most highly evolved existence will be that in which there is a maximum of pleasurable sentiency; and it has been already shown that the conduct subserving this highest degree of evolution is, ethically considered, the best. Therefore it is the business of ethics to discover the *laws* by virtue of which certain conduct conduces to this highest stage of evolution, this *maximum* of happiness, this *summum bonum*; 'to determine *how* and *why* certain modes of conduct are detrimental, and certain other modes beneficial.' The mere conclusion, based upon an empirical induction from known facts, that certain conduct *is* beneficial, or *vice versa*, does not satisfy the requirements of a scientific system of morality. At this point, indeed, we discover the chief defect of all current methods of ethics, *i. e.* the entire absence, or inadequate presence in them, of the idea of causation. Mr. Spencer brings out this fact very saliently in the course of his examination of the moral theories of the theological, the political (or 'Act of Parliament'), and the intuitional schools of ethics. He then criticizes, as exhibiting the same neglect of ultimate causal connections, the empirical branch of that Utilitarianism which, in its 'greatest happiness' principle, would seem entitled to claim him as an adherent. The Utilitarianism, he says, 'which recognises only the principles of conduct reached by induction, is but preparatory to the Utilitarian-

ism which deduces those principles from the processes of life as carried on under established conditions of existence. . . . Every science begins by accumulating observations, and presently generalizes these empirically; but only when it reaches the stage at which its empirical generalizations are included in a rational generalization, does it become developed science. Astronomy has already passed through its successive stages,'—while geology, biology, psychology, and sociology are becoming sciences proper only as fast as the phenomena with which their generalizations deal, are explained as consequences of ultimate principles. Ethics can be considered a developed science only when it has undergone a like transformation. 'A preparation in the simpler sciences is pre-supposed. Ethics has a physical aspect; since it treats of human activities which, in common with all expenditures of energy conform to the law of the persistence of energy: moral principles must conform to physical necessities. It has a biological aspect; since it concerns certain effects, inner and outer, individual and social, of the vital changes going on in the highest type of animal. It has a psychological aspect; for its subject matter is an aggregate of actions that are prompted by feelings and guided by intelligence. And it has a sociological aspect; for these actions, some of them directly and all of them indirectly, affect associated beings. What is the implication? Belonging under one aspect to each of these sciences—physical, biological, psychological, sociological,—it can find its ultimate interpretations only in those fundamental truths which are common to all of them.'

The phenomena dealt with by each of these sciences conforming to the laws of Evolution, we are brought in a more special way to the conclusion already arrived at, that 'conduct at large, including the conduct Ethics deals with, is to be fully understood only as an aspect of evolving life;' and Mr. Spencer, therefore, proceeds to the consideration of moral phenomena as phenomena of evolution, taking in succession the physical view, the biological view, the psychological view, and the sociological view. The conclusions at which he arrives in each of these departments the reader must seek in Mr. Spencer's work itself. Here it must suffice to have indicated his method, and to add that, in the fundamental truths which that method discloses, we find those laws, by acting in harmony with which human conduct will attain to the highest degree of evolution, so producing as we have seen, the *maximum* of happiness, and therefore, *ex hypothesi*, of moral excellence. Consequently, upon a 'rational generalization' of those laws must be based that system of Absolute Ethics which will govern 'the ideal man as existing in the ideal social state. On the evolution-hypothesis, the two presuppose one another; and only when they coexist, can there exist that ideal conduct which Absolute Ethics has to formulate, and which Relative Ethics has to take as the standard by which to estimate divergencies from right, or degrees of wrong' (p. 280).

The primary principle of Mr. Spencer's moral theory.—'Pleasure somewhere, at some time, to some being or beings,'—stated thus nakedly, is of course liable to much misinterpretation. It is consequently with reluctance that this brief paper is brought to a conclusion without something more than a mere allusion to his qualifications of that principle, and his insistence on the necessity of supplementing it with secondary principles. But the limits of my space render it impossible for me to enter further into detail, or to improve in any respect on the bald abstract I have given of, perhaps, one of the most important and significant works of the day. It is with especial regret that I am forced to leave altogether unnoticed Mr. Spencer's exhaustive discussion of the claims of

Egoism *vs.* Altruism, and Altruism *vs.* Egoism, which is of fascinating interest.

The problem, how to harmonize them, has always been a standing difficulty among such moralists as have realized that the extreme theories on both sides,—pure self-abnegation as well as pure self-gratification—are equally suicidal. Mr. Spencer seems to have found the golden mean; and his chapter on their 'Conciliation' by the concurrent diminution of pain and evolution of sympathy, gives a forecast of a future morality so noble that none who honour Christianity wisely, will resent his reference to this evolutionist ideal as 'a rationalized version of its ethical principles.'

SONG OF THE ENGLISH LABOURER.

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

FROM the crowded city streets, and its marts there comes a cry,—
'There is nought that we can do—we have not wherewith to buy;
There is plenty all around,—sumptuously the rich are fed;
But who careth for the poor?—who will give his children bread?

'Studious leisure we have not, and we know not cultured ease,
We know naught of the painter's art, nor of poet's melodies;
Refinement never gilds the path we wearily pursue,—
It is counted well with us if we have our work to do.

'The pittance is but scant, and but grudgingly 'tis paid,
When the factory, mine, and mill, give the humble toilers aid;
Fancies fine and soothing dreams have no room our hearts to please;
But starvation and distress are our stern realities.

'O rich man, unto whom all the mingled treasures flow,
When the tide of commerce ebbs, let your wheels and spindles go!
From the toiler's heart remove the foreboding and the fear
That the woful hour of want is forever drawing near.

'Yet even to the poor there are none who may deny
The beauty of the earth, and the splendour of the sky;
And better far than gold, unto which the sordid cling,
Is a spirit that delights in each fair and noble thing.

'And Love will ope the gates when the father comes at eve,
And the little children run his caresses to receive;
And Love will light the home, when the mother's constant smile
Doth the father's willing heart to its burden reconcile.'

SELECTIONS.

THE PROSPECT OF A MORAL INTERREGNUM.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A., TORONTO.

IN a paper on the results of universal suffrage which appeared a short time ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, among the adverse influences for which allowance ought to be made, was mentioned the disturbance of morality, political and general, at the present juncture by the breaking up of religious belief. The writer has since been struck, on more than one occasion, by the unsuspec ing complacancy with which thinkers of the Materialist or the Agnostic School seem to regard the immediate future ; as though religion had been merely an obstruction in the way of science, and its removal were sure to be followed by a happy acceleration of scientific progress without danger to morality, or to anything else in human life. Some of them speak as if the peculiar moral code of Christianity would remain unaffected, or would even practically gain influence, by the total destruction of the Christian faith. They seem almost to think that, under the reign of evolution, natural selection, and the struggle for existence, the Sermon on the Mount will still be accepted as perfectly true ; that the Christian beatitudes will retain their place ; and that meekness, humility, poverty of spirit, forgiveness, unwordliness, will continue to be regarded as virtues. Much less do they suspect that the brotherhood of man may fall when its present foundation fails, or that the weak things of this world may miss the protection which the life and death of Christ and the consecration of his character have hitherto afforded them against the strong. The truth is that many who have renounced Christianity have not yet ceased to be Christians, or begun to regard human nature and society from any but an essentially Christian point of view. In the next generation Evolutionists and the belief in the struggle for existence will be clear of the penumbra of gospel morality, and the world will then have their Sermon on the Mount.

It is commonly assumed by Positivists (if that is the appropriate name for the anti-theological school) that the religions of the world have been merely so many primitive and unscientific attempts to explain the origin of things and the phenomena of nature by reference to the arbitrary action of a divinity or a group of divinities. Were it so, we might see the last of them go to its grave without misgiving, or rather with a jubilant sense of final emancipation. But the fact surely is quite otherwise. The religions have been much more than infantine cosmogonies or explanations of physical phenomena; each of them in its turn has been the basis of moral life,, and especially of the moral life of the community ; each of them after its fashion has been the support of righteousness and the terror of unrighteousness. Overlaid and disguised by fable, ceremony, and priestcraft the moral element has been, but it has always been present in everything that could be called a religious system. Particularly is this true of the great religions, and above all of Christianity, which is clearly an effort to improve morality and to give it a consecrated type and a divine foundation, not to explain phenomena of any kind. Apart, indeed, from miracles, which belong to a totally different category, the gospel says very little about the physical world ; it rebukes an excessive belief in special interpositions of Providence by the apologue of the Tower of Siloam, and in the

single petition 'Give us this day our daily bread' it hardly implies anything more than sustaining care.

So with the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. This may have been always mixed up more or less with animistic fancy, but animistic fancy is not the essence of it; the essence of it is, to righteousness assured reward, to unrighteousness inevitable retribution.

It may be that morality is now about to disengage itself finally from religion, and to find a new basis in science; but in the past it has rested on religious belief, and the collapse of religious belief has accordingly been always followed by a sort of moral interregnum.

It will not be questioned that the moral civilization of Hellas, for instance, in her earlier and brighter day, was supported by her religion. This is seen in every page of Herodotus, Æschylus, Pindar, Sophocles, the best mirrors of the heroic age. It appears in the religious character of Hellenic art, of the drama, of the games, as well as in the influence of the Eleusinian mysteries. It appears above all in the authority of the Delphic oracle. During that age, manifestly, power not seldom was led to forego its advantage, strength to respect the rights of weakness, by fear of the gods. In the relations between the separate states and their conduct towards each ether the influence of religion wielded by the Delphic oracle was evidently powerful for good. Hellenic life, public and private, in those days was full of religion, which presented itself in different forms according to individual character and intellect; in the philosopher approaching moral theism, while among the people at large it was fed with ceremony and fable.

Every one knows the passage in Œdipus Tyrannus hymning in language of breadth and grandeur unsurpassed the religious source of the moral law: 'Be it ever mine to keep a devout purity concerning all things, whether words or deeds, whereof the laws are established on high, born of the heavenly ether, having no sire but Olympus, the offspring of none of mortal mould, nor ever to be buried in oblivion. Great in these is the divine power, and it waxeth not old.'

In Herodotus, Glaucus, renowned for his righteousness, receives a large deposit of money from a stranger. When, the depositor being dead, his sons apply for the money, the virtue of Glaucus fails; he repudiates his trust. Afterwards he consults the Delphic oracle on the propriety of forswearing himself to keep his prize. 'O Glaucus,' answers the oracle, 'for the present it is expedient for thee to gain thy cause by false swearing and to embezzle the money. Swear, then; all alike must die, he that sweareth falsely and he that doth not. But the Oath hath an offspring that is nameless, without hands or feet; yet swiftly it pursues a man, till it overtakes and destroys his whole house and race. But he that sweareth and deceiveth not is in his posterity more blessed.' Glaucus implores the god to pardon him and to spare his race. But the oracle replies that to tempt the god is as bad as to do the act; and though Glaucus restores the money, the divine wrath extirpates his race, that penalty being the primitive and tribal equivalent for the future punishment threatened by more spiritual creeds.

That the sanction of morality in the conception of the historian and his contemporaries was not merely prudential, or of the kind cognizable by social science, but religious, appears most plainly from the words of the oracle, placing the corrupt thought on a level with the evil deed.

Hellenic religion, however, was entangled with a gross mythology, immoral legends, a worship of sacrifices, a thaumaturgic priesthood, an infantine cosmogony, a polytheistic division of the physical universe into the domains of a number of separate deities. It fell before awakened intellect and the first efforts of scientific speculation. Its fall and the rise of a physical philosophy on its ruins were ultimately conducive to progress. But Hellenic morality, especially public and international morality, felt the withdrawal of its basis. In Thucydides the presence of scientific scepticism in its early stage is strongly marked; at its side appears political Machiavelism, if we may use that name by anticipation; and the same page testifies to the general dissolution of moral ties and the lapse of Hellas into a state in which might made right, and public life became a mere struggle for existence, wherein the fittest, that is the strongest or the most cunning, survived. The Athenian envoys, in their controversy with the Melians, which is evidently intended by Thucydides to dramatize the prevailing morality, frankly enunciate the doctrine

that the more powerful must give the law, putting aside as the sheerest simplicity the idea that any one can expect to be sheltered by moral right; and their unhappy antagonists betray by their counter-plea a tragical consciousness that there is no power to which the weaker can appeal. In the well-known passage of the third book, moralizing on the civil war of Corcyra, the historian seems to struggle with the difficulties of rudimentary language in his endeavour to describe the general outburst of moral anarchy,—the unbridled perfidy, the treachery, factious violence, disregard of oaths and treaties, savage vindictiveness, inversion of moral ideas, exultation in evil, and, to use his own expression, the utter confusion of Hellenic life which reigned around him. In his explanation of the phenomena, the sceptical writer does not go beyond the immediate causes, faction and ambition; but his words on the disregard of oaths and the failure of religious restraints (*eusebeia*) indicate the connection between the collapse of religious belief and the ruin of morality.

Let Grote say what he will in vindication of the Sophists and against the common conception of them, it seems unreasonable to doubt that Hellenic depravity produced its Machiavels. Thucydides himself, by his praise of such a character as Antiphon, shows that he shared the moral obliquity which he paints. To combat the sophistic teachings and to stem the current of demoralization a pair of reformers arose, a sort of double star in the intellectual firmament,—Socrates and Plato, the moral life and its expositor. The Platonic philosophy is an attempt to establish morality on a new basis, immutable and indefeasible, beyond the flux of circumstance and above the specious shows of expediency; and this new basis, like that which it replaces, is manifestly religious. The ideas, or eternal and unchangeable essences, of Plato are an impersonal God, dimly conceived; they are what a writer of the present day tries to express by 'the Eternal not ourselves which makes for righteousness.' But the time had not come for any except the highest minds to dispense with traditional anthropomorphism, or accept a God manifested only in conscience and in the upward aspirations and strivings of the soul. Therefore, to conservatives, Socrates seemed a revolutionary sceptic. By the conservative Aristophanes he was assailed as a subverter of religion and of morality at the same time, just as a liberal theologian, trying to give us fresh assurance of our faith, would be assailed by Tory orthodoxy at the present day. An attempt was afterwards made by the positivist Aristotle to place morality, not on a religious, but on a scientific and secular basis. His treatise is a work of genius, but in its main object it is a failure. Its cardinal doctrine that virtue is a mean, if true in a certain sense, is almost valueless; it supplies no motive power, and there is no reason for believing that it produced any effect upon Hellenic life.

That Roman virtue, public and private, was sustained by reverence for the gods is a fact which needs no proof. It is specially attested in a famous passage of Polybius, a foreign observer, shrewd, cool-headed, and, as the passage itself shows, no devotee. He compares together the principal polities of the world, and awards the palm to the Roman polity on account of its religious character. 'The thing in which the Roman commonwealth seems to me especially to have the advantage over all others is religious sentiment. That which is elsewhere described as superstition seems to me, in the case of Rome, to be the salvation of the state. I mean the fear of the gods. To so high and almost extravagant a pitch is this carried by them, both in public and private life, that nothing can exceed it. For my part, I regard this as a concession to the requirements of the multitude. In a commonwealth consisting wholly of wise men, such a policy would scarcely be needful. But as the multitude is always giddy, full of lawless desires, unreasoning anger, and all sorts of headstrong passions, the only course is to restrain it by fear of the invisible and by impressive figments of this kind. Wherefore, in my judgment, it was not without good reason that the statesmen of old instilled into the minds of the vulgar these notions about the gods and the belief in a future retribution. I should rather say that the statesmen of the present day are unwise and heedless in rejecting them. To take a single instance: among the Greeks, those who are entrusted with public money, even a single talent, in spite of their having ten sureties, as many seals, and double the number of witnesses, cannot be faithful to their trust; whereas among the Romans, though pub-

lic men, as magistrates or ambassadors, often have in their hands large sums of public money, the obligation of their oath suffices by itself to keep them in the path of right. In other nations you seldom find official purity; among the Romans you as seldom find official corruption.'

Roman religion, like that of Hellas, succumbed, and to forces similar in the main, though the philosophic and scientific scepticism was not native, but an importation from Hellas. Practical good sense probably played a more important part in the overthrow of superstition at Rome than in Hellas, and strategy would soon find it necessary to set the auguries at defiance. Contact with a great variety of religions, the toleration of which was prescribed by policy, must have bred a cynical indifference in the administrators and soldiers of the empire, as contact with the religion of the East undermined the Christian orthodoxy of the Templars. The result, at all events, was general scepticism, or indifference, and the decay of the reverence for the gods, in which Polybius saw the main-stay of Roman virtue. At the same time a tremendous strain was laid on public morality by the circumstances of the empire. There ensued a cataclysm of selfish ambition, profligate corruption, and murderous faction, which left to society only the choice between chaos and a military despotism. In the case of Hellas, also, the fall of liberty follows closely on the decay of religion. We must be careful, of course, in assigning the causes of the deterioration of public character, in Hellas as well as in republican Rome, to allow a due share to the pressure of external circumstances, such as the fatal rivalries of the republics and the growth of the Macedonian power. But upon the decline of Catholicism a similar lapse of Europe from the imperfect liberty of the feudal era into general despotism ensues; and after the second great collapse of religion in France comes the empire of the Bonapartes, an avowed reproduction of that of the Cæsars. Be the significance of the fact what it may, a fact it seems to be that hitherto only men with a religious belief, and a sanction for morality which they believe to be divine have been able to live under a government of law; and if any one doubts that there has been a certain thread of connection between the eclipse of faith and the need of a government of force to keep men from mutual destruction and rapine, let him turn once more to the Leviathan of Hobbes. A political religion, to be sure, Hobbes has, but it is political indeed.

The last effort to reform the Roman republic and save what, with all its maladies and evils, was at least a government of law, was made by religious men; for Cato and Cicero were believers, not in the auguries, but in a supreme power of right, while Cæsar and his party were followers of Epicurus. When morality rallied, it was on a religious basis, at Rome not less than in Hellas, as any one who is acquainted with Roman Stoicism must know. Not only are the writings of Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, and Epictetus theistic; they are in some respects thoroughly pietist. It is not surprising that this philosophy and the law, improved in humanity, which Stoic jurists moulded should have been claimed as the offspring of Christianity. Christian ideas, especially the Christian idea of human brotherhood, were no doubt in the air.

Proof will not be required of the fundamentally religious character of life and society in the Middle Ages. Witnesses enough present themselves in the works of that religious art which has almost carried captive to the faith whereto it once ministered the reason of a later and more enlightened time. The creed of the Middle Ages, it is true, was once derived from a preceding civilization. It was the creed of the later Roman Empire, which, however, it had failed to transform, mainly through the repellent influence of slavery; Christian brotherhood, and purity, at the same time, remaining unattainable so long as one portion of mankind was given up to the tyranny and the lust of the other portion. Still it was evidently from the gospel transmitted through the Christian clergy that the new nations drew the ideas of a universal Father, a brotherhood of mankind, of humanity itself; that they learned to believe in a society embracing all races, a common effort and a common hope, international relations modified by those beliefs, the indefeasible sanctity of human life, mercy, humility, charity, the spiritual equality of the sexes, purity, the value of virtues other than military, the spiritual worth and dignity of the weak things of this world. There are those who call mediæval Christendom and Christendom al-

together a vast relapse of humanity, or at best a suspension of progress, simply because physical science during those centuries did not advance, though it advanced not less than it had done under the pagan empire. A man of comprehensive mind, however devoted to science and hostile to priestcraft, will not refuse to recognise the happy transition of society from slavery through serfage to free labour; the notions of mutual right and duty of which even the feudal system was the school; the combination of responsibility with power in Christian monarchy; the development of liberty, both political and personal, by means of Parliaments and free cities; the services rendered by monasticism in its better day, as the asylum of culture and gentleness; the dignity which the monk conferred on labour; the ideal of self-devotion presented by chivalry, which in the battle-fields of Palestine rescued Western civilization, as it had before been rescued at Marathon and Salamis, from the barbarism and pollution of Eastern invasion. But the great achievement, and the one to which, for the purpose of the present enquiry, we would specially call attention, is the homage which force, in a military age, was constrained to pay to something higher than itself, and which forms the first condition and the most distinct mark of civilization. The fierce and proud Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, after a life of war, sends on his death-bed for a bishop; when the bishop enters with the body of the Lord, he ties a rope round his own neck in token of his being a felon before God, casts himself down on the floor, and refuses to be raised till he has been received back as a penitent into the allegiance which, in the midst of his violence, his heart had never renounced. His corpse is borne to the tomb through a great storm; but the tapers are not extinguished, and the people infer that the terrible earl has been received among the sons of light. Here we have a moral restraint; for the earl evidently does not think that he can buy salvation, or secure it by mere priestly thaumaturgy and talismans. It is a restraint which may not have been without its influence even over that wild life, and which in the case of natures less fierce can hardly have failed to produce considerable effects. Religion inspired the international equity of St. Louis, who voluntarily gave up territories which he thought not rightfully his, to the ill-concealed disgust of the Chauvinist historians of his country at the present day. In the thirteenth century as in the seventeenth, political progress in England was closely connected with religious enthusiasm. De Montfort was devout and the associate of ecclesiastical reformers, while the character of the magnanimous foster father of liberty, the great Edward I., was also distinctly formed by his religion.

Catholicism fell through the superstitions and impostures which had gathered round it, and which intellect, awakened by the Renaissance, spurned away; through papal tyranny and clerical corruption; through the general ossification, so to speak, of a system, which had once in all its organs ministered to spiritual life. With it fell the morality which it had sustained, and once more we find ourselves in a moral interregnum. In Italy it is the era of the Borgias, the Tyrants, and Machiavelli; in France, of the civil wars, with all their crimes and treacheries; in England, of the Wars of the Roses. Catharine de Medicis and the Guises belong to it as well as the profligate and murderous leaders of the Burgundians and the Armagnacs. So does Henry VIII., with his uxoricides and his judicial murders, and so does Elizabeth with her vicious court and her own wickedness. It does not end among the upper class in England till religion is revived in the form of Puritanism, and brings with it a renewed morality. Machiavel is everywhere the great political teacher of this period. Bacon himself shows the taint in his political writings as well as in his public life: 'To deal in person is best, where a man's face breedeth regard, as commonly with inferiors; or in tender cases, where a man's eyes upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh may give him a direction how far to go; and generally when a man will reserve to himself liberty, either to disavow or to expound.'

In Italy a last stand was made for morality and liberty together by the religious enthusiast, Savonarola. A scene in the life of that man helps us to understand the difference between the genuine religion, the morality with a divine support, which was passing away, and the formal religion, of which abundance still remained. The formal religion was ready enough to shrive the dying Lorenzo; but his conscience told him that this was not the voice of morality, and that he could

obtain assurance of absolution only from Savonarola.

In each eclipse of religious faith there has prevailed, at once as a nemesis and as a spiritual make-shift, a charlatan superstition. In the case of Hellas it was soothsaying; in that of Rome astrology and the thaumaturgic mysteries of Isis; in the Catholic decadence astrology again, at the present day it is spiritualism, while even astrology has, or recently had, its votaries in England.

Once more European morality was renewed by a revival of religious faith. It is needless to say that there was a Catholic as well as a Protestant Reformation, though the disparity between the two in point of moral efficacy was great. In England, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, religious belief in a large section of society had again declined, and morality with it, when both were restored by the evangelical movement, which was unquestionably a moral reformation as well as a religious revival.

It will be said that all this time social science did not exist, the hour for its appearance in the course of intellectual development not having come, and that if it had existed it might have superseded these efforts to find for morality a new basis in religion. We desire to bear this constantly in mind. But the present question is, in the case of a collapse of religious belief, what, according to the indications of history, is likely to happen, unless social science is ready at once to step in and fill the void?

A collapse of religious belief, of the most complete and tremendous kind, is apparently now at hand. At the time of the Reformation the question was, after all, only about the form of Christianity; and even the sceptics of the last century, while they rejected Christ, remained firm theists; not only so, but they mechanically retained the main principles of Christian morality, as we see very plainly in Rousseau's Vicaire Savoyard and Voltaire's letters on the Quakers. Very different is the crisis at which we have now arrived. No one who has watched the progress of discussion and the indications of opinion in literature and in social intercourse can doubt that, in the minds of those whose views are likely to become —and in an age when all thought is rapidly popularized soon to become—the views of society at large, belief in Christianity as a revealed and supernatural religion has given way. Science and criticism combined have destroyed the faith of free inquirers in the Mosaic cosmogony, in the inspiration of the Bible and the genuineness of many books of it, in large portions of the history of the Old Testament, and in the history of the New Testament, so far as it is miraculous or inseparably connected with miracles. The mortal blow has been given by criticism in disproving or rendering uncertain the authenticity of the historical books of the New Testament. Reasonings as to the antecedent probability or improbability of miracles are wholly inconclusive; to Hume's argument that experience excludes miracles the ready answer is that miracles, if they occurred, would be a part of experience. It is simply a question of evidence. To prove a miracle, everybody but a mystic would say that we require the testimony of eye-witnesses, and those numerous and good. But unless the authenticity of the historical books of the New Testament can be certainly established, we have no eye-witnesses of the Christian miracles at all; and in the absence of such testimony the adverse arguments derived from the uniformity of nature and from mythological analogy, which traces the belief in miracles to the universal propensities of uncritical ages, rush in with overwhelming force. In fact, in almost any book written by a learned man who feels himself at liberty to say what he really thinks, you will now find the miracles abandoned, though it may be with evident reluctance and with faltering lips. Mesmero-miraculism, such as is introduced into some popular lives of Christ, is palpably enough invented for the purpose of breaking the fall.

Not supernatural religion alone, but the existence of a Deity itself, has for many minds, and those the minds of good, able, and highly instructed men, ceased to be an object of distinct belief, if it has not become an object of distinct disbelief. The emancipated and emboldened lips of science have met the theist's argument of Design with the apparent evidences of the absence of design, waste and miscarriage in the heavens and the earth, seemingly purposeless havoc and extinction of races; while philosophy has breathed doubt upon the logical validity of the reasonings which satisfied the apologists of former days. The argument of Beneficence is encountered by the perplexing array of the cruelties—

often apparently gratuitous cruelties—of nature. Above all, creation is supposed to have been supplanted by evolution, which, in spite of partial objections, lingering doubts, and the imperfections sure to be found in any new-born theory, is to all appearances destined soon be the scientific creed of the world. With the belief in a Deity perishes that in the immortality of the soul, which, apart from animistic superstitions and special fancies about the other world, is a belief in the connection of the human soul with the Eternal. Nothing apparently is left but the secular consequences of conduct, human law, which the strong may make or unmake, and reputation, which success, even criminal success, may to a great extent command. That which prevails as Agnosticism among philosophers and the highly educated prevails as secularism among mechanics, and in that form is likely soon to breed mutinous questionings about the present social order among those who get the poorer share, and who can no longer be appeased by promises of compensation in another world. All English literature, even that which is socially and politically most conservative, teems with evidences of a change of sentiment, the rapid strides of which astonish those who revisit England at short intervals. There is a recoil, of course, from the brink, which looks like a reaction, and there is a political rallying round the established church, which in what have been called tory-atheist journals is seen in grotesque union with cynical repudiation of that church's creed. There is perhaps an increase in church-building and church-going, but the crust of outward piety is hollow, and growing hollower every day. Those who know the inward parts of American society will be able to say better than the writer whether the same process is going on there. It is true—and the fact is of the profoundest significance and of the highest importance—that in the minds of some men who combine great depth of character with powerful and scientific intellect the religious sentiment, stripped of all special forms and formularies, appears as a sentiment to have grown stronger than ever. Here, perhaps, is something which whispers that the succession of attempts to connect the soul and life of man with the soul and life of the universe, which we call religious, and which have upborne the great types of character, the great civilizations, the great efforts of humanity, are not destined to end in futility and final failure. But, at present, if a man of this class admits you to the recesses of his thoughts, you find there nothing definite, nothing communicable, nothing which will serve the purposes of humanity at large; some make-shift drawn from personal study or experience, some mixture, perhaps, of Christian ethics with ancient philosophy, a plank of the theological wreck which will barely hold two.

What, then, we ask, is likely to be the effect of this revolution on morality? Some effect it can hardly fail to have. Evolution is force, the struggle for existence is force, natural selection is force. It is not possible, at all events, that their enthronement in place of the Christian theory should leave untouched a type of character which is a renunciation of force—which is weakness, humility, poverty of spirit, self-abnegation. But what will become of the brotherhood of men and of the very idea of humanity? Historically these beliefs are evidently Christian. Will they survive the doctrines with which, in the Christian creed they are inseparably connected of the universal Fatherhood of God and of the fraternal relation of all men to Christ? On what other basis do they rest? 'God,' says the New Testament, 'hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth.' Blot out the name of the Creator, and on what does this assertion of the unity and virtual equality of mankind rest? What principle forbids the stronger races and those that have superior fire-arms to prey upon the weaker? What guards the sanctity of human life, if there is nothing more divine in man than in any other animal? Mr. Roebuck says, 'The first business of a colonist is to clear the country of wild beasts, and the most noxious of all the wild beasts is the wild man.' What is to be said in answer to this, and why is it not to be extended in principle to all the human lives which may stand in the way of the elect of nature, and the strong and cunning masters of their kind? Nothing, we must recollect, can in any but a figurative sense be henceforth *sacred;* everything must present its natural title to existence, which according to the theory of evolution, must apparently be some sort of force, It may be the collective force of a community, not that of an individual; but if the individual gets the better of the

community, as a successful tyrant does, it would seem that there is no more to be said.

Science is not neglectful of the need. She is presenting us with elaborate delineations of the origin, growth, and dissolution of human communities, from the point of view and in the terms of evolution ; that is, of force. But these delineations, supposing them to square with the facts of history—which we venture to think some of the most elaborate of them are far from doing—scarcely touch our moral being ; much less do they furnish a new motive power, either impelling or restraining, for the actions of the individual man. Being theories of which the individual is force, they in fact exclude morality in the common acceptation and practical sense of the term. Being necessarian, they, according to the existing perceptions of the human mind, exclude responsibility and effort, that is, the elements of moral life. Hereafter the difficulty of reconciling necessarianism with responsibility and effort may be overcome ; it has not been overcome yet. Christianity had taught that we were all members one of another ; political economy, that the progress of society was marked by a division of trades. We are now told that society is actually and literally an organism, and that the trades are organs. As to the latter part of the proposition it may be remarked that, though trades are specialized in the progress of society, men are not, but on the contrary, become more general in their ideas, knowledge, relations, and functions, especially in free states. But if society is an organism, it must be an organism in such a sense as to admit antagonisms of volition without limit, and mutual injury, designed as well as undesigned. For all this—we are speaking of an immediate need—the mere theory affords no cure, unless it can be shown that the injury is always perfectly reciprocal, and that an English Minister (to take the example of the hour) who launches havoc upon an Afghan village suffers as much as the slaughtered peasant, which will hardly be the case, unless they are both to stand before some tribunal other than that of force. It is difficult at present even to conceive how any mechanical or physiological theory of humanity as a whole can evolve, for the individual man, a moral motive power.

Are there no practical symptoms of a change ? In France from the atheism as well as the anarchy of the Revolution rose Napoleon. He was an Agnostic, thoroughbred ; all the more evidently so because he coolly restored religion for the purposes of his policy. He constantly avowed and formulated the Agnostic and evolutionary creed, the ascendancy of force,—force moral as well as military : ' Let two or three towns be sacked to produce a *moral* effect.' By a clear enough process he was evolved and lifted to power ; nature selected him out of a thousand ambitious adventurers. In the struggle for existence he survived,—survived the Duc d'Enghien, Pichegru, and every one who crossed his path to empire. To create his power and his institutions millions perished ; as millions have perished to create a bed of limestone. What have Agnosticism and evolution to oppose to the warrant of his success ? The French Agnostics had nothing. They produced no Socrates or Savonarola. They bowed before Napoleon, acted under him, and worshipped him ; only when his force had encountered a greater force they turned against him, because he was unsuccessful, as Talleyrand plainly enough avowed—not because he was immoral.

The worship of success, signally exemplified in the adoration of a character such as that of Napoleon, seems to be the morality of evolution supplanting that of Christianity. When the second Napoleon, after mounting his uncle's throne by the same unscrupulous use of force, rode in triumph into London, a leading English journal derided the morality which protested against paying homage to a success achieved by treachery, perjury, and massacre as a morality of Sunday-schools. It was precisely so, and now the Sunday-schools seem likely to lose their authority and disappear. It may be said that success has always been worshipped. Success has always commanded servile deference, but it has not always been worshipped. Nothing will be found in mediæval chroniclers, for example, resembling the spirit which pervades Thiers's History of the Empire. The vision of the monk may be, and often is, narrowed by his asceticism, or distorted by his fanaticism. He can see no good in a king who is an enemy of the Church, and hardly any evil in one who is her friend ; but a morality which he believes to be divine is under his feet like adamant ; he stands erect in spirit

before what he regards as wickedness, however successful it may be, and at most looks upon it with awe as a scourge in the hand of God.

In England you hear it said on all sides that the old rules are relaxed and the old lines broken through; that commercial adventurers who have made fortunes by questionable means, unscrupulous political intriguers, and even brilliant courtesans occupy in virtue of their success a position which they never occupied before. This appears to be the fact, and when full allowance has been made for the mere influence of circumstances, such as the rapid growth of wealth, it will probably be found that there is a real change of principle and sentiment. It is not likely that there would at once be a sensible alteration in the moral code of private life; much less than any sudden change would be visible in the character or conduct of men trained in high principles, engaged perhaps in science, philosophy, or other exalting pursuits, and, it may be, put upon their metal to prove that virtue has no need of support from superstition.

The incipient change of principle, however, is more perceptible in another quarter, where, in fact, the strain upon the old morality being greatest, we should expect the relaxation first to appear. We mean the sentiment and conduct of England as an imperial country towards weaker communities and subject races. Those who have paid attention to the history of English opinion will probably agree with us in saying that heretofore, bad as the practice might sometimes be, the Christian principle of human brotherhood was acknowledged, and it was allowed that all men, and all races of men, however weak or inferior, were equally entitled to justice and mercy. Nobody in the time of Wilberforce would have dared to avow that the rule in dealing with a Hindoo or an African was not to be equity, humanity, or respect for human life, but British interest and the requirements of British policy. Warren Hastings was acquitted by the lords, who, as an aristocracy, have always sympathized with the representatives of arbitrary government; but he was impeached, and Pitt, the Tory leader, voted for his impeachment. His trial was at once an enlightenment of the national mind as to what was going on in the distant dependency, and an awakening of the national conscience which proved the commencement of reform; and his defence was conducted on grounds which, however unsatisfactory, were perfectly moral and consistent with the principle of humanity. Slavery and the slave trade themselves were defended, not upon the ground that the higher race was at liberty to do what it pleased with the lower, but on the plea that the lot of the negro was improved by transporting him to a Christian and civilized country; and the hypocrisy in this, as in other cases, was a homage paid to the principle. But the slave-trade and afterwards slavery were abolished; both at a great commercial sacrifice, to which, in the case of the second, was added the payment of a heavy indemnity. Had the same sentiment continued to prevail, it is not inconceivable that conquest itself and imperial aggrandizement might in time have been relinquished, as radically inconsistent with the rule of humanity and benevolence which was imperfectly asserted in the impeachment of Warren Hastings.

That the same sentiment has not continued to prevail, all Englishmen who at the time of the American civil war were concerned in the struggle against an alliance with the slave power must well know. It was perfectly clear that, apart from every other opinion or feeling which was enlisted on the Southern side, there was in a considerable section at least of that party, if not a positive sympathy with slavery, certainly a very palpable abatement of the moral feeling against it. The denunciations of 'negrophilism' which then resounded on all sides did not denote merely antipathy to Northern aggrandizement, or even to maudlin philanthropy, but dislike of emancipation; and had slavery been still in existence in the British colonies, a proposal to abolish it at that moment would have stood a very poor chance of success. Moral phenomena of the same kind marked the controversy arising out of the Jamaica massacre; for the enthusiastic supporters of Governor Eyre perfectly recognised in him an organ of the sanguinary vengeance of the dominant race, even if they did not believe that he had committed a foul judicial murder. On that occasion the moral equality of races and the universal sanctity of human life, which is the Christian doctrine and had up to that time been the doctrine of England, was formally denied by a man

of great eminence, who said in plain terms that it was one thing to slaughter negroes, and another to slaughter Englishmen. It was replied that between slaughtering negroes and slaughtering people of any other race, reputed inferior, in the interest of a higher race, or even slaughtering the inferior members of the English race itself in the interest of those who might deem themselves the higher members, no distinct line could be drawn; and that a governing class, alarmed by threatenings of social revolution, might, some day claim for itself in England the same license which the whites, in their cruel panic, had claimed for themselves in Jamaica. If there is any one who finds it difficult to regard such a possibility as real, a reperusal of the very able treatise entitled 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity' will assist his apprehension. That work embodies, in language of manly vigour, a frank repudiation of the Christian, and once English, doctrine of human brotherhood and brotherly love, with which, on the hypothesis of mere evolution and natural selection, it would not be easy to find fault.

The same eminent writer, the other day, in a letter on the subject of the Afghan war, took up with equal courage the position that, in dealing with the weaker and less civilized communities, the rule was to be, not 'international law,' that is, in effect, the recognised principles of equity, but the 'policy' of England. Policy means interest and passion, which are thus apparently set loose from every restraint but the fear of superior force. It is now averred by the prime minister of England that the real object of the war was a 'scientific frontier,' and that Afghanistan was invaded, the villages burned, and the people killed in execution of that 'policy.'

In the letters of British officers from South Africa, the phrase 'our coloured brethren' is used to add zest to slaughter. In an English illustrated journal of the highest class there is a picture, in compartments, of incidents in the Zulu war. In one compartment a tall Zulu in chains is being ignominiously led captive by a diminutive British drummer-boy. This perhaps is mere brag. Not so the representation in another compartment of 'Jack's captive,' a Zulu prisoner with a halter, the end of which is held by a jolly tar, around his neck, crouching in an agony of fear beneath a gallows on which he is evidently going to be hanged, while a bystander, apparently an officer with a pipe in his mouth and a jaunty air, stares at the doomed wretch with a look of mockery. Still less doubt can there be about the animus of a third sketch, entitled 'Something to Hold By,' in which two more jolly tars are holding down by the feet and ears a Zulu whom they have caught hiding in the reeds, while an officer in the attitude of a man searching for game is coming up with a drawn sword. In a corresponding picture of the Afghan war, we see in one compartment a prisoner being flogged; in another, one being hanged; in a third, three prisoners, with the hands of all lashed to a pole behind them, are being shot in the back, and in their death agony, struggling different ways, they present a grotesque medley of attitudes which forms the fun of the sketch. It may pretty safely be said that these pictures, in which the inferior races are treated simply and literally as game for the British hunter, would not have been produced for the amusement of Englishmen and Englishwomen, fifty or even thirty years ago, and that their appearance now denotes a change in the mind of the nation.

There have been protests and resistance, no doubt, but almost exclusively from religious quarters: from the free churches, which alone are organs of religious morality, the state church taking its morality from the state; from a portion of the ritualists, who are now so much at variance with the establishment as to be nearly a free church; and from that section of the Comtists which is avowedly and almost enthusiastically religious, though it prefers the name of Humanity to that of God.

We might refer also, in illustration of the general tendency, to the exultation (hideous it seemed to those who could not share it) in the frightful butcheries during and after the suppression of the Indian mutiny. It is not of mere unmercifulness or panic fury that we speak, but of the new principle upon which the massacres were vindicated, and which could be clearly enough distinguished from the ordinary violence of passion.

It is not necessary to take a special view, or any view at all, of the Eastern Question, in order to perceive the moral significance of the often-quoted passage in the dispatch of Sir Henry Eliot, the

British ambassador at Constantinople, respecting the Bulgarian massacres: 'We may indeed and we must feel indignant at the needless and monstrous severity with which the Bulgarian insurrection was put down: but the necessity which exists for England to prevent changes from occurring here which would be most detrimental to ourselves is not affected by the question whether it was ten thousand or twenty thousand persons who perished in the suppression. We have been upholding what we know to be a semi-civilized nation, liable under certain circumstances to be carried into fearful excesses; but the fact of this having just now been strikingly brought home to us cannot be sufficient reason for abandoning a policy which is the only one that can be followed with due regard to our own interests.' Pitt would have repudiated the sentiment, and probably ceased to employ the ambassador. But Sir Henry Eliot had a great body of British opinion with him. The journal which is the great organ at once of Agnosticism and aggrandizement confidently threatened with national scorn and indignation any government which, merely because the Turks had been guilty, as it confessed they had, of 'loathsome cruelty,' should shift the ground of English policy, which had for its ruling principle 'the irrepressible struggle for empire.' The practical deduction coheres perfectly with the principle thus avowed; and what is the irrepressible struggle for empire but evolution and natural selection applied to international relations?

Perhaps some subtler indications of evolutionist influence may be discerned. There seems to prevail in the treatment of history and politics not only an increased impartiality and comprehensiveness, the happy offspring of science, but what may almost be called a furore of cynical moderation. Enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, heroism, if they are to continue to exist, must be provided with new aliments; they have hitherto certainly been fed by the belief that he who should lose his life in a good cause would in some form or other gain it. Yet without enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, heroism, how could humanity have been nerved for its grandest efforts, or saved from its greatest perils?

China is without any real religion; she is thoroughly positive; and she is simply conservative of the present, especially of the existing political and social order, without thought of progress: the worship of ancestors seems to consecrate that idea. It is to something of this kind that the line on which materialists are moving seems to us really to tend. A hive of human bees is, we believe, the avowed ideal of some social philosophers. In the routine life of Chinese industry, submitting to almost mechanical laws, without reflection or aspiration, we have a hive of human bees.

The world is in no danger of another Peloponnesian war, or of a repetition of the convulsions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; but it is in considerable danger of a desperate conflict between different classes of society for the good things of that which people are coming to believe is the only world. Is it likely that the passions of such a conflict will be controlled by any motive derived from scientific definitions of evolution; by any consideration connected with the rythm of motion, the instability of the homogeneous, or the multiplication of effects? Force is force, and its own warrant: so the strong will say, and upon this principle they will act in the struggle for existence and for the enjoyments of existence; they will be restrained only by something to which force must bow, and which no alembic, apparently, can extract from force itself.

M. Renan and others of his school scent danger from the operation of their criticism on the minds of the common people, in whose ideas they know that morality is bound up with religion. They propose, accordingly, that the clergy shall keep up religion for the masses, leaving the select few to think as they please. A pleasant element in a moral civilization would be a clergy so conscious of the fraud which it was practising on the ignorant as to grant letters of exemption from belief to the learned! It is too late for *populus vult decipi*. The people will have no lies. Mechanics are alive to the state of the case, or to all that is most material in it, not less than M. Renan himself. Needless disturbance of vital belief is to be deprecated on grounds higher than the selfish fears of wealth and literary fastidiousness; but good never came of trying to blindfold any one.

A less Jesuistical plea for caution might be founded on the present state of the inquiry and the novelty of the situation, if we could here presume to enter on so

vast a theme. Agnosticism, if it means suspense of judgment and refusal to accept the unknown as known, is the natural frame of mind for any one who has followed the debate with an unprejudiced understanding, and who is resolved to be absolutely loyal to truth. To such a man existence must appear at this moment an unfathomable and overwhelming mystery. But let Agnosticism be true to itself, and not, while ostensibly declining to decide at all, assume and insinuate a negative decision. For a negative decision the hour has surely not yet arrived, especially as the world has hardly yet had time to draw breath after the bewildering rush of physical discovery. That the history of religion has closed, and that no more efforts will ever be made by the human mind to penetrate beyond the veil of sense and approach the Spirit of the Universe, is an opinion which rests mainly on the belief that religions are mere crude interpretations of natural phenomena; and that this is not their essence we have already ventured to submit. Suppose supernaturalism to be discarded; this does not put out of the question natural manifestations of Deity in the spiritual conceptions, efforts, and experiences of men. Christianity itself, though it may cease to be accepted as a miraculous revelation, remains the central fact of history; and as such, it, in connection with other religions, seems to call for an examination which it has not yet received. It is true that religious thought is employed on objects not like those of science, perceived by the bodily sense. But let evolution itself, which presents all things as in course of development, say whether exhaustive apprehension and final authority can be claimed for the nerves of sight, touch, hearing, taste and smell. Let evolution itself say, too, whether it is certain that organized matter is the ultimate goal of progress, and that nothing answering to the name of spirit can have been evolved. To the Eozoön the limits of the knowable were narrow. We are pleading merely for circumspection, and for a careful examination of the phenomena of religious history, which are phenomena like the rest. Religious sentiment is still strong in the minds of many scientific men, who find nothing in the pure monotheistic hypothesis that contradicts the results of science. At any rate, it is vain to bid men exclude these subjects from their minds, and think only of making the best of this world. The question in what hands we are—in those of goodness, of something other than goodness, or of blind force—is not one concerning the nature of things, of which we might be content to remain in ignorance; it is one concerning the estate of man, and it swallows up all others in its practical importance; the truth about it, if known, would affect all our conceptions, all our estimates of the value of objects, every action of our lives. It cannot be in its own nature insoluble; and on the hypothesis that we are in the hands of goodness there seems to be reason to hope for a solution, and to believe that the delay and the necessity of effort are part of a moral plan. Mankind are not bees; they have learned to look before and after, and will never be cured of the habit. The present will not satisfy or engross them. Let the place of their brief sojourn be made as commodious as possible by science, and, what is more, enriched as much as possible by affection. "Aye, sir," said Johnson, after being shown over a luxurious mansion, "these are the things that make death bitter." Upon the materialist hypothesis of life, the pessimist has the best of the argument; and the effect of his unsparing scrutiny will soon appear.

So with regard to the immortality of the soul, if we are to retain that popular but somewhat misleading phrase. Has it been conclusively shown that moral personality, or, to put aside the special questions which even the term personality might raise, spirit, depends for its being on the continuance of the material matrix in which it has been formed? If not, the question for the present remains open, and attention must not be refused to such a phenomenon as the existence in us of a sense of moral responsibility extending beyond this life and the opinions of our fellow-men, which, we must repeat, is a very different thing from any animistic fancies about disembodied spirits and ghosts.

Again, the question which is perhaps at the bottom of all, tainted as it has been by logomachy, the question of human free agency, seems to claim the benefit of the same consideration. It may be very difficult to reconcile our sense of free agency and of the responsibility attaching to it with the apparent arguments in favour of necessarianism, automatism, or whatever the opposite theory is to be called. But the dif-

ficulty is equally great of conceiving moral responsibility not to exist, or to exist without free agency. To ignore one element of our perplexity is merely to cut the logical knot with a sword. Have we an exhaustive knowledge of the possibilities of being, and can we say that free agency is excluded? If not, and if it must be allowed to be possible that in the ascending scale of being human free agency might at last emerge, we have to consider how its appearance could be manifested in any other way than those in which it is apparently manifested now,—our sense of a qualified freedom of choice before action, our consciousness of responsibility founded on the same belief after action, and our uniform treatment of our fellows as free and responsible agents. Science appeals to the reasonings of Jonathan Edwards as conclusive in favour of the necessarian theory. If Jonathan Edwards found the truth, it is very remarkable, since he never sought it for a moment. He was not a free inquirer,* but a sectarian divine, trying to frame a philosophic apology for the dogma of his sect. He is reduced to the absurd conclusion that moral evil emanates directly from perfect goodness.

But these questions are beyond our present scope. The object of this short paper is only to call attention to the fact that, if we may judge by the experience of history, a crisis in the moral sphere, which will probably bring with it a political and social crisis, appears to have arrived.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

* His critic, Mr. Hazard, is a free inquirer in the full sense of the term, and one of a very vigorous mind.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S *ATLANTIC MONTHLY* ARTICLE.

EITHER there is Intelligence behind the universe or there is not. Unless I am to be a universal sceptic, discredit the laws of thought, and admit my own existence as but a doubtful hypothesis, I must hold that *one* of these two propositions *must* be true. Shall I then accept as true the one proposition, or the other, or shall I, in the misery of doubt, perpetually oscillate between the two. 'Agnosticism' virtually tells me that I must do the latter. I must be certain of nothing except that there is nothing that I can be certain of. I must not be a Theist and still less must I be a Materialist. I must hold that Theist and Materialist are equally deluded, not as to the fact of Deity or no Deity—on that question I am to have no opinion—but in supposing that they really believe the one thing or the other.

Agnosticism claims to hold the balance impartially between Theism and Materialism. But the question for the great mass of men is not, is the Theistic or the Materialistic theory the most probable? It presents itself as a practical question—Shall we believe in God, or shall we not? Can there be any doubt into which scale Agnosticism throws its weight.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, finds fault with Agnosticism for practically assuming a negative decision, while ostensibly declining to decide the matter in issue at all. He thinks that 'Agnosticism, if it means suspense of judgment and refusal to accept the unknown as known, is the natural frame of mind for any one who has followed the debate with an unprejudiced understanding, and who is resolved to be absolutely loyal to the truth;' that 'to such a man existence must appear at this moment an unfathomable and overwhelming mystery;' but he also thinks 'that the question cannot be in its nature insoluble, and on the hypothesis that we are in the hands of goodness there seems to be reason to hope for a solution.' Of one thing he is assured, that in the attitude towards religion

taken by so-called agnostics, with the general decline of faith which may be expected as a consequence, there is imminent danger of a 'moral interregnum.'

Mr. Goldwin Smith himself indicates a reason which to many people who accept life as a fact, with whatever mystery it may be surrounded, seems a sufficient ground for deciding that life must have its source in God. Assuming the correctness of the agnostic position, that the intellectual difficulties of belief and unbelief are equally balanced, we necessarily look elsewhere for a ground of decision. The main object of Mr. Smith's article is to shew that by the belief in God human character gains in moral height, while in the absence of that belief, human character deteriorates. Many a Christian can add to Mr. Smith's historical retrospect the testimony of his individual experience. 'Let a man,' says Dr. Arnold, 'live on the hypothesis of its falsehood (*i.e.*, the belief in God), the practical result will be bad; that is, a man's besetting and constitutional faults will not be checked; and some of his noblest feelings will be unexercised, so that if he be right in his opinions, truth and goodness are at variance with one another, and falsehood is more favourable to our moral perfection than truth; which seems the most monstrous conclusion which the human mind can possibly arrive at.' Surely with such a practical test as this at hand, not only in history but in the facts of daily observation, a man may follow the course of modern thought, with the resolve 'to be absolutely loyal to the truth,' and still not deem it necessary to be agnostic.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is evidently a sincere believer in Christianity as a power for righteousness in the world, but he apparently considers that 'fresh assurances of our faith' are needed. 'Christianity, though it may cease to be accepted as a miraculous revelation, remains the central fact of history, and as such, in connection with other religions, seems to call for an examination which it has not yet received.' The faith of 'free inquirers' in, amongst other things, 'the history of the New Testament, so far as it is miraculous or inseparably connected with miracles,' has been destroyed. However Mr. Smith is probably of opinion that in the New Testament sanctions are to be formed for the 'hypothesis that we are in the hands of goodness' which are not to be found elsewhere.

Any one who has read the 'Lectures on the Study of History,' and the appreciative remarks there upon the type of character presented in the Gospels, will have some idea on what the author, unless he has found reason to change his views, would probably base the argument from Christianity in favour of Theism. It is possible that a conscientious thinker might find it difficult to give credence to the records of miracles in the New Testament, and still remain convinced that the character of Christ can only be explained as a manifestation of Deity. But, however intellectual and high-minded men, educated in the atmosphere of Christianity, might be confirmed in their belief in God, and aided in their efforts towards holiness, by the contemplation of a divinely beautiful type of character, I have no doubt whatever that a Christianity which offers no more than this, has no power to seriously influence the average man, and keep the world from becoming altogether corrupt.

It is the fashion in some quarters now-a-days to claim that modern 'culture' understands Jesus better than the men who were chosen by Him to be His companions, and preach His Gospel. Various efforts have been made by writers of this school to revive the so-called Jesus of History, but none of these attempts, as far as I am aware, commend themselves to sober judgment. The fact is that, if we refuse to accept the unaffected story of the Evangelists as substantially accurate, the Founder of the Christian religion becomes the merest myth. The Christ who stands out from the Gospel pages with such marvellous vividness and consistency, the most real Man in history, to many a follower of His, loses all distinctness of outline, fades away from sight, becomes but a voice uttering a few rather impracticable maxims for conduct. The Jesus of the Evangelists is a Man, with a power, over those who realize the meaning of His life and mission as His companions interpreted it, which is not to be explained on merely human principles. The Jesus of those who consider the greater part of the Gospels as quite unworthy of credence, is necessarily as impersonal as the Delphic oracle. To such a Christ, it is hard to conceive any one rendering a conscious personal allegiance.

The religion of St. Paul and the disciples of Christ is of course inseparably connected with at least one miracle. Christians are told that they are mistaken as to the real element of power in their religion. It is not the resurrection and the profound doctrines based thereupon, as St. Paul fondly imagined, which give life to Christianity, but the sermon on the Mount, which, *in spite of* the superstition about a resurrection, has placed the Christian faith at the head of religious systems. In answer to this Christians have simply to say that they know better. They know what it is that is the power in their own lives, and what it is which lifts up fallen lives around them, and has from the beginning been the vital element of regenerating power in Christianity. We all admire the Sermon on the Mount, but who is the man who has the power of approximating in his life most closely to the doctrines of the Sermon on the Mount? It may be rare to find a person who literally loves his enemies, does good to them which hate him, blesses them which persecute him, and prays for them who despitefully use him. But there have been such men in Christian history; and there are such men in the world to-day. And I will dare to say that such a man, wherever he is or has been found, holds, or in his day has held, with all his mind and heart to the faith that He who bade him live in this spirit was delivered for his offences and raised again for his justification.

The hypothesis that we are in the hands of goodness was held by Epictetus as distinctly as anyone holds it who does not believe that the fact has been revealed. But when Epictetus bids you not to be angry with the servant, it is not because you should love the servant, but because you should not allow a servant to put *you* out of harmony with nature. The effort to attain high-character is often but a subtle form of self-love. Self-surrender is only possible to one who has a realizing sense of the presence of a Being to whom such self-surrender is possible and due as a debt of gratitude. What is wanted, amid all the pain and trial of life, to make the hypothesis that we are in the hands of goodness a conviction, and a motive to grateful self-surrender? Something more than we discover of God's love in nature; something more than the idea that we owe to Him our existence, a doubtful blessing in the opinion of many people now-a-days; something more than admiration for the character of Christ. Is it not the faith in some unmistakable token of divine love, something which brings home to the individual heart a consciousness of personal relationship with a Father in Heaven, of the Father's sympathy with the deepest spiritual needs of His children, of an affection on His part for the creatures of His hands proving itself by the only true test of affection—sacrifice? 'In *this* was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him.'

The apostolic doctrine of the Cross—this has been the life of Christianity in the past, and must be its power in the future. In a word, this *is* Christianity. I believe that there is no other power than the doctrine of the Cross wherewith to meet the danger of a moral interregnum, and that the practical duty of regenerating humanity in the concrete and the unit, will always devolve upon those who in an honest and good heart receive it.

G. A. M.

ROUND THE TABLE.

VICARIOUS IMMORALITIES.

IT seems to me that our *vicarious immoralities*, if I may be allowed the expression, are very much on the increase now-a-days. In order to explain myself, let us take the single example of the usurious money-lender and his misdeeds. In the old days your usurer was probably a Jew who risked his own capital stock of gilders and grinders, bore his own risks, did his own dirty work of extortionment, shouldered all the blame of the needful executions, distresses, and sellings out, and pocketed his own exorbitant profit. The Banking Corporation, Private Banker, or Loan and Savings Company supplants the individual Shylock now, but we need not think that extortion altogether disappeared while the business was changing hands. The same temptations exist, the same facilities abound. Advantage is taken of the need of the borrower to wring ruinous terms from him. Endless renewals, protests and lawyer's fees heap themselves up in a vast pile till they obscure the very memory of the original petty advance. When it is dangerous to let things run longer, even at this lucrative rate, the borrower is skinned, securities realized, perhaps on a falling market, and the Loan Company is up to time with its big half-yearly dividend.

It would surprise the ordinary investor if he were told that he were in any way responsible for the hardships thus caused. Why, he would say, my minister has shares in the same company, my lawyer himself advised me to invest in it. Where can be the wrong? I have nothing to do with the management. All the same, my friend, it is your money that has enabled the corporation to go into this business, it is the proceeds of the sale of your poor neighbour's furniture which pays your dividend, and you are as much responsible for any harshness of procedure on the part of the officials as if you had personally sent the bailiff in to seize the man's goods.

Would you be content with a lower rate of interest than that which you exact from your investments? Would you accept it as a valid excuse for the non-payment of any dividend if the General Manager told you that, in order to raise funds to meet it, so many poor devils would have to be sold up, neck and crop? If so, you would be excusable. But are you so content? The requirements you lay upon your directorate are such that this extortion follows as a matter of course. Some minds seem to find it a comfort that it is *half ignorantly*

> 'they turn an easy wheel
> That sets sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel,'

but I cannot see that the wilful shutting of our eyes makes the guilt any the less.

S. V. I. R.

NIAGARA.

LORD DUFFERIN'S idea of an International Park at Niagara Falls seems taking a definite form upon itself.

It is certainly time that something should be done. Have you seen or heard of the latest vulgarism that has been foisted upon an admiring public? I mean the Electric Light, which displays its abominable tints from Prospect Park, —for, I am happy to say, the Canadian side is innocent of such a desecration.

It was on a cold evening that I paid my last visit to the Falls. The first snow of the season had fallen, and the moon shone fitfully through masses of clouds that were hurtled across the sky by a rapid, cold wind. At each turn of the road, deserted by all men, the subdued roars of the waters came louder upon the ear. Far below coiled the struggling eddies, restlessly immoveable in their narrow gorge, now dimly seen, now plainly marked as the sky broke open over head. It was a night full of solemnity, such a night as one would choose upon which to pay one's first visit to the Falls by

moonlight; so that the mind ran on in advance and pictured for itself the long steaming mist-cloud rising out of that bottomless caldron, and the pale glints of light upon the perilous edge of the mass of falling waters.

One beauty the American Falls have generally had conceded to them; they are considered to possess the grandeur of *unity* in a larger degree than our Horseshoe Falls. This beauty, the proprietors of Prospect Park contrive, with diabolical ingenuity, to destroy after night-fall. Seven or eight glaring electric lamps, with moveable reflectors, painfully strike the eye as you look across from the Canadian side. It is a peculiarity of an electric light that (unlike the modest violet) it will not submit to be overlooked, and each of these lamps gives the retina a blow from which it does not recover easily. But the worst is to come. I looked several times and rubbed my eyes vigorously before I could believe it; but at last I was driven to conclude that these miserable pyrotechnists had deliberately turned a *red light* upon the face of the Falls, about half way down! From the point of view of a scene painter, the result was admirable, and the effect would certainly be in place and keeping as the back ground for a spectacular ballet, but,—at Niagara!

It is generally believed (and I share the opinion) that reading the *Newgate Calendar* is morally unhealthy. For instance, I am so overpowered by the degrading spectacle I have witnessed, that I burn to commit to paper an atrocious idea it has suggested to me. It would be so quaint—essentially vulgar,—so extremely novel,—so meretriciously gaudy, that I am persuaded the Prospect Park people would at once put it practice, which consideration alone induces me to refrain.

'BARRIE.'

THE GENERALITIES OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

IN the last number of the 'MONTHLY,' 'TINEA' objects to my opinion expressed in the previous number, concerning Dr. Newman and the Church of Rome in the matter of slavery. He (or she) thinks that if the Church did something for the amelioration of slavery in distant ages, it is of little or no consequence that it has not exerted its influence to put an end to the modern form of it, which we know most about. This is but a sorry defence to put forth for a Church which has such pretentions. Its zeal must have cooled wonderfully to keep silent in presence of a system which moved one who had no claim to infallibility to describe as 'the sum of all villainies.' I do not, however, admit that the Church did so much to extinguish slavery in the middle ages. Lecky, rationalist though he is, is too ready to admit the statements of the ecclesiastical—they are chiefly ecclesiastical—historians of the period, and it is well known that their evidence requires to be carefully sifted, as indeed all history does which is more than two or three centuries old. I preferred, therefore, to test the Cardinal's statement by an appeal to the annals of our own time. The readers of the MONTHLY can form their own judgment on the subject.

I very gladly comply with 'TINEA'S' request to bring forward some more of the false as well as glittering generalities so plentifully strewed through Dr. Newman's books. Here is one of the worst. 'The Catholic Church holds it better for the sun to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and all the millions on it to die of starvation in extremest agony, than that one soul should, I will not say be lost, but that it should commit one venial sin; should tell one untruth, or steal one farthing's worth of property.'

I do not know whether the Church of Rome holds this frightful doctrine or where it gives authoritative expression to it, but I should say of the man who gives utterance to it as his sincere belief that his mind is seared by sacerdotalism, and that he is dead to all sympathy with his race. It is an exaggerated example of a belief still too commonly held, though fast fading away, that human conduct is to be measured by its effects on the mind of an invisible being which we call God rather than by its effects on the welfare of fellow-man. To see how utterly callous to human suffering this idea makes men we have only to go back to the ages when the Church is supposed to have destroyed slavery and conferred so many other benefits. It was then an almost daily sight to see crowds looking on complacently at the sufferings of a poor old creature burned at the stake for witchcraft—an imaginary compact with an imaginary devil. The numerous attempts now being made to deduce a

code of morals from natural institutions is one of the most cheering signs of the times. Even those who believe that a perfect system of morality is to be found only in Divine revelation ought to rejoice to see the anxiety displayed to devise a new regulation system for the guidance of those who have ceased to believe in supernatural revelation. One thing is sure, no code of morality of the future will ever maintain that the stealing of a farthing's worth of property is a greater evil than the death of millions by starvation.

J. G. W.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Young Maugars, from the French of André Theuriet, No. xvii., Collection of Foreign Authors. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

This is not the first tale of M. Theuriet's which has appeared in this series. His *Gérard's Marriage* (reviewed in these columns) and his *Godson of a Marquis* have made readers acquainted with his light and pleasing style; the impression which will not be weakened by this last attempt.

Young Maugars is an artist, at first an amateur only, but eventually one who looks to art for his livelihood, and who competes for the prizes of the *Salon*. In a rather appropriate manner, the author has contrived to throw an air of the painter over much of the book; the landscapes are touched with a glowing pencil, full of love for the tender colours of nature;—the scenes of more animated life are placed before us with somewhat of the precision of a well-arranged tableau. Here is a little autumnal picture of peasant life in Touraine. The farmers are gathering their potatoes and young Maugars has gone among them in search of Thérèse Dearoches, the girl he loves.

'Beyond the brown ploughed lands and the violet tinted fallows, he very soon discerned the fields of the farm. The soil, freshly broken by the mattock, revealed here and there gaping holes, strewn with dark fallen leaves and neglected roots. A sky dappled with white clouds bathed in its tender light the sandy furrows, the toilers employed upon this last harvest gathering of autumn, and the distant outlines of the bluish hillocks. At various intervals apart, full sacks were standing upright along the hedges, and fires kindled with pine cones and dry dead leaves, were slowly burning, while they sent toward heaven slender spires of smoke. Familiar voices interchanged words among the neighbouring fields. A drowsy tender colouring enveloped this melancholy October landscape. Almost at the border of the wood, Thérèse was occupied in pouring into a sack placed before her a basket filled with potatoes. Her attentive profile stood out clearly against the verdure of the pines, and the evening wind lifted the white folds of her neckerchief. Etienne walked straight toward her.'

How comes it that M. Etienne Maugars is in love with a girl, however beautiful, who digs potatoes? For he is the son of a well-to-do banker, and though he has quarrelled with his father he has all the tastes and habits of a gentleman, and all the aspirations of a young artist who is just making himself known. It is true that Thérèse is not a *paysanne* by birth, but she had lost her father and prefers the humble life of the fields with her rustic foster parents to anything that town or city can afford. Such a devotion to the country is incomprehensible to an English reader. A country life in England means a country house, a meet of hounds near by, good society, and all the periodical literature of the day sent you regularly by post. No one could dig potatoes in England and at the same time marry a R. A. The clue

to the riddle is a double one, and without grasping it the very possibility of M. Theuriet's tale cannot be conceded by an Englishman. In the first place there is the primitive simplicity of the inhabitants, their close adherence to old customs, and the absence of intercourse between the cultivator of the soil and the *proletariat* of the city. This has been supplemented by the action of the wise land laws in force in France, which, discouraging the formation of large landed estates and enabling the poorest to become a proprietor on a small scale, has kept alive those feelings peculiar to the class of yeomanry which are so difficult to revive when once they become extinct. These causes, operating together, make it possible for Thérèse to rake hay and feed cattle without sinking to the level of a drudge, and for Etienne Maugars to marry a farm girl and remain a painter. The result may seem a somewhat coarse one to us, and there is certainly something earthly in Thérèse's excessive health, strength, and robust proportions, but we may be assured that to a Frenchman (other than an inhabitant of the boulevards) this would not be the case.

The tale itself is an interesting one and is well told. Etienne's father, the private banker, extortioner, and Bonapartist mayor of the days of the *coup d'état*, is a powerfully drawn but unpleasant character. The description of his little chamber, the atmosphere of which seemed 'impregnated with the disappointments, the humiliations, the agonies that had accumulated there during years' will strike with a shuddering impression of its truth every one who has had the ill-fortune to spend a quarter of an hour in such an office.

The most pleasing minor character in the book is Célestin, the banker's clerk, and Thérèse's father, although unkind and harsh to her, is one of the few whom we can respect in its pages. The work of the translator appears to have been done conscientiously and well. We notice however at p. 171 the more than objectionable phrase 'quite too large,' and at p. 262 and at other places the word 'sauvage' translated 'savage,' instead of 'wild.' Thérèse is not so exceedingly winsome as to be able to afford to have her face called a 'savage' one.

Famous French Authors. Biographical Portraits of Distinguished French Writers, by THEOPHILE GAUTIER, EUGENE DE MIRECOURT, &c. New York: R. Worthington. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Book-making has probably reached its extreme of degradation in this work. With the world before him, from which to pillage at leisure, the American publisher cannot so much as snatch a score of biographies with decency or propriety. It is the old story over again of stolen goods never prospering; an adage which is not likely to be allowed to fade from our minds now-a-days for want of reminders.

Apparently the American publisher conceives that having caught his author in magazine or periodical, and having appropriated his carcase, the task of editing or cooking him can be admirably dispensed with. If your raw material cost nothing, surely your culinary establishment should bear a corresponding negative proportion! A hack translator and a proof-reader are all the cooks that this choctaw style of literary eating-house can afford.

Accordingly we find that there is no single word of introduction or preface to inform us whence these lives are collected, or what varying degree of authenticity attaches to them. Of course there is no index, and the table of contents omits mention of one life (that of Brizeux) altogether. Some scant information as to the authors of a few of these sketches is given us in the notes, but thirteen out of the twenty are entirely unnamed! Apparently the publisher did not think it worth his while to inquire who wrote them, although it is clear from internal evidence that at least one of these anonymous pieces is from the pen of Théophile Gautier. This author is, indeed, put forward prominently on the title page, but his name is not appended to a single life in the series!

Graver faults follow. We are given the life of Mme. Swetchine, who was not a Frenchwoman at all. Diderot and La Fontaine are sadly out of place among the modern faces that fill the rest of the book, and can only have been introduced as make-weights. Then there is no unity of design in the lives. Some are long and elaborate biographies, with critical remarks on the authors' works,

others contain no single biographical fact, while in length, the lives vary from one page to nearly eighty! Many are palpably imperfect. We are told of Victor Hugo's exile to Jersey, but not a word of the cause of it. George Sand might be living yet, for aught that could be learnt from these pages. But it is in the minor points that the absence of intelligent (or indeed of any kind of) editing is most apparent. Our old friend Prosper Mérimée is introduced to us as two individuals, MM. 'Prosper, Mérimée,' &c. No clue is given when the French author leaves off, and the hack translator tags on his few words at the end. De Mirecourt is telling us about Houssaye at the top of the page, but at the bottom we detect the nasal twang of the Yankee discoursing about 'this country' and 'the New York *Tribune*.' The patchwork thus produced is most laughable. The French critics are often made to tell us that so-and-so's verses are 'untranslateable,' and occasionally are so obliging, nevertheless, as to translate them!

As to the translation itself, Mark Twain's attempt to render back his Jumping Frog from the French version into mining vernacular is scarcely more literally absurd than are the blunders that appear here on every page. 'Mme. Swetchine, *evenings* noted down her thoughts.' Mme. de Girardin was addicted to a similar habit. '*Mornings*, she wrote . . . . *evenings*, her favourite dress was,' and so on. A thin woman is 'a *meagre* woman.' A horsewoman remains 'an *equestrienne*,' as in the original, a 'manoir' is made to stultify itself by becoming a manor instead of a manor-house, and a '*raconteur*' is petrified into a 'recounter.' There are wilder eccentricities even than these, as for instance, where we are told about the taking down of 'the iron-barred gate Louis XIII.' admired by Victor Hugo! Examples such as this, which describes a Review as the 'ark more or less sacred, of the literary mind so compromised in our day,' are frequent, but we have said enough. It may be urged that these errors are beneath criticism, that the work may be solid and correct at bottom in spite of all this. Our own opinion is otherwise. Were it worth while to bestow the necessary amount of trouble upon such a wretched performance, we make no doubt but that as plentiful a harvest of errors in facts and dates would reward us as we have already reaped of mistakes in diction and translation.

Had the work been conscientiously done, it would have proved decidedly interesting. The life of Balzac, for instance, affords scope for much vivid writing. We see him in the pure white cashmere dressing-gown in which he always worked, the athletic neck, the full lips and the square-cut nose of which he was so proud that he instructed the sculptor who was modelling his bust,—'Be careful of my nose; my nose is a world.' We are let into the secret mysteries of his mode of working. His first sketch of a book, only a few pages long, was printed 'a rivulet of text, meandering down a meadow of margin.' This he attacked pen in hand, 'adding lines issuing from beginning, middle and end, directed towards the margins . . . At the end of some hours of work, one would have called his proof-sheet a bouquet of fireworks designed by a child. From the primitive text shot forth rockets of style which blazed on all sides . . . . Strips of paper were fastened on with pins or wafers, and these were striped with lines in fine characters, and full themselves of erasures.' No wonder that the compositors stipulated not to be put to the work on Balzac's copy for more than an hour at a time. This process continued at very considerable expense, each night's work being reprinted during the day, to be cut up, amplified, and realtered next night, until the book was completed.

We will conclude with a characteristic aphorism of Mme. Swetchine given in these pages. 'It is only in heaven that angels have as much ability as demons.' This is a remarkable consolation to the stupid in spirit, and we should think that the man who is responsible for the appearance of this book in its present condition must thank Mme. Swetchine for giving him so much pleasure, and causing him to feel the wings of the Seraph so very palpably budding within him.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SO charming a literary and musical conception as the 'Masque of Welcome' (words by F. A. Dixon, Ottawa, and music by A. A. Clappé, late bandmaster of the Governor-General's Foot Guards), should not longer remain unknown to our Canadian public, as, through delay of publication, we fear it has done. It now appears, thanks to the music publishers, Messrs Orme, of Ottawa, in a particularly dainty and suitable dress (witness the excellent treatment of the title page), and will amply reward those who care to read its quaint and pleasing libretto or study the musical setting which is highly successful, and, though occasionally somewhat trite, fully displays the musicianly qualities which we believe distinguish Mr. Clappé. Mr. Dixon is not unknown to the readers of the MONTHLY, and this, one of his best efforts, retains all his old grace and delicacy of diction, while it displays a certain dramatic strength in many parts new even to his admirers. To both author and composer are due hearty thanks for having embodied in so pleasing and withal original a form the feelings of Canadians towards their present Governor-General, and the cultivated lady who aids him in recognizing and improving whatever of artistic excellence there may be in this new country. For them the 'Masque' was written, before them it was presented, and doubtless met with their approbation, as it is sure to do at every fairly adequate representation, even if the crowning interest, or *raison d'être*, so to speak, of the first performance be absent. The 'Masque' is presented by *Canada*, robed as an Indian maiden, by an Indian chief, who sings in a touching strain his farewell to the woods on the approach of the white man, and by the different Provinces appropriately 'habited'; *Quebec* as one of the old French *noblesse; Ontario* in white, with agricultural emblems; *Prince Edward Island* as a sturdy farmer; *British Columbia* as a bronzed and red-shirted miner, while *New Brunswick* as a maiden, attired in green, singing in praise of the fisher's craft; *Manitoba* as a hunter, and *Nova Scotia* as a fisherman complete the list. It is no platitude to say that where there is so much charming writing it is difficult, and perhaps invidious, to particularize, but, at the same time, it is possible to discriminate with regard to the libretto as well as to the music, and we think the duet between *Manitoba* and *Nova Scotia*, with its fine descriptive lines, and the songs allotted to *Quebec* and *Ontario* claim special mention. Another successful bit occurs in the miner's song which sounds the praises of the 'Mountain Land.'

> 'Land whose summer sun the snow
> Swells the torrents far below;
> Where the rain-cloud ever breaks,
> Rushing down to soundless lakes.'

And what can be prettier in alliterative effect than the following stanza from *Canada's* opening song?

> 'The summer woods for me grow green;
> For me the maple turns to red;
> The busy beaver owns me queen;
> The big moose bows his mighty head.'

We have referred to the musical setting as indicating in a high degree the talent of Mr. Clappé, yet as being occasionally trite, and we fancy that too great consideration for what is termed 'popular' music, has led him into the error. The beginning of the overture, for instance, is highly dramatic, suggestive and original, and leads one to expect better things than the *opera bouffe* airs that follow; again, in the setting of *Ontario's* fine song and in the closing air for *Canada*, 'Royal lady, on our welcome,' there is a great falling off from the charming 'gavotte,' which is given to *Quebec*, from the opening chorus of invisible spirits, and the replette for the provinces. The accompaniments throughout prove the composer's knowledge of instrumentation and form the most attractive portion of his work. We hope that before long he may produce music to some other pleasing libretto, and leaving his genius unfettered by any but strictly artistic considerations, assert still more strongly his right to be considered one of our best musicians.

The 'Masque' as an *ensemble* deserves to be regarded as a Canadian classic, and will probably find much favour with

amateur and other societies now that it has been given to the public.

We regret that, owing to pressure of other matter, our dramatic criticism for the month must be very brief. Mr. Pitou, at the Grand Opera House, very successfully continues to cater for the entertainment of Toronto theatre-goers, though the bill for the month has not been a signally brilliant one. In our limited space we shall only be able to speak critically of one of the attractions which Mr. Pitou's enterprise brought before us, viz., Mr. Bandmann's engagement—and content ourselves with the mere enumeration of three of the other attractions of the month, which more particularly call for mention. The latter referred to are the engagements of the Criterion Comedy Company of New York, Mr. Denman Thompson, and Mrs. Siddons. The Criterion Company gave unqualified pleasure by their representations of three of the light society pieces from their *repertoire* —'Our Daughters,' 'Freaks,' and 'A Triple Courtship;' in all of which the characteristics of this capital troupe were delightfully displayed to the great entertainment of the houses played to. The following week, Mr. Denman Thompson drew large audiences nightly to witness his character-piece, 'Joshua Whitcomb,' a unique personation of the plain, honest, good-hearted American yeoman of half-a-century ago. The unaffected naturalness and the bluff, homely, but wholesome character delineated by Mr. Thompson, was a refreshing exhibition on the stage too much given up in these days to *roué* gallantry and gilded dross, though the piece might have been pruned with good effect of some of the realism introduced against which the play as a whole is designed a sa protest. Mrs. Siddons's engagement, which followed, was too brief to satisfy those who delight in the simulated histrionics and the fragmentary declamations of the elocutionist's platform, for even so distinguished a professional reader as Mrs. Siddons fails to maintain the enthusiasm of her admirers, unless her programme is just such as they wish to have it. For ourselves, while respecting the great gifts of Mrs. Siddons, we could wish to see her personate, with the accessories of the stage, the characters she so well pourtrays, and which only want the dramatic *ensemble* of the plays themselves to render her work thoroughly enjoyable. As a Shakespearian delineator of rare excellence, it is the more to be regretted that Mrs. Siddons should confine her entertainments to mere elocutionary recitation, though it must be confessed that in the sleep-walking scene from 'Macbeth,' in the defiance of Lady Constance, from 'King John,' and in the forest scene between Orlando and Rosalind, from 'As You Like It,' she gives us much to compensate for the absence of the actual representations of the plays themselves.

But the most noteworthy event at the Grand Opera House during the past month, was the appearance of the Anglo-German tragedian, Mr. Bandmann, with his company. Mr. Bandmann, though a remarkably fine actor, cannot be pronounced a great one. In certain qualities of the highest histrionic genius, among which may be mentioned that personal magnetism which places an actor *en rapport* with his audience, he is notably deficient. The spectator rarely forgets that what he is witnessing is acting, not reality. Among minor defects are an occasional want of dignity in bearing, and a certain unpleasant hardness of voice at times. A graver fault is that he rarely looks at the person he is addressing. Of the three characters in which we saw him,—*Hamlet*, *Narcisse*, and *Othello*,—the first-named was the most satisfactory. A finer performance of that most difficult and trying part has perhaps never been seen in Toronto. In the level passages, —the interviews with Horatio and Marcellus and Bernardo, and with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,—the actor was natural and admirable; and the whole of the third act was given with extraordinary power and effect. Mr. Bandmann's *Othello*, though immensely powerful at times, was not so satisfactory as his *Hamlet;* a remark equally applicable to his *Narcisse*. The support of the principal actor was moderately good. Miss Bennison's *Desdemona* was admirable, but her *Ophelia* was rather wooden, at least in the earlier scenes. Miss Aicken's excellent elocutionary powers lent weight and dignity to the parts of the *Queen* and *Emilia;* Mr Gofton was remarkably good as the *Ghost* and as *Brabantio;* Mr. Lyndal was a better *Horatio* than any we can remember; and Mr. Beck made a passable *Iago*.